POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. III. | J. Buchanan Canfield, EDITOR. | Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, Sept. 17, 1885. | Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. | No. 15.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, H. A. Holt.
Prosecuting Attorney, R. S Turk
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, B. C. Hill.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Court, { S. B. Hannah, Pres't. S. H. Clark. Geo. P. Moore.
County Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

DISTRICT OFFICERS.

1st (Green Bank) District: Justices, Wm. L. Brown and J. H. Patterson. Notaries Public, Wm. L. Brown, C. O. Arbogast and David McGlaughlin. Constables, Thomas R. Moople and C. B. [illegible].

2nd (Edray) District: Justices, Geo. M. Kee and Henry N. Hannah. Notaries, Geo. P. Moore and Geo. Baxter. Constable, John A. Young.

3rd (Huntersville) District: Justice, Jas. T. Lockridge. Notaries, H. S. Rucker, R. S. Turk, J. B. Hannah. Constable, C. O. Sharp.

4th (Little Levels) District: Justices, D. A. Peck and D. C. Kinnison. Notaries, Isaac McNeel, N. J. Brown, B. C. Hill, C. P. Bryan, Peter Hill, Jno. W. McNeil and Aaron Hill. Constable, B. F. McClure.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the 1st Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June, and 3rd Monday of Oct.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, June, and October. June is levy term.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY HUGH CONWAY,

Author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days."

[illegible] it as we choose.

When the inforced meeting between Lady Clauson and her stepdaughter took place, the young lady, by means of those signs and tokens, the masonry of which women alone fully comprehend, showed the state of her mind so clearly that war to the knife was then and there declared.

And civil war in families—baronets or otherwise—is a deplorable thing; doubly deplorable for the neutral parties, who lack the excitement of the internecine combat. For a while Sir Maingay's life was anything but a happy one.

It matters little who was most to blame—the girl for her unreasonableness and stubborn spirit, and want of resignation to the inevitable—Lady Clauson for retaliating with all an injured woman's pettiness and spite—Sir Maingay for the thoroughly man-like conduct in letting things drift. They did drift with a vengeance! The breach between the two ladies soon became too enormous to be bridged over by any family diplomatic engineering.

The skirmishes between the belligerents are not worth noticing. The battle-royal was fought when the time came for Miss Clauson to be presented. Lady Clauson asserted that she was the proper person to present her stepdaughter. Beatrice coldly declined her aid. Her ladyship insisted; her stepdaughter was firm in her refusal. Sir Maingay declared himself under his wife's banner, and for once attempted to exercise parental authority. Whereupon Miss Clauson cut the matter short, and declined being presented at all. It was a most dreadful state of affairs! You can, at least, drive a horse to the water, even if you can't make him drink; but you dare not haul a refractory young woman into the presence of a gracious sovereign.

Lady Clauson, who was rigidly exact in following the prescribed usages of society, may not have been far wrong when she declared that "a baronet's daughter, who refused to be presented, was—well, a monstrosity!"

Sir Maingay began to wish his ancestors had not separated themselves from the Roman Catholic communion. He could have sent his daughter to a nunnery. But then, he sadly reflected, she wouldn't have gone at any price. If put there by force, the Protestant league would soon have her out, and [illegible] the [illegible] spoiling. The only thing the worried baronet could think of was to send for his rebel, and ask her advice as to the best means of disposing of her troublesome self.

When alone with her father Beatrice always behaved prettily. She was very fond of him, although the remembrance of the tears, the [illegible], the distracted vows, when contrasted with his second marriage for nothing but good looks, made her look upon him with a little contempt. She did not know that man is so gregarious a creature that it is not meet for him to live alone. She heard his remarks in silence, then gave him her opinion on the matter.

"I don't want to be a nuisance to you, papa. I am eighteen now—too old to go back to school. It's nonsense, of course, to say I should like to earn my own living, because when I come of age I shall have some money. May I go and live at Fairholme?"

Fairholme was Sir Maingay's seldom-used seat in one of the southern counties.

"But you can't live there alone," he said.

"Yes, I could. Mrs. Williams could take care of me. I shall be happy enough."

"My dear girl, why not be reasonable and make friends with Lady Clauson? Then we could all go abroad together."

Lady Clauson, who was by no means a fool, had by this time found out that she needed something more than mere good looks to go down, or go up, in the society her heart longed for. She had, therefore, made up her mind to become a traveled woman, and had arranged that Sir Maingay should take her to a variety of foreign countries. The proposed tour was to be an affair of years, and her ladyship had a fine idea of writing, or of getting some one [illegible] book, describing the well-worn [illegible]

[illegible]

ing her father's absence—an absence which from one reason or another lasted quite four years.

BEATRICE CLAUSON.

After a while Sir Maingay almost forgot he had a daughter. The Clausons settled down to continental life for an indefinite time. Lady Clauson knew she was improving herself, and moreover, that Sir Maingay was saving enough money to refurnish the town house from top to bottom whenever they did return to England. In the course of the four years spent abroad, Lady Clauson rectified her predecessor's sins of omission, and gave her devoted husband two fine boy babies. In the revived delights of paternity—a paternity which is so especially dear to middle age—Sir Maingay thought little of the troublesome, obstinate girl he had left in England. His wife and his boys all but turned her out of his heart. So here was Beatrice in the extraordinary position of being a baronet's daughter with scarcely a a friend in the world.

At last the Clausons returned to England. Whether her ladyship wrote her book or not is a matter of uncertainty; anyway, it was never published. Beatrice made no objection to rejoining the family circle. Her father and his wife found her greatly changed. She was quieter, more reserved, more amenable to reason. It seemed to Sir Maingay that she had passed her time at Mrs. Erskine's in study. The learning she had acquired almost frightened the baronet; but he was glad to see she had grown into a beautiful woman, and so he felt quite proud of [illegible] daughter, and hoped that [illegible] for the future [illegible].

His hopes were vain. This time there was no doubt as to with whom the fault lay. A beauty like Lady Clauson could not endure the constant presence of a younger, fresher and even more beautiful beauty. She was also jealous at the way in which her own children took to Beatrice. Besides, she had never forgiven the girl. Relations soon grew strained, and towards the end of the year Beatrice wrote to her uncles, and asked if they would give her a home.

She was now nearly twenty-three. Having when she came of age succeeded to her late mother's third of old Talbert's possessions, she was independent both by age and by income. She was willing to live at Hazlewood House, if her uncles would take her. If not, she resolved to start an establishment of her own. She was still in her former anomalous position—a baronet's daughter who had never made a proper entrance into society. As Lady Clauson said, she must have been a wrong-minded young woman, as this omission seemed to trouble her very little.

The Talberts who liked the little they had seen of their niece went into solemn conclave on the request. They decided, in the event of Sir Maingay giving his consent—at that point they were most exacting—she might come to them. Sir Maingay raised no objections, so Beatrice Clauson came to Hazlewood House, where since her arrival, about a week ago, she had lived in a state of amused wonder as the amiable peculiarities of the "Taldies" gradually revealed themselves to her.

She had, of course, intended to make herself useful to her uncles. It may have been the want of some occupation other than study which made her turn her eyes to Hazlewood House and the two bachelors. She was no [illegible]

[illegible]

Beatrice, as she walked to the table and looked at the sturdy urchin.

She was the first woman the child had seen since he left his friends at the refreshment room. Maid servants, with the curiosity of their sex and kind, had peeped surreptitiously over the balustrade, but had not attracted notice. At such a tender age as his, woman is a child's natural protector. He at once quitted his stalwart friends and ran across the table to the fair girl, who smiled and opened her arms. The little man darted into them, and with a chirrup of delight laid his head on the girl's shoulder and seemed perfectly happy and at rest. He was so pretty that no woman could have refrained from caressing him. Miss Clauson kissed him again and again, then, like every one who came near him, fell to stroking his golden locks and twining them round her fingers. The child's eyes began to close under her soft and soothing touches.

"He must go to bed," said Beatrice, decisively.

"Certainly," said uncle Horace. "Where had he better sleep?"

"Jane has a most comfortable bed," said Herbert.

Jane was the parlor-maid, but Herbert in his housewifely capacity knew the quality of every bed in the house; even the amount of bedding on each. Mr. Mordle turned away. He was afraid of disgracing himself by a burst of ill-timed mirth.

"No, no," exclaimed Beatrice; "he shall sleep with me. Look at him, uncle Horace; isn't he a perfect cherub?"

"He's a pretty little boy; but we don't know where he comes from, my dear. I hardly think you ought to take a strange infant to sleep with you."

"Oh, nonsense, uncle Horace! See what a clean, beautiful boy it is. Whittaker, send a large can of hot water to my room. Come, my pet; I will see how I can act the part of a nursemaid."

Singing and crooning and carrying the child in the most approved fashion, Miss Clauson proceeded to bear her prize away.

"You had better look at his linen, Beatrice," said Horace. "It may be marked with his name."

After this the three men went back to the dining-room and talked the curious occurrence over and over.

In about half an hour's time Beatrice reappeared with the intelligence that the boy's clothing bore no mark of any kind. Indeed, it all seemed brand new. She was apparently much delighted with her new toy. She kept running up and down stairs, to ascertain that her protege was sleeping the sleep of innocent babyhood. At last she went away altogether.

"Beatrice is more demonstrative than I believed her to be," said Horace, reproachfully. Herbert echoed the regret, but Mr. Mordle said nothing. He thought the instinctive kindness she showed towards this mysteriously sent child added another charm to the many he had already discovered in Miss Clauson.

The three men sat together until it was too late to hope that matters would be cleared up [illegible]

[illegible]

would not induce him to go and look at their slumbering forms.

"Then, you come, Uncle Herbert. He is a prettier sight than any of your old masters."

Herbert gave his quiet smile. He was of less stern stuff than Horace—that is, if either of the Talberts could be called stern. He suffered Beatrice to lead him to her room, duly admired the little stranger, then, with his niece, returned to Horace. After this manifestation of weakness Horace's unworthy suspicion was all but certainty.

"You will let me keep him?" pleaded Beatrice. "I am sure you will."

Horace made no reply to her unreasonable request. In their usual dignified manner the two gentlemen made their preparations for shutting up. Beatrice went back to her room.

"She grows very, very impulsive," sighed Horace. This time Herbert said nothing. As he got into bed Horace Talbert told himself that Herbert knew all about the boy; he also told himself that no power on earth should induce him to tax Herbert with this knowledge. A man's private affairs were his own property; he himself had laid down this dogma and would now stick to it; the more so because on a former occasion he had broken with Herbert for six years because the latter had infringed on this rule.

CHAPTER V.

MR. MORDLE MAKES A RASH PROMISE.

The next morning the Talberts did an unusual thing; they broke one of their rules by opening their letters before breakfast. They had a time and a place for everything, and their time for reading their correspondence was with their second cups of tea. But so anxious were they to see if their letters contained anything explanatory of last night's occurrence, that the seals were broken at once. They found a couple of invitations to dinner, receipts for payments made two posts ago, the usual amount of circulars, tradesmen's lists and appeals for charity; but not a word about the child. Then the kettle was brought, and Herbert set about making the tea. Under some unwritten code of division of labor or honor, the younger brother always presided at the breakfast table.

Presently Miss Clauson made her appearance with the child on her arm. She had

Miss Clauson made her appearance with the child on her arm.

[illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

James B. Canfield,

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, Thursday, Sept. 17, 1885.

Wise on the Stump.

The Washington *Post* says there has been no late instance on record of such complete political prostitution and of so degraded character as that presented on the stump in Virginia by JOHN S. WISE, the latest and foremost representative of Bourbon Radicalism.

He speaks on an average about two hours and fifty minutes at a time, and nine-tenths of it he devotes with scrupulous fidelity to the foulest abuse of the white people of what he calls his native State. This man, who during the HANCOCK campaign declared that his father was a Democrat, that he was born a Democrat, that he had the training and education of a Democrat, and that he would die a Democrat, now so hates the Democratic party and the white Virginians who compose it that he charges them indiscriminately with being sympathizers with political murderers and assassins, asserts with unblushing cheek that the Danville riot was gotten up by Democrats for political purposes, and proudly boasts that he proved it by testifying before a Republican investigation committee of the Senate.

Unfortunately for decent politics, a man like this, as a candidate for the highest office in a State, can essentially lower the tone of a political campaign. Confident of the one hundred and twenty thousand negroes behind his back, sure of their allegiance and devotion no matter what he says or does—perhaps more so in proportion as he abuses his own race—he conducts a campaign not now possible in any other Southern State. No white Republican in that section, whether native or imported, would so far forget what is due to propriety, and even decency, as to indulge in such disgraceful harangues as Wise has just passed of in Southwest Virginia for political arguments.

No SHERMAN, or LARRABEE, or FORAKER, strangers to the South and aliens to her soil, has done so much to rouse into flame the smouldering fires of sectional hate and race bitterness as this follower of MAHONE, who says that if elected he shall take his seat, so help him God, or yield his life to the Danville murderers and ballot box stuffers.

The best course for Democrats to pursue is to treat this renegade Virginian in the manner which he invites, accept the issue as he makes it and beat him to political death with it. There seems no other way to teach men of his political practices that the time has come for decent politics and that the sort he discusses is at least a dozen years too late.

The Greenbrier Valley Woolen Mills in this county, recently received an order from Phil. for three thousand [illegible] hundred and fifty pair all-wool blankets. This shows the estimation in which this company's goods are held at the north. Two sets of machinery are now being run at the Mills to their full capacity.—*Renick Watchman.*

[illegible] has appointed [illegible] of Clay county, Deputy Collector for the Fourth Internal Revenue District, composed of the counties of Clay, Braxton, Nicholas and [illegible], with office at Clay C. H.

[illegible] the W. Va. Press Association and the B. & O. [illegible] will meet in Charleston.

IN THE THIRD DISTRICT.

The Political Situation and the Candidates.

A Charleston correspondent of the Wheeling *Register* of a recent date has this to say of the candidates for Congress in our district:

Your correspondent met a gentleman here, who is well posted on political situation in this the Third Congressional district. Hon. Phil. Snyder, the present incumbent, is the only fully developed candidate, but there are other aspirants in whom the gallant Phil. will find foemen worthy of his steel amongst these who would be willing to occupy Snyder's seat in Congress are noted Judge David E. Johnston, of Mercer county, and present Judge of the Ninth Judicial Circuit, and Col. John W. Harris, of Lewisburg. Judge Johnston has not announced himself, but it is an open secret that he desires the nomination. Judge Johnston's record while a member of the State Senate, and the very satisfactory manner in which he has discharged the duties of the office of Judge during the past six years, will be in his favor. His fearless punishment of criminals convicted in his court commends the Judge to all law-abiding citizens. He has been instrumental in working reform in the growing evil of so many divorce suits by refusing to allow the parties to remarry, especially when the evidence established the fact that they were unworthy to assume sacred vows of marriage.

Judge J. is a man of high moral character, and a member of the Baptist Church, and a shrewd and successful business man, having accumulated a share of this world's wealth, but with all he is a plain man of the people, with whom he is very popular where known. The Judge presided at the June term of the Kanawha Circuit Court, and during that time he made hosts of friends here. One of the pleasing features in the Judge's courts is his expeditious man- of clearing up the court dockets. Although the Judge is popular here, he will make no serious inroad upon Snyder in Kanawha county. However, the genial "Phil," as he is familiarly known here, has made some enemies owing to certain minor Federal appointments which have been made in the county at his instance, notably the postmasters at Malden and Coalburg, which are not satisfactory to the majority of the Democrats. His friends here do not attach much weight to this, but they may find that it will amount to more than a trifle after all. Harris has not yet announced himself, but it is generally understood that if he thinks there is the least chance for him to secure the coveted prize, he will be in the ring when the time comes. Our informant states that Harris is drifting with the tide, and if he finds that is "leads on to fortune" he will plunge therein. Neither Johnston or Harris are making any special canvass, but Snyder is leaving no stone unturned to secure a renomination. Phil. has heretofore succeeded by working early and late, and is by far the best politician of the three, and it will be strange if he is not again successful. Johnston and Harris both belong to the Carlisle-Morrison wing of the party, whilst Snyder adheres to the Randall wing on tariff matters. But Mr. Randall having announced himself in favor of tariff reform, we don't know where Phil will stand. Nearly all the counties of this district, except Kanawha and Fayette, are in favor of a revision, which means a reform of our present tariff laws. These two counties are opposed to any change that would effect the price of coal, as the prosperity of these counties depends almost entirely on the condition of the coal markets. If the mountain counties were not divided against themselves it would be an easy matter for them to nominate a candidate from that section. But owing to petty jealousies amongst the aspiring politicians, and notwithstanding any prejudices they may have against a Charleston candidate, they have heretofore slaughtered their local candidates and allowed Charleston to carry off the honors and in all probability their past history will again in this respect repeat itself. The noted Mathews, Dennis, French and Snyder contest is still fresh in the memory of all in this district. Either Dennis or Mathews would have been nominated but for the opposition of the other. This is the situation at present, but just what the future developments may be, it is hard to predict, but it will not probably materially change the present outlook over the Third district field.

Jim and Pink Lee, two notorious desperadoes in Texas, were shot and killed by officers one day last week.

Andrew Beirne has been appointed Postmaster at Lewisburg vice J. E. McWhorter and S. J. Brown at Mill Point.

From the Greenbrier *Independent* of the 9th inst.

The Lewisburg Graded School will begin next Monday. The teachers (graded as their names appear) are to be—Prof. A. P. Kerr, Principal, with Misses Amanda J. Austin, Mattie W. Cooper and Mamie K. Austin to assist with the several rooms.

There are only five prisoners confined in Greenbrier county jail at the present time—one serving out a sentence of six months' imprisonment for unlawful cutting; one awaiting an indictment felony; one for assault; and two upon warrant for lunacy.

The Greenbrier Valley Woolen Mills have established a depot at Ronceverte, where a full line of their popular goods can be seen and inspected. Their place of business is in the building occupied as a store by Mr. F. M. Truslow, opposite the Dickson Hotel.

Last week a white woman named Amanda E. Pyles, wife of Mr. John Pyles, of Anthony's Creek District, Greenbrier county, was committed to the jail of this county, under a warrant issued by Justice C. B. Wald, upon a charge of Lunacy, to be held in custody until she can be removed to the Hospital for the Insane at Weston.

Yesterday evening, just as Mr. Mason D. Coffman, of Fort Springs District, in this county, had commenced threshing his crop of wheat and oats, a spark from the engine ignited in one of his stacks, which resulted in the destruction of his entire crop—burning about two hundred bushels of wheat and two hundred and fifty bushels of oats.

Mark Martin, of Blue Sulphur District, Greenbrier county, was committed to the custody of Jailer W. P. Scott last Tuesday night, upon a warrant issued by Justice Z. A. Sandige, of the above District, charging him with striking A. C. Patterson with a stick, on the 7th inst. It is said that Mr. Patterson received two heavy blows on the head at the hands of the accused, and that his condition is thought to be serious.

Mr. Robert A. Alexander, a well-known citizen and lawyer of this county, was found dead in a field not far from his home, near Lewisburg, last Tuesday evening. The deceased had dropped dead from an attack of apoplexy. Life had been extinct about half an hour before he was found. The deceased was a man of more than ordinary natural abilities, kind and polite in his disposition, and leaves no enemy behind him. He was in the 70th year of his age.

Last Monday evening a colored man named Ellsworth Brent, who hails from Washington City, was brought to Lewisburg by officer John E. Barker, from the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, upon a warrant issued by Justice Z. F. Morris, and lodged in jail, charged with committing a felony, in that he had stolen the sum of $24 35 from a colored woman at the Springs. He is held in confinement by Jailer W. P. Scott in default of bail, to answer an indictment for the offense with which he stands charged.

From the Webster *Echo.*

Dr. R. E. Bryan will remove from this place to Centerville, Upshur county, in a few days, at which place he thinks of locating to practice his profession.

A young man by the name of McNeel, formerly of Pocahontas county, but now of Texas, passed through town this week enroute for Braxton county.

Auditor Duffy says the falling off of the school fund is due to no other cause than the hard times, keeping sheriffs from collecting and sending in their payments before June 10th. All money received after June 10th has to lay over for another year. There will be a large State school fund next year, and with the same per cent. of levy the schools can be run for a period of five or six months each or a lower levy can be laid and the schools run for the same time as before.

TO THE PEOPLE OF POCAHONTAS COUNTY:

I take the pleasure to inform the people of Pocahontas county that I have been appointed a General Agent to transport all Deaf Mutes and Blind persons from this county to the West Virginia Asylum located at Romney, W. Va., for their education, and also to bring them back. All persons having such children or knowing of any, will write to me at once.

LEMUEL J. PYLES,
Huntersville, W. Va.

A cyclone struck Washington C. H., Ohio, the county Seat of Fayette, on the night of the 8th inst., and almost demolished it. Five persons were killed and 300 wounded.

—An agent wanted to sell the New, Light Running, High Armed Howe Sewing Machine. See advertisement on fourth page.

Commissioner's Sale.

The undersigned Special Commissioner will, by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, rendered in the chancery cause of J. C. Hutton *et als.* vs. James T. Lockridge *et als.*, entered on the 16th day of June, 1885, proceed on the

19th DAY OF OCTOBER, 1885,

in front of the Court-house door of said county, to sell publicly to the highest bidder the following named tracts of land belonging to James T. Lockridge, lying on Knapp's creek in said county about four miles east of Huntersville, consisting of 335¾, 791¼ and 307 acres, also a one-half undivided interest in a tract of 2,000 acres lying on the waters of Gauley river, owned jointly by the defendant Lockridge and one Rachel Wallace, and a tract of 200 acres lying on William's river both in this county. The last two tracts are unimproved, but the first three tracts constitute one of the finest farms in the county, highly improved and in a fine State of cultivation, having on it a good dwelling-house, barn and all necessary out-buildings, and about 100 acres of meadow, every acre of which is smooth and easily harvested.

An actual survey of the "home lands" is being made now by the county surveyor and his plat and survey will be exhibited on day of sale. For further particulars apply to the Commissioner at Huntersville, W. Va.

TERMS: So much cash in hand as will pay cost of suit chargable to James T. Lockridge and cost of sale, and for the residue bonds to be given by the purchaser with good personal security falling due in one, two and three years from date, with interest from date, a lien to be retained until all the purchase money is paid.

R. S. TURK,
Special Commissioner.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of the aforesaid county do certify that bond has been given by the above said Commissioner according to the requirements of the decree under which he is acting.

Sept17-4t. JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale.

The undersigned Special Commissioner by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, entered on the 16th day of June, 1885, in the chancery cause of R. S. Turk and Chas. P. Jones vs. Nancy J. Bird, will proceed to sell in front of the Court-house door of said county, on

THE 19th DAY OF OCTOBER, 1885,

a tract of 124 and a tract of 98½ acres of land lying in said county about four miles from Green Bank, near or adjoining the lands of A. A. Wooddell and others, on which there is a good dwelling-house and other improvements.

TERMS: Cash in hand sufficient to pay cost of suit and sale, and for the residue a credit of six months to be given, the purchaser executing bond with approved personal security for said deferred payment bearing interest from date, a lien to be retained until all the purchasemoney is paid.

R. S. TURK,
Special Commissioner.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the aforesaid court do certify that bond has been given in the above cause according to law.

JOHN J. BEARD,
Cl'k Cir. Ct.

Sept17-4t.] Printer's fee, $6.25.

THE TIMES OFFICE will furnish you Envelopes and Paper as cheap, if not cheaper, than you can get them any place else in the county.

—We will send 10 copies of THE TIMES one year for $9 cash. Try and get us up a club.

Order of Puclication.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA,
County of Pocahontas, to wit:

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office, for the county aforesaid, on the [illegible] Monday in September, 1885,

Joseph M. Adams, Plaintiff,
vs.
Zorobabel Allstock and Martha J. Allstock, Defendants.

The object of this suit is to enforce the collection of an open account for goods, wares and merchandise furnished by the Plaintiff to the Defendant, Zorobabel Allstock, upon which account there remains a balance due and unpaid of $46.58, with interest thereon from the 10th day of June, 1884, due as of that date and payable by the said Allstock to the said Adams, and to set aside and vacate as fraudulent, as to creditors, a deed of the said Zorobabel Allstock executed by the said Allstock to his wife, the Defendant, Martha J. Allstock, on the 16th day of August, 1884, conveying to her 99¾ acres of land lying in this county on the waters of Elk river, and to attach and have sold so much of the said land as will pay the amount of the balance of the open account aforesaid, with its interest and the costs of this suit, and it appearing by affidavits filed that the Defendants aforesaid are non-residents of this State, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

JNO. J. BEARD, Clerk.
Printer's fee, $8.75.

Notice to Take Depositions.

To Zorobabel Allstock and Martha J. Allstock:

TAKE NOTICE, That on the 10th DAY OF OCTOBER, A. D. 1885, between the hours of 8 o'clock, A. M., and 6 o'clock, P. M., at the office of the Hotel at Millboro Spring, Bath county, Virginia, I will take the deposition of Luke W. Quick and others, to be read in my behalf, in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the county of Pocahontas, and State of West Virginia, in which I am Plaintiff, and yourselves are Defendants.

If from any cause the taking of said Depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day, or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

JOSEPH M. ADAMS.

R. S. TURK, Atty. [illegible]
Sept.18, 93-4t.] Printer's fee, $4.75.

—JOB WORK done with neatness and dispatch at this office. Give us a trial.

☞ The following are our agents who are authorized to receive money for us and receipt for same. We omit the post-offices from their names as money paid to them by any party will be at our risk:

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A. C. L. Gatewood.
Geo. P. Moore.
J. A. Apperson.
J. B. McNeill.
N. J. Brown.
R. W. Hill.
S. C. Gay.

We hope our agents will do all they can in working up new subscribers for us, and thus helping to extend our circulation.

HOME NEWS

GOSSIP CHAT

—Corn cutting, seeding and threshing is the occupation of our farmers at present.

—Mr. C. P. Dorr, of Addison, Webster county, called on us last week.

—Mr. John Moore, of Mingo Flats, passed through town last week on his way home from Bath.

—Master Strickler Hoover has our thanks—with a big T—for a basket of nice plums.

—Notice our new advertisements this week. You may be interested.

—The great exposer of frauds, the *Public Herald*, published at Philadelphia by Lum Smith, is again on our table. It is only 50ct a year.

—Rev. G. P. Hannah, of the M. P. Church, was in to see us Tuesday.

—Mrs. James W. Warwick and daughter from Bath county were in town last Friday night.

—We learn from a correspondent from Edray that Mrs. Isaac Sharp has been dangerously ill for the past week, but is now better; that Jas. Gibson, Jr., and hands are now working on the road leading from this place to Marlin's Bottom.

—Rev. W. T. Price and family have moved from Rockingham county Virginia to Marlin's Bottom. We are glad to have them in our county. Mr. Price expects to preach at several places in our county in the future.

—Squire Kee and Capt. Jack Apperson were in our sanctum last Friday.

—By posters printed at this office we see that the personal effects of J. B. Kee, dec'd, will be sold on the 25th of September at the late residence of said Kee.

—Mr. W. H. Edwards, one of the survivors of the Cabin Creek railroad disaster a few weeks ago, was in town last week.

—C. B. Swecker sells the genuine improved, high-arm, oscilating Singer Sewing machine, keeps needles and will furnish repairs for all sewing machines.

—"Blood-food" is the suggestive name often given to Ayer's Sarsaparilla, because of its blood-enriching qualities.

DIED.—September the 6th, 1885, near Marlin's Bottom, Joshua B. Kee, aged 79 year.

—The handsome drummer, of Buckhannon, Mr. Charley Barlow accompanied by his better half, was in town over Sunday. Charley couldn't pass off as an unmarried man this time, as one of our merchants said he would have sworn he was not married. This trip gives him away all along the line.

—Miss Mollie Beard left Monday morning for school at Winchester Virginia, accompanied by Mrs. R. S. Turk and Master Cary Forester as far as Staunton. We wish Miss Mollie great success in her studies.

—Mr. Ben Swecker, the funny man of Dunmore, passed through town Sunday on his way to Buckeye to "cry" off the goods of J. S. McNeill at public Auction.

—We understand that a Justice at Mt. Grove, Virginia, a few days ago had occasion to write a warrant for the arrest of a certain party, and used an agricultural report from which to form the warrant. So much time was taken up in preparing to arrest the party, that he became tired of waiting and crossed the mountain into our county. We have not heard whether or not the warrant has ever been finished. There seems to be something in the air at Mt. Grove that has a great effect on the brain.

—Try Ayer's Pills, and be cured. Misery is a mild word to describe the mischief to body and mind caused by habitual constipation. The regular use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills, in mild doses, will restore the [illegible] to healthy action.

MARRIED.—At the residence of the bride's father on Clover creek this county, Hon. C. P. Dorr to Miss Bell, oldest daughter of Dr. Jno. Ligon, by Rev. T. H. Lacy of Lewisburg, on Tuesday the 15th inst. The happy couple left Wednesday on a bridal tour to the groom's native State, Ohio, and will visit Baltimore and other places before they return. May peace, happiness and prosperity ever attend them, is the wish of THE TIMES office.

PREACHING.—Rev. Wm. T. Price will preach at Huntersville next Sunday (September 20th) at 11 o'clock, a. m.; at Harper's School-house, same day, at 3:30, p. m.; at Marlin's Bottom, Sept. 27th, at 11, a. m., and same day at Swago, 3:30, p. m. We hope the people at each of these appointments will come out and hear Mr. Price preach.

QUARTERLY MEETING.—Rev. G. P. Hannah, M. P. Church, will hold his first quarterly meeting on Beaver creek the first Saturday and Sunday in October. Preaching at 10:30, a. m., Saturday, quarterly conference 2, p. m. Services at 9 o'clock Sunday morning, at 10 preaching, also at 3, p. m.

HORSESHOEING CHEAPER.—Hereafter I will furnish and drive No. 2 and 3 shoes all round for $1.00. I will repair Buggies and wagons cheap. Bring on your work early. Z. T. WEBB, Blacksmith, Huntersville, W. Va.

—The following is a list of the teachers and grade of certificate of each who passed the examination last week:

GRADE, No. 1. Miss H. E. Ligon and Mr W. B. Hannah.

GRADE, No. 2. Misses Lillie Campbell, M. A. See, Mary S. Beard, Messrs. John Barnett and T. J. Sullivan.

GRADE, No. 3. Misses Bertie Lockridge, Alice McGlaughlin, Lena McGlaughlin, Ella Kerr and Mr. John Barlow.

Green Bank News.

Corn is most ripe.

Mrs. Elizabeth Riffle, of Upshur county, is visiting friends and relatives at this place.

Mr. McClure Wilfong was married to Miss Fannie Moyers, of Top Alleghany, on the 6th inst.

The village meeting at this place closed last Wednesday night. There were 53 converts, 49 of whom joined the M. E. Church South. Several very eloquent and impressive sermons were preached during the meeting. It was well attended from first to last.

Sept. 14th. SARNAM.

Mill Point Pickings.

Our farmers are busily engaged in cutting corn and seeding. Corn is fine and a large acreage of wheat is being sown.

Mr. Uriah Bird has attached his new engine to his mill and is doing good and fast work. Mr. Isaac McNeel's mill is not doing much on account of low water.

Mrs. Mary Cackley, of this place accompanied by her little niece, Maggie Ruckman, is visiting friends and relatives in Highland county.

Wheat is found to turn out very well when threshed and is of a good quality.

Rev. Jas. E. Moore will soon move from Edray to his new farm near here. We welcome him.

Success to THE TIMES.

Sept. 14th. O. K.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Master Lacy Sydenstricker returned last week from a week's visit to his Grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Levisay, of Frankford.

Misses Lillian Overholt and Pauline McNeel will leave this week for Winchester to attend the Valley Female College. Both are popular young ladies and their many friends are sorry to see them leave.

The farmers are busily engaged cutting up corn and sowing wheat. The corn crop is excellent.

Mrs. Shaver and son, John, spent a week with relatives at this place returned to their home in Bath county on last Thursday.

Miss Edmonia Gum will attend the wedding of Miss Belle Ligon, of Clover Creek, this week.

Mr. Wm. Curry, of Green Bank, is clerking for Mr. E. I. Holt, of this place.

Dr. Bussard and Mr. Grimes, of Iowa, are visiting friends and relatives in the Levels.

Messrs. S. J. Brown, R. C. Hill and Joseph McNeel left this morning with a car load of cattle and sheep for the Baltimore market.

Sept. 14th. [illegible]

From Frankford.

Dr. Berkley and wife from Washington, D. C. who have been spending the past few days at the Frankford House, left this week for Mill Point where they will sojourn a few days.

Mr. M. E. Russell has returned from Baltimore, Md., where he had been purchasing his fall goods.

Mr. J. T. Criss left for New York one day last week, where he expects to spend a few days.

Col. Samuel Ludington passed through town one day last week with a large drove of cattle for the Baltimore market.

Miss Jennie Dunbar is visiting friends and relatives on Muddy creek in this county

Mrs. Coulton and daughter who have been the guests of Mrs. M. E. Russell for the past two months returned to there home in New York last week.

Sept. 14. HIGHLAND MARY.

Edray Items.

The weather is fine and farmers are busily engaged sowing wheat.

Corn is almost ripe and very good.

Willie Scott has left our burg and gone to Mountain Grove to stay with Messrs. Fudge & McClintic.

Mr. Asa S. McNeel has killed another bear recently, being the third one he has killed this summer.

Big racket at Mr. A. J. Smith's last Wednesday night. I wonder what was the matter?

Mr. J. White has gone to Highland county, Va., to teach school.

Mr. Harmon White and Dr. [illegible] Carter have been on the sick list for sometime, but are improving.

Where shall the next Musical Convention be held?

G.

[The above communication should have appeared last week, but did not for want of time.—ED.]

That County Court Order.

Seeing a communication in a recent issue of THE TIMES from Mr. F. A. Renick concerning the road order made by a recent term of the County Court, I am free to say that all whom I have talked with on this subject, heartily endorse Mr. Renick's views. We all believe the fence that is on the lower side of a road on hill-sides is a positive advantage to the road or, at least it is no disadvantage to it. What use is it to put the citizens to several hundred dollars expense for that which does no harm? When we study this subject carefully we see that some of us are paying a quadruple tax on the road already.

1st. We are taxed to repair the roads;

2nd. We are sold out to the different contractors and compelled to work four days or pay $3.00;

3rd. We have to pay so much toll every time we travel over the repaired roads.

4th. We who have land along either side of the road pay as much tax on every acre of the road as on as many acres of our own land.

And a fifth tax comes in on a great many of us, that is, hauling the rock off our meadows thrown in by a pack of ——— who work on the roads.

Fellow-citizens, does this not look a little tyrannical?

Split Rock, Sept. 10th. U. FULLER.

Healthful Vigor for the Girls.

Mrs. Livermore says, in one of her lectures on Girls, "I would give to girls equal intellectual and industrial training with boys. Yes, and give them equally good health, too." When your girls are suffering from paleness and debility, it is a sign that their blood is is poor and thin, and that they need Brown's Iron Bitters. The only preparation of iron that can be taken safely. Miss Berton, Chestnut st., Louisville, Ky., says, "Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of rheumatism when everything else had failed."

It is reported that Pocahontas county has not had any rain for three months. The hay crop was a failure and grass is almost burned out, while the corn will be very short.—*Braxton Central.*

You are very much mistaken, Mr. Central. There has not been a week the past summer but what our county has been blessed with more or less rain. Our grass crop is not as heavy as it was last year, still we have an average crop. The corn crop is said to be as good as has ever been raised in the county if not the best. We further say we have "taters" till we can't rest, and buckwheat "immensely."

—Mr. J. W. Milligan has sold his [illegible] property to M[illegible] and will give possession sometime after October [illegible]. We very much regret to lose him from our town, but hope he may do well wherever he locates.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county on the 17th day of June, 1885, in the chancery cause of

Jacob Piles

vs.

John Piles and others,

I shall, as special commissioner appointed in said decree, proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court-house of Pocahontas county on the

15th DAY OF OCTOBER, 1885,

two tracts of land, one tract containing 615 acres, more or less, lying on the water's of Beaver Lick Creek; the other containing 800 acres, adjoining the first mentioned tract, lying on Stephenson's Ridge, South-East side of Greenbrier River. A portion of this land has been heretofore [illegible] by Isaac Dean, Josiah Moss and others. The unaliened lands will be first sold, either in a body or in tracts to suit purchasers, and then the aliened lands will be sold in their inverse order of alienation. A portion of this land is well timbered. It lies well and is considered valuable farming land. The title is supposed to be clear.

TERMS OF SALE: So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and expenses of sale. On the balance a credit of six, twelve and eighteen months from day of sale, the purchaser giving bond with good security bearing interest from date of sale.

H. S. RUCKER,
Spec'l Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that bond has been given by the above named Special Commissioner as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Aug 22-3t. Printer's fee, $5.25.

Pocahontas Times.

Entered at the Postoffice at Huntersville W. Va., as second class matter.

Newspaper Laws.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their paper, the publisher may continue to send until all arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without notifying the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take papers from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not is held in law to be a subscriber.

Alvon Talk.

There has been considerable stir at this place for the past ten days among Pennsylvania prospectors for iron ore. They have leased mineral lands about here and say they will go to work at once. They have already opened one vein from six to ten feet thick on J. F. Perry's land, and expect to build a railroad from White Sulphur Springs to his store in order to get the mineral out.

800 or 900 guests are at the White Sulphur.

Corn crops are better in this section this year than I have ever seen them.

U. B. Sent.

Gen. U. S. Grant's Pictures.

Do not read this notice, unless you care to read a proposition which, if you accept, will cost you something. We have an engraving made from an oil painting by a celebrated artist of Gen. Grant, for which he sat shortly after his trip around the world. It is in the opinion of critics the best picture of the Dead Hero in existence. The price of the engraving, 21x28 inches, on very heavy steel engraving board, is One and Twenty-five cents ($1.25), postage paid by us. So thoroughly are we convinced of the value of the engraving as a work of art, and its appreciation by the public, that we will mail to any address in the U. S., for inspection, one copy, packed in a heavy paper box, upon receipt of 24c. in stamps to pay postage and packing, upon the condition that the party receiving same send us one Dollar ($1.00) upon receipt of engraving, if it is satisfactory, or return the picture to us if it is not considered worth fully the price asked. We have also a very handsome Cabinet Photo of Gen. Grant, hand finished, which we will mail on receipt of 25c. No album is complete without one. Liberal arrangements will be made with agents. Write for terms and price list. Enclose stamp.

Address William Dickson & Co., Publishers, Box 328, Chicago, Ill.

Notice to Take Depositions.

To Samuel A. Wilson, Edwin T. Dudley, Rodney H. Dudley, Alex. P. Dudley, Ernest M. Dudley, C. W. Blair, L. D. Blair, R. C. Blair and Margaret C. Kotusee:

Take notice, That on the 1st day of October, 1885, between the hours of 6 o'clock, A. M., and 6 o'clock, P. M., at the law office of R. S. Turk, in the town of Huntersville, in Pocahontas county, W. Va., we will take the depositions of John W. Warwick and others, to be read as evidence in our behalf, in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the county of Pocahontas, and State of W. Va., in which we are Plaintiffs, and yourselves are Defendants, styled, F. H. Hull's Administrator and widow vs. F. H. Hull's Heirs and others.

If from any cause the taking of said Depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day, or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

F. E. Hull,
F. H. Hull,
Louisa E. Hull.

R. S. Turk, Atty.
Sollds.] Printer's fee, $6.00.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. III. J. Buchanan Canfield, EDITOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, February 18, 1886. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 36.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court,	H. A. Holt.
Prosecuting Attorney,	R. S. Turk.
Sheriff,	J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,	B. C. Dill.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts,	J. J. Beard.
Assessor,	C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Court,	S. B. Hannah, Pres't. S. H. Clark. Geo. P. Moore.
County Surveyor,	Geo. Baxter.

DISTRICT OFFICERS.

1st (Green Bank) District: Justices, Wm. L. Brown and J. H. Patterson. Notaries Public, Wm. L. Brown, C. O. Arbogast and David McGlaughlin. Constables, Thomas R. Maupin and C. B. Swecker.

2nd (Edray) District: Justices, Geo. M. Kee and Henry N. Hannah. Notaries, Geo. P. Moore and Geo. Baxter. Constable, John A. Young.

3rd (Huntersville) District: Justice, Jas. T. Lockridge. Notaries, H. S. Rucker, R. S. Turk, J. B. Hannah. Constable, C. O. Sharp.

4th (Little Levels) District: Justices, D. A. Peck and D. C. Kinnison. Notaries, Isaac McNeel, N. J. Brown, B. C. Hill, C. P. Bryan, Peter Hill, Jno. W. McNeil, Aaron Hill and Uriah Bird. Constable, B. F. McClure.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the 1st Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June, and 3rd Monday of Oct.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, July, and October. July is levy term.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY HUGH CONWAY,

Author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days"

They told him they were very well. "You don't seem to grow a day older. No family cares to vex you. Most men [illegible] 'Bachelors.' A family means responsibility as well as pleasure, you know." Sir Maingay nodded his head contentedly as one who knows all about it.

"We have something to say to you about Beatrice," said Horace.

Now, Beatrice was the very last subject which Sir Maingay cared to discuss with his brothers-in-law. Although they had never said so much, he felt that they altogether disapproved of his conduct with respect to his daughter. He felt that they thought he should not have gone abroad and left her to herself, although she had been so left by her own expressed wish. To some people, especially those whose consciences were ill at ease, the Talberts' grave, unspoken censure was more terrible than vituperation from any one else.

"About Beatrice," said Sir Maingay. "Not ill, I hope? I thought her looking far from well when she left here."

"No, she is not ill—but we are in some anxiety on her account."

"Ah, I think I know. I think I'm quite prepared for what you are going to say."

Horace raised his eyebrows. "You are!" he said. "If so, it will make our task easier."

"Much easier," said Herbert.

"Well, you are going to say that young Carruthers is in love with my girl. He came here once or twice; I saw it then. He told me he was going [illegible]"

"Yes, that's part of what we were going to say." They had decided it was as well to let Sir Maingay know of Frank's ambition.

"Well," said the baronet, "I like Carruthers. Besides he is a kinsman of yours. I assure you, my dear Horace, my dear Herbert, I can never forget the many happy years spent with poor—" he actually hesitated for the name. Think of that all young wives who believe that your husband will be inconsolable should death remove you!—"with a much beloved member of your family."

"Thank you," said Horace, quietly. He recognized the fact that Sir Maingay meant well.

"Besides," continued the baronet, "Beatrice is entirely her own mistress. She had a will of her own. I have no power over her fortune, which, by the by, is almost as large as my own. This is just as it should be, because with those sons of mine it will be impossible for me to add to her income at my death." So he rattled on, bringing out what was really a justification of himself.

"My dear Maingay," said Horace, mildly "would it not be better if you heard what we have to say and make your comments afterwards?"

"It would be a great deal better, Maingay," said Herbert.

From the days of their first acquaintance they had always assumed this air of superiority over the respectable nobleman. He had never even struggled against it. So he obeyed and was silent.

They told him all about Beatrice. Her letter they could not show him, having forgotten to ask Frank to return it. Sir Maingay listened, but did not appear much upset.

"We will of course take any steps you wish, or aid you in any steps you may take," said Horace in conclusion.

"It's unknown, but I don't see any steps to be taken," said Sir Maingay, complacently.

"Neither do we. But we felt it right you should know all about."

"Quite so. As I said, Beatrice always had a will of her own. She is full of strange freaks—full of them. As you know, for some extraordinary reason she wouldn't be presented, and can't live in the same house with her stepmother—"

"Her mother?" exclaimed the Talberts in a breath, and glancing simultaneously at a certain picture on the wall; an upright landscape which filled the space once occupied by the portrait of Sir Maingay's [illegible]."

The baronet colored. "[illegible] my wife, I mean. You may be sure it is but a freak of the girl's. She has her maid with her you say—a respectable, middle-aged woman. Oh, it will be all right. Perhaps she means to write a book. Ladies do all sorts of things [illegible] to write books nowadays. Lady Fanny Seamont went through Patagonia and shot some niggers or something. There's another lady who [illegible] in Italy and Spain. Fancy [illegible], Herbert! You know where [illegible] Spain is. Women do all sorts of out-of-the-way things now."

"Some women," said Horace, severely. His ideal women, if he had one, did no strange things. "However, if you are contented, there is nothing more to say."

"I'm not contented. It's a nuisance to think of a child you love, wandering heaven knows where. But she'll turn up all right again. Ah! here's my wife; we'll hear what she thinks of it."

Lady Clauson entered, looking, as usual, very beautiful. Horace and Herbert rose and greeted her with solemn gallantry. They were always particularly attentive and courteous to Maingay second wife. This the lady attributed to her charms. She was quite wrong. The Talberts were only anxious to show that if Sir Maingay chose to marry again it was a matter of no concern to them.

Lady Clauson was told the news. She turned to her husband triumphantly. As many better bred people sometimes do, she forgot herself. "I always told you she would do something disgraceful," said her ladyship.

"My dear! my dear Isabel!" said Sir Maingay. He glanced timidly at his brother-in-law.

Horace and Herbert rose like two figures worked by one spring. Their calm eyes looked down the [illegible] and concentrated their [illegible] Lady Clauson, who turned very red.

"Madam," said Horace, "the members of our family, and, I believe I may say, of Sir Maingay's family, are not in the habit of doing disgraceful things. Beatrice may have left us unadvisedly, but I am certain her reason, if known, would meet with her father's and with our approval."

Lady Clauson at once saw her mistake, and apologized humbly; an apology which the brothers accepted gracefully. Then, after having been shown the nursery treasures, they took their leave.

"Maingay does not improve as he grows older," said Horace. Herbert shook his head mournfully, as one who wished to gainsay a fact, but dare not.

Lady Clauson, in spite of her apology, told her husband that Beatrice had done something disgraceful. "Oh, no my dear," said Sir Maingay. "It's only a freak. You know, I won't say for what reason, she can't come here to live. Well, she's grown tired of life down at Oakbury. I don't wonder at it. Horace and Herbert are two regular old women. They darn their own stockings, make antimacassars, and all sorts of things. She was ashamed to say she was tired of the life, so went off on her own account."

Here was yet another motive attributed to Beatrice. Nothing is more risky than the attributing of motives. It is as dangerous as prophesying before the event.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A WORD IN SEASON.

After one or two unsuccessful attempts Carruthers found Mrs. John Rawlings installed behind the family counter at No. 142 Gray street. She was very hard at work—no doubt endeavoring to make up for her husband's repeated absence. In her hands she held what appeared like a long salmon-colored two-inch rope, which, by a dexterous twist of the wrist, or some manipulation only known to the initiated, she was rapidly transforming into strange and symmetrical festoons of those [illegible] articles of diet, sausages. Upon learning that Carruthers wished to speak to her in private she wiped her hands on a cloth, and, lifting up a flap, or species of drawbridge, in the counter, begged he would step through and follow her upstairs.

He did so, and was shown into what Mrs. Rawlings called the parlor; a room papered with marbling paper, carpeted with a dazzling carpet; furnished with imitation walnut chairs and couch upholstered in the brightest blue tapestry; the mantelpiece bearing a mirror in a burnished gilt frame, and, among other gay ornaments, a huge pair of those glass vases with suspended prisms known as lustres; the fire glowed very brightly, and was kept in order by a fender and fireirons of flashing steel. It was, in fact, a room which appeared to open its eyes and glare at you as you entered. A man even more anxious and preoccupied than Frank was could not fail to be struck with the general effect. It would have been positively ungracious not to have noticed it.

"What a bright room!" he said.

"It is a bright room," said Mrs. Rawlings in a gratified way. "You see, sir, we often kill as many as thirty pigs before breakfast."

This seemed a digression without bearing upon the main subject. "Poor things!" said Frank, without making it clear whether he referred to the pigs or their slayers.

"At first when I married Rawlings, I found it a melancholy business; so I made up my mind to have everything away from the factory bright and cheerful."

"You have succeeded here," said Frank, as he took the azure-covered chair offered him.

"I hope so. You see, sir," continued Mrs. Rawlings, "every business has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. Many don't like the pork business, but it's a nice clean business—there's no dust about it like there is about baking. I hate dust of any sort."

At another time Carruthers might have been amused and have tried to draw this woman out, but he was now only anxious to hear about Beatrice, so he commenced his inquisition.

Yes; Mrs. Rawlings had been at Blacktown. She had stayed at the "Cat and Compasses." She, or, rather her husband, had believed a little boy to be their missing son. A young lady had called upon her one morning. She gave no name, but she was a tall young lady; very handsome; and with gray eyes; beautifully dressed; in fact, quite a lady.

Would Mrs. Rawlings tell her visitor what had been said or done at that interview? Oh no—never. The good woman shut her eyes compressed her lips, and shook her head slowly and solemnly; the combined effect of these actions being meant to show that Beatrice's communication was forever locked up in the sacred [illegible] of her heart.

Mrs. Rawlings really meant to keep Beatrice's secret, and doubtless had no pressure been applied she would have kept it loyally. But unlucky she was one of those who have to struggle to retain a secret, not only its main body, but little corners which would slip out unawares. In trying to guard Beatrice's secret from her visitor's renewed questions she was like one trying to pack a feather bed into a traveling trunk; as one part was pushed down another part rose up. The words "poor thing!" applied to Beatrice had already raised Frank's curiosity to the highest pitch, and made him believe that the present inquiry was not collateral.

Was he justified in striving to learn what Beatrice wished hid? He thought so. He loved her with a pure unselfish love; so unselfish that he was not endeavoring to find the cause of her flight for his own end, but in order to be able to give her aid if she required it. Yes, the man who loved her had a right to try and learn all about the woman whom he believed loved him. Besides, had Beatrice in any way bound this woman to secrecy? He could scarcely believe it. He fancied that Mrs. Rawlings, as some people will, was making a mystery of nothing. Beatrice may have given her money to withdraw the absurd claim, and she was ashamed to confess the fact.

"Look here," said Carruthers. "I must and will know what took place between you and the lady. I warn you that by concealment you may do her the greatest wrong. You cannot harm her by telling the truth."

Again Mrs. Rawlings shut her eyes and shook her head.

Again Frank pressed her, again and again. She still kept her secret, [illegible] he wrung it from her [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Frank fully [illegible] realized the fact that Beatrice was driven to seek that interview by some great stress, some grievous need. He began to fancy that in spite of her denial in knowledge even of her name, Mrs. Rawlings might be able to tell all about the flight.

"Can you tell me where to find her?" he asked. "I warn you if you withhold her address from me you may do her a wrong which may never be repaired."

He spoke earnestly and impressively, fixing his eyes upon the woman as he spoke. He wished to learn from her looks whether she knew the address or not.

A sudden inspiration seized Mrs. Rawlings. Inspiration may come to a purveyor as well as to a poet. This young man, this eager young fellow, was the cause of all the shame and mischief—what secret was there to keep from him? He might be right; incalculable harm might follow her silence.

"You want to find her?" she asked. "You don't know where she is?"

"I want to find her. I shall never rest until I find her." His manner told Mrs. Rawlings that her inspiration was correct. She rose and spoke with real emotion.

"Yes, sir," she said "go and find her. Go and do what is right. If you are the man, I think your conscience will tell you what to do. Oh, sir, make what amends you can while there is time. Life is uncertain. It is things of this sort which haunt a man on his death bed."

The look of surprise which at first sat on Frank's face turned to one of something like horror. "Go on," he said hoarsely.

"Perhaps I am wronging you," went on the woman. "Perhaps you did not know all. She said the child was born in secrecy. Perhaps you never knew it. But go to her now, sir, and make what amends you can. It's not for me to speak, but what can a gentleman [illegible] a proud-looking young lady like this. Dear, dear! what she must have suffered, poor thing."

Carruthers was ghastly. His hands grasped the table for support. Mrs. Rawlings glanced at him and felt that her impromptu oration was doing its work.

"There, don't take on so," she said kindly. "There may be excuses for you. Old people oughtn't to judge the young too severely."

"Tell me all she said, every word," gasped Carruthers. He had forced the woman to give him this bitter cup, and he meant to drain it to the dregs.

"Oh, poor dear! she told me all. Told me how she had been forced to make her secret known by my husband's claiming the child. My heart bled for her. She told me how no one knew about the baby; how she should have to let all be be revealed unless I helped her. She told me how she had longed for her child, and somehow, I don't know how, managed to get it to live with her or near her. Oh, it's such a pretty boy! Such a pretty boy, sir."

"Where can I find her?" asked Carruthers. Not that he now hoped to learn.

"Where? I suppose somewhere near the child, down at Blacktown. You know the lady's name. I don't. But you'll do what's right, won't you, sir?"

"Yes," said Frank. "I will do what is right. Thank you. Good morning."

He left the room, and departed by the way he had come. Mrs. Rawlings returned to her interesting occupations. She knew the name neither of her visitor nor of the lady whom she had seen at Blacktown, but to this day, when she recalls the look of what she believed to be remorse on the young man's face, she is happy in the thought that it may be a few heartfelt and appropriate words, though only spoken by a humble woman like herself, helped on the great fight of good against evil, righted a wrong, and made a sinner woman happier. May such a mistake occur to many of us! It affords consolation.

A worthy soul, Mrs. Rawlings. Nevertheless, we will now bid her adieu, and hope that the business in Gray street continues to flourish.

But Frank Carruthers! Poor Frank whose [illegible] had led him into such straits! Who had learned the terrible half truth which by a paradox is often greater than the whole. Carruthers walked and walked—out to Gray's road.

(Continued on 4th page.)

Pocahontas Times.

James B. Canfield,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Copy, 1 year, in advance, - - - $1 00
" 6 months, - - - - - - - - - .50
One year, not in advance, - - - - - $1.50.
Out of the county $1.15 per year.
Six months, 60 cts.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 yr.	6 mos.	3 mos.
One Col.	$50 00	$30 00	$18 00.
½ Col.	25 00	17 00	10 00.
¼ Col.	13 00	9 00	6 00.

One Square (10 lines) one week, $1.00
Each additional insertion .50

Local, and Special Notices, five cents a line for each insertion, and no notice inserted for less than twenty-five cents.

Marriage and Death notices free. Obituaries two cents a line.
Seven words to the line.
No subscriptions discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Sales and Notices, in every case, will be charged to the Attorney or officer making the sale, and must be paid for in advance or on delivery of the certificate of publication.

Huntersville, Thursday, Feb. 18 1886.

The wife of Congressman Barbour, of Virginia, died last week in Washington.

A. N. Williams has been nominated by the President to be postmaster at Parkersburg.

At the revival which is being held at Philippi, Barbour county, more than 50 conversions have taken place.

The pig-tail Chinamen are causing considerable trouble in Washington Territory. Troops have been sent there to put a few of them under the ground, or at least, that is what they have done.

Prof. J. L. Campbell, of Washington and Lee University, died on the 3rd inst. In his death the institution loses a noble professor.

Mr. Joseph Mayse, Commonwealths attorney of Bath county, slipped on the ice, on the evening of the 4th, and fell breaking his leg just above the ankle, both bones were broken.—*Sentinel*

The Harrison county grand jury at its recent session in found 305 indictments—300 misdemeanors, and five felonies.

Another great and good man passed away, Hon. Horatio Seymour, ex-Governor, of New York, and Democratic candidate for President in 1868, on the 12th inst. Thus the nation loses one of its truest, noblest and purest statesmen.

Congressman Gibson and State Treasury Thompson are getting up a nice fight in Mr. Gibson's district. Gibson wants to be re-nominated and Thompson is trying to get the nomination himself. It is hard to tell how they will come out in the end.

Serious trouble is threatened in the Pennsylvania coke regions. Several hundred strikers have been marching from place to place, burning buildings belonging to coal companies and shooting a few miners who were still at work.

A howling mob of Socialists took charge of a portion of London a few days ago, which caused some lively scenes. They took possession of hotels, sacked them of food & destroyed the furniture, broke into private houses and wrecked them badly. The police were powerless to do anything for some time but finally overpowered the mob and caused peace to reign at "Wa[illegible]." 15,000 persons [illegible]

[illegible]

The United States Treasury has prepared a statement showing that the amount of silver dollars in circulation July 31 last, was $39,294,433, December 31, $52,541,571, February 11, 1886, $51,751,326.

The Raritan river has overflowed its banks and submerged the lower part of New Brunswick, N. Y. All business in the shipyards and coal yards, along the river has been suspended, and the works of the New Jersey Rubber Company have been compelled to shut down.

A bill has been introduced in the U. S. Senate by Mr. Hoar fixing the time for the meeting of Congress in 1887 and every second year thereafter on the first Monday in October, and in 1886 and every second year thereafter on the second Monday of November.

It is reported that Congressman Daniel, of Virginia, fell on the slippery pavement in Washington and injured himself seriously, breaking open his old wound so that the bone protruded.

DEATH OF JOS. B. DICKINSON.—We learn from a correspondent of the Richmond *Dispatch* that Mr. Jos. B. Dickinson died, on the morning of the 3rd inst., after a brief illness, at his residence near Millboro', Bath county. It will be remembered that it was in Mr. Dickinson's family that Lillian Madison resided prior to her ill-fated trip to Richmond in March last. Mr. Dickinson was a man of irreproachable character and greatly respected.—*Spectator.*

MRS. GRANT has received a check for $250,000, the first installment of the proceeds from the general's book, and is now more than ever convinced that the pen is mightier than the sword.

A veteran French soldier who served in a number of bloody battles under the great Napoleon, is sawing wood for his daughter's family near Batavia, Ohio. He is over 90 years old, and his name is Louis Christman.

An ancient astronomer predicted that when Good Friday falls on St. George's day, Easter on St. Mark's day, and Corpus Christi on St. John's day, this poor unprotected world of ours would be knocked into smithereens by an irregulated comet. This remarkable conjunction takes place this year? The insurance companies, in the absence of further proof, have not felt justified in raising the rates as yet.

This is what the Philadelphia *Times* says about the local newspaper:

"The New Year is a good time to consider the generally overlooked claims of the local newspaper. It is the most useful and least compensated and appreciated of all the agencies which stamp the impress of progress upon villages and inland cities. Without the local newspaper, local towns are, as a rule, thriftless and tend to decay.

"It is common for small great men to speak with contempt of the local newspaper. In that they imitate the critic of greater journals which offend by manly criticism; but the village newspaper makes more great men of less material—more bricks without straw—than any other factor in politics, and it is the one ladder on which men climb to local distinction as the beginning of wider fame."

Supreme Court

In this Court, sitting at Charleston, the call of the docket was concluded on Wednesday, and on Saturday, February 6th, the following decisions from this section of the State were announced:

Anderson vs. Gwinn's administrator, from Greenbrier county; opinion by Woods; decree of Circuit Court affirmed.

Hutton vs. Lockridge, from Pocahontas; opinion by Green; decree of Circuit Court reversed.

Bowyer vs. Martin Towney, appellant from Greenbrier; opinion by Johnson; decree of Circuit Court reversed and cause remanded.

Hinton vs. Ellis, from Summers; opinion by Johnson; decree of Circuit Court affirmed.

Moore vs. Harper, from Pocahontas; opinion by Snyder; decree of Circuit Court affirmed.

Burns et al. vs. Robinson et al., from Greenbrier; opinion by Green; decree of Circuit Court affirmed.

NEVER GIVE UP.

[illegible]

THESE ARE SOLLID FACTS.

The best blood purifier and system regulator ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity, truly is Electric Bitters. Inactivity of the Liver, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Weak Kidneys, or any disease of the urinary organs, or whoever requires an appetizer, tonic or mild stimulant, will always find Electric Bitters the best and only certain cure known. They act surely and quicker, every bottle guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money refunded. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Wm. H. Cackley & Co., Dunmore W. Va.

AN END TO BONE SCRAPING.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes, Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by Wm. H. Cackley & Co Dunmore, W. Va.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county on the 17th day of June, 1885, in the chancery cause of

Jacob Piles
vs.
John Piles and others,

and pursuant to an adjournment and continuance made on the 19th day of October, 1885, I shall, as special commissioner appointed in said decree, proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House of Pocahontas county on the

5th DAY OF APRIL, 1886,

two tracts of land, one containing 615 acres, more or less, lying on the waters of Beaver Lick Creek; the other containing 200 acres, more or less, adjoining the first mentioned tract, lying on Stephenson's Ridge, South-East side of Greenbrier river. A portion of this land has been heretofore held by Isaac Dean, Josiah Sims and others. The unaliened lands will be first sold, either in a body or in tracts to suit purchasers, and the aliened lands will be sold in the inverse order of alienation. Part of this land is well timbered. It lies well and is considered valuable farming land. The title is supposed to be clear.

TERMS OF SALE: So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and on the balance a credit of 6, 12 and 18 months from the day of sale, the purchaser giving bonds, bearing interest from day of sale, with good security, and a lien will be retained until all purchase money is paid.

H. S. RUCKER,
Spec'l Com'r.

I certify that bond as required by law has been given by the above commissioner.

JOHN J. BEARD,
Cl'k Cir. Ct.

Feb. 11 4t.] Printer's fee, $6.75.

Notice.

Sealed proposals for keeping the toll at Marlin's Bottom by the year will be received by the undersigned Superintendent until the 20th day of February, 12 M., 1886, either for a given sum, or for a certain per cent of the tolls, or pay the county a certain sum and have all tolls, subject to rates fixed by the County Court or by law. Proposals to be submitted to the County Court at the March Term next for confirmation and contract or rejection.

No 31-4t.] LEVI GAY, Supt.

A Good Discovery.

Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says: "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for twenty-five years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years."

Trial Bottles Free at Wm. H. Cackley & Co's., Dunmore, W. Va. Large size $1.00.

Club List.

We will send THE TIMES and *Babyland* for $1.50 cash. The price of *Babyland* is $1.00.

[illegible]

An Answer Wanted.

Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they cannot, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Weak Back, or any urinary complaint speedily cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle Guaranteed.

For sale at Wm. H. Cackley & Co's., Dunmore, W. Va.

An Enterprising Reliable House.

Can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the Agency for such articles as have well-known merit, and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable. Having secured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free, at Wm. H. Cackley & Co's, Dunmore, W. Va.

Commissioner's Notice.

Felix H. Hull's Adm'r et als.
vs.
Felix H. Hull's Heirs et als.

All persons interested in the above entitled cause will take notice that I have fixed

MONDAY THE 8TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1886,

at my office in the town of Lewisburg, Greenbrier county, West Virginia, to carry out the provisions of the decree entered in said cause at October Term, 1885, of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, re-committing said cause to me, to-wit:

To consider the exceptions of the heirs of Felix H. Hull to the commissioner's report, filed in said cause on the 17th day of October, 1885.

To hear and consider any legal evidence that may be adduced before me, and remodel said report as I may be advised so to do.

To state any other matter specially that may be deemed pertinent or required by and of the parties interested to be stated.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
31-4w. Special Commissioner.

INSURE YOUR HOMES.

I am prepared to insure farm houses in the Agricultural Insurance Co. of Watertown, N. Y., one of the most substantial Companies in the United States.

Call and see me when you come to town.

R. S. TURK.

THOUSANDS SAY SO.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year.

Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Wm. H. Cackley & Co., Dunmore, W. Va.

But the celebrated of all Singers is the

Singer Sewing Machine.

It sings in every language; its cheering and thrifty tones are heard in the [illegible]

[illegible]

A Walking Skeleton.

[illegible]

For Hard Times.

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES
—AND—
DEMOREST'S
ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

BOTH PUBLICATIONS [illegible]

$2.60 [illegible]

DEMOREST'S
THE BEST
Of all the Magazines.

[illegible]

Pocahontas Times at $1.00 Per Year.

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, AND COPYRIGHTS [illegible]

[illegible]

C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Pocahontas Times.

Entered at the Postoffice at Huntersville W. Va., as second class matter.

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(Continued from 1st page.)

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He laughed bitterly as he thought of the hours he had spent endeavoring to find the cause of what he had called Beatrice's complaint—of her general apathy and indifference to the world at large. Now he had got at the very germ of the disease. No wonder she was cold and reserved with such a secret to carry—such a dread everhanging her. Poor girl! Poor girl!

He could see how the boy's coming to Hazlewood House had been arranged. Through Mrs. Miller, of course. And by his new light he was able to explain a discrepancy which had always troubled him. On the night she bade him hope and wait, the nurse had told him that Beatrice had saved her years ago from starvation, whereas, Horace had told him that until she came to the house, she was a stranger to them all. He had not thought it worth while to pursue the inquiry.

She, this strangely mannered woman, had made him promise to wait. Wait for what? There was nothing to wait for. Even if he, as he scornfully told himself he could, should forget his manhood and be willing to take Beatrice as his wife even now, he knew that a barrier, never to be climbed, would be raised by her. He did not wrong her in this. He knew that for all that had befallen she was mourning in mental sackcloth and ashes. He had no blame to give her, no stone to cast.

She had not tried to win his love, she had not accepted that love when offered. Too well he knew why. Yet he knew also that she loved him—loved him but would never be his. The thought drove him half mad. No friend of Carruthers' would have known him, as, with heavy brows and bent head he walked through those quiet streets of suburban London.

But why the flight? No new dread, no new danger could have threatened her. Did she after all fly because he was coming to Hazlewood House? Did she fear that her resolution must give way, and with one breath she must avow her love, and with the next tell her lover that love could not be between them? No. A word from her would have stayed his coming. She had even as good as asked him to come. She was not flying from him.

Then the thought of that man who was seeking her came to his mind. He shuddered and bit his lip; he knew not why. But his first thought was to trace this unknown man and hear why he wanted Beatrice.

[illegible] changed. He would not seek him. He had no [illegible]. After what he had this morning heard all inquiries, all information, could but tend to make him more [illegible]. There was nothing now left for him in the world but stern hard work. Work, work, work, the greatest blessing ever given to man.

So he walked on and on, almost [illegible] in his anguish, almost sinking [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. But all the while, do what he could, [illegible] his [illegible] out of her clutches, thinking of her as the calm, fair, stately girl he had known and loved, the one of all the world against whom slander would never [illegible].

[illegible] his [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] his [illegible] had grown wan and [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. All he could now think of was Beatrice and her sorrow. All he asked was to be able to see her and tell her there was one who would ever be as a brother to her. The wild resolve that he would now acquire to her disappearance as calmly as did her unless disappeared. He would find her. He would go to her, take her hand, if it were possible, stand between her and what she had to bear.

But he knew now, or thought he knew, the utmost that life had to give him, and he saw in it a sorry substitute for what it had seemed to promise only a few days ago.

Blame her! Why should he blame her? How had she wronged him?

CHAPTER XXVII.

A HELPING HAND.

To make up one's mind; to vow to find a young woman who had disappeared without leaving a trace is one thing—to find her is another. The world is a place of considerable size, and chance meetings are not so common as the confiding novel reader is asked to believe. Such was at least the experience of two men, who, from different motives, were equally anxious to find the fugitive. The first Maurice Hervey, the second Frank Carruthers.

Hervey, who, having paid a second visit to Oakbury, had in some way managed to learn that Beatrice, the boy and the nurse had gone to London, bade a hasty adieu to Blacktown and returned to the capital. The more he studied the situation, the more apparent it became that, to use his own words, he was in a cleft stick. So long as Beatrice could conceal her whereabouts from him, so long was he utterly helpless. He could, of course, compass a certain amount of revenge but the cost would be too terrible. However sweet a thing may be, it may be bought too dearly. He could walk boldly up to Sir Maingay Clauson and proclaim himself his son-in-law. He could go to these Talberts and show them that he married their niece when she was little more than a school-girl. But what good would this do? His bolt would be shot, and his quiver held no other. It might bring down Beatrice but not her money. He would have to deal with men of the world instead of a woman over whom he held the terror of exposure. He had one article to sell, silence. There was one customer for it, his wife. With her he could trade to advantage, but the moment he broke [l]ook for another market his commodity became all but valueless.

Again, there was that cursed claims in old Talbert's will. Hervey could easily prove that Beatrice was his wife, but in doing so he also proved that she had married, when under age, without her trustees, consent, and the said trustees could do almost exactly as they liked with her fortune! Probably they would throw him two hundred a year so long as he kept out of the way. What was two hundred a year when he knew that had he not insisted on bringing some one's head down to the dust, he might have had ten times the amount? Why had he not taken the money and foregone the revenge?

In fact, Beatrice's flight, although not effected for strategical reasons, was a masterpiece; a move which bound her enemy hand and foot. Savagely he looked forward to the time when circumstances would force him to take the best offer made him. Well he knew that the moment Beatrice nerved herself to reveal the truth to her friends, the moment she elected to confess her girlish folly, and face what shame and blame might be due to her, every shred of power he held would be gone. It was, therefore, imperative he should find Beatrice and reopen negotiations upon a basis more favorable to her. Reflection and the risk he now ran of losing everything made him inclined to lower his demands. He would take fifteen hundred, even a half of his wife's income, and if she wished it would enter into a regular deed of judicial separation. He would be silent so long as the money was paid him better to be silent.

What if he gave out that he was dead and waited until she had married again? Then his sway would be supreme. But to gain this advantage he might lie silent, it might be for years, and in the meantime must somehow make a living. Perhaps, after her former experience, she would not marry again. Any way the state of his exchequer put a veto on the waiting scheme.

(Continued next week.)

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Hervey, who, having paid a second visit to Oakbury, had in some way managed to learn that Beatrice, the boy and the nurse had gone to London, bade a hasty adieu to Blacktown and returned to the capital. The more he studied the situation, the more apparent it became that, to use his own words, he was in a cleft stick. So long as Beatrice could conceal her whereabouts from him, so long was he utterly helpless. He could, of course, compass a certain amount of revenge but the cost would be too terrible. However sweet a thing may be, it may be bought too dearly. He could walk boldly up to Sir Mahugay Clausen and proclaim himself his son-in-law. He could go to these Talbots and show them that he married their niece when she was little more than a school-girl. But what good would this do? His bolt would be shot, and his quiver held no other. It might bring down Beatrice but not her money. He would have to deal with men of the world instead of a woman over whom he held the terror of exposure. He had one article to sell, silence. There was one customer for it, his wife. With her he could trade to advantage, but the moment he broke back for another market his commodity became all but valueless.

Again, there was that cursed clause in old Talbert's will. Hervey could easily prove that Beatrice was his wife, but in doing so he also proved that she had married, when under age, without her trustees' consent, and the said trustees could do almost exactly as they liked with her fortune! Probably they would throw him two hundred a year so long as he kept out of the way. What was two hundred a year when he knew that had he not insisted on bringing some one's head down to the dust, he might have had ten times the amount? Why had he not taken the money and forgone the revenge?

In fact, Beatrice's flight, although not effected for strategical reasons, was a masterpiece; a move which bound her enemy hand and foot. Savagely he looked forward to the time when circumstances would force him to take the best offer made him. Well he knew that the moment Beatrice nerved herself to reveal the truth to her friends, the moment she elected to confess her girlish folly, and face what shame and blame might be due to her, every shred of power he held would be gone. It was, therefore, imperative he should find Beatrice and reopen negotiations upon a basis more favorable to her. Reflection and the risk he now ran of losing everything made him inclined to lower his demands. He would take fifteen hundred, even a half of his wife's income, and if she wished it would enter into a regular deed of judicial separation. He would be silent so long as the money was paid him better to be silent.

What if he gave out that he was dead and waited until she had married again? Then his sway would be supreme. But to gain this advantage he must lie [illegible], it might be for years, and in the meantime must somehow make a [illegible]. Perhaps, after her former experience, she would not marry again. Any way the state of his exchequer put a veto on the waiting scheme.

(Continued next week.)

THE TIMES and *The Practical Farmer* both one year for $1.25. *The Farmer* is a sixteen page WEEKLY, published at $1.00 per annum. It was established in 1855, and is acknowledged to be one of the BEST agricultural journals in the country. We offer our paper and the *Farmer* for only $1.25.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. IV. | J. Buchanan Canfield, Editor. | Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, August 19, 1886. | Terms of Subscription: $1.00 per year, in advance. | No. 10.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, H. A. Holt.
Prosecuting Attorney, R. S Turk.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, B. C. Hill.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'sCo. Court, S. B. Hannah, Pres't. S. H. Clark. Geo. P. Moore.
County Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

DISTRICT OFFICERS.

1st (Green Bank) District: Justices, Wm. L. Brown and J. H. Patterson. Notaries Public, Wm. L. Brown, C O. Arbogast and David McGlaughlin. Constables, Thomas R. Maupin and C. B. Swecker.

2nd (Edray) District: Justices, Geo. M. Kee and Henry N. Hannah. Notaries, Geo. P. Moore and Geo. Baxter. Constable, John A. Young.

3rd (Huntersville) District: Justice, Jas. T. Lockridge. Notaries, H. S. Rucker, R. S. Turk, J. B. Hannah. Constable, C. O. Sharp.

4th (Little Levels) District: Justices, D. A. Peck and D. C. Kinnison. Notaries, Isaac McNeel, N. J. Brown, B. C. Hill, C. P. Bryan, Peter Hill, Jno. W. McNeil, Aaron Hill and Uriah Bird. Constable, B. F. McClure.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the 1st Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June, and 3rd Monday of Oct.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and 2nd Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

DICK'S WATCH.

BY MRS. L. M. BLINN.

Dear little Dick, curled by the fire,
Sat watching the shadows come and go,
As the dancing flames leaped higher and higher,
Flooding the room with a yellow glow.

His chubby hand on his side was pressed,
And he turned for a moment a listening ear;
"Mother" cried he, "I've got a watch!
I can feel it ticking right under here!"

"Yes Dick, 'tis a watch that God has made,
To mark your hours as they fly away;
He holds the key in His mighty hand,
And he keeps it in order night and day.

"Should he put inside the mystic key,
Or lay his hand on the tiny spring,
The wheels would stop and, your watch run down,
And lie in your bosom a helpless thing."

He crept to my side and whispered soft,
While his baby voice had an awe struck sound,
"I wish you would ask him, mother dear,
To be sure and remember to keep it wound!"

THE WIDOW'S FORTUNE.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTER.

Queenie Baronal was little more than a child when the old doctor died. She had married him at sixteen because her father told her to. She had made him a good wife because her nature was as sweet as sunshine, and her temper exceptionally good. The doctor was rather a trial, too; one of those carping, criticising individuals who was never quite satisfied with any thing.

But Queenie did her best to suit her old husband, and succeeded—after a fashion.

"She was very young," said Dr. Baronal, as he lay on his death-bed, "but she was a good and faithful wife. I'm not sorry that I left all the property to her."

There were two children; bright haired, blue-eyed little cherubs, exactly like their mother, and in the society of these dimpled rogues Mrs. Baronal found her happiness.

"Of course she'll marry again," sagely said Miss Lois, Dr. Baronal's maiden sister.

"Why shouldn't she?" said Mrs. Dean, the minister's wife. "There's no law against it, is there?"

"Yes, I know," said Miss Lois, "but if all poor Zedekiah's money is to go to strangers he'd a deal better left a little of it to me and to his own relations. Queenie is well enough, I dare say," (which was a great concession for Miss Lois Baronal to make, "but she's as much of a child as those two boys. What does she know of the management of an estate, I'd like to know?"

And in the kindness of her heart Miss Lois volunteered to come and live with her widowed sister-in-law and help take care of her property. But Queenie was equal to the emergency.

"It's very kind of you, Lois," said she; "but, if you don't mind, I'd rather go on just as we are. I think we should both be more independent:"

And this settled the question.

The pretty young widow had no lack of wooers when her year of crape and bombazine was over. Dr. Haller, who had succeeded to Dr. Baronal's practice, had no sort of objection to succeeding to his wife as well. Lieutenant Bassett, of the Regular Army, had lost his heart to Queenie's larkspur blue eyes and golden braids. And Mr. Malcolm West, the artist, had covered every millboard and canvas in his studio with sketches of Mrs. Baronal's exquisite profile and roguish "three-quarter" face.

"Three proposals in one week said Queenie, solemnly locking the notes into her writing-desk. "Dear me! I certainly can't marry three gentlemen at once. I must think the matter well over before I decide. Doctor Haller is certainly very nice. Lieutenant Bassett is as handsome as Apollo in that new undress uniform of his—and Mr. West would be charming if he wasn't so very shy and reserved. I must consider. Poor, dear old Doctor Baronal always used to counsel me to think three times before I spoke once, but I never could remember to do so. Three times! That will be once for each of them—one good long thought apiece!"

Miss Lois was sitting at tea in the second story lodging over the baker's shop, which she had hired because it commanded a view of the main street and was so handy to the particular church which she patronized, when Mrs. Colonel Newthrope came breathlessly in.

"Poor, dear Queenie!" said she. "Have you heard?"

"I haven't heard anything," said Miss Lois. "Sit down, do, and have a cup of tea."

"Oh! I can't stay a minute," said Mrs. Newthorpe. "The colonel has telegraphed to me to come up and meet him on the six ten train. Poor darling—what will become of her, with those children on her hands! She was crying when I came away. You see— Oh, dear, was that the church clock striking six? I must run to catch my train. But you'll go in at once to see Queenie. She never needed council more than now."

And Mrs. Colonel Newthrope hastened away. Miss Lois Baronal stared very hard at the willow pattern on her China cup.

"No, I *won't* go in to see her," said she, apparently addressing the Chinaman on the blue bridge under the willow. "She wouldn't accept any advice from me when she was in prosperity, she shan't have the chance now. I knew how it would be. I told her she had neither judgment nor discretion. She has made her own bed, now let her lie on it. I'm sure I don't know how she will manage to support [illegible] and [illegible]. There's nothing on earth that she can turn her hand to. And I shan't help her; she may be very sure of that."

And, with a solemn countenance, which only half-masked the malicious exultation of her secret heart, Miss Lois Baronal put on her best bonnet and respectable Thibet shawl and went out to circulate among her neighbors the fact that "poor dear Zedekiah's wife had lost every cent in the world, and would probably have to send her children to some half-orphan institution to be brought up."

"I always foretold it," said Mrs. Smith.

"Any one could have seen, with half an eye what was to be the end of all Mrs. Baronal's extravagance," groaned Miss Runkel.

"And if any one's pride deserved a fall, *hers* did!" said Mrs. Judge Harvey, who could not forget that Queenie's black silk dress had cost fifty cents a yard more than her own.

Before noon the next day, every one in the village had heard that Mrs. Baronal's riches had taken to themselves wings and flown away; and that she was left alone in the world with Clare and Eustace to support.

Ds. Haller whistled dubiously when the news reached him, as it promptly did.

"I'm afraid I was rather precipitate in that written proposal of mine," said he. "No man ever ought to put down things in black and white. I have my own way to make in the world, and a penniless widow, with a ready-made family, is hardly the way to further my fortunes. I must extricate myself from the entanglement as soon as I can think up a decent exit."

Lieutenant Bassett was equally taken by surprise. He flung the bouquet of hot-house blossoms which the florist's boy had just delivered into the grate—the boquet which had been ordered especially for Queenie Baronal.

"No you don't, my boy!" said he, facetiously, addressing his own reflection in the mantal mirror. "You know very well that love in a cottage is not your specialty. You never were economical, and never can be. The little widow can do a deal better than you, financially speaking. Let her have what chance she can. And I always did detest those noisy little boys of hers. Well, perhaps things are just as well as they are."

And so the gallant army officer flung away his love as if it had been a glove.

Mr. West, however, heard the tidings with a very different sensation. He put on his hat, and rushed at once to Dr. Baronal's old stone house, without even stopping to think the matter over.

"Queenie poor!" he cried. "Queenie alone and in trouble! This must never be while I can help it. My income is not large, to be sure, but it will be enough to keep her out of poverty. And henceforward, if she will permit me, her welfare must be my first care."

So it came to pass that, of all her suitors, honest Malcolm West was the only one who rallied to her side while the clouds of adversity seemed to hang over beautiful Queenie Baronal's head. She was sitting alone in her little morning-room, when West was ushered in.

"You have heard the news?" she said, glancing [illegible] with a curious questioning light in her eyes.

"I have heard that you are poor, Mrs. Baronal," said the young artist. "And I do not altogether regret it, because I can now prove to you how great a happiness it will be for me to assume all the care and responsibility of your future, as well as that of the children. Tell me, Queenie, will you allow me to work for you, henceforward? For I love you with all my heart."

The tears glistened in Queenie's eyes.

"Lieutenant Bassett has not been near me," said she. "Dr. Haller has gone to Montreal, leaving the medical student in charge of his practice. And yet they would fain have had me believe that they *loved* me."

"They are pusillanimous scoundrels!" said the young artist, impulsively. "They don't know the very meaning of the word love."

And Queenie said "yes," and Malcolm West felt that he was elevated to the highest heaven of happiness. While Clare and Eustice played on the floor, and ate, unlimited, sugar-candy out of Mr. West's pockets, and the time slipped along until dusk, when in came Miss Lois, looking like Nemesis personified!

"I am very sorry for you, Queenie," said she, lugubriously. "But you know I told you what you might expect all along!"

"Dear me Lois, what are you talking about?", said Mrs Baronal, innocently.

"About your loss of fortune, of course," said Miss Lois, with some acerbity.

"But I haven't lost my fortune," said Mrs. Baronal, composedly.

"Mrs. Newthorpe said that you had."

"She couldn't possibly have said such a thing as that," declared Mrs. Baronal, "because it has not happened. She was here yesterday, just when I was mourning over the departure of Miss Chesney, the children's nursery governess; for I'm quite sure that I never shall be able to replace her. But as for money, I am quite as rich in that respect as I ever was!"

So this was the foundation of the rumor that had so stirred the social circles of the village. And Malcom West had won the beauty and the fortune too.

Lieutenant Bassett said it was "a confounded shame." And Dr. Haller never ventured to look Queenie in the face again.

But Queenie herself smiled roguishly.

"I could not quite decide for myself said she. "So Fate has decided for me!"—*N. Y. Ledger.*

The Old Bridge of Ayr.

(*From the Pall Mall Gazette.*)

An act of unpardonable vandalism is going to be committed, if, as report says, the old bridge of Ayr is to be demolished. If when Burns wrote of the bridge of Ayr he could talk of the "poor narrow footpath of a street, where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet," it is not surprising that the stones are now dropping from their places and that the auld brig is considered unsafe for traffic. But for close on 600 years it has done its work and that surely is long enough to have earned the repose not of annihilation but an honored national monument. That "conceited gowk," the new bridge, is still quite capable of carrying all who wish to cross the Ayr, and it is difficult to understand what imperative reason there can be for destroying the "brig of ancient Pictish race, the very wrinkles Gothic in his face." And besides its commemoration by the Ayrshire poet the bridge has a romantic interest of its own, having, like the pyramid of Rhodopis, been built at the sole expense of a single lady, though tradition variously [illegible] her motives.

Pocahontas Times.

James B. Canfield,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, Thursday, Aug. 19, 1886.

Our Delegate.

When we arrived home we found a communication here written from Academy favoring a Webster county man for House of Delegates. We cannot agree with him that Webster county is entitled to the delegate even if that county has never had a chance to vote for U. S. Senator. The man who is sent from this delegate district is sworn to represent his constituents, no matter which county he is from. Webster had the delegate in the last session and it is Pocahontas' turn now. We believe an arrangement was made a few years ago by which Webster was to have the delegate one term and Pocahontas two terms; but, even ignoring this fact, it is nothing but fair that this county should have the delegate—term about. It is claimed by some Webster delegates that their man ought to serve one full term—four years. Now everybody knows that the delegate from Webster county served a full term, which is only two years, and morever we don't believe that a large majority of the people of Webster favor a man from that county. Our correspondent further says that to nominate a man from Webster county will be the means of uniting the Democracy to a man and success will be the result. We cannot agree with him in this matter. To make a success is to nominate a man from our own county. We hope that Webster delegates will come to the convention at this place place Friday with a determination to nominate a man from our county, and pledge themselves to go home and work for his success and never quit work until the election is over and our delegate has a larger majority given him than any delegate has ever had in the two counties.

The Court House.

Our first editorial on this subject was replied to at length by our Edray correspondent. We then had the right under the rules of debate to close by replying to him, which our last editorial only did without attempting to raise any new issue or point. That then ended the matter as this is the rule adopted and followed by us in all discussions of this character. We have this week received a lengthy communication carrying the debate further which to publish would be changing our rule. Our correspondent, therefore, must excuse us for not giving him more latitude than we would ascribe to others, and in no sense would we have him think that his strictures on the editorial manage and ability of this paper in any way hinders us from giving place to his correspondence. The debate has closed under parliamentary rules.

Green Bank Convention.

Pursuant to call of the Democratic Executive Committee the convention met on the 14th inst., and S. B. Hannah was elected Chairman and C. O. Arbogast, Secretary. On motion the chair appointed Wm. F. Arbogast, Dr. C. L. Austin, B. B. Kerr and Wm. Sheets as a committee to suggest the names of ten delegates to represent the district in the convention to be held at Huntersville Aug. 20th, who after consultation recommended the following named gentlemen:

Dr. J. P. Mooman, J. W. Riley, N. B. Arbogast, C. F Moore, Jessie Patterson, Claiborne Ashford, C. A. Lightner, Chas. Pritchard, Wm. B. Hudson and J. P. Wooddell. On motion the Chairman, Secretary and Committee were added to the delegation and Daniel Wilfong and Wm. Cassell were appointed alternates.

On motion it was decided that any one or any portion of the delegates in attendance at the convention are authorized to cast such vote as the district is entitled in joint convention.

On motion the delegates were instructed to request that each district in this county shall be entitled to a vote in joint convention in proportion to their Democratic strength.

On motion Adjourned.

S. B. HANNAH, Chairman.
C. O. ARBOGAST, Secretary.

Edray District Convention.

Pursuant to the call of the chairman of the county executive committee the voters of Edray district met in convention on Saturday 14th inst., to select ten delegates to represent them at the Delegate District convention to be held at Huntersville on the 20th inst.

The convention was called to order at 1 p. m. and Jno. W. Warwick was chosen chairman and T. M. Skiles secretary.

On motion the chair appointed E. D. King, Levi Waugh and S. D. Price to retire and select ten delegates and the following were selected: Jacob Sharp, A. M. McGlaughlin, J. Q. Poage, H. H. McClintic, Jacob Simmons, Geo. McCollum, Wm. C. Mann, Jno. W. Warwick and Wm. M. Sharp. On motion adopted.

By a unanimous vote the delegates were instructed to vote for Levi Gay as candidate for House of Delegates.

JOHN W. Warwick, Chai'n.
T. M. SKILES, Secretary.

Huntersville District Convention.

On the 14th inst., the following delegates were appointed to represent this district in the convention to be held at Huntersville next Friday, 20th inst.: Henry White, Wm. Curry, Hugh P. McGlaughlin, Wm. T. Perry, Wm. Cleek, Preston M. Harper, I. B. Moore, H. M. Locridge, M. F. Herold and R. S. Turk.

A young man from Pittsburg passed through town Monday en route to Staunton. He was riding a bicycle. A man above town saw him and greatly frightened rushed home and told his wife they must have prayer at once, because the day of judgment was coming, sure. He said he knew it because he saw the d——l a straddle of a buggy wheel going up to Beverly after the lawyers.—*Philippi Plaindealer.*

It is announced that the Administration has concluded to put the Morrison surplus resolution into practical effect notwithstanding its failure to become a law by Mr. Cleveland's omission to give it his signature. A call is to be at once made for $15,000,000 bonds, which, it is alleged, is to be promptly followed by similar calls at monthly intervals. Apparently the President has caught a whisper from the people since his pocket veto of the measure.—Ex.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Mr. F. Renick, of Caldwell Station, Greenbrier Co., is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Sallie Callison, of this place.

Prof. C. A. Brown returned last week from Staunton where he has been attending the Peabody Institute for the past month.

Last week as Mr. Geo. Clark was fixing the rubber block of his wagon he let the ax slip cutting his thumb and hand severely.

Mr. E. I. Holt is off on another trip to Mingo. Of course he wants to see his brother, and he certainly consults him often.

Messrs. C. & W. had a few words about their turkey pasture last week. Mr. C. says he will either pay Mr. W. for his turkey pasture or muzzle his turkeys.

Your correspondent had the pleasure of attending an all day meeting at the Droop last Sunday. Three excellent sermons were delivered to a large, attentive and appreciative audience—one by Rev. D. S. Sydenstricker, one by Rev. Wm. E. Miller and one by Rev. Hannah.

The Beaver Lick Co. are getting along finely with their railroad; will have it to the river by the first of September. Messrs. E. I. Holt and Dr. Bryan went out a few days ago and took the first ride on it.

Miss Bella Clark returned last week from Union, Monroe Co.; where she has been visiting relatives.

August 16th. PRUNELLA.

Dunmore Doings.

Capt. E. A. Smith left for Ronceverte to-day and S. L. Jackson for Staunton.

Rev. Forrest Moore is in Lewisburg.

Mr. Vandyke is gone to Pittsburg.

Mr. B. F. Jackson has bought a farm eight miles from Harrisonburg, Va., and is making arrangements to move there shortly. We are sorry to have so good a neighbor leave us.

Mr. S. C. Gay has moved on the Kerr farm two miles from Dunmore.

Mr. B. F. McElwee wears a twelve-by-six ft. grin—it's a girl.

August 16th. TOM SAWYER.

Jos. Varner, lost a fine cow Sunday last. An investigation developed the fact that several bones about 10 or 12 inches long had gotten into the cow's stomach and grown fast. It is supposed that she either desiring salt swallowed the bones, or they were taken in, in her slop.—*Mt. News.*

Notes on Schools and Teaching.

BY J. W. FITZ.

As much time and money have been wasted by parents sending their children to the Universities lacking sound training in first class preparatory schools, I am induced to write a few articles on this most important subject.

I know no really first class preparatory school in W. Va. This want must be supplied. We have a vigorous and growing State. The wealth is greater than the educational development of the people.

The people must realize that the publich school is very elementary, and the instruction in them hardly deserves the name of education.

Very many in our state, who would be called rich elsewhere, are utterly regardless of the claims of a higher education.

Let us scout the idea that the public school is a grand thing, but rather let us consider it but the shadow and skeleton of an education.

We need teachers of highly cultivated minds and these cannot be supplied, as long as the people are humbugged with a class of men, who impress them with the belief that "reading, riting and ciphering" are the *ultima thule* of intellectual growth.

(To be continued.)

High School.

DEAR TIMES:—It may not be generally known among your readers, that a High School has been attempted here.

The first session has just closed. The final exercises occurred Friday afternoon, July 30th. Where all acquitted themselves so well, it would be invidious to give special commendation.

Readings were given by Lock Kee, Willie Price and Florance Price.

Exercises in Elocution were rendered by Misses Jane Moore, Susy Price and Master Norman Price.

A dialogue was given by Maude Kee and Anna McGlaughlin, it was very harmoniously rendered.

Essays upon Home, Africa and American Revolution were read by Miss Eliza Kee and Andrew Jones Price in the order mentioned. A poem prepared for the occasion was recited by Anna D. Price.

The school-room was handsomely decorated with evergreen and wild flowers and the whole it was a most enjoyable affair. It is hoped there is more and better to follow.

The Principal, Rev. Wm. T. Price, having a family to educate has opened the school and proposes to teach along with his own children any who may be induced to attend In the school, comon branches, Mathematics, Languages and Natural science are taught at $1.50 per month. The Principal is an A. M. of Washington & Lee University and has had considerable experience in teaching.

The following is the poem written for the occasion:

School days, like birds on rapid wings,
Are flying fast away;
O. ye, whose time of life it is,
Breathe not a wish to speed their flight,
But rather bid them stay!

Our life; at very best, is short,
Youth, middle years and age.
Appear like actors pressing close,
With eager feet and busy hands
To drive each from the stage.

God wills it thus, we cannot change
Time's rushing, mighty wave—
What can we do? ah question wise!
Now listen well—ye can do much,
The passing years to save.

Perform your duty, fill your sphere,
Love God and fellow-man;
Your banner raise against the wrong,
Shun idleness that deadly sin,
And labor while you can.

Think you we ne'er shall meet the years,
That here will come no more?
Ah! yes, in higher state than this
We'll pass those years in close review
And scan their record o'er!

Then let us all—the young and old
Improve the time that's given.
Be steady youth—be hopeful age—
The race is short, 'tis quickly run.
And unto every faithful one
The end of it is Heaven!

OBSERVER.

HOME NEWS

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce Levi Gay as a candidate for the next House of Delegates from the Delegate District composed of Pocahontas and Webster counties, subject to the decision of the Democratic convention.

—Days are shortening.

—Autumn will soon be here.

—A Barlow and Wm. Curry are first to finish haying hereabouts.

—Mr. R. V. Hill, of Academy, was in our office Monday.

—Mrs. Plunket, of Staunton, is the guest of Miss Clara Sharp of Douthard's Creek.

—Dr. Wm. F. Rucker and wife, of Lewisburg, made the home of their son H. S. Rucker glad with their presence [illegible]

WANTED.—A good, stout boy to look after horses, cut wood, &c.

T. M. Skiles.

—Miss Fannie Scott left Tuesday morning for her home near Lynchburg, Va., which saddened the hearts of not a few and one especially.

—If you are in need of any kind of Job Work, give us your orders and see what we can do for you.

—Don't fill the system with quinine, to prevent or cure Fever and Ague. Ayer's Ague Cure is the specific for this disease, and leaves no poison to produce dizziness, deafness, headache, or other disorders.

—Young, old and middle aged, all experience the wonderfully beneficial effect of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Young children, suffering from sore eyes, sore ears, scald head, or with any scrofulous taint, become healthy and strong by the use of this medicine. Six bottles, $5.

WANTED.—Thirty cattle for fall pasture after 15th of September. Address: T. M. Skiles, Marlins Bottom, W. Va.

[illegible] statements sent out by us two and three weeks ago. We wish them to be paid promptly as it will be to your benefit as well as ours. We are much obliged to those who have already settled.

—A nice assortment of Letter and Note heads at this office and thousands of envelopes charming to the eye—all of which we will sell cheap. Come and buy or send your orders by mail.

—Providence permitting, Rev. Dr. Jno. W. Carter, of Parkersburg, W. Va., will preach the funeral sermon, in memory of the late Dr. P. D. Carter, at the church at Edray, W. Va., on Sunday August 22nd, at 11 o'clock, a. m.

LUMBER SAWING.—Parties wishing bills for building or any choice clear lumber for a special purpose, or of extra width and clear, will find it to their advantage to make out their bills and hand me, as I have contracted for sawing and can fill any bills very soon.

H. M. Lockridge.

—We have received the *Delineator* for September and it is up to its good standard in giving the latest styles and fashions in Ladies', Misses' and children's suits. Send for it. Single copy, 15cents; or $1 per year. Address The Butterick Publishing Company, 7, 9 & 11 West 13th St., N. Y.

—Mr. Randolph Myers and wife, of Augusta county, Va., passed through our town Tuesday on their way home from Elk.

NEW GOODS.—We have received a large assortment of Cassimeres, Jeans, Flannels, &c., from the Greenbrier Valley Woolen Mills which we will sell for cash or wool. "Come and buy. Jas. B Canfield, Agent. Goods at TIMES office.

THE WORLD'S WONDERS.—S. Harold, of Split Rock, is now canvassing the county for one of the latest and best books—"The World's Wonders." It is replete with [illegible] and the name of the author, J. W. Buel, is sufficient guarantee of its merits. He is agent for this and Pocahontas counties. [illegible]

—It is time that the trustees of Huntersville school should be trying to secure a teacher for the coming session. As the board has increased the salary of a first grade teacher $5 at this place, but little trouble should be had in securing a teacher at once. Begin in time.

—We returned the first of the week from Barbour county, and we noticed in that county that the hay crop is short but the oats crop is luxuriant. In Randolph county the hay crop is better and corn will be an average crop. One of the best, if not the best, pieces of corn we saw along the road is Mr. Levi Gay's at the mouth of Stony creek this county.

—The following shows the aggregate value of personal property as assessed in Pocahontas county in the year, 1886:

Green Bank Dist., No. voters, white, 378; col. 2, value of property $85,700.

Edray, No. voters, white, 374; col. 23, value of property $93,410.

Huntersville, No. voters, white, 224; col. 19, value of property $64,865.

Little Levels, No. of voters, white, 353; col. 37, value of property $110,940.

Totals. No. of voters, white, 1329; col. 81, value of property $355,014.

Boards of Education should take notice that there has been an increase in value in some districts by additional assessments since the first Monday in July. These figures show the true value and will be found thus on the book in the Clerk's Office, also in the hands of the Sheriff.

C. O. Arbogast, Assessor, P. C.

Lookout for Burglars.

On last Friday evening while I. B. Moore and family were visiting a near neighbor, his house was entered in broad daylight by some party and things were very much disarranged in several rooms, one closet was divested of considerable clothing, as there was some queensware in it, it was supposed they were looking for something to satisfy the inner man as well. Three suspicious looking women were seen on the road near this house that morning and evening. A liberal reward should be offered for the apprehension of all such parties.

Xx.

TEACHER'S INSTITUTE.—The teacher's institute for Pocahontas county will meet at Marlin's Bottom, beginning 6th of September 1886, instead of Edray as previously understood.

The exercises will undoubtedly be of a character that will richly repay those who are present as Mr. J. W. Hinkle, the Co. Supt. of Greenbrier, a gentleman of superior ability, has been appointed Instructor.

The Trustees of the Presbyterian church there, kindly tendered the use of their building and it being a comodious one will add very materially to the comfort of the teachers.

I earnestly desire all the Teachers, School Officers, and those interested in the schools of the county to be present and participate in the exercises of the Institute.

I have made arrangements with Messrs. Andrew McGlaughlin, Sam. Price, T. M. Skiles and Levi Gay to board the teachers and others at 75 cts. a day. Applicants for board will do well to write in advance of the time to the above mentioned parties, so that if necessary I will seek other places for accommodation should these prove inadequate.

Examination of teachers will be held at the same place commencing promptly at 8:30 a. m. September 13th.

All applicants will be required to present a certificate of attendance at the Institute or a *Lawful* excuse before they will be admitted.

Yours Respectfully,

H. M. Lockridge, Co. Supt.

—We have received the report of Hon. Jos. S. Miller, Commissioner of Internal Revenue. The collections [illegible] West Virginia during the last fiscal year were $[illegible]

WANTED you to know that one N. Y. fruit tree is worth six Va., or W. Va. trees. They will stand the severest winters uninjured, and hardier in every respect. We warrant every New York tree to be delivered in good condition, and live one year and to be nice, healthy trees.

Apple trees $18.00 per 100, Peach $10.00, Grapes 25 to 50 cts. each. Don't buy until we call.

L. E. Wyckoff, Head agent for the southern States, Huntersville W. Va.

Wm. N. Cootes, Park's. „ Ed. „ } Salesman, Wilson Nurseries; Geneva and Waterloo.

HILLSBORO.

Male and Female Academy.

C. A. BROWN, Principal.

The second annual session of this school will begin September 6th, 1886, and continue a session of ten months, of two terms. The first term will continue four months; the second, six months. The second term will begin the second Monday in January.

LOCALITY AND ACCOMMODATIONS.

The Academy is pleasantly located in the town of Hillsboro, W. Va. The people of this town and vicinity are noted for their hospitality and general good morals. The town has abundance of church advantages. The school building is a large handsome structure containing two rooms well supplied with desks and charts.

COURSE OF STUDY.

1 GRADE,—Orthography, Reading, Writing, and first lesson Arithmetic, Grammer and Geography.

2. Orthography, Reading, Writing, Practical Arithmetic, Geography, English Grammar and History.

3. Elementary Algebra, Higher Arithmetic, English Grammar, Natural Philosophy, Physical Geography, Physiology, Rhetoric and Latin begun.

4. English, Latin, Greek, Higher Mathematics and History, (Sacred).

In addition to the above course, arrangements have been made for thorough instructions in French and in vocal and instrumental music.

Special attention will be given to Orthography, Penmanship, Composition and Elocution.

It found expedient a *Literary Society* will be organized in connection with the school.

In this school, will be found the latest and most improved methods of teaching.

Examinations will be held at the expiration of each term. Pupils will be required to reach a grade of 75 *per cent* before dropping a text book.

Montly reports of pupils progress in studies and general deportment, will be sent to the parents and guardians.

EXPENSES.

Tuition per month in 1st Grade,			$1.50.
„	„	2nd, „	2.00.
„	„	3rd, „	2.50.
„	„	4th, „	3.00.

Extra charges will be made for Music and French.

A contingent fee of 15 cts. per month will be charged to provide fuel ect.

(The above expenses apply to the last term, and to those pupils in attendance (gone beyond the Free school limits during the first term).

Good board can be had in and near the town at reasonable prices.

No deductions from tuition charges, except in protracted sickness.

PUBLIC EXERCISES, MEDALS AND PRIZES.

The school will close with public exercises, at which time, a handsome gold medal will be awarded to the pupil who will have reached the highest grade in daily recitations during the session.

Gold medals will be awarded for Oratory. *Prizes* will be awarded for excellence in orthography, Penmanship and Reading.

REMARKS.

In view of the above advantages offered at Hillsboro Academy, parents should consider well before sending their sons and daughters from the county to attend other schools. "*Home first demands our attention.*"

Parents frequently make a sad mistake in sending their children to college before they have completed the preparatory course at home, hence it is that so many students leave college badly disheartened. Now Hillsboro Academy offers a thorough preparatory course to all that wish to prepare themselves for a more extensive course at college. It is hoped therefore that parents and people generally of this county will give their patronage and influence to building up and sustaining a graded school at Hillsboro, as one of the most suitable locations in the county for such an enterprise.

For further particulars, Address C. A. Brown, Academy, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, W. Va., entered on the

21ST DAY OF JUNE 1886

in the Chancery cause of Geo. K. Gay vs. R. F. Little and als. pending in said Court the undersigned will proceed to sell publicly in front of the Court house door of said county to the highest bidder on the

11TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER 1886,

a tract of land lying near Edray in said county adjoining the lands of Sam. B. Moore and others containing one acre on which is a small comfortable cottage.

TERMS: A credit of six and twelve months will be given, except as to cash in hand sufficient to pay cost of suit and sale, the purchaser to give bonds for the deferred instalments with approved personal security; bonds to bear interest from day of sale, a lien to be retained as ultimate security.

R. S. Turk, Special Com'r.

I John J. Beard Clerk of the Circuit Court aforesaid do certify that R. S. Turk special com'r, above named has executed bond in the cause as required by the decree under which he is acting.

Teste: John J. Beard Clk.

Aug. 12-4t.] Printers fee, $7.50.

Notice to Creditors.

To the creditors of L. D. Barlow, dec'd:

At the request of J. C. Arbogast, Sheriff of Pocahontas County, W. Va., and as such Administrator of L. D. Barlow dec'd, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said L. D. Barlow, dec'd, for adjudication to me at my office in Huntersville on or before the 2nd day of September, 1886.

WITNESS: James W. Warwick, Jr., Commissioner of accounts of Pocahontas county, this the 14th day of July, 1886.

James W. Warwick, Jr.,
Com'r of Ac'ts. of P. C.

July 15-6t.] Printer's fee, $4.85.

Commissioner's Notice.

Jacob H. Arbogast
vs.
Jacob G. Slaven's Adm'r and als.,
and
Wm. T. Gammon and wife
vs.
Same:

All persons interested in the above mentioned causes will take notice that as Special Commissioner to whom said causes were referred, by a decree entered therein by the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, on the 23rd day of June, 1886, to make a report to court of the following matters of account; viz:

1st. What amount of personal assets are now in the hands of S. L. Gibson, late S. P. C. and administrator of Jacob G. Slaven, dec'd, or which may come into his hands applicable to the payment of the debts due by the estate of said J. G. Slaven;

2nd. The exact balance due upon the debt heretofore decreed Jacob H. Arbogast, surviving obligee, &c., from the estate of the said J. G. Slaven;

3rd. An account showing what debts are properly chargeable upon the estate of said J. G. Slaven, dec'd, with their legal priorities;

4th. Whether or not Wm. Curry, special receiver in these causes has collected the bonds in his hands as such receiver and what disposition he has made of same;

5th. What lands are liable to pay the debts due by said J. G. Slaven, dec'd, their location probable value and whether or not the rents and profits of said lands will discharge said debts with their interest and the costs of these suits in five years, and the order in which said lands will be liable to the payment of said debts, [illegible] with any other matter deemed [illegible] by myself or required by [illegible] in interest, I have, therefore, [illegible]

3rd DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1886,

as the time and my office in the town of Huntersville as the place when and where I shall proceed to execute the [illegible]

R. S. Turk, Spec'l Com'r.

Aug. 5-4t.] Printer's fee, $12.15.

Commissioner's Notice.

Peter Buzzard
vs.
John Moore, &c.

All persons interested in the above cause will take notice that the Circuit Court by a decree entered therein on the 6th day of April, 1886, referred the same to the undersigned as a Special Commissioner to ascertain and report the following items of account to court; viz.:

1. What amount of purchase money on the 50 acres of land purchased in this cause by Wm. Moore is still due on the two bonds of $139.00, dated 5th January, 1858, after crediting the amount of the bonds of R. C. Slavider who purchased at a re-sale made of said land on the 9th of May, 1885;

2nd. To whom the funds arising in this suit are due and payable and the amount each is entitled to receive;

3rd. Whether William Moore, the purchaser of the 50 acres of land aforesaid has any estate out of which the residue of the unpaid purchase money due can be realized and also whether his surety, Andrew Idley, is solvent or insolvent.

4th. What heirs of John Moore, if any, have released their right to share in the fund arising in said suit together with any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest, I have therefore fixed on

THE 4th DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1886,

as the time and my office in the town of Huntersville, as the place, when and where I shall proceed to take said account.

R. S. Turk,
Spec'l Com'r.

Aug. 5-4t.] Printer's fee, $9.25.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, W. Va., on the first Monday in August, 1886.

George F. Burr, Felix H. Robertson and H. S. Rucker, Plaintiff's,
vs.
William S. Burr, Ella M. Burr his wife, the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railway Company, and Geo. H. Moffett, trustee for the benefit of said company, defendants.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to enforce a judgment lien for costs in favor of plaintiffs against defendants, amounting to $[illegible], with [illegible] a tract of land conveyed by Wm. S. Burr and wife to George H. Moffett, trustee, by deed recorded at page [illegible] of Deed Book 14, in the County Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas county, West Virginia. And it appearing by affidavit filed [illegible] Wm. S. Burr and Ella M. Burr his wife, George H. Moffett, trustee, are non-residents of this State, and the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railway Company is a corporation [illegible] upon whom process [illegible] can be legally served, [illegible] that they do appear here within one month from the date of the first publication of [illegible] to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste: John J. Beard, Clk.

H. S. Rucker, p. q.

Aug. 5-4t.] Printer's fee, $[illegible]

SUBSCRIBE FOR "THE TIMES." $1.00 per year.

[illegible]ahontas Times.

Entered at the Postoffice at Huntersville W. Va., as second class matter.

Newspaper Laws.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their paper, the publisher may continue to send [illegible] until all arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without notifying the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take papers from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not is held in law to be a subscriber.

A Sabbath-Keeping Nation.

Our Nation has been pre-eminently a Sabbath-keeping Nation. If we have lost much of the Puritanic spirit in religion, we have not given up the idea that the Sabbath was made for man, and that its observance is not only good for the individual, but highly beneficial to society, and consequently, to the Nation. Nothing is better settled than that a periodical rest-day is a physical necessity. The French Revolutionists, who sought to destroy uterly all Christain institutions, believed they would accomplish much in this direction by obliterating the Sabbath. They were too wise however, not to see that some substitute must be provided, so they ordained that every tenth day should be a rest-day. This was an acknowledgement that the Sabbath was founded on a principle which long experience had proved to be a sound principle. There is no question on this point among the American people. The number of those who would abolish the Sabbath as a rest-day is very small indeed. The Sabbath is really a national institution in this respect, all our governing authorities, National, State and municipal, and all our courts of record refraining from transacting business on that day.

But to individuals the Sabbath should be something more than a rest-day. The law requires the cessation of labor, not only that physical benefits may result but in order that individuals may worship God undisturbed by the noise and distractions of industry and commerce. Our churches open wide their doors, and the throngs enter and pay their allegiance to the King of Kings. It is in such occupations that the individual sanctifies the day, strengthens his own moral and religious character, and fits himself for the highest duties of citizenship. The Sabbath is, therefore, a day of moral education and recuperation, and it will be a sad day for our Nation when, if ever, it ceases to be, in this sense, a Sabbath-keeping nation.

We ask no laws from Congress or State Legislature to command religious devotion. We ask nothing more than compulsory cessation of business, and restraint of immorality from the State. The Church will do the rest. The Church will sanctify the day. The Church will provide such instruction as men need to make them moral and religious beings; and men so educated are the best, the staunchest and the most intelligent citizens, and such citizens are the only source and safeguard of national prosperity.

Let us, then, maintain the Sabbath, not simply by enforcing the laws which compel cessation of labor, but by using the day for physical rest and for the cultivation of our moral and spiritual natures. Thus shall we truly observe and honor it. Thus shall we honor our citizenship in this great Republic, and strengthen the Nation's hands for the work that is before it.—[N. Y. Independent.

Words of Wisdom

Choose always the way that seems best, however rough it may be. Custom will render it easy and agreeable.

The bow cannot possibly stand always bent, nor can human nature or human frailty subsist without some lawful recreation.

Pastime is a word that should never be used but in a bad sense; it is foolish to say that a thing is agreeable because it helps to pass the time away.

There is some help for the defects of fortune, for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes he may have his remedy by cutting them shorter.

Worldly faces never look so worldly as at a funeral. They have the same effect of grating incongruity as the sound of a coarse voice breaking the solemn silence of night.

There are moments when by some strange impulse we contradict our past selves—fatal moments, when a fit of passion, like a stream of lava, lays low the work of half our lives.

If heaven consists in a state of holy dispositions and affections, and not in "pearly gates and purling brooks," this is the state we ought to cultivate if we would reach the heavenly life.

Good resolutions are often like a loosely tied cord—on the first strain of temptation they slip. They should be tied in a hard knot of prayer, and then they should be kept tight and firm by stretching Godward.

Farm and Home.

Never feed a horse with hay from a rack located above his head, as a draught beats down which is injurious, and the dust is liable to injure the eyes.—[Montreal Witness.

Paint costs little, but agricultural implements are expensive. By coating the one with the other every season a great saving is made, for agricultural implements may be used many years longer than is usual by the judicious and timely application of paint.—[Albany Journal.

Farmers who grow only a few tomatoes in rich gardens do not generally know that this vegetable is more successfully grown in fields with moderate fertility. There is less exuberance of vine but earlier and higher flavored fruit, with less tendency to rot.

Charcoal is appreciated by fowls of all kinds. The very best is found in charred grain. Corn roasted like coffee and fed once a day, would, no doubt, pay for the trouble in the increased product of eggs. In fattening, the process is much hastened by its use, and we think the meat much more palatable. There are many epicures who would willingly pay a larger price for poultry fattened by the use of charred corn.—[Chicago Times.

Hot water is the best thing that can be used to heal a sprain or bruise. The wounded part should be placed in water as hot as can be borne for fifteen or twenty minutes, and in all ordinary cases the pain will gradually disappear. Hot water applied by the means of cloths is a sovereign remedy for neuralgia and pleurisy pains. For bruises or sprains, apply cloths well saturated with hot alum water, keeping the injured parts covered from the air.—[Boston Budget.

A colored woman out [illegible], quarreling with her husband, threatened to drown herself and threw herself into the water. She would surely have drowned but for a passing boatman. It is supposed that the boatman had been waiting for years to revenge himself for some old score or other against the husband.—N. Y. Times.

Wm T. Price

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. IV. J. Buchanan Canfield, EDITOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, September 16, 1886. Terms of Subscription: $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 14.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, H. A. Holt.
Prosecuting Attorney, R. S Turk.
Sheriff. J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff. B. C. Hill.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'sCo. Court, S. B. Hannah, Pres't. S. H. Clark. Geo. P. Moore.
County Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

DISTRICT OFFICERS.

1st (Green Bank) District: Justices, Wm. L. Brown and J. H. Patterson. Notaries Public, Wm. L. Brown, C. O. Arbogast and David McGlaughlin. Constables, Thomas R. Maupin and C. B. Swecker.

2nd (Edray) District: Justices, Geo. M. Kee and Henry N. Hannah. Notaries, Geo. P. Moore and Geo. Baxter. Constable, John A. Young.

3rd (Huntersville) District: Justice, Jas. T. Lockridge. Notaries, H. S. Rucker, R. S. Turk, J. B. Hannah. Constable, C. O. Sharp.

4th (Little Levels) District: Justices, D. A. Peck and D. C. Kinnison. Notaries, Isaac McNeel, N. J. Brown, B. C. Hill, C. P. Bryan, Peter Hill, Jno. W. McNeil, Aaron Hill and Uriah Bird. Constable, B. F. McClure.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the 1st Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June, and 3rd Monday of Oct.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and 2nd Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

Settled the Bill.

A circuit rider in a neighborhood with which he was unacquainted, stopped a man in the road and asked.

"My friend, can you tell me of a place where a preacher can stay all night without money and without price?"

"Yes, in the woods."

"Of course, but can't you tell me of some house?"

"Yes, (pointing,) that one up on yan hill.

"Will it cost me anything?"

"Not a cent."

"Who lives there?"

"Nobody."

"I don't want to stay in a vacant house. Come, now, good man, tell me of a place."

"Wall, I will. Go about two miles down this road, then turn to the left. The fust house you strike will be old sam Potters. He'll take you in."

"But will he charge anything?"

"Not a cent."

"Treat me well, of course?"

"Like yer judge—give you the best in the house."

"Will he feed my horse?"

"He'll founder him if you say so."

"I am a thousand times obliged to you."

"Say," the man called, as the preacher started off, "he's a sorter curis fellar, an' if you ask him how much he charges he'll git mad. Just act like you was at home, and it'll be all right with him."

"Thank you, I'll do so."

The preacher found old Potter to be a tall, gaunt man, with a harsh voice and grizzled beard. Just before bed time the minister asked Mr. Potter if he would join him in prayer.

"Not jest yit," Potter replied. "Jest git down and pray when yer feel like it. Don't wait on me, fur I've got ter feed the hogs afore I go to bed."

After breakfast the next morning, when the preacher's horse had beyn saddled, the reverend gentleman turned to Potter and said:

"When I leave a place I always feel that I was forgetting something."

"Wall, ain't yer?"

"No, I think not," the preacher replied, as he began to fumble in his saddle bags. "No, I haven't forgotten anything."

"I'm pretty sertain that you have. You have forgot to pay me."

"What! I didn't know you charged anything."

"Ter know it now."

"But my dear sir, I am a poor preacher."

"Never hearn you preach, but but jugin' by the way you talk, I reckin you air er po' preacher."

"I mean that I haven't any money."

"Not my fault."

"That's all very well but I can't pay you."

"Then I'll have to take it outen your hide."

"Look here, my friend—"

"Oh, I'm lookin'. Goin' to keep my eyes on you."

"I say that a man told me that I could stay here without charge."

"Yes, but I wan't the man."

"I really can't pay you."

"What, after eatin as much as you have! W'y, parson, you can make a table look the delicatest an' puniest uv any man I ever seen. The very first pass you made, the hind leg of a shoat disappeared, an' then you made a motion at the last pound of butter we had, an' it wasn't no longer for this here arth."

"I admit I was hungry, but—"

"Oh, you needn't admit it, fur I soon diskivered that fack."

"This is surely a very awkward position. I really do not know what to do."

"Settle up, is the only advice I've got to offer."

"But I really can not."

"Then some of your hide must come off."

"I wish you had more soul."

"Yas, an' I wush you had more money."

"You certainly would not commit an act of violence merely for a few dimes."

"Yas b'leve I would."

"My friend, I'm on my way to feed my flock, and—"

"I reckon you think mo'er bout feedin' yourself. W'y, that dish uv cabbage turned pale every time you looked at it. I ken stand er good deal, but when a vidults cyclone comes along it breaks me up."

"I am occupying a terribly awkward position."

"Better squat, then."

"If you'll let me off I'll send you the money."

"No, I'm erfeered that after you begin to feed your flock you won't think uv a sinner like me."

"Well, I declare I am in an awkward position."

"Yas, so I've hearn."

"Is there no way by which we can settle this affair?"

"Oh, yes; pay up."

"But I tell you I have no money."

"Yes, so I've hearn."

"Well, as you have driven me to the wall I suppose I must fight you."

"That's my ticket. Skin yourself."

The preacher took off his alpaca coat, folded it up and put it on a bench, then, after deliberately rolling up his shirt sleeves, he said:

"Just step this way, please."

Mr. Potter stepped that way and was promptly knocked down. He got up just in time to be knocked down again. The next time he got up cautiously and tried to seize the preacher, but was knocked flat on his back.

"Hold on parson," he said getting up, "the bill's paid. Look here," he continued, brushing himself, "you've got to eat dinner with me before you go. At first I didn't think you had much religion, but now I know that you are one of the elect. John take the parson's horse back to the stable; kain't afford to let you go sir. Best man I ever saw. It was old Bill [illegible] that told you to come over here, an' he has been dodgin round all the morning to see you whupped. Say, what bus'ness was you in before you gunter fight?"

"I was a prize fighter," the preacher replied, as he seated himself and smooth-back his hair.

The Record of the Democratic House.

In a partisan debate sprung upon the House in its closing hours by the Republicans, who desired to put on record a burlesque resolution showing what the Democrats did not do, Mr. Randall summarized the results of the Democratic legislation as follows:

"Mr. Speaker, we are all about to return to the people who sent us here, and the record of this House will be weighed and measured by them. The results of our action will be carefully scanned, and the elections will show whether in the popular judgment the party in control of this House to-day should receive the respect and approval for the future of the American people. Let me recite a few of the results of their legislation.

"We have returned to the public domain millions of acres of public lands sought to be unlawfully kept by insatiate corporations, reaching 70,000,000 acres.

"We have entered upon the work of constructing a new navy. We have passed every act that we have been asked to pass for the purpose of bettering the condition of the working people of the United States. We have not in a single instance, so far as I remember, passed through the House a bill in favor of monopolies. We have given the Senate opportunity to join with us in passing an inter-State commerce bill which only forty men on the other side dared to vote against. But for the delay involved in the present proceeding on the other side, we should probably have reached an opportunity of passing a bill to increase the pensions of one-armed and one-legged soldiers.

"Finally, I say deliberately that the appropriation bills as they have passed this House are so far as I know, freer from suspicions or unnecessary propositions than they have been in any congress since the war, whether this remark applies to the appropriations reported from the committee over which I have the honor to preside or those emanating from the other committees having charge of appropriation bills. Whatever may be the result of the next election, I venture to say we have done so well that we ought to command, and I believe will command, the confidence and approval of the American people.

"Nay more; when we came here thousands and thousands of working people throughout the United States were idle. Even in my own city the number ran up to tens of thousands. But to-day, so far as my information gives me knowledge, there are few laboring men who want work and cannot secure it; (applause) and I add that this is due in a large degree to the confidence which this Democratic House and Democratic Executive in direction of good government have given to the American people." (Applause.)

According to an English statistician five men may now do as much work as six in 1838, and eight in 1848.

The first printing done in America was in the City of Mexico, in 1536. There were then 200 printing offices in Europe. The second press was set up in Lima, Peru, and the third in Cambridge, Mass., in 1638.

Why Is It?

A query frequently comes up in our mind when traveling over different portions of this State and beholding the broad expanse of forests here and there; large areas of fertile land waiting for the industrious hands of men to develop them, and make them happy, prosperous homes. Why the over-crowded districts of Pennsylvania and New York do not seek these fair lands in the Sunny South, far away from the frost-bitten lands of their youth.

Our climate is much more mild, our summer and fall season longer, our winters much shorter, and of course, it requires less labor and much less expense to keep both family and live stock the year round.

Our lands will produce equal to the best of the old States, and a much greater variety of products.

We can hardly understand why people will pay $60 to $100 per acre for land up in those frost bitten and barren sections, when better land can be had in our sunny South for $5, $10 and $20 per acre.

We have a distinct recollection of our boyhood days, spent in Beaver county, Pa., of the cold winters and deep snows, of the long cold springs, that crept along until the middle of May before they would let go their icy fetters.

We have made frequent trips back to the home of our youth, only to increase our love and admiration for the blue hills of West Virginia; its sunshine and balmy air that gives us health and vitality.

Again we recognize a much warmer and sympathetic feeling for humanity in the average West Virginian than in our brethren of the North. Our people do not claim to the exquisite refineness aspired by many of the older States, but for real genuine hospitality and disposition to help one another in times of distress or sickness, they have no superiors. Hence, it is not to be wondered that those who leave here are never satisfied until they return again.

We need more muscle, enterprise and capital to develop our State.—Ex.

[The "why" would not be asked if the people of a great part of the State would show more energy in making good roads, advertising their lands abroad, selling off their wild lands at reasonable figures to industrious and energetic farmers from other States and other countries, and above all help build railroads.—Ed.]

Daniel Saved Him.

[Washington Critic.

"Daniel!"

"Yes, madam."

"In cleaning out rooms, etc., preparatory to finding places to hide away canned goods for the winter, I find in one of the wardrobes this great heavy pair of rubber boots with such long tops. Whose are they?"

"The president's, madam."

"Down in the leg of one of them I find this black bottle with a high cork. What is that for?"

"Bait."

"And in the other leg is an old pack of cards wrapped in an oil cloth. Whose are they?"

"Oh! I see. They are a pair left over by President Arthur."

"Thanks, Daniel" —from the adjoining room.

[illegible] enough to kill an adult.

Pocahontas Times.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Copy, 1 year, in advance, - - - $1.00
" 6 months, - - - - - - - - - .50
One year, not in advance, - - - - - - $1.50.
Out of the county $1.15 per year.
Six months, 60 cts.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 yr.	6 mon.	3 mon.
One Col.	$50 00	$30 00	$18 00.
½ Col.	25 00	17 00	10 00.
¼ Col.	13 00	9 00	6 00.

One Square (10 lines) one week, $1.00
Each additional insertion .50

Local, and Special Notices, five cents a line for each insertion, and no notice inserted for less than twenty five cents.

Marriage and Death notices free. Obituaries two cents a line.

Seven words to the line.

No subscriptions discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

☞ Sales and Notices, in every case, will be charged to the Attorney or officer making the sale, and must be paid for in advance or on delivery of the certificate of publication.

Huntersville, Thursday, Sept. 16, 1886.

Democratic Ticket.

FOR CONGRESS—3rd DISTRICT,
HON. C. P. SNYDER,
of Kanawha.

FOR STATE SENATOR—8th DISTRICT,
HON. M. VAN PELT,
of Fayette.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES—4th DISTRICT,
HON. HENRY A. YEAGER,
of Green Bank.

We learn from the papers that our nominee for Senator, M. Van Pelt, is improving rapidly and will be out in a short time and start on a vigorous campaign.

A. C. Minear, of Tucker county, was nominated by the Republicans for State Senator from the 10th Senatorial District. He'll not get there, Eli.

Jno. H. Eroll, of Moorefield, W. Va., while gathering his peach crop was seized by two maked men and brutally choked and beaten and afterward shot through the side. He is in a critical condition.

Slight earthquake shocks occur almost daily at Charleston S. C. A hum of industry is heard everywhere in the city, and ere long much of it will be rebuilt.

The earthquake at Charleston seems to have greatly affected the wells in Texas. Some near Fort Worth which yielded the purest and best of water before the shock now yield murky, sulphurous water making the persons mouths very sore who drink of it.

At Augusta, Ga., the topography of the country has changed considerably since the earthquake. Many houses on the sand hills, which could not be seen from the city before are now plainly visible, proving that the land about the city has settled much.

Are They Lucky.

Judge Jno. Brannon received the Democratic nomination for Congress in the 1st District of this State on the the 9th ballot. The convention was one of harmony and success is predicted.

Hon. Jno. A. Hutchinson, of Wood county, received the nomination for Congress by the Republicans in the 4th District of W. Va. He is after Hogg but will never catch him.

Hon. W. R. Morrison has been nominated for Congress from the 18th Illinois District. He will be elected.

When last heard from the Democratic Congressional convention of the 2nd District of Ill. had been in session five days and balloted 80 times and was still unable to make a choice.

Many others in the U. S. have received nominations, but they are not well known enough in this county to merit notice.

The Institute.

The Institute held recent sessions at Marlin's Bottom, September 6th-11th.

It was jointly presided over by Co. Supt. H. M. Lockridge and Prof. J. W. Hinkle, with M. G. Mathews and J. Woods Price, Rec. Sect's. and Chas. Cook, Cor. Sec. About 45 teachers were in attendance, from first to last, making it the largest meeting yet held.

A very long communication would be required to do full justice to the subjects discussed and the ability evinced by persons who took part in the discussions.

Tuesday evening Supt. Lockridge led off on the question "How to secure larger attendance in the public schools?" This was participated in by Messrs. Bing, Gillispie and others.

Kindness to children and sympathy with them in their amusements and friendly visits to the homes of the parents, were recommended as judicious and influential means of awakening interest and securing an iformand full attendance.

Imediately after the question of compulsory attendance was taken up—"Must universal attendance be reached by the enactment and enforcement of a compulsory law or through the education of public sentiment?" This was led off by Wm. T. Price in the affirmative, and opposed by J. Woods Price, Henry Barlow, Supt. Lockridge and others. The Sentiments of the body were strongly opposed to compulsion.

On Wednesday evening Newton S. Bruffey led off in an excellent address upon "Theory and Practice." (See program pp. 15 and 16). Messrs. Dysard, Henry, Prof. Kerr and othes took prominent parts and the topic was well handled in a spirited manner. The Institute seemed to favor few rules but strict observance of the same. Opinion muchdivided as to how far the teacher should exercise authority and oversight. Prof. Kerr would restrict the teacher's authority to the school grounds; the others seem to feel they were responsible as far as the home gate, where the public road was left. Once on parental premises the pupils passed from under the teacher's authority.

A subject not in the program "Necessity of more effective cooperation of teachers, patrons and school officers" elicited earnest and timely remarks from Prof. Hinkle, Supt. Lockridge, J. R. Henry and Woods Price.

Mr. C. B. Grimes presented instructive remarks upon penmanship.

Mr. Woods Price led off in an alphabetic exercise that showed he had given the matter much study.

Prof. Kerr's lecture on "Science of Teaching" was a masterly effort.

The school was defined to be an institution where the young are trained to habits from which proceed the issues of life—for habits control and direct the destiny of individuals in all practical affairs.

On Friday morning Prof. Hinkle lectured on "Education and Instruction."

It was a masterly presentation of the mind and its department. In all the writer has ever listened to upon various occasions when the mind was discussed, he has never heard a better effort upon mental philosophy, for practical utility. It should be published and scattered everywhere among the scholars. The anylysis sketched upon the board would make a most admirable chart for the school room.

The personel of the Institute was very interesting. Many of the choicest young people of the county are conscientiously engaged in preparing themselves for their work, and there is a hopeful future for the school interests. It is expected that there will be over fifty schools in operation this winter in the county.

The following resolutions were adopted:

1. Resolved, That the Legislature be requested to make it unlawful to grant a number three certificate more than once to the same applicant.

2. That the Legislature be hereby requested to make it lawful for Teachers who may have attended county Institutes for full terms, to teach 20 days for the school month, while those who neglect to attend be required to teach 22 days per month.

3. That it is the sense of this Institute that no person should be voted for as County Supt. who does not show by his active cooperation full sympathy with the public school system, and morever that no persons should be supported for members of the Board of Education who do not pledge themselves to promote the interests of common school education.

That to enhance the usefulness of the schools it would be wise to extend the school term from four months to six months in the county of Pocahontas, and Co. Supt. is hereby respectfully requested to ascertain whether such an extension is practicable.

5. That the members of this Institute would hereby express most heartily their grateful appreciation of the faithful and efficient services of the county Supt. H. M. Lockridge and highly instructive lectures delivered by Prof. J. W. Hinkle, aided by Prof. Kerr, during the sessions of this body. These gentlemen deserve far more from the teachers of this county than a mere formal recognition of services so faithfully and acceptably rendered for their improvement and assistance in their ail important work.

6. That the thanks of this body be cordially tendered the trustees of Marlin's Bottom Church for the use of this house, and also to the citizens of the vicinity for the entertainment furnished at their homes.

Wm. T. Price, J. R. Henry, S. N. Bruffy, } Com. on Resolutions.

Resolutions looking to the extension of the course of study, compulsory attendance, where trustees should deem it best for the educational interests of such children as might be hindered by parents from going to school, and discretionary use of other series of text books than McGuffey's, were rejected.

Prof. J. W. Hinkle offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Institute are due and are hereby tendered Rev. Wm. T. Price for his instructive and highly entertaining lecture on the subject of morals and manners and how they should be taught in our schools.

Your correspondent was most favorably impressed and edified by the exercises, and many new ideas were received that will be of much practical use as well as a source of pleasure.

He hopes the teachers will make use of your paper as a medium of interchanging their views and thus enhance ist usefulness as a county Journal. Yours as ever.

OBSERVER.

From all sections of the country come cheerful and encouraging accounts of the revival of business. It is not in the nature of a boom, but a legitimate and healthy activity, which promises to last.—*Intelligencer.*

Those who are saying we will have no revival of business until a Republican is elected President should take courage from the above clipping from the leading Republican journal in the State.

Fiduciary Notice.

The following Fiduciary accounts are before me for settlement:

John M. Buzzard, administrator of Eli Buzzard.

Jno. M. Buzzard, Administrator of Perry W. Buzzard.

J. W. Warwick, Jr.
Com'r Co. Ct.

It would be a justifiable act on the part of Judge Jno. Brannon, nominee for Congress, to demand money enough of the Register man to run the campaign, for putting such a horrible picture of him in that paper.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas county, West Va., on the first Monday in September, 1886:

Rhoda A. Bloom vs. Jacob T. Kerr et als } IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to enforce the lien of a judgment obtained against the Jacob T. Kerr by the plaintiff Rhoda A. Bloom before Justice James T. Lockridge, Justice of the 3rd District of said county, on the 7th day of August, 1886, for $188.28 with interest from that date the cost of said Judgment against the lands of the said Jacob T. Kerr, and to set aside and annual a deed made by the said Jacob T. Kerr to George H. Moffett, Trustee, for the benefit of the wife of said Kerr who is the defendant Phoebe A. Kerr, bearing date on the 15th of March, 1883, for 255 acres of land, of record in the Clerk's office of the County of Pocahontas in Deed Book 15 page 430, and have sale of said land to satisfy said debt, cost &c.; and it appearing by affidavit filed, that George H. Moffett, Trustee, is a non-resident of the State of West Va., it is ordered that he appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste: JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.
R. S. TURK, p. q.
Sept. 9-4t.] Printer's fee, $5.12.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, W. Va., on the first Monday in September, 1886:

Robert Strong, Plaintiff,
vs.
Joseph Britton, Abner W. Jones, David K. Cartter, John Coltcher, Peres C. Lyman and J. D. Swift, Defendants,
IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to set aside and annul an instrument of writing purporting to be a deed from Joseph Britton to Abner W. Jones, dated the sixth day of February, 1872, and recorded in the County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, conveying a certain tract of land containing forty-four thousand acres of land, more or less, described in said proceedings;

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendants are all non-residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste: JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.
JOHN COITCHER, p. q.
Sept. 9-4t.] Printer's fee, $7.98.

Notice to Take Depositions.

To Joseph Britton, Abner W. Jones, David K. Cartter, John Coitchen, Peres C. Lyman and J. D. Swift:

You will please take notice that I will proceed to take the depositions of said Joseph Britton, I. Norton Wise, Samuel Strong and others to be read as evidence in my behalf in a Chancery Suit in which I am plaintiff and the said Joseph Britton et als. are defendants, now pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia. Said depositions will be taken at the office of John Coitcher, No. 505, D. Str., N. W. in the City of Washington, District of Columbia, on the

2nd DAY OF OCTOBER, 1886,

between the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 P. M., and if said depositions are not begun or completed at that time and place the taking of the same will be continued from time to time and adjourned from place to place until completed.

ROBERT STRONG.
Printer's fee, $6.35.

HOME NEWS

—If you are in need of any kind of Job Work, give us your orders and see what we can do for you.

—A quarterly meeting of the M. E. Church, South, will be held at Sunset next Sunday (Sept 19th.) Let all attend.

—A pleasant shower of rain last Sunday was quite reviving.

—Mr. Dunlap, of Kerr's creek, Rockbridge county, Va., made us a paying call last Saturday.

—Messrs. H. P. McGlaughlin and M. H. Corbett thrashed 224 bushels of oats last week.

—President Cleveland gets time to go fishing, but we do not; therefore, it is harder to run a county paper than the Presidency.

—Randolph county court has again submitted the proposition to the people of that county to vote $60,000 to the G. & G. R. R. Randolph county knows how to keep up with this progressive age.

—Assessor C. O. Arbogast was in town Tuesday.

GIVEN AWAY.—The POCAHONTAS TIMES—for $1.00 per year.

—C. P. Dorr and family are visiting friends in Pocahontas.—*Echo.*

PROTRACTED MEETING—Rev. W. G. Cassard will commence a protracted meeting at the church in Huntersville on next Sunday night (Sept. 18th.) which will likely continue several days. Everybody is requested to attend and make the meeting throughout a means of much good to all.

—We will send 10 copies of THE TIMES one year for $9 cash. Try and get us up a club.

—Take Ayer's Pills and be cured. Misery is a mild word to describe the sufferings of body and mind, caused by habitual constipation. A moderate use of Ayer's Pills will invariably regulate the bowells.

—THE TIMES will be sent to any address in the county 3 months for 25 cts. Subscribe for it yourself and ask your neighbor to subscribe.

—Canker humors of every description, whether in the mouth, throat, or stomach, are expelled from the system by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. No other remedy can compare with this as a cure for all diseases originating in impure or impoverished blood.

NOTICE.—New Partner; New Goods; New Programe. Come all and see what bargains you can buy at Split Rock, W. Va., of Hannah & Hamilton.

Sept. 1st, '86.

All parties indebted to me at Split Rock must close up by the 1st of October, after that time you are liable to cost. Respectfully,

Frost, W. Va. J. B. HANNAH.

—The lady who was robbed of her pocket-book in Union on the 25th ultimo was Miss Sue Beard of Pocahontas county, instead of Miss Lillie Beard of Greenbrier, as at first reported.—*Watchman.*

DENTISTRY.—Dr. J. Weymouth will be at Mingo Flats Sept. 3rd and remain 4 days; Big Spring Sept. 8th and remain 4 days; Elk (Wm. Gibson's) Sept. 13th and remain 3 days; Edray Sept. 16th and remain 8 days. Those desiring Dental work done will please be prompt as to dates.

—Subscribe for THE TIMES.

WANTED you to know that one N. Y. fruit tree is worth six Va., or W. Va. trees. They will stand the severest winters uninjured, and hardier in every respect. We warrant every New York tree to be delivered in good condition, and live one year, and to be nice, healthy trees.

Apple trees $[illegible] per 100; Peach $[illegible]; Grapes [illegible] cts. each. Don't buy until we call.

L. E. WEIRICK, Head agent for the southern States, Huntersville W. Va.

10 reliable agents wanted. Address as above with stamp.

—In another column will be found an advertisement of Sam Jones' Book.

—Mr. Allen Coulter, of Spice Run, made us a paying call on Monday last. Mr. Coulter is one of those big hearted gentleman who wish to see the hard-worked printer live and receive the cash for his work.

—The *Delineator* for October is before us. You who want to be in the latest fashion, send for it. 15 cents single copy, or $1 per year. Address the Butterick Publishing Company, 7, 9 & 11 W. 13th St., N. Y.

—Master Amos Corbett while cutting corn last Monday had the misfortune to cut his left limb below the knee very badly.

—A little stranger made its appearance at Jasper Dilley's last Tuesday night. No one had ever seen it before and it could not speak our language. It will, under Mrs. Dilley's idstruction be able to talk in about two years.

RUNAWAY.—Last Monday morning as Mr. Andrew Dilley, living about six miles above here, was starting to town in his carriage accompanied by two other gentlemen, the horse from some cause became frightened and ran down a steep bank, striking the fence with the carriage and throwing the inmates out. The gentleman with Mr. Dilley were considerably bruised, while Mr. Dilley was knocked unconscious for sometime. We hope all may speedily recover.

ELOPEMENT.—On Monday last Mr. J. P. Varner and Miss Sue Ervine, from the upper end of the county, came to town in a carriage and enquired for a minister. It was soon observed that they wanted to end single blessedness and enter double bliss. On being told that no minister was in town they did not seem to be discouraged but started for Frost in search of a minister. They did not high themselves away to Maryland, but as they were past the age of accountability to parents they were determined to be united in their native county by the first minister found regardless of parental dissatisfaction.

[illegible]

Rev. G. S. Wolford, of Highland, is visiting his father Mr. J. H. Wolford on Winterdale street.

The pupils from a distance enrolled at the Academy are Messrs. Sherman Curry, Harry Patterson, Ed. Barckley, Harry Beard and Guy Slaven, of Huntersville. Miss Minnie Apperson, of Marlin's Bottom, Messrs Theo Brinkley, of Renick's Valley, Clauson McNeill, of Buckeye, Charles Hogsett, Jas. Silva, of Millpoint, Will Moore, of Alleghany, Miss Florence Smith, of Mill Point, and Miss Bina Moore, of Sunset.

Miss Ella Renick, of Falling Springs, is visiting her aunt Mrs. Sallie Callison, on Pocahontas Avenue.

Hon. J. W. Holt, of Hamlin, W. Va., is visiting his son Mr. E. I. Holt, on Main street.

Miss Fannie Pollock, of Elmira, Va., is visiting relatives and friends in the Levels.

Miss Laura Hansbarger and Mr. and Mrs. Dean, of Lewisburg, were the guests of Mrs. Wash Hill last week.

Miss Letitia Levisay spent a part of last week with her sister Mrs. Preston Clark.

A party of young ladies and gentlemen of the Levels made a trip to the Cranberry Glades last Friday and spent a very pleasant day exploring them.

Miss Anna Wallace, of Mill Point, left this morning for Lewisburg to attend Lewisburg Female Institute.

Sept. 13th. PRUNELLA.

GOOD RESULT IN EVERY CASE.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper [illegible] of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes, that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery.

Trial Bottle free at Wm. H. Cackley & Co. Dunmore.

Jas. G. Blaine, Jr., is married.

Edray Items.

A Welcome shower of rain here yesterday.

Was it a dance or "hoe-down," at the last Institute, and have teachers good moral characters who engage in such?

Mr. B. F. Strosnider has moved a twenty horse-power steam saw-mill on Stony creek near Cochran's property, and expects to erect a residence in our burg soon. Success to him.

Great preparations for District Conference is going on. If death and eternity could receive as much thought and attention, more souls would be saved and more victors crowned than there will be with present drift of things.

Sept. 13th.

AN END TO BONE SCRAPING.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by Wm. H. Cackley & Co., Dunmore.

We clip the following from the Greenbrier *Independent*.

Master Cary Feamster returned to Lewisburg last week from an extended visit in Pocahontas county.

Dr. Charles L. Austin and Mr. Brown Moore, of Pocahontas county, paid us pleasant calls last Saturday.

Capt. R. F. Dennis sold his fine bay horse, last Monday to Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington city, for the sum of $300.—This horse was bred by Capt. Wm. L. McNeel, of Pocahontas county.

An Appeal to Members and Friends of Huntersville Circuit, M. E. Church, South.

Having considered ways and means for raising our Missionary appropriation I submit the following plan, hoping that it may meet with general approval: I suggest that each member and friend take upon themselves an assessment of 25c. This sum seems small. Some will want to pay more, but I trust that all will feel called upon to give at least this much. If each person interested will respond to this appeal by giving the amount, a good sum for the Mission cause will be secured, and your pastor will be saved an unending source of worriment. We propose to preach on the subject of Missions at the following places and times: Huntersville, Sunday Sept. 19th 7:30 P. M.; Edray (Mt. Pleasant), Sunday Sept. 26th, 10:30 A. M.; Stony Bottom Sunday Sept. 12th at 7:30 P. M.; Back Alleghany, Sunday Sept. 26th at 7:30 P. M.; Sunset, Sunday Oct. 17th at 11 A. M. A collection will be taken up at these services and we will be very grateful if our friends respond in the measure indicated. All sorts of means are employed to get money for this good object, some of which are questionable. We ask you now to give upon grounds of gratitude alone. A man who can live in this age of happiness and prosperity and yet without giving so small a sum to help cary the Gospel to dying nations, deserves to be shut out of Heaven; and the man who can yet give because he is grateful to God, need not give at all—a curse would otherwise attach to his money and it would be "a stench in God's nostrils." Please consider this matter well and give a portion of *what God has given you.*

Very truly,
W. G. Cassard, P. C.

The Monroe Watchman thinks Mr. Blaine's speech was the legitimate [illegible] of the earthquake as the south must tremble under the denunciations of such a man.

War is almost a certainty in the eastern Hemisphere. Russia would like to annex Bulgaria while the other powers say not. An uprising against British rule is said to have taken place in northwestern India. The people of some of these provinces desire Russian government. England will not allow it only by arms, and to arm it seems they will come.

The Republicans have nominated Wm. H. Flick, author of the Flick amendment for Congress in the Second District. After his nomination he was called upon to make a speech in which he said: "That his opponent W. L. Wilson, was a scholar, a gentleman, and a Statesman; and that he expected no mud throwing in this campaign; that it would be no disgrace to be defeated by him; but to defeat him would be a glorious victory." Wonder what the Tucker *Pioneer* will say to that sentiment?

A young lady who had not spoken for years in Savannah, Ga., was made to speak by the fright she received from the earthquake. Since then she has gradually gained her voice, and now talks quite fluently.

It is said that Judge Brannon is ten times stronger in Lewis county than when he made the race before. He will be elected.

Commissioner's Sale.

By virtue of decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county entered in the Chancery cause of Paul McNeel's Executors vs. Samuel Auldridge and others on the 22nd of October, 1885, and the 23rd of June, 1886, by the Circuit Court of said county, I will proceed to sell publicly to the highest bidder in front of the court-house door of said county, on

THE 18th DAY OF OCTOBER, 1886,

2,400 acres of land and an undivided half of 2,400 acres lying in said county on what is known as Buckley Mountain about three miles south of Huntersville, known as the Jno. H. Ruckman lands. Said tracts adjoin each other, and are heavily timbered with splendid oak timber.

TERMS: A credit of nine, eighteen and twenty-seven months will be given except as to so much cash in hand as will pay cost of [illegible], the purchaser to give bonds for the deferred installments with good personal security bearing interest from date, a lien to be retained as ultimate security.

R. S. TURK, Spec'l Com'r.

I, the undersigned Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, do certify that R. S. Turk, the special commissioner above, has given bond as required of him by the decrees under which he is acting.

"THE LEE BOOK."

MEMOIRS OF ROBERT E. LEE,

By Gen. A. L. LONG.

A full history of his military service and campaigns, written by Gen. Long, from data collected while a member of the personal staff of Gen. Lee, and from letters and material contributed by the Lee family. Commended by the Governors of Va., and N. C., and approved by the Southern Delegation in Congress.

His private, domestic and personal history, from information heretofore unpublished, furnished by personal friends companions in arms, and leading men of the South, collected and edited with the assistance of Gen'l Marcus J. Wright.

THE WHOLE FORMING
A COMPREHENSIVE, ACCURATE
AND STANDARD
Memoir of the Illustrious Soldier.

Complete in one volume, about 700 pages, fully illustrated with portraits, maps etc. Sold by subscription only. For descriptive circulars address. J. M. STODDART & CO., Publishers 522 F Street, Washington, D. C.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED

(either sex) in every town in the United States to sell our New Illustrated editions of

SAM JONES' SERMONS,

With biography of his life; and sermons by his co-laborer Sam Small. Great demand. Selling by hundreds. Prices low. Large commissions. Previous experience unnecessary. All succeed. Write for terms or to save delay, send [illegible] cents in stamps for full outfit.

Address,

E. P. JORDAN & CO.,

400 and 402 North Third St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Rev. Carter Grubb has been called to the Rectorship of Greenbrier Parish.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

THIS HORSE

IS A GOOD GOER,

And he is going directly to

J. C. LOURY'S

For NEW & CHEAP GOODS.

You can go too and get
BROWN MUSLIN,
BLEACHED MUSLIN,
CHOICE CALICOES,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
NOTIONS,
DRUGS,
SUMMMER HATS,
READY MADE CLOTHING, &c.,

And everything usually found in a good country Store.

Any and all of the above goods will be sold *CHEAP for CASH* or good country

PRODUCE.

Don't forget the place,

J. C. LOURY & SON,

Huntersville, W. Va.

$50 If you think of expending fifty or one hundred dollars in advertising send us a copy of your advertisement, and we will tell you (free of charge), what will be the best possible investment for you to make. Send 10 cents for our 176 page pamphlet. Address, GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York.

Notice to Road Contractors.

The keeping in repair the Turnpike road leading from the county line on top of Droop mountain to county line on top of Cheat mountain for five years or more, will be let to contract at public auction in front of the Court-House at Huntersville on

THURSDAY, OCTOBER [illegible], next (that being Court day), pursuant to order of Court, in sections of 10 miles or more for the tolls collected thereon, or so much less thereof as bidders may elect, the contractor to collect all tolls pursuant to law, to give bond with approved security, and have the privilege of erecting gates on every section of ten miles, contract subject to ratification by the County Court.

LEVI GAY, Supt.

Aug. [illegible]

Sale of School Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered on the 21st day of June, 1886, the undersigned will proceed to sell publicly on

THE 18th DAY OF OCTOBER, 1886,

in front of the court-house door of said county for CASH the following tracts of land; viz.:

[illegible] acres and [illegible] acres lying on Greenbrier river, forfeited in the name of [illegible] Cunningham, adjoining the lands of Philip Kramer & als.

[illegible] acre lying adjoining the town of Huntersville, and ½ of an acre lying inside the limits of Huntersville, forfeited in the name of Edgar Campbell.

Also [illegible] acres of land lying on Knapp's creek adjoining the lands of Wm. L. Clark & als., forfeited in the name of [illegible] heirs, which lands are to be sold for the benefit of the school fund.

JOHN W. WARWICK,
Com'r School Lands P. C.

Sept. [illegible] Printer's fee, $[illegible]

HOME NEWS

—If you are in need of any kind of Job Work, give us your orders and see what we can do for you.

—A quarterly meeting of the M. E. Church, South, will be held at Sunset next Sunday (Sept 19th.) Let all attend.

—A pleasant shower of rain last Sunday was quite reviving.

—Mr. Dunlap, of Kerr's creek, Rockbridge county, Va., made us a paying call last Saturday.

—Messrs. H. P. McGlaughlin and M. H. Corbett threshed 224 bushels of oats last week.

—President Cleveland gets time to go fishing, but we do not; therefore, it is harder to run a county paper than the Presidency.

—Randolph county court has again submitted the proposition to the people of that county to vote $60,000 to the G. & G. R. R. Randolph county knows how to keep up with this progressive age.

—Assessor C. O. Arbogast was in town Tuesday.

GIVEN AWAY.—The POCAHONTAS TIMES—for $1.00 per year.

—C. P. Dorr and family are visiting friends in Pocahontas.—*Echo.*

PROTRACTED MEETING.—Rev. W. G. Cassard will commence a protracted meeting at the church in Huntersville on next Sunday night (Sept. 18th.) which will likely continue several days. Everybody is requested to attend and make the meeting throughout a means of much good to all.

—We will send 10 copies of THE TIMES one year for $9 cash. Try and get us up a club.

—Take Ayer's Pills and be cured. Misery is a mild word to describe the sufferings of body and mind, caused by habitual constipation. A moderate use of Ayer's Pills will invariably regulate the bowels.

—THE TIMES will be sent to any address in the county 3 months for 25 cts. Subscribe for it yourself and ask your neighbor to subscribe.

—Canker humors of every description, whether in the mouth, throat, or stomach, are expelled from the system by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. No other remedy can compare with this as a cure for all diseases originating in impure or impoverished blood.

NOTICE.—New Partner; New Goods; New Programe. Come all and see what bargains you can buy at Split Rock, W. Va., of Hannah & Hamilton.

Sept. 1st, '86.

All parties indebted to me at Split Rock must close up by the 1st of October, after that time you are liable to cost. Respectfully,

Frost, W. Va. J. B. HANNAH.

—The lady who was robbed of her pocket-book in Union on the 25th ultimo was Miss Sue Beard of Pocahontas county, instead of Miss Lillie Beard of Greenbrier, as at first reported.—*Watchman.*

DENTISTRY.—Dr. J. Weymouth will be at Mingo Flats Sept. 3rd and remain 4 days; Big Spring Sept. 8th and remain 4 days; Elk (Wm. Gibson's) Sept. 13th and remain 3 days; Edray Sept. 16th and remain 8 days. Those desiring Dental work done will please be prompt as to dates.

—Subscribe for THE TIMES.

WANTED you to know that one N. Y. fruit tree is worth six Va., or W. Va. trees. They will stand the severest winters uninjured, and hardier in every respect. We warrant every New York tree to be delivered in good condition, and live one year, and to be nice, healthy trees.

Apple trees $15.00 per 100; Peach $10.00; Grapes 25 to 30 cts. each. Don't buy until we call.

L. E. WAGNER, Head agent for the southern States, Huntersville W. Va.

10 reliable agents wanted. Address as above with stamp.

—In another column will be found an advertisement of Sam Jones' Book.

—Mr. Allen Coulter, of Spice Run, made us a paying call on Monday last. Mr. Coulter is one of those big hearted gentlemen who wish to see the hard-worked printer live and receive the cash for his work.

—The *Delineator* for October is before us. You who want to be in the latest fashion, send for it. 15 cents single copy, or $1 per year. Address the Butterick Publishing Company, 7, 9 & 11 W. 13th St., N. Y.

—Master Amos Corbett while cutting corn last Monday had the misfortune to cut his left limb below the knee very badly.

—A little stranger made its appearance at Jasper Dilley's last Tuesday night. No one had ever seen it before and it could not speak our language. It will, under Mrs. Dilley's instruction be able to talk in about two years.

RUNAWAY.—Last Monday morning as Mr. Andrew Dilley, living about six miles above here, was starting to town in his carriage accompanied by two other gentlemen, the horse from some cause became frightened and ran down a steep bank, striking the fence with the carriage and throwing the inmates out. The gentleman with Mr. Dilley were considerably bruised, while Mr. Dilley was knocked unconscious for sometime. We hope all may speedily recover.

ELOPEMENT.—On Monday last Mr. J. P. Varner and Miss Sue Ervine, from the upper end of the county, came to town in a carriage and enquired for a minister. It was soon observed that they wanted to end single blessedness and enter double bliss. On being told that no minister was in town they did not seem to be discouraged but started for Frost in search of a minister. They did not high themselves away to Maryland, but as they were past the age of accountability to parents they were determined to be united in their native county by the first minister found regardless of parental [illegible].

Hillsboro Happenings.

Rev. G. S. Welford, of Highland, is visiting his father Mr. J. H. Welford on Winterdale street.

The pupils from a distance enrolled at the Academy are Messrs. Sherman Curry, Harry Patterson, Ed. Barckley, Harry Beard and Guy Slaven, of Huntersville. Miss Minnie Apperson, of Marlin's Bottom, Messrs Theo Brinkley, of Renick's Valley, Clauson McNeill, of Buckeye, Charles Hogsett, Jas. Silva, of Millpoint, Will Moore, of Alleghany, Miss Florence Smith, of Mill Point, and Miss Bina Moore, of Sunset.

Miss Ella Renick, of Falling Springs, is visiting her aunt Mrs. Sallie Callison, on Pocahontas Avenue.

Hon. J. W. Holt, of Hamlin, W. Va., is visiting his son Mr. E. I. Holt, on Main street.

Miss Fannie Pollock, of Elmira, Va., is visiting relatives and friends in the Levels.

Miss Laura Ransbarger and Mr. and Mrs. Dean, of Lewisburg, were the guests of Mrs. Wash Hill last week.

Miss Letitia Levisay spent a part of last week with her sister Mrs. Preston Clark.

A party of young ladies and gentlemen of the Levels made a trip to the Cranberry Glades last Friday and spent a very pleasant day exploring them.

Miss Anna Wallace, of Mill Point, left this morning for Lewisburg to attend Lewisburg Female Institute.

Sept. 13th. PRUNELLA.

GOOD RESULT IN EVERY CASE.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes, that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery.

Trial Bottles free at Wm. H. Cackley & Co. Dunmore.

Jas. G. Blaine, Jr., is married.

Edray Items.

A Welcome shower of rain here yesterday.

Was it a dance or "hoe-down," at the last Institute, and have teachers good moral characters who engage in such?

Mr. B. F. Stroanider has moved a twenty horse-power steam saw-mill on Stony creek near Cochran's property, and expects to erect a residence in our burg soon. Success to him.

Great preparations for District Conference is going on. If death and eternity could receive as much thought and attention, more souls would be saved and more victors crowned than there will be with present drift of things.

Sept. 13th.

AN END TO BONE SCRAPING.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by Wm. H. Cackley & Co., Dunmore.

We clip the following from the Greenbrier *Independent.*

Master Cary Feamster returned to Lewisburg last week from an extended visit in Pocahontas county.

Dr. Charles L. Austin and Mr. Brown Moore, of Pocahontas county, paid us pleasant calls last Saturday.

Capt. R. P. Dennis sold his fine bay horse, last Monday to Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington city, for the sum of $300.—This horse was bred by Capt. Wm. L. McNeel, of Pocahontas county.

An Appeal to Members and Friends of Huntersville Circuit, M. E. Church, South.

Having considered ways and means for raising our Missionary appropriation I submit the following plan, hoping that it may meet with general approval: I suggest that each member and friend take upon themselves an assessment of 25c. This sum seems small. Some will want to pay more, but I trust that all will feel called upon to give at least this much. If each person interested will respond to this appeal by giving the amount, a good sum for the Mission cause will be secured, and your pastor will be saved an unending source of worriment. We propose to preach on the subject of Missions at the following places and times: Huntersville, Sunday Sept. 19th 7:30 P. M.; Edray (Mt. Pleasant), Sunday Sept. 26th, 10:30 A. M.; Stony Bottom Sunday Sept. 12th at 7:30 P. M.; Back Alleghany, Sunday Sept. 26th at 7:30 P. M.; Sunset, Sunday Oct. 17th at 11 A. M. A collection will be taken up at these services and we will be very grateful if our friends respond in the measure indicated. All sorts of means are employed to get money for this good object, some of which are questionable. We ask you now to give upon grounds of gratitude alone. A man who can live in this age of happiness and prosperity and yet without giving so small a sum to help carry the Gospel to dying nations, deserves to be shut out of Heaven; and the man who can not give because he is grateful to God, need not give at all—a curse would otherwise attach to his money and it would be "a stench in God's nostrils." Please consider this matter well and give a portion of *what God has given you.*

Very truly,
W. G. Cassard, P. C.

The Monroe Watchman thinks Mr. Blaine's speech was the legitimate cause of the earthquake as the south must tremble under the denunciations of such a man.

War is almost a certainty in the eastern Hemisphere. Russia would like to annex Bulgaria while the other powers say not. An uprising against British rule is said to have taken place in northwestern India. The people of some of these provinces desire Russian government. England will not allow it only by arms, and to arm it seems they will come.

The Republicans have nominated Wm. H. Flick, author of the Flick amendment for Congress in the Second District. After his nomination he was called upon to make a speech in which he said: "That his opponent W. L. Wilson, was a scholar, a gentleman, and a Statesman; and that he expected no mud throwing in this campaign; that it would be no disgrace to be defeated by him; but to defeat him would be a glorious victory." Wonder what the Tucker *Pioneer* will say to that sentiment?

A young lady who had not spoken for years in Savannah, Ga., was made to speak by the fright she received from the earthquake. Since then she has gradually gained her voice, and now talks quite fluently.

It is said that Judge Brannon is ten times stronger in Lewis county than when he made the race before. He will be elected.

Commissioner's Sale.

By virtue of decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county entered in the Chancery cause of Paul McNeel's Executors vs. Samuel Auldridge and others on the 22nd of October, 1885, and the 23rd of June, 1886, by the Circuit Court of said county, I will proceed to sell publicly to the highest bidder in front of the court-house door of said county, on

THE 18th DAY OF OCTOBER, 1886,

2,400 acres of land and an undivided half of 2,400 acres lying in said county on what is known as Buckley Mountain about three miles south of Huntersville, known as the Jno. H. Ruckman lands. Said tracts adjoin each other, and are heavily timbered with splendid oak timber.

TERMS: A credit of nine, eighteen and twenty-seven months will be given except as to so much cash in hand as will pay cost of suit and sale, the purchaser to give bonds for the deferred installments with good personal security bearing interest from date, a lien to be retained as ultimate security.

R. S. TURK, Spec'l Com'r.

I, the undersigned Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, do certify that R. S. Turk, the special commissioner above, has given bond as required of him by the decrees under which he is acting.

Rev. Carter Grubb has been called to the Rectorship of Greenbrier Parish.

Notice to Road Contractors.

The keeping in repair the Turnpike road leading from the county line on top of Droop mountain to county line on top of Cheat mountain for five years or more, will be let to contract at public auction in front of the Court-House at Huntersville on

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9th, next (that being Court day), pursuant to order of Court, in sections of 10 miles or more for the tolls collected thereon, or so much less thereof as bidders may elect, the contractor to collect all tolls pursuant to law, to give bond with approved security, and have the privilege of erecting gates on every section of ten miles, contract subject to ratification by the County Court.

LEVI GAY, Supt.

Aug. 30th-4t.

Sale of School Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered on the 21st day of June, 1886, the undersigned will proceed to sell publicly on

THE 18th DAY OF OCTOBER, 1886,

in front of the court-house door of said county for CASH the following tracts of land; viz.:

336 acres and 3 acres lying on Greenbrier river, forfeited in the name of Ezekiel Cunningham, adjoining the lands of Philip Kramer & als.;

1 acre lying adjoining the town of Huntersville, and ½ of an acre lying inside the limits of Huntersville, forfeited in the name of Edgar Campbell;

Also 300 acres of land lying on Knapp's creek adjoining the lands of Wm. L. Clark & als., forfeited in the name of Jacob F. Seebert's heirs, which lands are to be sold for the benefit of the school fund.

JOHN W. WARWICK,
Com'r School Lands P. C.

Sept. 10-4t.] Printer's fee $6.10

Pocahontas Times.

James B. Canfield,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Postoffice at Huntersville W. Va., as second class matter.

Newspaper Laws.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their paper, the publisher may continue to send until all arrears are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.
4. If subscribers move to other places without notifying the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take papers from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.
6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not is held in law to be a subscriber.

FITS—the gift of mother-in-law.

If you are waiting for something to turn up just step on a barrel-hoop.

When an Icelander marries he is not allowed to see his mother-in-law. It might make things warmer up there if he did.

The camphor laurel, from which the camphor of commerce is obtained, has been successfully introduced in California. It is a native of China.

During the first six months of 1886 the value of the manufacturing and mining enterprises of the South increased by about $63,618,000.

An ordinary beetle can draw twenty times the weight of the body and a large horned beetle, which was carefully weighed and allowed to work unmolested beneath a bell glass, drew 42 2-10 times its own weight.

In England the population doubles in 50 years; in the United States, Canada and Australia, in 25 years; in Germany in 105 years, and in France and in countries using the French language, 130 years.

An experiment was made at Pavia in Italy, with two swallows to determine their speed. Two hen birds were taken from their broods, carried to Milan; and there released at a given hour. Both made their way back to their nests in thirteen minutes which gave their rate of speed at 87½ miles an hour.

Births and Deaths.

The following is the number of births and deaths reported by the Assessor of Greenbrier county, for the year ending December, 1885;

The total number of births in the county was 357, divided as follows as to sex—188 males, and 169 females. As follows as to color—331 white, and 26 colored.

The total number of deaths in the county was 132, divided as follows as to sex—68 males and 64 females. In regard to color as follows—118 white, and 14 colored.—*Independent.*

Governor Ireland, of Texas is said to be an old West Virginia boy having been born and raised on Middle Island Creek, Tyler county. He left home when a small boy, because of the harsh treatment of his step-mother, and went west to expand with the country. No wonder he talks vigorously and independently to the Mexican "Greasers" when they insult the State through one of its citizens. Any other West Virginian would do the same. Hurrah for Governor Ireland!—Ex.

The Hon. Jno G. Carlisle on the Nation's Welfare.

I cannot close without congratulating you that an era of industrial and commercial prosperity has begun; that there is a general revival in business; that mills and factories are again in operation, and that the great crowds of idle men in cities and along the lines of railroads have been called back to the old shops or new ones, and that there is evident general satisfaction and content. Politically the passions engendered by the war and the strife preceding it are dying out, and every American citizen now recognizes that the glory and honor of this great country belong to no one section and to no one class of men, and one of she greatest achievements of the present administration has been that it has secured not only a union of the states but a union of the people. After twenty years the men of the north and south are called together in the national councils, and the only rivalry between them is in pursuit of the welfare of the whole people. If any man cannot congratulate himself over these things, it is because he is not only insensible to the obligations of citizenship, but to the blessings of good government. Let us see that there shall be no failure here. Peaceful and prosperous home rule in America means "home rule in" in Ireland.

The following letter has been received by Mrs. Crow, of Littleton Wetzel county, wife of a prominent merchant, who asked of Mrs. Cleveland her idea as to the proprietory of a woman signing the pledge:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C. Aug. 12, '86

MRS. A. M. CROW:—The subject to which you refer, and ask my advice, is one in which your own conscience must dictate the wisest course for yourself to pursue. You have better opportunities tor knowing how you can do the most good, and it seems to me that should be the standard by which we women should settle all our great questions in life. It rarely occurs that a woman needs for herself the restraining influence of a temperance pledge, but if by placing ourselves under the obligations of such an organization, we can better help our fathers, brothers, lovers and friends, I think there should be no hesitation in the matter. I know something of the Good Templars, and that they do much good work. It is quite certain you can do harm by casting your lot on the side of temperance, and you may do much good. I do not consider it a small matter by any means, and I am glad you asked me the questions. It is encouraging to know of every sister who wants to add her strength to the cause which happily some day will rid our land of ruined men and broken families.

Very truly yours,
FRANCES CLEVELAND.

A Hot Day.

[*Carson City Appeal.*]

The sun blazed and blazed for hours and hours and never seemed to change its location at all

The shingles turned up on the roofs, and when a man walked round the corner the sweat ran down into his shoes and sprinkled the sidewalk. You could bake a batch of bread in George Hark's refrigerator.

The solder on the tin roofs melted and ran down into the gutters like rain water.

Doc Benton started out with his ice wagon and before he got to the post-office he was running a street sprinkling cart, right along behind, was puffing steam from all the cracks in the box.

These are a few simple facts regarding the weather, called along Main street, and the truthful population of the city, and the Appeal gives them for what they are worth.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, Nov. 29, 1888. No. 19.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

[illegible]

AUNT CRANDALL RESIGNS.

Lived in Watch Hill Lighthouse for [illegible] Years.

The little old [illegible] Watch Hill lighthouse is about to lose its keeper, Mrs. Sally A. Crandall. She has resigned her office. Aunt Sally Crandall has dwelt in the lighthouse during the past twenty years, since her husband, Capt. Jared Crandall, took charge of the light. The Captain died ten years ago, and since his death his widow, with her little family, has been the proprietress of the hollow white-painted shaft. For ten years she has climbed the skeleton iron staircase each evening as the dusk crept over the booming ocean, and in that time not a mariner, picking his way over the deep, ever looked in vain for Sally Crandall's light.

The lighthouse is on a green hillock on Napatree point, begirt with a flinty wall of boulders, against which the ocean ceaselessly drives its thunderous billows. A neat white-painted pale encloses the hill, an acre of land, on which Mrs. Crandall's cow crops the short grass in summer, and a dozen geese and forty fowls strut and cackle to the accompaniment of the ringing shore. Aunt Crandall has had a good time all [illegible]. Her circular home is as neat [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

Very Good Advertising.

[illegible]

PITH AND POINT.

[illegible]

"Oh, no; it's for the horse."

[illegible]

When a man pays $1.00 for a little piece of quinine, it is hard to convince him that it is a drug in the market.

Requested to define the word "dentist," Sophie said: "He is a man who pulls out other people's teeth to get something for his own to [illegible]."

[illegible]

[illegible] of Wisdom.

[illegible]

He Was an Old Sailor.

"Can't a feller wait fer his ship?" said a man with red eyes and [illegible] clothes, as he steadied himself against one of the stone posts on the sea-wall along the Battery. He addressed a policeman who was watching him closely. "Can't he wait till his ship is ready to pull out?"

"Yes," said the officer in a tone as if it depended on circumstances.

"Can't he linger where the waves dash high, till the tide is right to [illegible] his ship over the breakwater?"

"Yes, if he's quiet about it."

[illegible]

All the Men were Isaac.

The daughter of a clergyman in this vicinity, who had learned to read very well, recently asked her father's permission to read aloud the Bible to a poor, old, bed-ridden woman. Permission was granted and once or twice a week the little girl took her Bible and read a chapter to the aged invalid.

A week or two passed, and the clergyman himself paid a call upon the old woman, and before he left, he asked her how his daughter progressed as a reader of Holy Writ. The old woman replied enthusiastically that the child was an angel, and had read her some beautiful passages in the life of Isaac.

About a month later, the reading of the Bible having continued under the same auspices, the clergyman once more called upon the old woman. Naturally he repeated his inquiry as to his little daughter's reading, and was surprised when the old woman replied: "Well, she reads very nicely, sir, but I'm getting a little tired of hearing about Isaac."

"Doesn't she read from other parts of the Bible?" the good minister asked, for he was puzzled.

"It may be other parts, sir, but it do all be about Isaac," the old woman made answer.

As soon as he reached home the clergyman called his youngest daughter to him and asked her why she had such a preference for the history of Abraham and Sarah's first-born. "You see, papa, I can't read very well yet, and those long names do bother me so that I thought old Mrs. Brown wouldn't mind if I called all the men Isaac, and that's why."

So by this simple plan Jehosaphat and Jeroboam and Nebuchadnezzar and Melchisedec and all the rest of the polysyllabic patriarchs had been transformed into the simple and easy pronounced [illegible] of the patriarchs.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

THE RITAL WAY.

How the Indian [illegible]

[illegible]

The Aquatic Spider and Its Diving-Bell.

[illegible]

Popularity of the Spanish Dance.

[illegible]

Mr. Beecher's Estate.

[illegible]

Very Sensible "Japs."

[illegible]

Consumption, Wasting Diseases.

[illegible]

Conventional "Mash" Resembled.

[illegible]

Dramatics and Embroidery.

[illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

J. R. LOGAN C. P. MOORE.

LOGAN & MOORE, PROPRIETORS.

C. P. MOORE, Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Nov. 29, 1888.

Thanksgiving Day.

Thursday, Nov. 29, has been designated by the President of the United States as a day of thanksgiving to be observed by the American people. It may then be of interest to our readers to glance for a moment at the origin and purpose of the custom which annually calls for the appointment of such a day.

Thanksgiving day corresponds somewhat to the ancient Jewish Feast of Tabernacles or Feast of Ingathering at the end of the year, and possibly may have been suggested by that. According to that ancient festival eight days were set apart for rejoicing and thanksgiving after the ingathering of the harvest. Thanksgiving Day is a feast peculiar to the American people and is observed more especially by the New England States. It is true that in the past the civil authorities of European countries have set apart an occasional day of thanksgiving, to celebrate some particular deliverance or conquest, but it has never been adopted as an annual feast beyond the limits of America, and even in America its observance has not been of long duration. After the first harvest of the Plymouth colonists in 1621 Gov. Bradford called the people together to rejoice and return thanks. In July 1623 a day was set apart to pray for rain, and when the prayer was answered a day of thanksgiving was appointed. Gov. Winthrop, of Massachusetts recommended such a day in 1632. And so on down occasional calls were made, as by President Washington, who in 1789 recommended a day of thanksgiving on account of the adoption of the Constitution, and by President Madison who in April, 1815 recommended thanksgiving for peace. But it was not until 1863, when Lincoln was President that the observance of a day of thanksgiving began to be an annual custom. Since that time the national proclamation has been yearly made by the President, till it has now so firmly attached itself to American institutions that it will not likely be abandoned so long as the American people retain their identity. Usage has also fixed the last Thursday in November as the day to observe. It is proper and consistent that the custom should be perpetuated in the United States. We are called a Christian nation, and our laws and governmental principles recognize a God who controls the destinies of individuals and nations. Then certainly one day out of each year should be devoted to reflecting on the blessings we enjoy and giving tokens of our gratitude, which latter may be done in no better or wiser way than by exercising generosity and bestowing favors where they are needed.

The Proof of Sincerity.

During the next four years an excellent opportunity will be afforded the democratic party to test the sincerity of her avowed adherents. Not every man who stands at his post when his ship glides smoothly over an untroubled sea can be relied on as a true sailor, but such only as forsake not duty when the sky is dark and the billows sweep over the deck are genuine seamen. So it is in the political voyage. Adverse winds have troubled the waters and the waves of defeat are lashing against the sides of the grand old democratic ship. The man who now deserts her is the coward, but he who remains unmoved by the sights and sounds of clouds and breakers may be forever trusted by his party as worthy and sincere. The faith of a true democrat can not be shaken, nor his zeal abated, by a political retirement of four years. Thousands there are who for a quarter of a century kept and defended their democratic faith, though during that entire time defeat was their portion. So now, and for all time to come, the man who is a democrat because he believes democracy is right, and who favors her policy because to him it seems best for his country, will not be disheartened and forsake his principles because his opponent has triumphed, but with firm and steady step will march forward without variableness or shadow of turning, impelled by an abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of his party. There is a class of men, it is true, who for the sake of political preferment or financial gain will swallow any creed you may dish out. Others still on account of disappointed aspirations or for the purpose of avenging a real or fancied wrong will repudiate their principles and make of themselves political renegades; but the rank and file of the democratic party is not made up of any such element. On the other hand, her devotees are such as have cast their lot with her forever, and no succession of disasters could induce them to abandon their faith. Talk of the democratic party being dead! Her tenets are immortal. She may be trampled upon for generation after generation, but will eventually arise to make a more determined effort. She may be the victim of vivisection, but no *post mortem* examination can ever be held. She may for awhile be entombed, but only to gather strength in her silent repose and come forth again in greater power. No, democracy is not a mere champion of the past, but is even now training for the next fight, and when that fight comes she will be in the ring in better trim than ever before. The man who now deserts her because of her temporary defeat is unworthy to remain, and his going is a wholesome riddance.

Grover Cleveland is worth about a quarter of a million. That is the estimate of a well advised personal friend. He had something like $100,000 when he became President. He had practiced law profitably for many years, had held the lucrative office of sheriff in Buffalo, had lived well within his income while Governor, and had invested his savings conservatively. During his four years at Washington these investments will have increased to about $150,000. He retains about half his Presidential salary of $50,000 a year.

The recent storm seems to have been very severe throughout the Northern and Eastern States. Considerable damage to shipping along the Coast is reported.

It is remarkable that Van Buren and Cleveland are the only two Democratic Presidents who were candidates for re-election and were defeated. And it was a Harrison that did the business for them in both cases.

The Race for the Spoils.

When the Democrats came back, after wandering twenty-four years in the wilderness, they exhibited an appetite for office that was not altogether unnatural under the circumstances. But it was nothing to the hunger and thirst that less than four years of abstinence have developed among the Republicans.

One of the striking features of the present political situation is the unanimity with which the idea of civil service reform has been abandoned. It seems to be agreed that all such new-fangled notions have been voted out, and there is not the least pretense in any quarter that the spoils do not belong entirely to the victors.

It may be interesting, about next March, to recall some of the observations made four years before on the subject of removals from office, to say nothing of the utterances of party platforms meanwhile. But this interest will be rather historical than practical. It is now conceded that the offices belong to the saints and it must be acknowledged that the saints are not backward in coming forward to claim them.

History relates that the elder Harrison succumbed to the office-seekers in a month, finding his only escape in death. If the grandson prove better able to stand the pressure it will be because he is not without experience in the distribution of patronage. And yet the pressure of 1840-41 was not a circumstance to that which already confronts the President-elect.—Exchange.

PREACHING.—Rev. J. Lauder Henderson will preach for the year at the following places as stated:

1st Sunday,		Huntersville,	11 A. M.
"	"	Mt. Pleasant,	4 P. M.
2nd	"	Bethel,	11 A. M.
"	"	Bethel,	3 P. M.
3rd	"	Huntersville,	11 A. M.
"	"	Mt. Pleasant,	4 P. M.
4th	"	Bethel,	11 A. M.
"	"	Sunset,	3 P. M.

HOME NEWS

—Last Monday some one made the original remark, "Is this cold enough for you."

—A "Norther," as the Texans call it, swept down on us Sunday and cooled off the atmosphere to a winter grade.

—Mrs. Bertie Barlow, Mr. Gladwell and Early F. Arbogast, of Green Bank, spent Sunday in our town.

—C. Rice Moore, of Dunmore, spent some time in Huntersville this week, stopping with his brother C. F. Moore.

—Squire R. C. Shrader was in town Saturday. He begins to look very much like a judge.

—Mr. Oscar Slaven and bride, of Kansas, are stopping at the Huntersville Hotel. Oscar is one of the Pocahontas boys that seems to have done well in the west.

—Preaching at the new Church at this place next Sunday, at 11 a. m. by the pastor, Rev. J. L. Henderson.

—Miss Martha Robins, of Bath County, Va., died at the residence of Wm. Cole, Esq., near Huntersville, last Saturday night.

—Wm. H. Grose and family of Helvetia arrived at Huntersville last Tuesday. They will make their future home here, having disposed of their property at Helvetia.

—Two trials before Justice Milligan last Saturday. Huntersville is a great place for trials and tribulations.

—THE TIMES comes out a day later this week. Our patrons will kindly excuse the delay, as the arrangements of the new management are not yet complete.

—J. B. Canfield, Esq. former editor of THE TIMES is off on a flying trip to Staunton, where he expects to meet his wife, who will accompany him home. Mrs. Canfield has been visiting relatives in Philippi, W. Va.

—L. M. McClintic, Esq., recently returned from Bath County where he had been indulging in the chase. He brought with him a nice pair of deer horns to prove that a deer had been killed, but he hasn't proven yet who killed it.

—Jas. A. Sharp, who is now working at Hillsboro, came up Sunday to be present at the first service in the new Church. Mr. Sharp did the greater part of the carpenter work on the building and he has no reason to be ashamed of the [illegible]

—Owing to the sickness of Rev. H. W. Kinzer and the extreme cold weather the meetings that were appointed for the new church at Huntersville this week were abandoned, except the Thanksgiving service Thursday morning at 11 o'clock.

—Rev. H. W. Kinzer, who was stopping at the house of C. F. Moore, was taken very sick last Sunday night. For two or three days his condition was critical. At this writing he is considerably improved, now being in a fair way to recover. Mrs. Kinzer, who was sent for is expected to arrive this evening.

WANTED

Dressed Deer Skins, Hides and Tallow for cash or exchange.

A. P. Lantz,
Dealer in Leather, Harness, Saddles, &c.
Huntersville, W. Va.

Dunmore Doings.

W. H. Cackley & Co., have completed their new store house and are now moving into it.

Smith & McElwee have opened up a new store in the building formerly occupied by Ediff Cohn.

Cackley & Rexroad are putting up a store house at Driftwood.

Several weddings this fall near Traveller's Repose.

The lumber business is booming.

We are looking for better times now, if what the Republicans have been telling us is true. One of that faith recently informed us that wages had advanced ten cents a day and cattle ten dollars a head. Is that so?

There will be preaching at Dunmore Dec. 20 at 7 o'clock, p. m. Singing at 2 p. m.

Success to the new Editors and THE TIMES.

Nov. 27th. TOM SAWYER.

Married.

Nov. 14th, 1888, at the residence of the bride's parents on Clover Creek, W. Va., by the Rev. Geo. P. Moore, Mr. Geo. W. Malcomb and Miss Susan E. C. Shinaberry, all of Pocahontas County.

Nov. 22, 1888 at the residence of the bride's mother near Edray, W. Va., by the Rev. Geo. P. Moore, Mr. John D. Gibson and Miss Susan A. Moore, all of Pocahontas County.

Nov. 22, 1888, at the residence of the bride's parents near Edray, W. Va., by the Rev. Geo. P. Moore, Mr. John W. Curry and Miss Martha C. Moore, all of Pocahontas County.

Closing Accounts.

I have sold THE TIMES office to Mr. S. B. Loury, Jr., and Atty. C. F. Moore, and am now settling up all accounts due me on Subscription, Job Work and Advertising. I ask each and every one to give immediate attention to the statements sent to each this week, as I expect to leave the county on December 17th and wish all accounts closed before that time. All accounts not paid before December 14th will be given to L. M. McClintic for collection. Each account is made out at the advance rates, but if any remain unpaid December 15, they will be put in Mr. McClintic's hands at the rate of $3 per year. Honor the statements you receive with cash at once and save time and cost to us both.

Very Truly,
JAS. B. CANFIELD.

On last Sunday services were held for the first time in the new Methodist Church at this place. Rev. H. W. Kinzer, Presiding Elder of the Lewisburg District was announced to preach, but on account of sickness he was unable to fill the appointment. The pastor, Rev. J. L. Henderson conducted the services. Preaching two good sermons to a well filled house. The new Church when completed, and it is now nearly so, will be one of which the town and community may well be proud. It is constructed and equipped after modern and approved style and is a handsome monument to the generosity of its builders.

By way of offset to the alleged contract for 5,000 tons of iron castings awarded to an English firm by the Denver cable Railway Company, which so powerfully affected the imaginations of some people in the recent campaign, we read in the Railroad Gazette that "the Westinghouse Electric Company of Pittsburg, Pa., has been awarded the contract for a central station plant in London, England, for 25,000 incandescent lamps." Yet John Bull appears to be no way seriously alarmed by this "invasion." The proper thing for him to do at the next general election would be to display the Union Jack surmounted by the Stars and Stripes, and to ask all sturdy Britons whether they want the Yankees to light the houses of London and take the bread out of the mouths of British workmen. But John has passed the infantile stage of civilization, and is satisfied to get the best thing that is to be had for his money.

Senator Quay is authority for the statement that a Southern man will be a member of Gen. Harrison's Cabinet.

Some of the rich members of the Cobden Club in London, are the Duke of the Buccleugh, who owns 460,000 acres of land with a rental of $1,200,000, and the Duke of Athol, who owns 194,000 acres and has a rental of nearly $1,000,000.

Congressman Perry Belmont, of New York, has been appointed by the President as Minister to Spain, in the place of J. L. M. Curry, who recently resigned.

It is reported that the Imperial Government of China has issued a proclamation calling upon all of that nationality in the United States to return to the Flowery Kingdom. We hope the invitation will be accepted.

The democratic papers of the State emphatically claim the election of Fleming and the Republican papers claim for Goff. We hope that West Virginia will not have two Governors to support during the next administration.

There seems to be as much controversy concerning the majority in the next Congress, whether it be democrat or republican, as there is over the Fleming and Goff affair. Each party claims it.

The Taylor family of Tennessee continues in luck. Alf, the Republican partner, will furnish music in the National House of Representatives, while Bob, the Democrat, will continue to make the people of Tennessee dance to his fiddling as Governor.

The Republican papers are very anxious to know what President Cleveland will engage in at the end of his term. They needn't trouble themselves about Grover. He will make a living; and he wont go into the chicken business like Hayes to do it.

It seems that Gen. Clinton B. Fisk has fair chances of becoming a president, after all. He will be offered the presidency of Dickenson college at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, with a large salary attached, but it is not known whether or not he will accept.

One of the good things done by President Cleveland, and one that will continue to reflect credit upon his good judgement and calm common sense, was the appointment of Hon. Melville W. Fuller as chief justice. Men of all parties unite in praise of the new chief justice as being the right man in the right place.—Charleston Star.

Now that the Republican party has triumphed and there is no immediate danger of a decrease in the tariff on *eggs* by which American chickens are protected against the pauper chickens of Europe, we hope our hens will return to their nests and resume their laying.

One of our Exchanges states that President elect Harrison has received forty one letters announcing that somebody's baby, born since the election, has been named for the coming President. Evidently the *infant* industry is flourishing under the administration of the protective party.

The Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says that "Senator Sherman, who is now in the city, does not expect to go into President Harrison's Cabinet, although he feels that he will be asked to do so. The Ohio Senator has already received several letters from Gen. Harrison asking him to come to Indianapolis, but he has thus far declined. Mr. Sherman says he prefers to remain in the Senate at the head of the Foreign Affairs Committee to any position which he might hold in the Cabinet."

If West Virginia elects a Democratic Senator and Nebraska a Republican, the Senate will be a tie.

HIS SOUTHERN POLICY.

From the New York Herald.

Probably no man in Indiana or in the nation knows as much about Harrison's proposed Southern policy as Superintendent of Public Instruction Lafollette. Mr. Lafollette told me this afternoon that one evening before General Harrison's election he spent several hours conversing with him on the Southern question, at which time the General expressed his views very freely.

I asked him what General Harrison's ideas were, and he said:—"In the first place, he will not allow imported Northern carpetbag politicians to hold office down there and usurp the rights of citizens; second, he will not appoint to office ignorant negroes or ignorant white people simply because they vote the Republican ticket. While his policy will not be of the milk and water sort, such as Hayes' was, it will be fair, and, I predict, highly satisfactory to the South."

"You don't mean to be understood that he will appoint Democrats to office?"

"That is what he will do whenever there is no white Republican who is talented and respectable enough to command the respect of his neighbors, and he realizes the fact that in many parts of the South there is not for miles and miles an educated man and one who is fit to hold office that votes the Republican ticket. There are many men in the South who vote the Democratic ticket who are really Republicans. That is, they are protectionists and in sympathy with the Republican party on many other of the live issue of the day. They simply vote the Democratic ticket for historical reasons, because they insist that the Republican banner is stained with the blood of their fellow-man. Many of them are honest enough to admit this. It is this class that General Harrison will recognize."

Last week James B. Canfield, who has been editor and manager of the POCAHONTAS TIMES for more than five years past, retired from the paper, and Messrs. S. B. Loury and C. F. Moore will conduct it hereafter, Mr. Moore being editor. THE TIMES has always been one of the most valued of our country exchanges, and we hope that the new management will keep it up to the high standard which has characterized it heretofore.—Charleston Star.

The public is anxiously awaiting the publication of President Cleveland's next message to Congress, and speculating as to its contents. What its import will be is unknown; but one thing we feel safe in predicting, that it will be an able state paper and will contain the President's own views, regardless of whom it may please or offend.

Hon. A. H. Colquitt was recently re-elected United States Senator from the State of Georgia. Henry W. Grady, Editor of the Atlanta Constitution was strongly urged by his friends for the position, but he positively refused to allow the use of his name.

Notice to Creditors.

To the creditors of Allen D. Grimes dec'd:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the county of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Allen D. Grimes to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said Allen D. Grimes for adjudication to James W. Warwick, Jr., Commissioner, at his office in the said county, on or before the 27th day of February, 1889.

Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of the said court, this 15th day of November, 1888.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Nov22-4t.] Printer's fee, $4.50.

Notice to Creditors.

To the Creditors of John Sharp, dec'd:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the county of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said John Sharp to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said John Sharp for adjudication to James W. Warwick, Jr., Commissioner, at his office in the said county, on or before the 28th day of February, 1889.

Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of the said court, this the 15th day of November, 1888.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Nov22-4t.] Printer's fee, $4.50.

Commissioner's Office,

Huntersville, W. Va., November 16th, 1888.

John Sharp's Adm'r
vs.
John Sharp's Legatees, etc.

All parties interested in the above cause take notice that I will proceed at my office in Huntersville, W. Va., on

THURSDAY, THE 28th DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1889,

to take the following accounts:

1. A settlement of the accounts of J. C. Arbogast as Administrator, with the will annexed of John Sharp, dec'd;
2. Who the creditors are and the amount of their claims, if any, severally and collectively, with their dignities and priorities;
3. What amount remains in the hands of the Administrator after discharging the debts, if anything, and to whom payable;
4. Any matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest or required by a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, pronounced in above cause at its October Term, 1888, at which time and place you are required to attend.

JAS. W. WARWICK, Jr.,
Com'r Cir. Ct. P. C.

Nov.22-4t.] Printer's fee, $8.47.

Commissioner's Office,

Huntersville, W. Va., Nov. 16th, 1888.

Rosella Smith, etc.,
vs.
Mary F. Malcomb, etc.

IN CHANCERY.

All parties interested in above cause are hereby notified that I will proceed at my office in Huntersville, in said county, on

THURSDAY, THE 20th DAY OF DECEMBER, 1888,

to take the following accounts:

1. The names of the persons who have interest in the [illegible] the bill and proceedings mentioned and the amount of their several interests;
2. The value of the personal estate of George W. Malcomb, dec'd, with which Mary F. Malcomb and John W. Malcomb, or either of them should be charged;
3. Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest to be specially stated, as required by a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered in above cause at the October Term thereof, 1888, at which time and place you are required to attend.

JAS. W. WARWICK, Jr.,
Com'r Cir. Ct. P. C.

Nov22-4t.] Printer's fee, $8.47.

SEWING WOMEN.

[illegible]

VERNEENA'S FORTUNE;

—OR,—

The Stolen Heiress.

A TALE OF NEW YORK IN 1835.

BY PROF. WM. HENRY PECK,

AUTHOR OF

"The Queen's Secret," "The Tower of Gold," "The Half-Breed," "Harold's Hate," "The Bride of Barcelona," Etc.

CHAPTER XV.

AT THE GATE OF OLD ANCHORS.

Of late Dame Grippard had discovered that her tenant at Old Anchors was very severely pressed to obtain money to meet his liabilities, and during the preceding day she had conceived the suspicion that he intended to run away from his creditors, despite the good name and high character as a merchant and gentleman he had always maintained in the city. She had, therefore, taken precaution to effect his arrest should he attempt to flee without first paying her every cent he owed her.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XVI.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XVII.

[illegible]

Mr. Stanton upon the express condition that he shall pay you every dollar he owes you, and afterward have no further transactions whatever with you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CURIOUS FACTS.

Nineveh was fifteen miles by nine.

A heat of [illegible] degrees is insufficient to kill [illegible] germs.

A society of grammarians was formed at Rome as early as 276 B. C.

The invention of dice is ascribed to Palamedes of Greece, about 1244.

Forest and Stream relates a story of how a roll of fine-cut tobacco killed a shark.

It was not until 1791 that children in France were assured equal rights in the family.

There are sixteen different instruments bearing names which end in "phone."

No one who parts his name in the middle can secure a patent from the United States.

John Cobb, of Syracuse, N. Y., fired a charge of shot into a man who called him corn Cobb.

The cow bell has been adopted as a political emblem in Wisconsin. It calls the clans together.

Santa Rosa, Cal., has a floral curiosity in the shape of a hollyhock bush that bears jet black flowers.

Kansas has produced a twelve-year-old boy who has stolen over $20,000 worth of horse flesh in twelve months.

A woman in Denver, Col., was so sensitive that when her husband called her a slouch she took poison and died.

It was a not uncommon practice for the poor of the Middle Ages to sell themselves into slavery, or to become slaves by debt.

The Hohenzollerns, the reigning family of Prussia, refers its origin to Thassilo, about 800, who built the castle of Hohenzollern.

An old chap of ninety-two set out to dance at a country picnic in Massachusetts, and the bones of his legs snapped like pipe stems.

Dublin, Ireland, is noted for the manufacture of Irish poplins; Belfast, Ireland, for linens; Philadelphia, Pa., for hosiery, as is Nottingham, England.

The Alcalde of Para, Brazil, has the power, should he meet a subject with his hair parted in the centre, to order his head shaved as clean as a billiard ball and then greased with lard.

A sensation was caused at a Georgia hanging not long ago, when the murderer stepped upon the scaffold, by a lot of his friends applauding him with their hands and throwing him big bouquets of flowers.

Charles Dyer, of Indiana, bet fifty cents that he could cross a highway before a railroad train could hit him. Charles lost by a few seconds, but there is no need to read him a sermon about it. They haven't found but half of him yet.

One of the oldest bits of bric-a-brac is a "dog-pincer," an instrument once in use in Wales to enable the beadle to seize and eject unruly or bad-behaved dogs from church during services. The National Society of French Antiquaries was shown one of these the other day by the learned Celtic scholar Gaidoz.

According to curious old marriage custom, still prevalent in Brittany, the bridegroom, immediately after the priest has wedded the couple, strikes his wife in the face, saying, "This is how you will fare if you make me angry," and then, kissing her, he says, "And this is how you will fare if you treat me well."

What we call a nightmare was supposed by "our Saxon forefathers" to be a demon or vampire called Mara or Mare, that sat upon the chest of a sleeper and gave him horrible sensations. These vampires were thought to be guardians of hidden treasures, and the place where they hid these was called their nidus, or nest.

Some three months ago the water in a Georgia well, some forty feet deep, began to roar and boil in a most alarming manner, and a few weeks later the performance was repeated, so the owner concluded to clean it out and find the trouble. He did—and didn't—for when the bottom was reached there was nothing there, and the well and the mystery are to-day as deep as ever.

Degeneration of the Human Teeth.

The law of retardation exhibits itself in the teeth of the higher races of mankind in a highly inconvenient manner. The greatly developed brain requires all the available room in the skull; there is space left for the attachment of muscles for a powerful jaw. Cooked food also causes degeneracy in the development of the jaw. There is constantly no room left for either the wisdom teeth or the second upper incisors; the wisdom teeth are retarded, often cause great pain, and decay early. The second incisors appear in startling and unexpected places, and often [illegible] at all. [illegible] "American dentists have observed that the third molar (wisdom teeth) are in [illegible] of the United States very liable to imperfect growth or suppression, and to a degree [illegible] among savages or even among civilized races." The same suppression has been observed in the outer pair of superior incisors. This is taking not only to a reduction in the size of the [illegible] [illegible]

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Cranberry Sauce.

After removing all imperfect or soft berries, wash thoroughly; place for about two minutes in scalding water; skim out or drain, and to every pound of fruit add three-quarters of a pound granulated sugar, a half pint water, and stew over a moderate fire. Be careful to cover, but don't stir the fruit, occasionally shaking the pan if in danger of burning. The berries will thus retain their shape and add to their appearance. Boil from five to seven minutes; remove from fire; turn into a deep dish, and set aside to cool. If to be kept, they can be put up in air-tight jars.

Homemade Toilet Soap.

Careful housewives save even the small bits of soap that have become too little to use. Melt the pieces all together, put in a small bit of Indian meal and a few drops of perfumery. Let this harden in any way desired, stamp on a pattern, or cut with a cake cutter, and the result is a pleasing soap for toilet use. Other bits of soap can be melted in water, and while the mixture is hot stir in oatmeal until there is a stiff batter. For a hand soap this is unequaled when much dirt or deep stains of ink or berries are to be removed. The common yellow soap melted and thickened with scouring sand makes an excellent soap for scrubbing and scouring.—*Graphic.*

Waxing Hardwood Floors.

For waxing a hardwood floor take a pound of the best beeswax, cut it into very small pieces and let it thoroughly dissolve in three pints of turpentine, stirring occasionally if necessary. The mixture should be only a trifle thicker than clear turpentine. Apply it with a rag to the surface of the floor, which should be smooth and perfectly clean. The right amount varies, less being required for close, hard-grained wood, and more if the wood is soft and open-grained. Even professional "waxers" are sometimes obliged to experiment, according to the *Scientific American*, which gives these directions, and novices should always try a square foot or two. When thoroughly dry, rub with a hard brush. If it polishes well repeat the process over the whole floor. If not, remove the wax with sand paper and try again. If the mixture is slow in drying add a little of the common "driers" sold by paint dealers.

How to Utilize Buttermilk.

Buttermilk is used in many ways down South. There is nothing more healthful on a warm day than a glass of fresh buttermilk. In our cooking it is almost indispensable, used with soda in bread making. Clabber is nice made into cream cheese. If you do not have a press made of tin you can make a bag of coarse cloth, into which you pour the clabber till the bag tightens and hang it up to drip. In twelve hours the curd will be ready for use. Serve for breakfast with cream and sugar (with a little nutmeg if you like) or eat with salt and pepper.

Buttermilk Biscuit: Sift together a quart of flour and a teaspoon of soda. Work into it a teaspoon of salt, and a tablespoon of lard or butter (not melted). Add a pint of buttermilk a little at a time until all is used. Do not work the dough longer than to collect it smoothly. Roll out one-half inch thick and cut with a biscuit cutter. Bake immediately in hot oven for about ten minutes.

Buttermilk Egg Bread: One quart of corn meal, one tablespoon of melted lard, one teaspoon of salt, four eggs beaten until light. Mix these ingredients into one quart of buttermilk, into which has been dissolved a teaspoon of soda. Pour batter into a pan, which has been heated and well greased, to bake.

Compotes of Fruits.

Compotes are fresh fruits boiled with very little sugar. They are much used by the French, and are an excellent mode of preparing inferior or overripe fruits.

Compotes of Peaches: Cut ripe peaches in half, throw them into boiling water for two or three minutes, then take them out and put in ice water; peel them. Put a pint of water in a saucepan, and set over a brisk fire; let boil, and put the peaches in. As soon as tender take them out, place on a dish, and pour syrup over.

Compote of Oranges: Put a pound of sugar and half a pint of water on to boil. Boil ten minutes, and skim; add the juice of one lemon. Peel a dozen oranges, cut them in halves, remove the seed, and drop a few pieces at a time in the hot syrup, and lay them out on a flat dish. Pour over them the remaining syrup, and set on ice.

Compote of Apples: Peel and quarter large ripe apples. Put in a pan to stew with a little water and sugar to make a syrup. Add pieces of cinnamon bark and lemon peel cut in strips. Let boil, take up the apples, lay in a dish to cool; boil the syrup thick and pour over.

Compote of Pears: Quarter, peel and core sugar pears in a stewpan with a little water and sugar. When tender, take the pears up. Boil the syrup down, add a handful of raisins and a sliced lemon. When thick as jelly pour the syrup over the fruit.

Stuffed Compotes: Select some large, ripe apples; pare them, and take out the cores, leaving the apples whole. Cook them in syrup, take up, drain, and bake them a few minutes in a very quick oven. When done, fill the middle with peach [illegible]

This syrup will keep for months, and is very convenient to have ready for making compotes.—*Courier-Journal.*

Flower Loving Russians.

Ex-Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, has been traveling around the world, and from time to time giving descriptive sketches of the most vivid character of what he has seen, in the Chicago *Mail*. In a recent one, on that wonderful city in the far North, St. Petersburg, he says in reference to flowers and gardening:

The love of flowers seems universal here. It pervades all classes throughout the whole country we have passed through. In cities, towns and villages dwelling-house windows are filled with flowers—in first and in second stories—and often so full that they look like conservatories, and at every station children sell wild flowers.

Hot-houses have been brought to perfection, and one now sees in windows melons so sweet that one almost imagines that they convey their odor through the sense of sight; grapes, peaches, and flowers, palms and ferns of rare perfection. In winter, I am told, there is a vast profusion of hot-house plants. The summers are so short that outdoor flowers are not relied on, and hot-houses are abundant and finely managed.

At a garden fete in honor of the visit of the Emperor of Germany, the many kiosks and pavilions of the park seemed to be beautiful structures in flame, and the flower-gardens under us looked like acres of tulips and hyacinths and crocuses of light. The lamps were so colored as to make this effect of the parterres almost perfect. I counted the lamps in a given space and calculated from these that there must have been over fifty thousand burning in two small sections of the park.

The Inventor of Invisible Patches a Tramp.

A melancholy-looking man, with a shaggy beard, wearing an old slouch hat and trousers with deep fringe around the bottom and a big, shaggy overcoat, stood in front of the Philadelphia post-office, holding his hands on his chest. Everybody looked at him as they passed, and some young fellows jeered at him for wearing an overcoat. The melancholy looking man paid no attention to them. He wandered up Ninth street aimlessly and shambled up Market street holding his hands over his chest as he walked. A reporter asked him what he wore an overcoat for with the thermometer at eighty degrees. He spoke in gasps and said: "Because I'm always cold. I can't get my breath hardly half the time. I have been cold for years. I I used to work at my trade for eighteen hours a day. I am a shoemaker. I caught cold about ten years ago, and I've had hard work to breathe ever since. Sometimes I'm afraid to go to sleep for fear I'll lose my breath. I'm the man who invented the invisible patch on shoes. That's a good many years ago. Just think of it. I'm the inventor of the invisible patch and I haven't got a cent. I ought to be getting a royalty from every shoemaker in the country. I was a soldier in the Prussian army. I made many a pair of boots for the officers. Where am I going? Nowhere."

The man laughed harshly. Then he coughed with a hacking sound and went wearily on his way.

Mild-Mannered Cannibals.

Every traveler in New Zealand always expresses astonishment, when they discover the cannibal propensities of the inhabitants, that so gentle and pleasant-mannered a people could become on occasion such ferocious savages. Earle, who wrote a very reliable, intelligent and but little known account of the Maoris very early in the present century, speaks of the gentle manners and kindly ways of a New Zealand chief, whom afterward he discovered to be an inveterate cannibal. He relates that he visited the place where was cooking the body of a young slave girl that his friend had killed for the purpose. The head was severed from the body; the four quarters, with the principal bones removed, were compressed and packed into a small oven in the ground, and covered with earth. It was a case of unjustifiable cannibalism. No revenge was gratified by the deed, and no excuse could be made that the body was eaten to perfect their triumph. Earle says that he learned that the flesh takes many hours to cook, that it is very tough if not thoroughly cooked, but that it pulls to pieces, like a piece of blotting paper, if well done. He continues that the victim was a handsome pleasant looking girl of sixteen, and one he used frequently to see about the Pah.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

How to Reduce Fat.

For the reduction of adipose tissue, Banting has, in Germany at least, been superseded by pedestrianism, and the walking is not to be upon level ground, but up-hill. This new fad will certainly not be adopted by indolent persons, and most fleshy people are more or less disinclined to exertion. In fact, laziness is responsible for much of the accumulation of fat. The new relief from obesity has been experimented with by the renowned Bismarck, who has in this manner reduced his weight from two hundred and seventy-four pounds to one hundred and ninety. The principle of the new system is to strengthen the muscle of the heart, which is best done by climbing heights. The patient is [illegible]

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Should Bear It in Mind—Nothing But the Truth—A Better Name—Changed His Mind, Etc., Etc.

Husband—"You are not the cook my mother used to be, my dear."

Wife—"No, John, fortunately. You mustn't forget that your father died of dyspepsia."—*Siftings.*

Nothing But the Truth.

Judge—"O'Connor, this is the thirtieth time this year that you have appeared before this tribunal. What brought you here again?"

Prisoner—"To tell the truth, Judge, it was the police."

A Better Name.

Pretty Cousin (to young Sissy)—"Why, Charley, since I last saw you you have grown quite a beard."

Young Sissy—"Ya'as, Maud; mutton-chop whiskers, you know."

Pretty Cousin—"Oh, are they! Why they look more like lamb-chop whiskers."—*New York Sun.*

The Progress of Science.

Jenkins—"Did you hear of the wonderful operation Dr. Ball performed on Smithers last week?"

Bilkins—"No; what was it?"

Jenkins—"Five years ago Smithers stepped on a tack, and yesterday the doctor removed a ten-penny nail from the arm of Smithers' little boy."—*The Idea.*

Changed His Mind.

Wife—"Shall we go to the picnic to-day, dear?"

Husband—"Just as you say, love."

Wife—"Well, if we go we must take the baby."

Husband—"Oh, by the way, there's all that cordwood to cut and split. I guess I'll stay at home."—*Burlington Free Press.*

In the Same Predicament.

Kirby—"Lend me a fiver, will you, old boy? I'm clean broke."

Moxey—"That's a pretty good ring you wear. Why don't you hock it?"

Kirby—"Couldn't, you know. It's a souvenir of a deceased brother."

Moxey—"Well, my money is a souvenir of a deceased father. Day-day, old fel."—*Time.*

Fun Enough.

It was his first visit to the city. As he stood on the curbstone shaking his sides with laughter, he was accosted by one of New Haven's finest. "What's the fun, stranger?"

"Fun! Can't you see it? Just look how that thing (pointing to a watering-cart) leaks. Why, the blamed fool won't have a drop left when he gets home."—*New Haven News.*

Learning English.

A Frenchman of this city, having received the photograph of a lady, asked a friend what was customary under the circumstances.

"Compliment it," replied the friend. "Tell her its beauty is very rare."

"I beg to make zee acknowledgment, madame," he said to her at their next meeting. "Zee beauty of madame is very scarce."—*Binghamton Republican.*

Two Brutes.

Magistrate—"What's the charge against this man?"

Officer—"He threw a photograph lens at a baby and cut its head."

Magistrate—"Are you a regular photographer?"

Prisoner—"Yes, your honor. I had been trying for two mortal hours to take a picture of that little imp—I mean little baby, your honor—and—"

Magistrate—"You are discharged. I used to be a photographer myself."—*The Cartoon.*

The Lost Found.

"Well, Mae," interrogated the irate father of a Chicago girl and a new thousand dollar piano, "can you tell me what this is, stuck onto this rosewood like a lump of grafting wax? Have you decided to marry a farmer, and is he giving you lessons in tree-planting?"

"Oh, no," answered the maiden, with a glad ring in her spruce-like voice; "that's my dear old gum. When Harry wanted a song, I put it where it would be safe, and then forgot it and thought I'd lost it."—*The Idea.*

A Ruling Passion With Him.

The inquisitive traveler had sat alongside his one-legged victim till everybody had turned in, and still plied him with questions till he wished he had died at the amputation.

"How did you lose your leg?" he asked, as a clincher.

"Well, I'll tell you if you promise not to ask any more questions."

"All right. I won't."

"It was bit off."

"Good-night; am going to bed; but I'd like mighty well to know what bit it off."—*Chicago Times.*

The Suggestion That Came to Him.

Wife (plaintively)—"Henry, I wish you wouldn't swear so."

Henry (decidedly)—"I don't swear any [illegible]

[illegible]

The Court Reversed Its Decision.

"Mr. Brief," said the judge, gravely, "it seems to me that you are wasting time; you might as well try to make the court believe that two and two do not make four."

Brief settled his eyeglasses a little more firmly on his nose and responded blandly: "May it please your honor I am prepared to do that. Two and two make 22."

The shadow of a smile played around the corner of the judge's mouth as he sat back in his chair, and said: "You may go on with your argument, Mr. Brief."—*Boston Bulletin.*

A Bad Habit.

"Now, hubby, before we were married we promised to tell each other of our little faults and try to correct them—do you remember, dear?"

"Um-huh," grunted the husband, who was deep in reading the last scandal.

"Well, we've been married a week and I notice a bad habit you have—do you hear?"

"Um-huh."

"Yes, a bad habit you have of not paying attention when one is talking—are you listening to me?"

"Um-hum."

"Of not paying attention, and then when one gets through and asks you something you say: 'Do what?' This is not only aggravating, but impolite, and I want you to break yourself of the disagreeable habit."

"Do what?"—*St. Louis Humorist.*

Would Throw That In.

"My friend," said a tight-fisted banker to a young man who had pulled him out of the water, "I appreciate the fact that you have saved my life, and I am prepared to reward you—to reward you liberally for your services. What can I do for you?"

"Well, sir, there was a suit of clothes spoiled," said the rescuer who was good natured though not educated, "that would be about seventeen dollars; then I lost my hat, that would be fifty cents; then I took considerable liquor to keep off a cold, which cost me a quarter. I don't think of anything else, sir."

"But you do not mention the fact that you have saved my life. What can I do for you on that score?"

"Oh, well, call the whole thing eighteen dollars an' I'll throw the life saving in free."—*Merchant Traveler.*

The Visitor Was Mistaken.

Proprietor (showing visitor through the office)—"This is the editorial department."

Visitor—"Then I suppose that fat, genial-looking chap across there is the obituary editor, and that the thin, cross-looking genius who just threw a paper weight at the office boy, is your funny man?"

Proprietor—"No; both guesses are wrong. You probably obtained your ideas from current paragraphs. The fat, good-natured man is the humorist, and the attenuated gentleman is the writer of the tariff editorials."

Visitor—"Ah, indeed! But this gentleman with the handsome desk, railed in from the rest of the office, attended by a pretty type-writer and two messenger boys? I suppose he is editor-in-chief."

Proprietor—"Wrong again! That is the baseball reporter!"—*The Idea.*

A Congressman's Odd Investigation.

There was a man by the name of Stanton, and he was a Congressman from a Kentucky district some time in the year 1857. Before his election to Congress he had been a bricklayer and a stone mason. During his term some of the contractors engaged on the Capitol extension and improvement got into an imbroglio, and first one and then another began throwing mud, until finally one of them, in his anger, made the charge that the work done by another was of the poorest kind, and that the Capitol building was in danger. It was the first time that any such intimation had ever been made concerning the safety of the Capitol, and it caused considerable alarm, says the Chicago *Times.*

It led to the appointment of an investigating committee by Congress. Mr. Stanton was made Chairman of the committee. It is customary when a Congressional investigating committee is appointed for it to take up quarters in some elaborately furnished committee room, send for witnesses, and then report its findings. Stanton didn't do anything of the sort.

He put on a bricklayer's suit and clothed his committee in the same garb, went out about the Capitol and inside of it armed with the implements which stonemasons and bricklayers use. They examined the work that had been done, and found that there was not one word of truth in what the quarreling contractors had charged. The committee so reported and was discharged.

That was, so I am told, the only time that any charge of fraud in the construction of the National Capitol was ever made.

Radishes.

Radishes were known in England in the days before this country, or in certain portions of the island, by the names of "radiche" and "radic." It is generally believed that we are indebted to the Chinese for the radish, and it is said that before the Christian era this vegetable had had the honor of having a book [illegible]

[illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

"A Ruler of Men."

New York World: The report that Mr. Blaine is anxious to have a seat in the Cabinet can hardly be believed. Anybody looking at the portrait of Benjamin Harrison will note that he is a man desirous above all things to be known as a ruler of men. He will never consent to be overshadowed by such men as Blaine and Sherman. He means to be President himself. Mr. Blaine might as well make up his mind that he will not be admitted to the Tippecanoe Cabinet.

The great oil fields of New York and Pennsylvania are becoming rapidly exhausted. The former supply of 100,000 barrels a day has fallen off to 43,000 barrels a day. The wonderful Bradford field, of Pennsylvania, that has produced 140,000,000 barrels of oil, is now practically dry. About 500 new wells are now being sunk in Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia, in the hope of finding new oil basins.

A negro was arrested in Chicago last week for robbery who was found to speak fluently German, French, Greek, Spanish, English, and several Indian dialects. He was born in Madrid of a Spanish mother, and was, before the war, a servant in the household of Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, who was killed at the battle of Springfield.

In Wichita, Kan., a painter bet his hat, coat, boots and socks on Cleveland, agreeing to go home without them if he was caught down town by the other fellow. He was so caught and fulfilled his wager, notwithstanding it was a cold day for him.

The tedious work of removing boulders and the remnants of an ancient forest from the bed of the Thames River still goes on. It began seven years ago. At last accounts 300 trees and 1,300 boulders had been taken out. The latter varied in weight from one to four tons.

A little girl was sitting on the floor when the sun shone in her face. "Go'way! go'way!" she cried, striking out at it. "You move, dear, and it won't trouble you," said her mamma. "I s'ant; I dot here first," said the little one.—Youth's Companion.

It is expected the new Senator from Michigan will be James McMillan, president of the Michigan Car Company, and possessing a private fortune estimated at $15,000,000.

The towers of the proposed suspension bridge to be built across the Hudson above Peekskill will be 327 feet high and the span 1,620 feet.

Police Judge—sternly: Prisoner at the Bar—Prisoner—interrupting: Yes, sir, that's me. I was at the bar, but I swear I was'nt drunk.

ingly defeated. Mr. Ferguson is the oldest lawyer in the state, and perhaps he will now be considered one of the best prophets above ground.—Ex.

Gen. B. F. Butler rejoices in the election of Harrison. Possibly because his first name is Ben.

Horace Greeley, a brother of Horace, lives in an old fashioned, weather-beaten farm house near the village of Columbus, in Warren county, Pa. He is eighty years old and very poor.

The $10 bills spent in Indiana by the Republican campaign committee have passed to be $1 bills afterward.

Our present system of election laws is the growth of experience, and progress is steadily being made toward registering the will of the voters. The most important requirements are now the registration of voters, the closing of the polls at 4 o'clock in cities, the secret ballot, and the destruction of ballots after they are counted. Not all these provisions are in force in every State, and the provisions for a secret ballot are no where perfect as yet, but all these requirements are to come, and should be urged by all good citizens everywhere. Registration is absolutely necessary to prevent frauds. The closing of the polls at 4 o'clock in afternoon requires the voting to be completed earlier, before returns from remote districts are received, thus lessening the danger of tampering with returns in cities, where fraud is most likely to occur. The reasons for a secret ballot are the protection of the voter from undue influence; and we are learning that it is necessary to so arrange the voting places as to make it absolutely impossible for any person to tell how another votes unless he himself makes the statement. The destruction of the ballots is a late provision in the State of New York, and should be adopted everywhere. At first it would seem that ballots should be preserved to be recounted in case of dispute, but experience has shown that it is impossible to guard them for any length of time. After the election is over and it is known just how many votes are wanted, if a recounting is ordered it becomes easy for those in possession of the ballots to fix them to order. There is no reason why a second count should be more accurate than a first. The best provision, therefore, is to throw around the first count all possible safeguards, so that it is as likely to be correct as any thereafter made —more likely, because the canvassers do not know the result in other places—and then destroy the ballots.—Ex.

Unpopular at Home.

Chicago News: Gen. Harrison is not popular in Indianapolis. He is too cold and unresponsive. He can be almost clammy when he wishes. The result was that in a Presidential election into which every element of city and county pride entered he carried Indianapolis by 156 votes, but lost the county—Marion—by 387, although Marion county gave Blaine 229 plurality in 1884. In his old regiment—the Tenth Indiana—he was also unpopular, although the veterans of that body met this evening and the President was present. As one of the veterans said, Harrison in the army was a martinet of the most severe sort and as particular about unimportant details as an old maid. Sleeping on a log in a swamp he had headquarter guards stationed around him. He was a fighter, tho', and he won respect where he could not win love.

There will be general rejoicing that the will of the late Samuel J. Tilden has been sustained by the Supreme Court of New York. The will was drawn by himself, and left $4,000,000 for the purpose of founding a public library in New York City. It was contested by his nephew, on the ground of vagueness. The property was left in the hands of trustees, and great latitude was allowed them in executing the provisions of the will. It would seem that if such a lawyer as Tilden could not draw up a will that would be sustained by the courts, there would be an end to all certainty of controlling a great estate after one's death.

Senator Arkell, the owner and editor of Judge, is said to have his eye on the London Consulship. Having secured the consignment of Mr. Depew, he feels quite confident.

THE SURPRISE.

Joy met Sorrow in a place
Where the branches interlace.
Very secret, still and sweet,
Safe from all profaning feet.
"Why art here?" Joy, startled, cried;
"Why art here?" gray Sorrow sighed.

"I came here to weep," said Joy.
"Tears are my sweet employ,"
Murmured Sorrow. "Yet I see
Tears as grateful were to thee.
Come, young novice, and be taught
How to ease thy heart o'erfraught."

Joy sat down at Sorrow's feet,
And was taught a lesson sweet.
Fain would he make kind return;
"Sorrow, art too old to learn?
Nay? Then tarry yet awhile,
Till I've taught thee how to smile!"

Since that hour the two have been
Bound as by mysterious kin;
Since that hour they so exchange
Tears and smiles, 'tis nothing strange
If sometimes a puzzled heart
Scarce can tell the twain apart.

—Edith Thomas.

The people of the United States use annually about seven postal cards for every man, woman and child; that is to say, our total consumption for a year reaches four hundred million, which is considerably more than are employed by the rest of the world. This enormous number are all printed, cut apart, counted, and wrapped up in packages of twenty five, by machinery that would stand comfortably in a small bed-room, and that requires no assistance whatever from any operative, so long as it is supplied with paper, ink and paste.

Lexington, Ky., abounds in historical relics. The house from which John Morgan, the celebrated "Raider," went out, and which is still occupied by his mother; the house where Marquis de Lafayette lodged when visiting there, and the house where Jefferson Davis boarded when attending law school, are there. The House and farm belonging to Henry Clay, now Ashland Park are just beyond the city limits. The Statue of John Cable Breckenridge is in the Public Square.

About one half the Republican vote in New Hampshire wants to come to the United States Senate.

Papa: Johnnie, what do you want to be when you grow up?

Johnnie: Well I ain't particular, so long's I don't grow up to be a little boy that mamma can spank every time anything goes wrong in the house.

A brilliant thinker and theatergoer writes to say that Secretary Whitney goes to the theater so much that he is known in certain circles as the Bill of the play.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court,	H. A. Holt.
Prosecuting Attorney,	R. S. Turk.
Sheriff,	J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,	B. C. Hill.
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts,	J. A. Beard.
Assessor,	C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct.	S. H. Clark, Pres't.
	S. B. Hannah.
	G. P. Moore.
Surveyor,	Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

FARMERS AND THE TARIFF.

That the farmers supported the high-tariff policy in the recent election as zealously as ever, while the workingmen in the manufacturing centres voted in increasing numbers in opposition to that policy, is a fact now generally recognized and taken as a landmark for future contests. The *Tribune* makes it the basis of an argument in favor of an increase of duties on farm products. "The Democratic House," it says, "proposed to cut off more than half of all the duties collected to protect farm industry. The answer of the people was to elect a Republican President, a Republican House, and the astonishing votes in the farming States are still ringing in the ears of tariff reformers. The logical inference is that the majorities in these farming States want the things done which they petitioned Congress to have done, they want the tariff made to serve its purpose, and do not want it broken down or left just as it is," quoth the *Tribune*.

We shall not deny that the American farmer is still willing and even anxious to be plucked for the benefit of other people; but we deny that he was harmed by the Mills bill in any degree whatsoever. The only farm product put on the free list by the Mills bill was wool, and as to that it has been shown that the three largest wool-producing States showed a loss rather than a gain of Republican votes in the election. The duties on wheat and other cereals, on dairy products, on hops, hay, honey, potatoes, and live animals were not changed by the Mills bill. If these duties had all been repealed the farmers would not have been injured, and if they had been doubled they would have received no benefit. We import a few potatoes when we have a short crop, and we export some when we have a large crop; but the amount is insignificant, and it affects only the Atlantic seaboard and the northwestern border line in any case. As to the great bulk of agricultural produce, no tariff, however high, would raise the price a penny, for the reason that they constitute the major part of our exports, and have to be sold in foreign markets alongside and in competition with the like produce of every country on the globe. The American farmer is thus brought face to face with the labor of the Russian peasant, the Indian ryot, and the Egyptian fellah. What they get for their productions he can get. Not a farthing more could he get if the importation of grain were prohibited by law. But as a matter of fact the Mills bill did not touch the duties on these articles at all.

Notwithstanding the vote of the farming States in the recent election, the superstition of the agricultural classes are not incurable. There is no mind so dull that it cannot be made to comprehend the fact that the tariff is an injury to the man who sells in a cheap market and buys in one made artificially dear. Nor is it true that abstract ideas regarding the tariff were the most moving considerations among the farmers in the recent campaign. The fact that the proposed reform of the tariff was of Southern parentage had a great influence in the rural districts. It revived the memories of the war and rekindled a sectional feeling that would otherwise have remained dormant. If the Mills bill had been the Scott bill or the Springer bill, it would have been by far the more acceptable to the farmers of the North. It is easy to say now that, without any change in its provisions, a measure having a Northern origin and name would have been much stronger in the North. It is not the fault of Mr. Mills, of the two Breckinridges, of Mr. Wilson of West Virginia, and other Southern members that they were the most conspicuous advocates of the measure; but their prominence was not without its influence in the farming communities, where new ideas are slow to gain lodgment, and where old memories have their strongest hold.

The battle joined in the recent campaign is only begun. When we consider how short a time was allowed for the work of education, and how great a gain was made among those who could be reached, and what odds of money and intimidation were arrayed on the other side, the advocates of tariff reform have abundant cause for encouragement, and every reason to believe that when they shall have had equal opportunity to reach American farmers their success with them will be commensurate with that which they have undeniably achieved among the operatives in towns and cities. —N. Y. Weekly Post.

White House Social Duties.

Mrs. Cleveland's social duties are greater than is generally supposed. She assists the president at his state receptions, and sits opposite him at state dinners. She is considered the social head of the administration, and she is, indeed, the mistress of the white house. The gorgeous floral decorations of the state reception rooms are subject to her approval; and she stands with the president whenever he receives his guests in a social way. The state dinners of the president are perhaps the grandest social affairs of the American court, and to be invited to the white house to one of these is the social event of a lifetime. The white house blazes with light. The Marine Band plays in the vestibule. The great east room becomes a tropical flower garden, and its white and silver pillars are wreathed with garlands and hung with flower shields, upon which have been woven American eagles of pink and roses. It is here that Mrs. Cleveland stands with the president and receives the thirty or fifty guests who have been invited to the dinner, and it is from here that she is escorted to the state dining room by the most honored of the party. The dining-room sparkles with cut glass and silver, and the dinner of many courses is gotten up by French cooks. The daintiest of viands are washed down with rare old wines, and a number of glasses stand by each plate save that of Mrs. Cleveland. The president's wife has, as far as her own example goes, espoused the cause of temperance. She drinks nothing at these dinners but Apollinaris water, and though she does not endeavor to regulate the tastes of others, she does not touch wine herself. At her state receptions she shakes hands with from 300 to 500 persons on every such night during the season. It is said that she has shaken hands with more than 100,000 people during the past winter. She is a good hand shaker and each caller receives a warm grasp and a decided pressure. In most cases this is accompanied by a cordial smile, and those who have the pleasure of chatting with Mrs. Cleveland for a short time become her friends.—Cosmopolitan.

The Vermont Legislature has prohibited the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine.

"He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Wonderful promise spoken by God himself. "I" and "thee" together, the Infinite God in Christ and finite man constant companion! So He says, and so we walk side by side along our pilgrim pathway. If we really believe this, surely it would simplify, and hallow, and calm our daily life. In these few words every Christian may find the sweetest solaces of pain, and the most blessed inspirations of heroism.—Rev. S. M. Hamilton.

FRUIT.—In Northern Germany the highways are shaded with fruit trees. This was started fifty years ago by a peddler who planted every seed with his staff while travelling through the country. If the enterprising farmer's boy would make it his habit to drop the seed of fruit he may be eating in the fence corner, when passing from place to place, it would not be long until there would be plenty of fruit, which could be improved by grafting; and not only this, but new varieties would be produced that would prove of value.

Put it in Writing.

Verbal contracts occasion more trouble, dispute and litigation than any other business transactions. The wise merchant taught by experience will endeavor to have a writing executed by the party to be charged, in every case of importance arising in his business. This is especially necessary of gurantees. A man enters your office whom you know to be perfectly responsible. He tells you to sell Brown a thousand dollars' worth of goods. Brown is all right; he will answer for that, etc. Make him sign a memorandum.

A customer gives you a large order for future and installment deliveries. Make him sign it in writing.

You engage a salesman for a year, or for a month, or for a trial trip. Have it all put down in writing and signed.

You save taking your chances before a jury, who nine times out of ten prove uncertain and too sympathetic with that party they consider is the "under dog."

It is only a little trouble at the time, but it usually saves a heap of trouble in the future.—Trade Mark Record.

Chief Inspector James, of St. Paul, says: The amount of wheat in sight this year in Minnesota and Dakota is about 30,000,000 bushels less than last year at this time.

The number of female medical students entered at Paris this term is 114, of whom 90 are Russian, 12 French and 6 English, with 1 American, 1 Austrian, 1 Greek and 1 Turk. The number of students at the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia this fall is 144.

Richard A. Proctor left the Roman Catholic Church because the priests told him that his scientific beliefs were heretical.

Never sun feather beds, air them thoroughly on a windy day in a cool place. The sun draws the oil and gives the feathers a rancid smell.

According to Rev. Elizabeth W. Greenwood, there are 3,432 physicians and surgeons, 165 ministers and 75 lawyers in this country who are women.

The official canvass of the vote of New York shows Harrison's plurality is 13,399. Hill's plurality is 18,126. Total vote, 1,284,892. Total Prohibition vote, 30,692; about 8,000 more than in 1884.

Much damage is reported by recent violent gales on the west coast of Great Britain. At the city of Glasgow, where the storm assumed the force of a hurricane the exhibition building was partly wrecked.

Very dirty furniture should be washed off with a flannel cloth dipped in equal parts of strong vinegar and water before it is polished. It not only removes the dirt, but has a tendency to smooth the varnish that has become rough through long use. After applying the vinegar, dry the furniture instantly and thoroughly, and at once rub it with a flannel that has been dipped in linseed oil and carefully wrung out. Finish with a dry flannel, rubbing hard and long, and your furniture will look like new.

Eggs can be kept perfectly for six months, by coating each one with the white of egg. Apply it with the finger so that every spot is touched, then pack the eggs in a box, in any position you wish, putting a layer of paper between every layer of eggs, and set the box away in a cool, dry place. The white of one egg will coat from eight to ten dozen. I have tried this recipe for five years, and have never known it to fail.—Mrs. Addie Smith.

GRAPES.—There is no fruit that takes so little space and makes so large a return for the labor as grapes. Now is the time to get cuttings. They should be cut with three or four eyes. Put them in a bundle, bury them in the ground below frost until spring, when they may be taken up after all danger of frost is gone, and set with two eyes in the ground. It is best to put two or three together, for some may die, and if all live they can be removed in another year. On farms they may be set in the fence corners or near small trees, and in two or three years a fine crop of grapes will reward the effort.

Havanna Journal.—A bushel of corn makes four gallons of whisky. It sells for $16 at retail. The Government gets $3.60, the farmer 40 cents, the railroad $1, the manufacturer $4, the vender $7, and the drinker all that is left—delirium tremens.

The best housekeeper could find a book somewhere, if she only knew in which direction to look. With many, it is to be found in the cupboard. There was more provided than used and she didn't know how to utilize it. The making of appetizing little dishes from odds and ends is not sufficiently considered in this country and should be made a study by all good housewives.

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

Preventing Fermentation of Cider.

There are many different ways of preventing fermentation; but in any case the cider ought to stand in large open casks long enough to ferment slightly, so as to cause a considerable scum to rise to the surface, when it may be skimmed off, and also give time for the sediment to settle at the bottom before anything else is done with it. Nothing is more important than to abstract by natural means the minute particles of pomace that are held in solution by the cider.

A quite effective way of cleansing the cider and preventing after fermentation is to scald it just after it has been slightly fermented and settled. To do this it may be drawn off or dipped out of the casks into large copper kettles, or for large quantities an old copper still, holding three or four barrels, will be better. When fire is applied the heat will cause a large amount of scum to rise at once to the top to be skimmed off.

The heating should cease as soon as the boiling is reached, when the cider is again placed in clean, open casks to stand and settle until it has become entirely cold, when it may be drawn into barrels and tightly bunged.

The effect of the scalding, if done at the right time, is two-fold. It quite thoroughly cleanses the cider and stops the fermentation at the right point to leave it a sweet and pleasant drink. While cider thus treated will afterward taste somewhat of the scalding, it will not be unpleasant to those who like it sweet, and is to be preferred to cider in which the fermentation has been arrested by mustard seed or chemicals. Cider in any of these ways will not afterward make good vinegar.

Where the quantity of cider to be made will not justify the expense of casks, the cider may be fermented and settled in barrels, bungs open, by drawing from one to another.—*New York World.*

Plows and Plowing.

The plow has long been used as the symbol of agriculture. The finely made and beautifully ornamented steel plow which Victoria sent to the Queen of Madagascar was years afterward found by some missionaries, who had penetrated into the interior of the island, in a temple. It had its place among the representation of the deities the natives worshipped and was recognized as the God of agriculture. They did not employ it in their fields, or leave it in a furrow to rest, as western farmers might have done. They prostrated themselves before it and prayed that they might have large crops of grain. In a museum in Canada is a collection of the plows used in all ages and in most countries. They are arranged in a long row. The first plow is a portion of a tree, one branch being used to attach an animal to and another used as a handle. By their order they show the evolution of the plow that is now employed in the most advanced countries. Attempts have been made to show that the progress of agriculture may best be shown by improvements in the plow that turns the soil.

It is generally acknowledged that the best plows in the world are made in this country. It is also admitted that the work done with them is very poor. Observing travelers state that much better plowing is done in Great Britain and in many portions of the continent of Europe than in this country. This state of things is explained by assuming that very excellent plows lead to carelessness in the use of them. When an implement can be depended upon to do good work it is often if not generally placed in the hands of a person who has little judgment, experience or skill. None but an expert can do good plowing with a poor plow. In England, as in some other countries, the plowman ranks above the common farm laborer. He is regarded as a skilled workman. Ordinarily he does nothing but guide the plow. He makes a careful study of the business and becomes very expert. In this country boys and girls tend machines in great manufacturing establishments and turn out articles that can only be made by skilled mechanics who use common tools. On our farms incompetent persons are trusted with the use of plows and are expected to do good work because the plows are so easy to manage.

Large farms and low prices for grain have a tendency to make plowing poor. When a plow can be run half a mile without meeting with an impediment the person holding it does not acquire the skill of one who plows among stumps and stones. He relies on his plow to do everything. He seems to forget that a tool is not endowed with intelligence. The appearance of fields in many parts of the country show that skillful plowing has become a lost art. Perhaps it would be more nearly correct to say that it is an art that has never been acquired. Plowing is so badly done in many parts of the country that it is not strange that a variety of implements have been brought out for supplementing the work that should be done with the plow. The first settlers of the country had nothing but a wooden plow and a home-made harrow, which was often no more than some branches of trees bound together, with which to prepare land for raising a crop of grain. Farmers of the present day have clod-crushers, revolving pulverizers, rollers, and half a dozen kinds of harrows with which to do the same work. Still old farmers declare that soil is not as well prepared for seeding as it was in the good old days when they were young.—*Chicago Times.*

[illegible]

[illegible]

prepares the ground, can grow profitable crops of wheat on almost every soil.

It is a general rule, with not more than the usual exceptions, that the finer the seed-bed the larger the yield of wheat.

Wheat can be safely grown on lands that would be ruined by washing and gullying were cultivated crops kept on them.

It pays richly to save wheat straw carefully, though it is used only as an absorbent. Western farmers may smile, but it is true.

The man who whitewashed his granaries with boiling hot wash, putting it in all the cracks, did not fear the miller's examination of his wheat.

Treat your grain crops with an eye to the value of the straw as well as of the grain, and in the spring it will not be said of your cattle, as it was said of Ephraim, that they "feed upon wind."

A patch of rye and timothy seeded together always comes "pat." The rye will make pasture in the spring even earlier than bluegrass, and by the time the rye fails the timothy will be ready. There is nothing like a steady succession of pasturage.

Rye may be sown in the fall and clover on it in the spring. The rye can be cut for the straw (which frequently sells for the same price per ton as the best hay) as soon as the blossom falls, and there will be a good growth of clover for pasture. In this way poor land may be made to yield a respectable income while being improved.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Prince of Wales Spanked.

The following, taken from a paper printed in Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1844, is now going the rounds of the press: Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, accompanied by the Prince Consort and the royal children, visited Scotland for the first time, and tarried a long time on her way at Balmoral. On the trip the yacht, in which the people traveled by water, called at Aberdeen, and, of course, the loyal inhabitants of that city turned out in large numbers to do honor to their beloved sovereign. A guard of honor, consisting of the merchants of the place, was formed, and, in all the glory of black broadcloth and white kids, paraded on the edge of the dock to which the vessel moored at just sufficient distance to prevent people from stepping on board. Seats were erected on the bank, tier above tier, like those of a circus, to accommodate the thousands that assembled to gaze on the spectacle of an anointed Queen.

Her Majesty good naturedly remained on deck to gratify as much as possible the curiosity of the bonny Scots, and promenaded about in full view of the immense crowd. The Prince of Wales, a child of about five or six years, was with her. Among other things placed on the deck for the accommodation of the Queen was a costly and very splendid sofa, ornamented with tassels; and the Prince, like other boys of that age, being of a destructive turn, began to pull at one in a manner that threatened to detach it. His mother observed the act, and ordered him to desist. He did so, but as soon as her back was turned seized the tassel again to give another jerk. The Queen appeared to have expected something of the kind, for she was at that moment watching him from the corner of her eye. In an instant she turned, and seizing the luckless heir apparent of England by the "scruff of the neck," elevated one of her feet upon the sofa, hoisted the youngster over her knee, adjusted him in the position mutually familiar to parents and children generally, when such ceremonies are to be performed, and gave him a sound spanking.

It may be proper to mention, en passant, for the information of youths who sometimes find themselves similarly circumstanced, that the illustrious sufferer kicked and bellowed under the afflictive dispensation quite as lustily as boys of lowlier birth are wont to do. The amazement with which the spectators witnessed the example of royal domestic discipline may be imagined, but scarcely described in fitting terms. A dead silence prevailed for a moment, but was suddenly broken by a tremendous roar of laughter, which could not be suppressed by any thought of decorum, respect for the Queen, or sympathy for the victim of her displeasure. The explosion recalled the royal mother to a sense of her position, and, having turned toward the crowd for a moment, her face suffused with crimson, she hastily descended into the cabin, and was seen no more by the expectant populace.

Feeding a Mare With a Spoon.

John H. Wilson, of Norristown, Penn., owns a pure white Arabian mare, which is being fed with the aid of a spoon to keep it from starving. The animal is suffering from a singular fracture of the jaw bone, the result of being kicked by a horse. The injury is known in veterinary surgery as a fracture of the lower maxilla posterior to the incisor teeth. Both bones of the jaw were broken completely off, and the lower portion of the jaw is now being held in place by a mask of pliable copper, lined with cotton.

Three veterinary surgeons reduced the fracture, and the case is without a parallel in veterinary surgery. An entire day was consumed in dressing the injury. The copper mask is kept tightly pressed against her head, and her mouth is kept in a basket of water to reduce the swelling of the jaw. She is kept in canvas slings, and is in a comfortable position. The nourishment consists of milk, eggs, oatmeal, butter and gruel. This diet is administered with a spoon, the mouth being open only about an inch. The attending veterinary surgeon, Dr. H. O. Dangler of this place, has hopes that the animal will entirely recover.—*New York Times.*

A ladder of [illegible] is often a [illegible]

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

To Clean Paint Work.

A steamboat steward says that housekeepers should go to a steamboat for lessons on cleaning paint work. The cabin of a steamboat, painted a clear white, is kept quite as if the painter had just left it, being not only clear, but having a beautiful polish. All that is necessary is a little water, a sponge, pure castile soap, and a smooth cloth for rubbing after the dirt has been washed off with the sponge. The rubbing restores the polish. Many people paint every year, whereas if the paint is washed in this way it will show clear and with a high polish for four or five years.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Use Plenty of Apples.

Apples are abundant and cheap this year, says the New York *Witness*, and there is no more useful fruit. Raw, stewed, baked or preserved, they are wholesome, toothsome and nutritious. The fall apples are the most juicy and delicious, but do not keep, and for that reason have to be sold cheap. Every good-sized family should buy a barrel of them at once for immediate use, and save them from spoiling by eating them up. A considerable portion of them might also be made into jelly by coring them and boiling skin and all. [illegible] apples are best for this purpose, as the color of the skin gives a fine rich tint to the jelly. A liberal allowance of lemon juice should be added to the apple juice and an equal weight of sugar, and the whole boiled into a jelly. It is the cheapest of all jellies, and remarkably good when well made. Bought apple jelly is not nearly so nice, and can seldom be relied upon. It is frequently made from the refuse of the evaporating establishments, that is, the cores, and skins and wormy apples.

Pickles.

For pickles of all kinds use the best cider vinegar and not an acid, vinegar, so-called. It cannot be too strong, as it is weakened when scalded. Unscalded vinegar does not keep well with pickles. Never use a metal vessel in pickling; it should be either granite ware or porcelain. Pickles should be examined frequently and the soft ones taken out. If white specks appear in the vinegar drain it off and scald; add a half teacup of sugar to each gallon and pour again over the pickles. A few bits of horse radish or a few cloves added will improve the flavor.

All vegetables or fruits for pickling, except for sweet pickles, should be sound, but not quite ripe. Do not scald cucumbers, but soak them in salt and water. Boiled beets can be pickled whole, first removing the outer skin, to be sliced when required. Vegetables that require to be boiled or scalded before pickling will be whiter if a little lemon or green grape juice is added to the water, as cabbage, cauliflower, white beets or onions. For green vegetables put a little soda in the water to preserve the color. Care should be taken not to scald too much, or they will be soft and tasteless.

Always have the vegetables or fruit perfectly cold before pouring over the vinegar, which should be in all cases very hot.

A good average of spices to a quart of pickles is an even teaspoon each of allspice and peppercorns, one-half a teaspoon of mustard seed, a piece of Jamaica ginger one inch long and a tablespoon of stick cinnamon broken.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Household Hints.

Use a warm knife in cutting warm bread and the like.

A paste of whiting and benzine will remove spots from marble.

A salt ham should be soaked over night in plenty of soft water previous to boiling.

After washing a wooden bowl place it where it will dry equally on all sides, away from the stove.

Fruit stains on white goods can be removed by pouring boiling water directly from the kettle over the spots.

Hive sirup is good for croup or inflammation of the lungs. It must be kept in a cool place, for if it sours it is very poisonous.

If you want poached eggs to look particularly nice cook each egg in a muffin ring placed in the bottom of a saucepan of boiling water.

A creaking hinge can be cured by the use of a black lead pencil of the softest number, the point rubbed into all the crevices of the hinge.

Corks may be made air and water tight by keeping them for five minutes under melted paraffine. They must be kept down with a wire screen.

For cleaning brass use a thin paste of plate powder, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, four tablespoonfuls of alcohol. Rub with a piece of flannel; polish with chamois.

[illegible] should be cooked before it is stale. Boil for two or three hours, then strain through a linen cloth. One-fourth of this fat and three-fourths lard is a good mixture for frying doughnuts.

Be very particular about disinfecting the kitchen sink. Washing soda, two tablespoonfuls to a gallon of boiling water, makes an excellent wash to pour hot into the sink at after you have finished using it.

It has been estimated that if the heat generated within the body were allowed to accumulate within us, and none to be given off, it would be sufficient to raise the body to the boiling point in thirty-six hours.

According to Pasteur and Chamberland, typhoid bacillus is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred communicated through drinking water.

STRANGE SHIPS.

A NOVEL EXHIBITION IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

Queer Boats From All Parts of the World—Secrets of Navigation Known By Rude Savages.

There is a department in the National Museum that would delight any rightly constituted boy, or man, either—for a man never outgrows his boyhood interest in boats and ships and the mysteries of navigation. This department tells the story of the ship. It is not a written or printed story, but one told by the collection of rafts, canoes, catamarans and ships that fill a large exhibition hall.

An old idea was that the first boat was a log. There are, however, treeless lands, where the people have no logs to begin with. They start, perhaps, by making boats of skins. In some parts of the world, where there are neither logs nor skins available savage men construct boats or rafts by binding together in sheaves.

From the log the next step is to the dug-out, which savages fashioned by hollowing out a log with fire or rude tools. When savages began to make bark canoes they took quite a step toward the modern ship, as a bark canoe, with its frame-work and outer covering, illustrates in a rudimentary way important principles involved in the shipbuilder's art. Savages, too, observed that the wind could be used to propel their boats. It is supposed that the first sail was a bush. From the bush the savage went to a piece of skin or bark, or a matting rudely triced up on a pole. It is curious to note that the forms of sails used on yachts and ships of the most highly civilized people have been developed naturally from the primitive forms used by savage people.

The primitive is either a square or a lateen or triangular sail. The lateen sail is so named because it is the form used on the Mediterranean by people of the Latin races. When men learned more of the shipbuilding art, and boats grew bigger, the lateen sail was enlarged, booms were projected fore and aft, and the sail extended so as to reach beyond the bows in front and beyond the stern in the rear.

Near the centre of the hall a kyak from the Greenland coast, made of skins by the Esquimaux, hangs from the ceiling. It is decked over as tight as a drum, and the ends are sharpened and curved up. In the centre is a hole in the deck just large enough to admit a man's body. The Esquimaux, when in his kyak, sits squarely on the bottom, his legs stretched out before him, all of his body below the waist being under deck. He has a garment or coat of skin, the lower edges of which are fastened to the rim of the hole or cockpit, thus making it water-tight. In this cockel-shell of a boat the Esquimaux, with paddle and spear in hand, hazards his life on rough Arctic seas in pursuit of seal or walrus, "a human nautilus upon the tide." There are kyaks, too, from Alaska, and from other Arctic regions. Bidarkas, or skin boats from the Aleutian Islands, are decked over like Esquimaux kyaks, and are ornamented with colored fringes at the seams, just as Indians love to ornament their clothing.

Some of the bidarkas are "three-holed," or have places for three men to sit in them, and to the little models shown in the Museum miniature spears are lashed just as the Indians lash their spears to their boats when they start out to hunt seal.

The rudest form of the bark canoe shown in the collection is from British Guiana. It was made merely by taking a single sheet of bark of suitable size, curling up the sides and then stiffening the edges by means of slender splints bound to them with thongs. The ends of the canoe are left open and the savage navigator has to use much skill to prevent water from washing in at stem or stern. An Indian canoe, made by the Passamaquoddy Indians of Maine, is shown as a model of this type. It is made of birch bark, over light wooden frame, with one thwart amidships. The bark is sewed together at the ends and to the gunwales with dyed wooden fiber. It has a round bottom—the ends being alike, sharp and curved upward.

A balsa or swimming raft from the East Indies is made simply of long bundles of rushes bound together. A catamaran from Madras, India, is made of logs, bound together with ropes and fashioned so that they tend to a point and bend upward slightly in front. This is used as a surf boat. When a heavy swell threatens the craft the native mariner deserts it altogether, jumping into the wave and then clambering upon it when he comes to the surface again. On this craft, too, he sometimes sets up a tiny mast and hoists a bit of cotton as a sail.

A simple dugout, perhaps the simplest, is a "donga" from Jessore, India. It is made from the stem of the tar palm. The natural form of the tree, with its bulbous end, is preserved, and the boat looks like a big spoon. The native sits in the bow of the spoon or boat, and his weight keeps the other end out of the water.

A dugout made by Chinese fishermen is a log completely hollowed out from end to end. Instead of [illegible] the logs so as to leave the ends solid, the simple Chinaman cuts out the ends then stops them up again with pieces of wood made to fit the apertures. A dugout from Patna, India, made from the trunk of a Semul tree, looks much like a shallow wooden trough with square ends.

The Indians of the northwest coast of America developed the art of making boats from single logs to the highest degree. The huge cedar trees that grow on the coast, the wood being soft enough to be worked with their rude tools, afforded them a natural opportunity that they did not neglect. The great canoe that is suspended from the ceiling on one side of the hall and makes all other canoes look like pigmies, is a specimen of the work of the Haidah Indians and was brought to the museum from the Queen Charlotte Islands, British Columbia. It was hewn out of a single log of yellow cedar. The length is fifty-nine feet and the beam eight feet. The ends are sharp and alike, the stem being carried up and finished in an angular sort of ornament suggested the outline of a head of some aquatic animal. The body of the canoe is painted a dingy white, and at each end is a series of figures painted in white, blue and green, rude circles and rhomboids enclosing representations of eyes. These figures are symbols of totems of the chief who owned the canoe, representing the traditions of his family, like the heraldic coat-of-arms of some royal or noble family of Europe. In this canoe a chief would set out with fifty or more men, on a war-like expedition. None but men of consequence, who could command the labor of many hands could own such a canoe. To cut down the immense tree, hollow out the log, and fashion the canoe with the rude stone hatchets and chisels with which these Indians worked, required the labor of many men for months and years. A dugout canoe in which Hoopah Indians sailed on Trinity River, California, is made like an old fashioned wooden cradle, almost as broad as it is long. It has a gunwale that curls inboard, and round and square ends that rise to a point.

There are several boats placed together showing how people in different parts of the world hit upon the same form. These are boats of the corracle pattern, round as a bowl that the old nursery rhyme says three wise men of Gotham went to sea in. There is a Boyne corracle in which Irish fishermen take out their snap nets and fish for salmon on the Boyne. It is almost perfectly round. The frame is made of willow like a huge basket, and over it hides are stretched.

Another corracle similar in construction is from the River Dee and another is from India. The latter is a child's corracle, plaited like a basket of stiff rushes and has no outer covering. Near it stands a bull boat, used by Indians of Dakota. It is a round boat, about four feet in diameter, the same being made of pliant wood and the coverings of kins.—*Washington Star.*

Bean Lore.

The flowering beans were anciently supposed to give out a perfume that made men light-headed; hence, when a person seemed unusually silly, the expression used of him was: "Beans are in flower." Another saying connected with beans was: "Ogni grano ha la sua semola"—"Every bean has its black," that is its black eye. This was equivalent to saying: "Every person has his fault."

Beans have always had something mysterious connected with them ever since the days when Pliny wrote of Pythagoras's rule against eating them, "that beans contain the souls of the dead." And long ago in the city of Rome the priests said that the dark lines on bean-blossoms were letters. Still the modern mind is doubtful as to the success of the said priests in reading such alphabet. But the land of mysterious beans was Egypt, where the priests dared not look upon the vegetable.

To Pope Euticianus is attributed "the blessynge of benes upon the aultar," and the ghosts of the dead were appeased by the Romans, during the Lemuria, by throwing beans on the fire of the altar every other night for three times.

And an ancient Popish book, of 1565, says of some ceremony to which beans belonged: "We do not use to seeth ten or twelve beans together, but as many as we meane to eate; no more must be steepe, that is, meditate, upon ten or twelve sinnes only, neither for ten or twelve dayes, but upon all the sinnes that ever we committed even from our birth, if it were possible to remember them."—*Independent.*

A Primitive Mexican Mill.

The ordinary Mexican corn-mill is of the pattern that has been in use from time immemorial, sometimes as a hand-mill, but turned by a horse, camel, ox or ass when constructed on a larger scale. Livingstone describes, in South Africa, "a mill, such as in Biblical times Sarah used, when told by her lord to do the thing handsomely and in a hurry for the strangers—*i. e.*: a big stone worn quite hollow by the operations of grinding. The upper stone is grasped by both hands, and the weight of the body is brought down on it as it is shoved to the lower part." In the Mexican mill the upper stone is large and heavy enough to grind by its own weight the meal for the daily *tortillas*. The patient, circumambulating mule is not muzzled, but he is blindfolded by a pair of singular-looking conical extinguishers, which prevent his being distracted from his work by the sight of the grist he is pulverizing.

A Duel to the Death.

Two young men in France who were engaged to two sisters quarreled over some trifling matter, and agreed to settle their dispute by a duel, in which both should be wounded and one at least should be killed. The conditions agreed upon were that the right foot of the one should be tied to the left foot of the other, and then, each being armed with a dagger, they were to stab one another by turns until one should die. Each of the combatants received seven wounds before one of them expired, while still tied to his antagonist. The other was also removed in a dying [illegible] *York Press.*

The Methodist Epi[illegible] 132 theological [illegible] leges, 137 [illegible] amounting to [illegible]

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

Baby Has Gone to School.

The baby has gone to school; ah, me!
What will the mother do,
With never a call to button or pin,
Or tie a little shoe!
How can she keep herself busy all day
With the little "hindering thing" away?

Another basket to fill with lunch,
Another "good bye" to say,
And the mother stands at the door to see
Her baby march away;
And turns with a sigh that is half relief,
And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a [illegible] future morn,
When the [illegible]
Will go from th[illegible] into the world,
To battle with [illegible]
And not even the [illegible] left to cheer
The desolate [illegible] of that future year.

She picks up garments here and there,
Thrown down in careless haste,
And tries to think how it would seem
If nothing were displaced;
If the house was always as still as this,
How could she bear the loneliness!

—*Graphic.*

No More Bustles.

The fiat of fashion has gone forth that bustles shall be banished from the toilets of the fair sex, at which the unfair sex profess to be rejoicing merrily. "There will be more room in the street cars," says one. "We shall see graceful draperies," adds another, while a third delicately phrases his idea of clinging skirts and graceful outlines. The initiated smile with derisive pity, remembering that the unfair sex knows nothing of reeds. Only two small reeds which will be worn in every feminine skirt. The poor little bustle took up very little room in the street cars. It was the reeds that usurped space. The bustle fitted snugly to the small of the back, incommoding no one but the wearer; the reeds spread out in sitting down, and in walking were shaken by the wind. But what will become of all the bustle manufactories? There were a great number of them, and if this change in the fashion prevails their occupation will be gone. It serves them right, too, because they were all conducted by men, and it is men who have always howled about bustles. The story runs that a certain Parisian leader of fashion owed a bill for bustles which she was not prepared to pay. The bustle man sued her, and out of revenge she discarded bustles, and introduced the adjustable reed. Hence a very large industry received a serious blow. It seems hard upon all the work people who made the wire for the bustles, and the greater number who constructed the articles, and the young women employed to sell them, to say nothing of those who have bought a collection of bustles and don't know how to get rid of them.—*Toppart's Times.*

Splendid Jewels a Heavy Care.

The care of splendid jewels weighs very heavily upon their owners sometimes, and the women whose diamonds are too small to be mentioned in the letters from the summer watering-places, can console themselves with the fact that all the crooks and sharps in the country are not intently perusing such articles concerning them, and laying plans to render them diamondless. Some women at these summer resorts, who carry fortunes about with them in their jewel-cases, are extremely reckless in the care of them, and send cold shivers down the hotel clerk's spine by coming sleepily at midnight, dropping one hundred thousand dollars' worth of precious stones on the desk and making off before they stop to see whether he is looking or not. One bold snatch, on these occasions, would make a hotel thief comfortable for life. The rich cottagers, however, are more careful. They are aware that they are known all over the country, and the value of their gems accurately registered in burglars' note-books, and so they take proper precautions. Nearly all have heavy burglar and fire-proof safes set into the wall of their bed-rooms, and their costly possessions are deposited there every night. Mrs. William Astor and Mrs. Ogden Goelet both have alarms attached to the safes in their boudoirs, so that the slightest effort to tamper with the door will let loose a noise that can be heard a mile, and is calculated to induce nervous prostration in even the hardiest pilferer. When any of the Astors, Vanderbilts, Winthrops, Lorillards, or Van Rensselaers travel, a special courier is sent by their jeweler to guard their diamonds, and he is responsible for their safe delivery. He even goes abroad with them, it being his business to go to the safe deposit company, give a receipt for the jewels, see them safely in the Captain's safe aboard the steamer, take them out on the other side, and get a receipt from the London or Paris banker who has them in charge while the owners remain in Europe. Some women, however, will not trust their most treasured jewels to the hands of even a detective, and their methods of personally transporting them are as varied and queer as only feminine methods ever are. Mrs. Paran Stevens, who is nothing if not original, carries thousands of dollars' worth of blazing gems done up in a brown paper parcel and tied with a white cotton string. Her argument is that thieves would never suspect that so shabby a looking bundle, carelessly fastened into a shawl strap, was worth while carrying away. Mrs. Hicks-Lord —whose divorce, by the way, is on the eve of marriage with a French duke— transports that superb one-hundred-thousand dollar necklace and some quarter [illegible] worth of diamonds in a [illegible] about her waist. Mrs. [illegible] has some dear particular [illegible] to carry in the little [illegible] that served [illegible] that bustles are [illegible] obliged to pro-[illegible]

—*Argonaut.*

Fashion Notes.

Onyx is given a dead finish for mourning.

The fashionable tints of the fall are green, red and gray, in myriads of new variations.

New black woolens intended for mourning wear have crinkled stripes like crape.

Among the recently imported novelties in jewelry we note a tiny gold watch in fan shape.

Earrings in form of stirrups, one side set with diamonds, the other with sapphires, are a novelty.

Linked sleeve buttons are seen resembling coupled coffee beans. One will be silver, the other a copper tint, a third gold, and a fourth oxidized silver.

Cloths for the street, jackets and short wraps in beaver cloth, will be chiefly worn in red, terra cotta, slate, serpent, golden brown, marine blue, and black.

Directoire styles have again come to the fore, and broad lapping revers, high waisted evening bodices and redingotes street wear, will be a feature of the season.

A bodice that will be much favored for evening gowns this winter is cut low and square in front, with embroidered lappets falling down from the embroidered collar and the opening filled in with a chemisette of fine pleated white surah.

Cape overcoats grow in favor and fifty inches is their correct length for the average man, but to our mind the well-cut sack, of dark blue or black, full fitted but not loose, with velvet collar and stitched cuffs and edges, is far and away more stylish.

Long loops of ribbon velvet, that do not even pretend any connection with the girdle, flaunt or dangle at the sides of many new flat skirts, and save their wearers many of the complications necessarily incident to the empire sash or an awkward wearer.

Creature Comforts for Cattle.

Saturday afternoon there passed through this city Benjamin F. Holmes, general manager of the American Live Stock Express Company, in charge of the first train of rapid transit stock cars ever run west of Chicago. This company has devised a new car for the transportation of live stock, such as will prevent the bruising and suffering of animals while being shipped. This car will provide for the feeding and watering of stock while in transit, and it can be so divided that each animal will have a separate compartment or stall. These compartments or stalls are formed by a very simple, yet practicable device, which consist of a series of slats made of hickory and strapped with steel or iron, and operating transversely in grooves or channels formed in the side parts of the cars and being attached at each end with endless belt chains which engage with sprocket wheels situated close to the roof of the car and mounted upon countershafts situated in the sills, to which power is applied by means of a crank to move the partitions from a horizontal position in the cars, up longitudinally close under the roof, or in either direction, to form the stalls or make an open car. The cars carry the same number of head of stocks as ordinary cars, and when loaded by means of the above device, the stock can be separated very readily. The hay or grain is carried to the top or attic of the car, and the manner of placing it in the mangers is as convenient as it would be in a stable, and can be fed at any time while the train is in motion. Water is furnished by means of supply pipes, extending on the outside around the car, to which troughs are attached by short pipes, tapped into the main supply pipe, and by rotating the main pipe water, which is received in a tank at the end of the car, every trough will instantly fill up to the water level in the main pipe, furnishing eight gallons to each animal. The troughs, like the mangers, are built into the side walls in such a manner that the interior of the cars are smooth. The ventilation of these cars is by means of fan wheels, situated in the top and side of the feed bins.

The train was composed of seventeen stock cars and a way car. The way car is a model of elegance and comfort, being supplied with sleeping, cooking and dining rooms to accommodate three men, who are furnished by the company, the number required to take care of the stock while in transit. The cars are supplied with elliptic springs, Westinghouse air brakes, automatic couplers and the Sisum canting lever trucks, the same equipments now used on the best sleeping cars. These trains will be run on the Union Pacific and Milwaukee from Soda Springs, Idaho, to Chicago or any point in the East, and will run at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.—*Omaha Bee.*

The Barber's Delicate Art.

A barber says in the *Globe-Democrat:* Few people have an idea how few there are who could become barbers by any amount of application. I have had nineteen apprentices at various times, only seven of whom are tonsorial artists. Some boys are too nervous to acquire the ability, and particularly cigarette smokers. Others are too lazy. Still others have not the suaveness necessary, for a successful barber must be a polite man. Others have not the essential mechanism or cannot attain to the requisite lightness of touch. But morbid peculiarities are great factors in unfitting a candidate. For instance, I have just dismissed an apprentice because of his inordinate antipathy to warts. When a customer who is the possessor of a wart is down in a chair at the boy's mercy he shaves all around it with the utmost care; then a devilish grin distorts his features, the expression being the funniest I ever saw, and he cuts off the wart. The customer rises and discovers his face bleeding terribly, and the result is a row and a lost customer.

HAPPY SMILES.

It is the police who ma-nip-u-late.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

An Eastern publisher announces for fall, "How to Get a Husband." We respectfully suggest that the safest place to get him is by the ear.

GOLDSMITH'S love for "everything that's old" would have been gratified if Goldsmith could have lived to read the humor of the last half of the nineteenth century.

"HOW STORMS ARE MADE" is the subject of a learned article in an exchange. The quickest way to make them is to leave your umbrella at home.—*Dansville Breeze.*

HUSBAND (of economical views)—"That's a very becoming bonnet, my dear." Wife of (sarcastic turn)—"Oh, yes, becoming very old and decrepit."—*Washington Critic.*

Isn't it a little strange that when a ship is loaded she is generally well balanced, but when a man gets that way he is pretty certain to lose his balance?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Why women kiss women no one has ever yet been able to determine, but it is generally agreed, we believe, that men kiss women because the women want them to.—*Somerville Journal.*

FARMER'S wife (limping into the house)—"That brindle cow kicked me, John, an' I'm afraid my leg is broken." Farmer—"Gash ding that critter! Is the milk spilled?"—*Texas Siftings.*

MOTHER (to meddlesome child)—Edwin, if you don't stop putting your fingers in that oxalic acid, the first thing you know you will be on the way to heaven. Elder sister—Yes, and if you do go, just think, you would never see your dear mother again!—*Harper's Bazar.*

CUSTOMER (to barber)—"Shave down, please, as it makes my face sore to shave against the grain." "I'd just as soon shave down as not," replied the loquacious torturer, "but can't find any on your grizzly old face. The down on your face turned to bristles years ago."—*Dansville Breeze.*

The ruling passion is said to be very strong in the Czar of Russia.

On the brink—the abyss.

A knot is a division of a ship's log line corresponding to a nautical line.

More twins are born in May and July than in any other months.

Convicts are the only persons who do no believe in their convictions.

Where Lo, Cabins Flourish.

A party of American gentlemen, who had been camping out on an island in the great Lake Nipissing, Canada, last Summer, were recruiting in a sail boat and were yet seven miles from port when the sun went down, and with it the [illegible] breeze.

A discouraging situation, truly.

"Never mind, I can row you there inside of two hours," said the guide who had charge of the party, as their murmurs arose.

"Why, man, it is seven miles, there are four of us in this heavy boat—its a big job you undertake," said one.

"No matter, I have done the likes before and can do it again," cheerfully replied the broad shouldered Irishman, as he stowed away the sail and bent to the oars. He was a splendid oarsman, and the boat was soon under headway again.

"What would I not give to enjoy your health and strength," remarked the Professor.

"Yes, I am pretty healthy, and though I am past sixty I feel as strong as ever," replied the guide. "But only three years ago I stood at death's door and never thought to pull an oar again. You see, I was in the woods all winter, logging, and I got into the water one day and caught cold. It settled on my lungs and I had a bad cough, which hung on till I ran down almost to a skeleton."

"Call in a physician?"

"Yes, I went twenty miles through the bush to see a doctor. He gave me some medicine, but it didn't help me much."

"How was the cure effected?"

"An old Scotch lady, who had come over from the States gave me a preparation of balsams and herbs, which she said the early settlers in America used, and it soon stopped my cough and put me on my feet again."

One has but to travel along the frontier to learn how easy it is to get along without doctors, and how effective are the natural remedies which the old grandmothers know how to prepare. They often cure where the best physicians fail.

Every mother of a family knows how coughs and colds are quickly and radically cured with syrups and teas made from balsams and herbs which "grandmother taught us how to make."

Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy was, after long investigation into the merits and comparison with other old-time preparations, selected from them because proved to be the very best of them all. It has brought back the roses to many a pallid cheek—there is no known remedy its equal as a cure for coughs and colds.

Brethren of the cloth—tailors.

Pocahontas Times.

R. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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These terms will be strictly complied with, to the millionaire and school boy alike.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Dec. 6, 1888.

Party Discipline.

The recent success of the Republican party has been attributed to various causes, all of which, no doubt, had some bearing on the result; but, if any one thing had more to do with it than all else, we believe the thorough organization and discipline of the party did. Republicans long ago accepted as true the Bible maxim that "a house divided against itself cannot stand," hence the invariable unanimity of their action. On the other hand the democrats have time and again brought about their own defeat by senseless and bitter internal strife. Never was this more forcibly nor disastriously illustrated than in the local New York fight of the last campaign, by which Grover Cleveland was defeated and the national policy for the next four years completely changed. But the democrats of New York are not the only one who committed this great blunder; while the effect of their folly may by more far reaching, the same unwise and undemocratic conduct existed in various other states. In our own state, West Virginia, the legislature came near passing into the hands of the Republican party principally on account of division in our own ranks. In a number of counties there were two democrats running against one republican; but you didn't hear of two republicans against one democrat. How are we to account for this? Is it because there are more men hungering and thirsting for office in the democratic party than in the republican? Is it because we have more men born to be leaders? No, the true cause lies in the fact that the discipline of the democratic party has in the past been less rigid than the discipline of the other party. What an army needs most is not men to command, but men to obey. So it is with a political party; its success depends not as much on the number of its leaders as on the number led. The democratic party seems never to have learned that in politics individual plans and individual interests should when necessary be sacrificed to the will and interests of the party. So deficient indeed has been our training in this respect that it often happens that the behests of the party are less heeded than personal inclination and individual promotion more sought after than party triumph. This was true to a great extent in the last campaign, and behold th result. Never can we hope again to control and guide by our own hands the ship of state until doctrines and practices so false and pernicious be entirely abandoned. No man is a true democrat or true republican who insists that he is wiser than his party, or that the country would receive greater benefit from his individual success than from the success of his party. In politics, as in everything else, selfishness is extremely unprofitable and greatly to be dreaded. But they ask us, "What are we going to do when the party nominates a man that we don't like to support?" Our answer is that in such cases the nomination perhaps went by default, but few took any interest in it; if so, those who without reason gave themselves no concern and took no pains to help put forward whom they believed to be the right man shouldn't complain of the action of those who did take enough interests to represent their party. If, on the other hand, a nomination were made by the entire party we must fall back on the underlying principle of our government that the majority shall rule. So in neither case is there ground for complaint or excuse for opposition. It would seem that our recent defeat would so forcibly teach us this lesson that it need never be referred to again. Let us hope so at least; and now that we begin to rebuild our broken ship, see to it that none but the best materials are used. Permit no unsound nor warped nor wind-shaken timber to enter into the structure. As for those who lead us against the rock of our destruction, allow them to remain on board, but never again entrust to their hands the guidance of the ship. If we do these things and ourselves remain true, it is only a question of time when we shall regain all that we have lost and more.

Secretary Whitney's annual report records the greatest administrative success of Mr. Cleveland's term. Whatever has happened in other departments of the Government, every Democrat may be proud of the manner in which the Secretary of the Navy has done his work.

This is all the more satisfactory because under Republican rule the Navy Department became the most conspicious seat of maladministration, corruption, and incompetency in the whole Government. Nowhere else was there such an urgent demand for radical and honest reform. Nowhere else has there been so intelligent and thorough an interpretation of the commission entrusted to the Democratic party by the vote of the people four years ago.

Mr. Whitney has rendered the country a service of inestimable value, and we perceive no disposition on the part of anybody, Democrat or Republican, to deny him the credit that belongs to fidelity, integrity, and remarkable ability. He has indeed administered the affairs of the Navy Department as a public trust.—N. Y. Sun.

Mr. Harrison and his party will have a Republican Congress which can be relied upon to pass almost any measure he may recommend, and which can rely upon him to approve almost any legislation it may pass. It is better for the country that there should be a check upon legislation in Congress by the existence of either an adverse majority in one House or an adverse President, as there are far two many laws already; but it is to the advantage of the Democratic party that the Republicans should have full sweep and no obstruction to the execution of their purposes. With plenty of rope the Republican calf will hang itself before another election comes around, unless its education has progressed amazingly since it was last in position to move at its own sweet will.—Fayette Democrat.

The rush has begun. Thousands of patriots who are willing to serve their country for glory and a salary are deluging members of Congress with their offers of service. Republican statesmen are just beginning to see how popular they are, and how miserable their lives can be made. Republican hold over clerks are realising the awful seriousness of the rush and are wishing they hadn't. Democratic clerks have their grip-sacks packed ready for the exodus, or ought to have.

And the merry fun goes on. These things have to occur once or twice in a lifetime, and maybe oftener. So must it be. There will be another shake-up in '93.—Wheeling Register.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 17th day of October, 1888, in the Chancery cause of George N. Tacy vs. Hamilton Collins etc., I, as special commissioner appointed in the said decree, shall proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court-House of said county, on the

1st DAY OF JANUARY, 1888,

the following real estate, to-wit:

A tract of land containing One Hundred acres, more or less, lying on the waters of Clover Creek, in Pocahontas county, West Virginia, adjoining the lands of S. B. Hannah, B. Doyle and others, being the same land heretofore sold to Hamilton Collins by said George N. Tacy.

TERMS OF SALE.

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue, the purchaser to execute three several bonds with good security, falling due respectively in Six, Twelve and Eighteen months from day of sale, said bonds bearing interest from day of sale. A lien will also be retained on said land as ultimate security.

H. S. RUCKER, Sp'l Commissioner.

C. B. SWECKER, Auctioneer.

Bond has been given by the above Special Commissioner as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k of Ct. Cr't.

Dec. 6 4-t. Printers fee $8.25.

JOB WORK

Done with neatness and on short notice at THE TIMES office, Huntersville

...—Rev. J. Luster Henderson will preach for this year at the following places as stated:

1st Sunday,	Huntersville,	11 A. M.
" "	Mt. Pleasant,	4 P. M.
2nd "	Sunset,	11 A. M.
" "	Bethel,	3 P. M.
3rd "	Huntersville,	11 A. M.
" "	Mt. Pleasant,	4 P. M.
4th "	Bethel,	11 A. M.
" "	Sunset,	3 P. M.

HOME NEWS

—Fisher killed somebody's pet ...er last Saturday.

—It is reported that Nelson ...ore, who was a short time ago ...leased from jail on bail, has disappeared.

—Jno. E. Campbell, who for ...metime has been working at ...harlottesville, Va., has returned to ...s old place in the TIMES office.

—Mr. L. M. McClintic and Miss ...lie Slaven were united in marriage, Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock, at the Huntersville Hotel. ...e extend hearty congratulations ...d good wishes.

—Rev. H. W. Kinzer, who has ...r some days been ill at the residence of C. P. Moore, started for ...s home in Lewisburg yesterday morning, accompanied by his wife.

—Sacramental meeting at the Presbyterian church next sabbath. Preliminary services on Saturday.

—I hereby gratefully acknowledge the earnest solicitude of the ...l people of Huntersville and community in my behalf, and their ...eeding kindness to me during ...y late illness, and invoke upon ...em the richest blessings of heaven.

H. W. KINZER.

—Jas. B. Canfield, Esq., former ...itor of THE TIMES, will shortly remove to Gordonsville, Va., to ...ke charge of the Orange County *Gazette*, which paper he recently purchased. We regret very much ...o lose Mr. Canfield, but as he has determined to go we wish him and ...*Gazette* abundant success.

—The first genuine, old time ...n paid the new managers of ...E TIMES for subscription, was ...d by Peter Hill, Esq., of Jacox. ...ank you, sir.

—Isaac McNeel, Esq., of Mill ...int, spent Tuesday night in town.

—Miss Lizzie Ligon, of Clover ...ck, was at the Huntersville Ho... Tuesday night. The object of ...r visit will be seen by reading the marriage notice in another column.

—Now is the time to renew your subscription to THE TIMES; or, if ...have never before been a subscriber, begin it with the new year. ...shall try hard to give you the ...rth of your money.

Christmas Tree.

The people of Dunmore and vicinity contemplate having a big Christmas tree during the Holli...ays. The tree will be for every...dy, and all are invited to help ...t up the Xmas. tricks. It will be ...r young and old. Let everybody ...o to work and help to make the ...e interesting.

OLD KRIS.

FOR SALE.

...ave for sale in Huntersville ...following property: One good ..., one cooking stove, two heat... stoves, one bedstead, cupboards, ...bles, chairs, one marble top par...r table, washstand, bureau, and ...ny other things useful about a ...use. If you desire any of the a...ve articles call early.

Respectfully,
JAS. B. CANFIELD.

WANTED

...ressed Deer Skins, Hides and ...ow for cash or exchange.

A. P. LEIST,
..., Harness, Sad...
...W. Va.

School Reports.

The following is the report of Fairview school for the 2nd month ending November 23rd, 1888:

No. enrolled—Girls, 15; boys, 11.

Average daily attendance—Girls, 11; boys, 8.

Per cent. of daily attendance—Girls, 90; boys, 81.

No. of pupils neither absent nor tardy—Minnie Johnson, Carry Friel, Lena Friel, Frances Sharp, Josie Friel, Amos Sharp, Jerry Friel, Jiles Johnson.

JOHN A. MCLAUGHLIN,
Teacher.

The following is the report of the Swago school for the month ending November 23rd:

No. of pupils enrolled—Boys 14, girls 12.

Average daily attendance, 17.

Per cent. of daily attendance, 84.

Pupils neither absent nor tardy, Olive Overholt, Laura Overholt, Joe Hannah and Malvin Overholt.

A. S. OVERHOLT,
Teacher.

Closing Accounts.

I have sold THE TIMES office to Mr. S. B. Loury, Jr., and Atty. C. F. Moore, and am now settling up all accounts due me on Subscription, Job Work and Advertising. I ask each and every one to give immediate attention to the statements sent to each this week, as I expect to leave the county on December 17th and wish all accounts closed before that time. All accounts not paid before December 15th will be given to L. M. McClintic for collection. Each account is made out at the advance rates, but if any remain unpaid December 15, they will be put in Mr. McClintic's hands at the rate of $2 per year. Honor the statements you receive with cash at once and save time and cost to us both.

Very Truly,
JAS. B. CANFIELD.

McClintic-Slaven.

The marriage of L. M. McClintic, Esq. and Miss Alice Slaven, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Slaven, was celebrated Wednesday morning 5th, inst. No cards. Wm. T. Price officiating minister. The attendants were Misses Minnie Gammon, of Missouri and Lizzie Ligon, of Clover Lick, along with Messrs. Dr. McClintic, of Edray and Harry Patterson, of Huntersville. This auspicious event in the society of our town passed off in a very quiet and appropriate manner, and it was difficult to realize that the nuptials of young persons, so widely known and highly esteemed were being solemnized. W.

Who is to be the next Governor of West Virginia is a question that will most likely remain unsettled till the legislature convenes and decides it. The democrats and republicans are equally loud and confident in their claims. It seems, however, to be generally conceded that the rest of the democratic State ticket is elected, and that the state has gone for Cleveland by about 1,000 majority.

The legislature will be democratic by one majority on joint ballot, insuring the election of a democrat to succeed John E. Kenna in the United States Senate, unless there be some purchasable property among the democrats.

A correspondent of the New York Sun predicts that Grover Cleveland will make his future home in Orange, N. J., and will succeed Blodgett in the U. S. Senate.

The closing session of the Fiftieth Congress met at Washington last Monday. The President's Message, which is said to be a lengthy paper, will now be given the public.

Benjamin and Levi have won the presidential race and Daniel will shortly have to give way to Elijah, and still Bob Ingersoll and a few other Republicans do not believe in the Bible.

AN ANECDOTE OF LONGFELLOW.

A New York paper, in some pleasant gossip about Mr. Longfellow, tells a story of the way he treated the charges of plagiarism against the Indian poem, "Hiawatha," in following closely both the form and substance of The Kalevala, the national epic of Finland. When they began to appear, he showed a profound indifference on the subject; but before long his publisher thought best to call his attention to them, and suggested that a reply from the poet be written. "Well, I'll think about it," said Mr. Longfellow, and there the matter dropped. The press continued to echo and re-echo the charge; and the publisher again called on the poet, saying, "Really, Mr. Longfellow, I think it is high time this charge was answered." Again Longfellow said "I'll see about it," adding, quietly. "How is the book selling?" "Oh, wonderfully well," said the publisher. "Better than my other books?" "Oh much better," and he named the figures. Shortly after his interview (Mr. Longfellow still keeping silence), the *Tribune* came out with almost a page of broadside on the subject. The publisher was now really excited. He called on the poet again. "It will not do," he said, very decidedly, "to let this thing go on any longer." "How does the book sell?" asked Longfellow. "Amazingly—the sale is already equal to the combined sales of your other books." "Then," said Longfellow. "I think we ought to be thankful to these critics. Let them talk. Seems to me they are giving us a large amount of gratuitous advertising. Better let them alone." And let alone they were. The fact that at that time there was no existing translation into English which would enable readers to make comparisons, rendered Mr. Longfellow's silence comparatively safe. Now that a complete translation is published in fine and popular form by ALDEN, readers will have a justifiable curiosity to investigate, and see wherein the resemblance lies. And, as commonly is true in comparing originals and imitations, it will be found that great as the merit is of Mr. Longfellow's work, and characteristic of his own individuality, The Kalevala is a work of almost infinitely higher order.

Cocaine, the latest discovered anæsthetic, is, it seems, like its predecessors, chloroform, chloral, and morphine, claiming its victims. A Swiss physician tells the story of a medical friend of his who has succumbed to its fatal allurements. The victim began with morphine, which he eventually exchanged for cocaine. As usual, his first experiments were attended by increased vigor of mind and boby. This, however, was soon followed by mental and nervous depression. After increased doses of the drug, he experienced hallucinations, was compelled to walk round and round in circles, to endeavor to pick up needles where he knew none were to be found, and was at length left utterly sleepless and without appetite. To escape the fatal influence of the drug he gave up his practice, and went as surgeon in a ship bound for the east. At length, by means of long sea voyages, he overcame his craving, and was restored to health, only, as he knew, to fall a victim to the poison once more on finding it accessible. Persistent indulgence in the drug resulted in one of the most terrible of deaths—exhaustion from tetanus.—St. James Gazette.

BOOKS AND READING.

Desultory habits of *study* are not to be commended; but I do not advise you to pursue any systematic course of *reading*, because I am looking upon reading, for the moment, not as an exercise but as a recreation, and I fear lest, if it were reduced to a rigid and regular system it should become a wearisome task I would have you omnivorous of books; devour all the *good* books that you come across, your life will certainly not last long enough to leave you time for the temporary ones.

However warmly you may admire a particular author, do not permit yourself to lose the consciousness of fallibility. Do not accept as gospel what any man, however great, he says or writes. Never make a blind surrender of your own judgment, either to the author whose writings you affect or to the society which for the time sets him up as an idol. There is a fashion in these things which is very like affectation. Yesterday the rage was for Carlyle; to-day it is for Matthew Arnold or Herbert Spencer; to morrow it may be for some as yet undiscovered literary planet. Do not let yourself be swept away by the stream. Form your own judgment on the best materials you have and do not hesitate modestly to express your own preference or dislike, even if it be out of harmony with the popular sentiment of the moment.

"Books are a guide in youth, and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude and keep us from becoming a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares and passions and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride or design in their conversation."—Notes for Boys.

Notice to Creditors.

To the creditors of Allen D. Grimes, dec'd:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the county of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Allen D. Grimes to the payment of his debts; you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said Allen D. Grimes for adjudication to James W. Warwick, Jr., Commissioner, at his office in the said county, on or before the 27th day of February, 1889.

Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of the said court, this 15th day of November, 1888.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Nov23-6t.] Printer's fee, $4.85.

Notice to Creditors.

To the Creditors of John Sharp, dec'd:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the county of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subjet the real estate of the said John Sharp to the payment of his debts; you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said John Sharp for adjudication to James W. Warwick, Jr., Commissioner, at his office in the said county, on or before the 28th day of February, 1889.

Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of the said court, this the 16th day of November, 1888.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Nov23-6t.] Printer's fee, $4.85.

Commissioner's Office,

Huntersville, W. Va.,
November, 16th, 1888.

John Sharp's Adm'r
vs.
John Sharp's Legatees, etc.

All parties interested in the above cause take notice that I will proceed at my office in Huntersville, W. Va., on THURSDAY, THE 28th DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1889,

to take the following accounts:

1 A settlement of the account of J. C. Arbogast as Administrator, with the will annexed of John Sharp, dec'd;

2 Who the creditors are and the amount of their claims, if any, severally and collectively, with their dignities and priorities;

3 What amount remains in the hands of the Administrator after discharging the debts, if anything, and to whom payable;

4 Any matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest as required by a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, pronounced in above cause at its October Term, 1888, at which time and place you are required to attend.

JAS. W. WARWICK, Jr.,
Com'r Cir. Ct. P.C.

Nov.22-4t.] Printer's fee, $8.67.

Commissioner's Office,

Huntersville, W. Va.,
Nov. 16th, 1888.

Rosella Smith, etc.,
vs.
Mary F. Malcomb, etc.

IN CHANCERY.

All parties interested in above cause are hereby notified that I will proceed at my office in Huntersville, in said county, on

THURSDAY, THE 20th DAY OF DECEMBER, 1888,

to take the following accounts:

1 The names of the persons who have interest in the 202 acres of land in the bill and proceedings mentioned and the amount of their several interests:

2 The value of the personal estate of George W. Moore, dec'd, with which Mary F. Malcomb and John W. Malcomb, or either of them should be charged;

3 Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest to be specially stated, as required by a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered in above cause at the October Term thereof, 1888, at which time and place you are required to attend.

JAS. W. WARWICK, JR.,
Com'r Cir. Ct, P. C.

Nov22-4t.] Printer's fee, $8.67.

TAKE A LESSON FROM THE FARMER.

There's a lesson in the saying of a farmer in the West
That of other things in life, as well, might answer for a test.
Shall I give the lesson to you? Will you heed its teachings? Well,
Listen to me but a moment and the story I will tell.

We were out among the milch cows, speaking of the best ones there,
When the farmer of my first choice said, with patronizing air:
"She's as plump as any pigeon, and her coat's as soft as silk,
But the slickest-looking heifer ain't the one that gives the milk."

Oft 'neath clumsy outward bearing beats a heart both true and brave,
And the smooth and winning manners may conceal the vilest knave.
So the lean horse does the pulling and is not afraid of work,
While the fat and lazy pony is contriving how to shirk.

Would you back a city dandy to engage in any strife,
Or the one whose hands are smoothest for the heavy work of life?
Choose the homely for your milch cow and we'll then, sir, by your leave,
Send the short-horn to the butcher, she will make him splendid beef.

Take a lesson from the farmer, with his sturdy common sense,
Who, unlike the politician, never sits astride the fence;
Watch the smoothest talking fellow, he may prove the biggest bilk;
Know "the slickest looking heifer ain't the one that gives the milk."

—[Matt W. Anderson in the Mercury.

VERNEENA'S FORTUNE;

—OR,—

The Stolen Heiress.

A TALE OF NEW YORK IN 1835.

BY PROF. WM. HENRY PECK,

AUTHOR OF

"The Queen's Secret," "The Tower of Gold," "The Half-Breed," "Harold's Hate," "The Bride of Barcelona," Etc.

[CONTINUED.]

The eyes of the dame flashed rage, but she restrained a spoken expression of her wrath. Edward smiled scornfully and continued:

"Mr. Bratton states frankly to my father, dame, that he has lost temporarily all he borrowed from you."

"The scoundrel! The unholy villain!" muttered the dame.

"And also," added Edward, "that he has good cause to believe that if he should fail to pay you the borrowed money, and every dollar he unfortunately owes you, you will not hesitate to have him arrested upon a false but plausible charge of fraud, and do all you can to imprison and disgrace him."

"Bah! So I will! Lost my fifty thousand dollars has he! The unmitigated wretch! He shall pay me every cent this very day——"

"The gate is open, Dame Grippard!" exclaimed Pettis at this moment—Jansen having had more difficulty with the locks than he had expected when he promised to have the gate open so speedily.

"Very well, Pettis," responded the dame, checking herself in what she had intended to say in regard to her tenant. "Come here, Pettis, and give me your aid to get into my chariot. I sprained my ankle just now when I forgot for the moment that I am now merely a poor, old, decrepit woman, full of aches, weaknesses and infirmities."

Pettis lost no time in helping her into the chaise, and she continued, to Verneena, in an exhausted tone:

"Oh, my dear! I am so weak. So weak. I feel as if I were a hundred years old—and I am sure I look it this minute. Now drive into the yard, my dear, and halt the chariot near the office door. I'll get out there. Shouldn't wonder a bit if I have to order the door to be battered down. I have not the least doubt that Bratton has run away," she added to herself.

Verneena began to drive into the yard. The dame beckoned to Edward to ride at her side of the vehicle, and he complied.

"My dear Mr. Hawksworthy," she said in a voice too low to be heard by others, "have you the large sum you named just now?"

"Every dollar of it, Dame Grippard—and more."

"More!" exclaimed the dame in her heart. "More than a hundred thousand dollars! He must be the son of a very rich man. Richer than Captain [illegible], by a long shot! But this fellow and his father are doubtless too honest, too scrupulous, and all that, and the rest of what the world pretends to admire so much—bah!—and would [illegible] at any proposition of mine to share with me the inheritance that belongs to this minx at my side—and which she can never get a dollar of without my aid. No, Captain [illegible] is my man for the game I am playing—every time. Yah, I see that I have been much too hasty in trying to make a bargain with the Captain."

She turned again to Edward, as the chaise rolled slowly across the spacious yard, and whispered:

"My dear good Mr. Hawksworthy, I [illegible]

[illegible]

worthy? And then from the rest of the money which your father so nobly lends to him, he can pay me the rent he owes me.

"And," she added quickly, "this is only a part of the dower I intend to give to our Verneena on her wedding day, Mr. Hawksworthy. I mean to give her all I am worth when I die—and it will be a handsome pile, I assure you. Oh, yes, a very handsome pile—up in the hundreds of thousands, perhaps—but don't whisper a word of this to any one else in the wide world. I don't wish people in general to know how rich I can make our dear Verneena on her marriage day. Here is Mr. Bratton's note, Mr. Hawksworthy. Of course you have no objection to giving me the money for it, under the circumstances, right now?"

The above was whispered by the dame with wonderful fluency, in her most ingratiating style of manner and tone, her eyes flaming with desire to have in her possession the large sum concerning which she was so extremely anxious.

"The money," she said to herself, "if this whipper-snapper is not lying—and sometimes I suspect he is—has been very slow in getting near Old Anchors. Bratton has received no reply, it seems, to his appeal for aid. In sheer despair, if for no other reason, Bratton may have fled during last night—with money which should be in my hands. I do not at all like the looks of things about the premises. I am sure that Bratton has been playing the rascal. Oh, if this young fool would only pay that money to me now—here on the spot."

"Dame Grippard," replied Edward, curtly to her request, "by my father's special order I am to pay the money into Mr. Bratton's own hand, and not until he and I shall have had some conversation in reference to its use hereafter."

This reply filled the soul of the dame with furious chagrin, but the chaise was now too near the office door, and the presence of others around it, to permit her to give vent to her wrath. Besides, Pettis advanced at this moment and said:

"I have knocked and hammered on the office door, Dame Grippard, and failed to obtain the least reply from within. What shall be done now? I am wholly at your service."

"Of course you are that, you simpleton," snapped the dame, as she arose from her seat with assumed decrepitude. "At whose service should you be, if not at mine, you fool? Here, give me your aid to get out of this chariot. I shall not be such an idiot as to jump from it again, and nearly break my ankle—as I did yonder at the gate."

With the help of Pettis, she was soon on the ground, and no sooner was she there than she cried angrily to him:

"Force the door, man. Make quick entrance in some way. By door or window. Haste! I believe Bratton has run away. Haste!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

SUSPICIONS OF FOUL PLAY.

Now to obey Dame Grippard's command, Pettis instantly flashed his eyes round in search of something to use against the door.

But she suddenly remembered that the lock and frame of the portal would be greatly damaged by forcing an entrance, and exclaimed:

"No, no! No smashing of locks and door frames, Pettis. A broken shutter and a shattered pane of glass are less costly. Jansen, force open a shutter, break a pane, unlock a sash and raise a window. Quick! I am anxious to learn why Bratton has dared to keep himself hidden so long this morning. Haste, Jansen."

The Swede quickly forced open a shutter of one of the windows, the sill being not more than breast high to him as he stood on the ground; but as he was about to shatter a pane of glass he noticed that the sash bolt used to lock the lower sash down was not in place. He at once exclaimed in a tone of surprise:

"Hello! This sash is unlocked. That is strange. However, had not Mr. Bratton discharged me from his service before sundown yesterday this window would now be bolted down on the inside. It was always my duty to see to the sash bolts of the windows——"

"Well, well!" snapped the dame, impatiently, "are you going to talk about yourself and your late duties all day? Open the window and then the doors."

Jansen opened the window and sprang over its sill into the counting-room of Old Anchors. Scarcely had his feet struck the floor ere he stooped, picked up something that had caught his notice, and slipped it into one of his pockets. This act was unobserved by any one. He then unlocked, unbolted and opened the door.

By this time Edward had dismounted and tied his horse to a post near the door. He whispered to Verneena, who was still seated in the chaise:

"I do not like the appearance of affairs here, my love. However, I will say no more of that at present. I am exceedingly anxious to see Mr. Bratton, and to prove to him that had my father received his petition sooner this wretched old cormorant would have had no cause to be croaking at his door to-day."

"Ah," replied the beautiful girl, in the same guarded manner, "I am very happy to know that you have it in your power, and are here to free the good gentleman from her clutches. I know well how merciless she delights to be toward any delinquent debtor."

"Yes," said Edward, with some bitterness, as he glanced at the dame; "it is easy to see fiendishness of intent in her flaming eyes and fierce looks. I too am very happy in my hope that all will hereafter go well with Mr. Bratton, for my father has a high opinion of his integrity—having had many business transactions with him years ago, before my father retired from active business life in this city to reside quietly in Albany.

"But I was about to say to you, my love," he added, "that the money which I have for Mr. Bratton reached me only a few hours ago. As I told you in my last letter, I had to hasten to Washington upon official business. The Secretary of the Navy detained me in that city longer than I desired or expected. I was able to return to New York only at a late hour last night. Scarcely had I arrived when a special messenger from my father placed in my hand the letter of which you have just heard me speak to Dame Grippard. As soon as I had read my father's letter I hired a boy to [illegible]

[illegible]

entered the office, and was immediately followed by Edward, Verneena and others.

The counting-room of Old Anchors was quite spacious, and much greater in length than in width. In it were many articles pertaining to the ship-chandlery business, besides such furniture as is usually found in business offices. The greater portion of this furniture, however, was now covered with dust which had been gathered for weeks from disuse. Trade had not been brisk at Old Anchors for many days.

The room had several doors as well as many windows. Some of the doors gave entrance into rear warerooms, and one was open at the foot of a stairway that gave access to the upper part of the edifice, and the dwelling place of the Bratton family.

All the windows and their shutters were closed as the party of visitors entered the office—that is, all save the window by which the Swede had got in. To admit light, he at once began to unlock and open the windows. As he was thus occupied he noticed that every window sash was securely bolted down, and that all the shutters were fastened on the inside. The shutters were so arranged that they fastened themselves when closed from within. Jansen, as we have intimated, had found the shutter which he forced from the outside fastened on the inside. This fastening of the shutter could have been done by a pressure exerted from the outside.

Jansen, keeping his thoughts to himself the while, but muttering, as was his habit when perplexed, moved rapidly from window to window, looking sharply at the fastenings of every sash ere he threw open the shutters.

Meanwhile Dame Grippard had dropped herself into a large arm-chair near the middle of the office, feigning to be very feeble and weary, but with swiftly sweeping glances which seemed to devour everything in the place. Suddenly she raised her head arrogantly, struck the point of her staff upon the floor and croaked:

"Know all that I now take possession, full and entire possession, of these premises, from garret to cellar, from front to rear, from river to street. I am the owner, sole owner, here, and here I intend to do as I please this day."

"No one disputes that, Dame Grippard. So much the worse for everybody, say I," exclaimed Jansen, bluffly—for he detested the dame, having once been her debtor, to his great grief.

The dame glared angrily at the Swede for a moment, but restraining her desire to hurl a curse at him, said sharply to Pettis:

"Pettis, there is a bell-cord at the back of Bratton's desk. He used it when he desired the presence of any one from above. The bell hangs in the hall near his bedroom. Ring it. If he is above—awake or asleep—he will be sure to hear it. If he does not come down speedily I'll soon know the reason why. Ring the bell, I say."

Pettis obeyed instantly, and the bell sounded loud and shrill throughout the great vacant rooms above and below.

"That ought to rouse him," said the dame, nodding her head viciously. "But it will not. Why not? Because he is not up there to hear anything we may do down here. He has run away. I say I know he has run away, Pettis. I had bad tidings about him yesterday morning, early in the day, from the clerk he discharged last week—the last clerk he had in his employ—Townly. That clerk told me to look out for my money, for he knew that Bratton would certainly go bankrupt in less than a month. So I am here, as you ought to know by this time, to get my money. But I was a fool not to come here yesterday morning and have Bratton arrested. Bratton is undoubtedly a thief—a robber of helpless widows—a——"

"Say no more about that, Dame Grippard," interrupted Edward, indignantly. "I do not believe that Mr. Bratton has run from his debts by flight. It is possible that he may have been driven to take his life with his own hand rather than be cast into prison and disgraced by you."

"Eh? What do you mean by that, Mr. Hawksworthy?" cried the dame, sharply, and turning pale for an instant, though her scowling face seemed nearly black the next moment.

"Dame Grippard," responded Edward, sternly, "my mind has not been at ease for Mr. Bratton's life since I halted before yonder gate and found it closed and locked. My father writes in his letter to me—the letter containing money for Mr. Bratton—that Mr. Bratton wrote to him in the delayed letter that he, Mr. Bratton, saw nothing between his future and disgraceful imprisonment, under a false but plausible charge of fraud, save death by his own hand. Now, from what my father writes in regard to Mr. Bratton's upright character, I cannot believe that James Bratton could be a thief, even if he tried to be one."

Before Edward could say more, Dame Grippard sprang to her feet and struck the floor furious blows with the point of her staff—a sure sign that her rage and other emotions were beyond her power to articulate. She glared mingled rage, hate, and terror around her. A foam seemed to be [illegible]

[illegible]

his set teeth and pallid lips, Jansen bounded to the stairway and vanished instantly upward. His heavily shod but active feet could be heard loudly as they clattered on the stairway after he had vanished so swiftly.

Dame Grippard glared around her in a dazed and dismayed way for a few moments, muttering, with ashy white lips:

"Have I, indeed, lost all that money? Have I? Murdered? I will not believe it. Suicide? James Bratton dead and I not paid? Fifty-five thousand dollars! All paid by his death? I will not believe it! It is a horrible lie! Dead, and I robbed by him, and he not punished by me? I say it is a foul lie!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SWEDE'S [illegible].

Dame Grippard quickly regained her usual aspect of feature. Laughing scornfully, she said:

"The Swede is crazy, or rather he is an ass. Any one who knows James Bratton as I do knows very well that he would not harm himself. Run from what he owes me he probably has. You will see I am not mistaken, Mr. Hawksworthy. There is neither death by murder nor suicide in this matter."

"I see no reason why murder should be suspected, dame; but I do suspect suicide has been committed," replied Edward, gravely.

"May his murderer, if he has been murdered, be hanged ten times as high as Haman, and be ten times as long in dying! He has not been murdered, nor has he committed suicide. Upon either will I stake my life. Come, Pettis, and you, my dear Verneena, and you, Mr. Hawksworthy, if you will be so kind, let us all go above. Others that are here may also come, if they wish. Let us see whatever is to be seen above by that crazy Swede. Suicide? Bah! Murder? Bosh! Come, my friends. Come on!"

Forgetful, in her excitement, of her feigned decrepitude, she hurried up the stairway scarcely less swiftly than Jansen had.

But on arriving at the first landing she suddenly remembered the role she was wont to play in public, and instantly resuming her usual slowness and tottering deliberateness of step, feigned to be forced to lean against the wall, as from utter weakness of all her joints and muscles.

"Oh!" she gasped, panting for breath. "Oh! I am about to faint. Oh, me! Oh, Mr. Hawksworthy, please give the support of your arm for a few moments! Do!"

All had hastened up the stairway after the dame. Edward was near her. He supposed she really was about to swoon. Mindful only of the fact that she was a woman who seemed to stand in great need of support, he at once gave her his arm.

He was barely able to repress a shudder of detestation, however, as she grasped his arm and clutched it tenaciously, forcing her long, strong, and bony fingers gripingly upon his flesh.

In her heart she said at this moment:

"Some day, some day not far away, young man, I will have my grasp upon you—upon your throat, upon your heart—more ferociously than ever was claw of a tigress on the flesh of her shrinking prey. I will, young Hawksworthy; I will!"

She then said aloud, in a gasping voice, and with many breaks in her speech:

[illegible]

him to his death while he flees! May he live to be hanged, and may I be there to see him strangle! Pull up those shades, Pettis. The light you saw shining through them last night deceived you, Pettis. He left the candles and lamp burning to deceive any one who might be on the watch. Cunning villain! Oh, how I wish he was right now in reach of this staff! I'd pin him!"

Pallid and ashy again from ungovernable and impotent rage and disappointed avarice, the dame sank into a large arm-chair, glaring at everything around her the fury she could not gratify.

All present were silent, gazing curiously at her. Pettis soon advanced humbly, and bowing low. He said softly:

"My dear Dame Grippard—if I am permitted to speak on this grievous subject—it seems to me that it is possible, barely possible, that—that—that you may be a little—a very little—mistaken—that is, hasty—if I may presume to use so strong a word in connection with one so wise as yourself——"

"Pettis," snapped the dame, fiercely, "you are simply the greatest ass that ever brayed."

"Thank you, Dame Grippard. It may be true that I am, as you are pleased to call me. I would not presume to dispute your opinion of any one. But we have not yet——"

"Pettis," interrupted the dame, "you are a deceived idiot."

At this moment a middle-aged and neatly attired mulatto woman, who was one of Mrs. Bratton's servants, paused on the threshold of the room, and looked toward Dame Grippard with a face full of terror.

This woman had just arrived at Old Anchors, and heard below that her master had run away, or committed suicide, or been murdered. Her usually yellow visage was now tallowy white. Her eyes rolled with wonder and alarm in every glance.

Dame Grippard darted fierce eyes and words at the woman instantly.

[illegible]

no, we did not hear your blows.' You are a fool. Finish your story. I am very sure that Fred on did not hear them either. Did you force up the trap door?"

"I did not. I could not. Ten men ten times as strong as I am can not force upward that trap-door without tools, dame. I resolved to get tools immediately. There are plenty of tools of many kinds in the office below. I ran from the room under the cupola, on my way to the office—I was nearly at this door, and out in the hall yonder—when I chanced to look at my hands for the first time since I had beaten the under side of the trap-door with them. Look at my hands, dame."

Here Jansen suddenly flashed his hands from behind him and extended them, each wide open and rigid in finger, toward the dame.

Both hands were smeared and discolored with dark red spots and stains. They and Jansen's aspect were terrible.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Miscellaneous Quotations.

I shall die before I speak anything unworthy of myself.—*King Philip.*

Laughter dissipates the tedium of any place.—*General John McDonald.*

If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.—*General John A. Dix.*

Paint me as I am.—*Oliver Cromwell.*

I have the first prize.—*Last words of Colonel E. E. Ellsworth.*

With our faces to the setting sun we tread the declining path of life, and the shadows lengthen and darken behind us.—*Henry Brown Anthony.*

The habit of looking at the best side of any event is worth far more than a thousand pounds a year.—*Doctor Samuel Johnson.*

The world is God's epistle to mankind.—*Plato.*

After speech, silence is the greatest power in the world.—*Lacordaire.*

I would have nothing to do with a man who can not be moved to indignation.—*Perthes.*

There are more good people than bad in the world, and the bad get the upper hand merely because they are bolder.—*Perthes.*

A goose's quill often hurts more than a lion's claw.—*Spanish proverb.*

Be silent, or say something better than silence.—*Pythagoras.*

It cannot be denied that fear of women, and not love of men, makes the fair sex submit to the tyranny of fashion.—*Ben: Perley Poore.*

If I were to be idle, I should go mad.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

No man who has opinions can expect the universal concurrence of his party in all his views, and no man without opinions is worthy of the support of a great party.—*James A. Garfield.*

Happy is the nation whose annals are tiresome.—*Montesquieu.*

It is not from the billows, but the calm level of the sea, from which all heights and depths are measured.—*James A. Garfield.*

A handful of good life is worth a bushel of learning.—*George Herbert.*

A restlessness to have something which we have not, and to be something which we are not, is the root of all immorality.—*Shaftesbury.*

Duty is the cement which binds the whole moral edifice together.—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

> How happy is he born and taught
> That serveth not another's will!
> Whose armor is his honest thought,
> And simple truth his utmost skill.
> —*Wotton.*

Be mindful of your honor, which raises you above fortune and above kings.—*Vittoria Colonna.*

To none is life so sweet as to those who have lost all fear to die.—*George Wilson.*

WORDS OF WISDOM.

He who gives becomes rich.

Charity is more than sacrifices.

Great plenty breeds much dainty.

Economy is of itself a great revenue.

The corn grows on the prettiest food.

The cat and the rat make peace over a carcass.

A myrtle, even in the desert, remains a myrtle.

The hangman has no grudge against the murderer.

Do not talk of your private, personal or family matters.

If thou tellest thy secret to three persons, all know it.

Never kick unless you find you are getting the worst of it.

It is hard to catch a fish if you haven't the right kind of bait.

A man wants a great many things he doesn't need in this world.

Success in most things depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed.

A failure establishes only this—our determination to succeed was not strong enough.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time for that is the stuff life is made of.

If a word spoken in its time is worth one piece of money, silence in its time is worth two.

When thou art the only purchaser, then buy; when other buyers are present, be thou nobody.

Flowers are the hieroglyphics of nature, with which she indicates how much she loves us.

The etymology of the word honeymoon is thus given by a good authority: "Among the northern nations of Europe there was ancient practice of newly married couples to drink metheglin or mead, a kind of wine made from honey (hydromel) for thirty days after marriage. Hence the term honeymonth or honeymoon. Attila, the Hun, drank so much mead at his wedding feast that he died."

THERE is a "Congressional Bootblack," and his name is Dan Appleton, aged 10. He managed to make his way from St. Paul to Washington, and going up to the house asked for Congressman Nelson. The Congressman came out, and the boy said: "I am Dan Appleton, a bootblack from Minnesota, and I want [illegible] give me the privilege of blacking [illegible]men's boots here in this build[illegible] [illegible] took the boy to Architect [illegible] give him the privilege, and [illegible] money.

DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Divine Mission of Pictures."

TEXT: "*The way of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon all pleasant pictures.*"—Isaiah ii., parts of the 12th and 16th verses.

Pictures are by some relegated to the realm of the trivial, accidental, sentimental or worldly, but my text shows that God scrutinizes pictures, and whether they are good are bad, whether used for right or wrong purposes, is a matter of Divine observation and arraignment. The divine mission of pictures is my subject.

That the artist's pencil and the engraver's knife have sometimes been made subservient to the kingdom of the bad is frankly admitted. After the ashes and scoria were removed from Herculaneum and Pompeii the walls of those cities discovered to the explorers a degradation in art which cannot be exaggerated. Satan and all his imps have always wanted the fingering of the easel; they would rather have possession of that than the art of printing, for types are not so potent and quick for evil as pictures. The powers of darkness think they have gained a triumph, and they have, when in some respectable parlor or public art gallery they can hang a canvas embarrassing to the good, but fascinating to the evil.

It is not in a spirit of prudery, but backed up by God's eternal truth when I say that you have no right to hang in your art rooms or your dwelling house that which would be offensive to good people if the figures pictured were alive in your parlor and the guests of your household. A picture that you have to hang in a somewhat secluded place, or that in a public hall you cannot with a group of friends deliberately stand before and discuss, ought to have a knife stabbed into it at the top and cut clear through to the bottom, and a stout finger thrust in on the right side ripping clear through to the left. Pliny, the elder, lost his life by going near enough to see the inside of Vesuvius, and the further you can stand off from the burning crater of sin the better. Never till the Books of the Last Day are opened shall we know what has been the dire harvest of evil pictorials and unbecoming art galleries. Despoil a man's imagination and he becomes a moral carcass. The show windows of English and American cities in which the low theatres have sometimes hung long lines of brazen actors and actresses in style insulting to all propriety, have made a broad path to death for multitudes of people. But so have all the other arts been at times suborned of evil. How has music been bedraggled! Is there any place so low down in dissoluteness that into it has not been carried David's harp, and Handel's organ, and Gottschalk's piano and Ole Bull's violin; and the flute, which though named after so insignificant a thing as the Sicilian eel, which has seven spots on the side like flute holes, yet for thousands of years has had an exalted mission. Architecture, born in the heart of Him who made the worlds, under its arces and across its floors what bacchanalian revelries have been enacted! It is not against any of these arts that they have been so led into captivity. What a poor world this would be if it were not for what my text calls "pleasant pictures!" I refer to your memory and mine when I ask if your knowledge of the Holy Scriptures has not been mightily augmented by the woodcuts or engravings in the old family Bible, which father and mother read out of, and laid on the table in the old homestead when you were boys and girls. The Bible scenes which we all carry in our minds were not gotten from the Bible typology, but from the Bible pictures. To prove the truth of it in my own case, the other day I took up the old family Bible, which I inherited. Sure enough, what I have carried in my mind of Jacob's ladder was exactly the Bible engraving of Jacob's ladder; and so with Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza; Elisha restoring the Shunamite's son; the massacre of the innocents; Christ blessing little children; the Crucifixion and the Last Judgment. My idea of all these is that of the old Bible engravings which I scanned before I could read a word. That is true with nine-tenths of you. If I could swing open the door of your foreheads I would find that you are walking picture galleries. The great intelligence abroad about the Bible did not come from the general reading of the book, for the majority of the people read it but little, if they read it at all; but all the sacred scenes have been put before the great masses, and not printer's ink but the pictorial art must have the credit of the achievement. First, painter's pencil for the favored few, and then engraver's plate or woodcut for millions on millions! What overwhelming commentary on the Bible, what reinforcement for patriarchs, prophets, apostles and Christ, what distribution of Scriptural knowledge of all nations, in the paintings and engravings therefrom of Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple;" Paul Veronese's "Magdalen Washing the Feet of Christ;" Raphael's "Michael the Archangel;" Albert Durer's "Dragon of the Apocalypse;" Michael Angelo's "Plague of the Fiery Serpents;" Tintoret's "Flight into Egypt;" Ruben's "Descent from the Cross;" Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper;" Claude's "Queen of Sheba;" Bellini's "Madonna at Milan;" Orcagna's "Last Judgment," and hundreds of miles of pictures if they were put in line, illustrating, displaying, dramatizing, irradiating Bible truths until the Scriptures are not to-day so much on paper as on canvas, not so much in ink as in all the colors of the spectrum. In 1833 forth from Strasburg, Germany, there came a child that was to eclipse in speed and boldness and grandeur anything and everything that the world had seen since the first color appeared on the sky at the creation, Paul Gustav Dore. At eleven years of age he published marvelous lithographs of his own. Saying nothing of what he did for Milton's "Paradise Lost," emblazoning it on the attention of the world, he takes up the Book of Books, the monarch of literature, the Bible, and in his pictures, "The Creation of Light," "The Trial of Abraham's Faith," "The Burial of Sarah," "Joseph Sold by his Brethren," "The Brazen Serpent," "Boaz and Ruth," "David and Goliath," "The Transfiguration," "The Marriage in Cana," "Babylon Fallen," and two hundred and five Scriptural scenes in all, with a boldness and a grasp and almost supernatural afflatus that make the heart throb, and the brain reel, and the tears start, and the cheeks blanch, and the entire nature quake with the tremendous things of God and eternity and the dead. I actually staggered down the steps of the London Art Gallery under the power of Dore's "Christ leaving the Praetorium." Profess you to be a Christian man or woman, and see no divine mission in art, and acknowledge you no obligation either in thanks to God or man?

It is no more the word of God when put before us in printer's ink than by skillfully laying on of colors, or designs on metal through incision or corrosion. What a lesson in morals was presented by Hogarth, the painter, in his two pictures, "The Rake's Progress," and "The Miser's Feast," and by Thomas Cole's engravings of the "Voyage of Human Life," and the "Course of Empire," and by "Turner's Slave Ship." God in Art! Christ in Art! Patriarchs, prophets and apostles in art! Angels in art! Heaven in art!

The world and the church ought to come to the higher appreciation of the divine mission of pictures, yet the authors of them have generally been left to semi-starvation. West, the great painter, toiled in unappreciation till, being a great skater, while on the ice he formed the acquaintance of General Howe, of the English army, and through coming to admire West as a skater, they gradually came to appreciate as much that which he accomplished by his hand as by his heel. Poussin, the mighty painter, was pursued, and had nothing with which to defend himself against the mob but the artist's portfolio, which he held over his head to keep off the stones hurled at him. The pictures of Richard Wilson, of England, were sold for fabulous sums of money after his death, but the living painter was glad to get for his "Alcyone" a piece of Stilton cheese. From 1640 to 1643 there were 4000 pictures willfully destroyed. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was the habit of some people to spend much of their time in knocking pictures to pieces. In the reign of Charles the First it was ordered by Parliament that all pictures of Christ be burnt. Painters were so badly treated and humiliated in the beginning of the eighteenth century that they were lowered clear down out of the sublimity of their art, and obliged to give minute accounts of what they did with their colors, as a painter's bill which came to publication in Scotland, in 1707, indicated. The painter had been touching up some old pictures in the church, and he sends in this itemized bill to the vestry: "To filling up a chink in the Red Sea and repairing the damages to Pharoah's host;" "to a new pair of hands for Daniel in the lion's den, and a new set of teeth for the lioness;" "to repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard;" "to giving a blush to the cheek of Eve on presenting the apple to Adam;" "to making a bridle for the Good Samaritan's horse, and mending one of his legs;" "to putting on a new handle on Moses' basket and fitting bulrushes, and adding more fuel to the fire in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace." So painters were humiliated clear down below the majesty of their art. The oldest picture in England, a portrait of Chaucer, though now of great value, was picked out of a lumber garret. Great were the trials of Quentin Matsys, who toiled on from blacksmith's anvil till as a painter he won wide recognition. The first missionaries to Mexico made the fatal mistake of destroying pictures, for the loss of which art and religion must ever lament. But why go so far back when in this year of our Lord, 1888, and within twelve years of the twentieth century, to be a painter except in rare exceptions, means poverty and neglect? Poorly fed, poorly clad, poorly housed, because poorly appreciated! When I hear a man is a painter, I have two feelings, one of admiration for the greatness of his soul, and the other of commiseration for the needs of his body.

But so it has been in all departments of noble work. Some of the mightiest have been hardly bested. Oliver Goldsmith had such a big patch on the coat of his left breast that when he went anywhere he kept his hat in his hand closely pressed over the patch. The world renowned Bishop Asbury had a salary of $64 a year. Painters are not the only ones who have endured the lack of appreciation. Let men of wealth take under their patronage the suffering men of art. They lift no complaint; they make no strike for higher wages. But with a keenness of nervous organization which almost always characterizes genius, these artists suffer more than anyone but God can realize. There needs to be a concerted effort for the suffering artists of America, not sentimental discourse about what we owe to artists, but contracts that will give them a livelihood; for I am in full sympathy with the Christian farmer, who was very busy gathering his fall apples, and some one asked him to pray for a poor family, the father of which had broken his leg; and the busy farmer said: "I cannot stop now to pray, but you can go down into the cellar and get some corned beef, and butter, and eggs and potatoes; that is all I can do now." Artists may wish for our prayers but they also want practical help from men who can give them work. You have heard scores of sermons for all other kinds of suffering men and women, but I think this is the first sermon ever preached that made a plea for the suffering men and women of American art. Their work is more true to nature and life than any of the masterpieces that have become immortal on the other side of the sea, but it is the fashion of Americans to mention foreign artists, and to know little or nothing about our own Copley, and Allston and Inman, and Greenough and Kensett. Let the affluent fling out of their windows and into the back yard valueless daubs on canvas, and call in these splendid but unrewarded men, and tell them to adorn your walls, not only with that which shall please the taste, but enlarge the mind, and improve the morals, and save the souls of those who gaze upon them.

Brooklyn and all other American cities need great galleries of art, not only open annually for a few days on exhibition, but which shall stand open all the year round, and from early morning until ten o'clock at night, and free to all who would come and go. What a preparation for the wear and tear of the day, a five minutes' look in the morning at some picture that will open a door into some larger realm than that in which our population daily drudge! Of what a good thing the half hour of artistic opportunity on the way home in the evening from exhaustion that demands recuperation for mind and soul as well as body! Who will do for Brooklyn or the city where you live what W. W. Corcoran did for Washington, and what I am told John Wannamaker, by the donation of De Munkacsy's great picture, "Christ before Pilate," is going to do for Philadelphia? Men of wealth, if you are too modest to build and endow such a place during your lifetime, why not go to your iron safe, and take out your last will and testament, and make a codicil that shall build for the city of your residence, a throne for American art! Take some of the money that would otherwise spoil your children, and build an art gallery that shall associate your name forever, not only with the great masters of painting who are gone, but with the great masters who are trying to live; and also win the admiration and love of tens of thousands of people who, unable to have fine pictures of their own, would be advantaged by your benefaction. Build your own monuments, and not leave it to the whim of others. Some of the best people sleeping in Greenwood have no monuments at all, or some crumbling stones that in a few years will let the rain wash out name and epitaph; while some men whose death was the abatement of a nuisance, have a pile of polished Aberdeen high enough for a king, and eulogium enough to embarrass a seraph. Oh, man of large wealth, instead of leaving to the whim of others your monumental commemoration and epitaphology to be looked at when people are going to and fro at the burial of others, build right down in the heart of our great city, or the city where you live, an immense free reading room, or a free musical conservatory, or a free art gallery, the niches for sculpture, and the walls aflame with the rise and fall of nations, and lessons of courage for the disheartened, and rest for the weary, and life for the dead; and one hundred and fifty years from now you will be wielding influences in this world for good among those whose great-grandfather was your great-grandchild. How much better than white marble that chills you if you put your hand on it when you touch it in the cemetery would be a monument in colors, in beaming eyes, in living possession,

in splendors which under the chandelier would be glowing and warm, and looked at by strolling groups with catalogue in hand on the January night, when the necropolis where the body sleeps is all snowed under. The tower of David was hung with one thousand dented shields of battle; but you, oh man of wealth, may have a grander tower named after you, one that shall be hung not with the symbols of carnage, but with the victories of that art which was so long ago recognized in my text as "pleasant pictures." Oh, the power of pictures! I cannot deride, as some have done, Cardinal Mazarin, who, when told that he must die, took his last walk through the art gallery of his palace, saying: "Must I quit all this? Look at that Titian! Look at that Correggio! Look at that deluge of Caracci! Farewell, dear pictures!" As the day of the Lord of Hosts, according to this text, will scrutinize the pictures, I implore all parents to see that in their households they have neither in book or newspaper or on canvas anything that will deprave. Pictures are no longer the exclusive possession of the affluent. There is not a respectable home in these cities that has not specimens of woodcut or steel engraving, if not of painting, and your whole family will feel the moral uplifting or depression. Have nothing on your wall or in books that will familiarize the young with scenes of cruelty or wassail; have only those sketches made by artists in elevated moods, and none of those scenes that seem the product of artistic delirium tremens. Pictures are not only a strong but a universal language. The human race is divided into almost as many languages as there are nations, but the pictures may speak to people of all tongues. Volapuk many have hoped, with little reason, would become a world-wide language; but the pictorial is always a world-wide language, and printer's types have no emphasis compared with it. We say that children are fond of pictures; but notice any man when he takes up a book, and you will see that the first thing that he looks at is the pictures. Have only those in your house that appeal to the better nature. One engraving has sometimes decided an eternal destiny. Under the title of fine arts there have come here from France a class of pictures which elaborate argument has tried to prove irreproachable. They would disgrace a barroom, and they need to be confiscated. Your children will carry the pictures of their father's house with them clear on to the grave, and, passing that marble pillar, will take them through eternity.

Furthermore, let all reformers, and all Sabbath school teachers, and all Christian workers realize that if they would be effective for good, they must make pictures, if not by chalk on black-boards, or kindergarten designs, or by pencil on canvas, then by words. Arguments are soon forgotten: but pictures, whether in language or in colors, are what produce strongest effects. Christ was always telling what a thing was like, and His Sermon on the Mount was a great picture gallery, beginning with a sketch of a "city on a hill that cannot be hid," and ending with a tempest beating against two houses, one on the rock and the other on the sand. The parable of the prodigal son, a picture; parable of the sower, who went forth to sow, a picture; parable of the unmerciful servant, a picture; parable of the ten virgins, a picture; parable of the talents, a picture. The world wants pictures, and the appetite begins with the child, who consents to go early to bed if the mother will sit beside him and rehearse a story, which is only a picture. When we see how much has been accomplished in secular directions by pictures—Shakespeare's tragedies a picture, Victor Hugo's writings all pictures, John Ruskin's and Tennyson's and Longfellow's works all pictures—why not enlist, as far as possible, for our churches and schools and reformatory work and evangelistic endeavor, the power of thought that can be put into word pictures, if not pictures in color? Yea, why not all young men draw for themselves on paper, with pen or pencil, their coming career, of virtue if they prefer that, of vice if they prefer that. After making the picture, put it on the wall, or paste it on the fly leaf of some favorite book, that you may have it before you. I read the other day of a man who had been executed for murder, and the jailor found afterward a picture made on the wall of the cell by the assassin's own hand, a picture of a flight of stairs. On the lowest step he had written: "Disobedience of parents;" on the second: "Sabbath breaking;" on the third: "Drunkenness and gambling;" on the fourth: "Murder," and on the fifth and top step: "A gallows." If that man had made that picture before he took the first step, he never would have taken any of them. Oh, man, make another picture, a bright picture, an evangelical picture; I will help you make it! I suggest six steps for this flight of stairs. On the first step write the words: "A nature changed by the Holy Ghost and washed in the blood of the Lamb;" on the second step: "Industry and good companionship;" on the third step: "A Christian home with a family altar;" on the fourth step: "Ever widening usefulness;" on the fifth step: "A glorious departure from this world;" on the sixth step: "Heaven! heaven! heaven!" Write it three times, and let the letters of the one word be made up of banners, the second of coronets, and the third of thrones! Promise me that you will do that, and I will promise to meet you on the sixth step, if the Lord will through His pardoning grace bring me there too.

And here I am going to say a word of cheer to people who have never had a word of consolation on that subject. There are men and women in this world by hundreds of thousands, and some of them are here today, who have a fine natural taste, and yet all their lives that taste has been suppressed, and although they could appreciate the galleries of Dresden and Vienna and Naples for more than nine hundred and ninety-nine out of one thousand who visit them, they never may go, for they must support their households, and bread and schooling for their children are of more importance than pictures. Though fond of music, they are compelled to live amid discord, and though fond of architecture, they dwell in clumsy abodes, and though appreciative of all that engravings and paintings can do, they are in perpetual deprivation. You are going, after you get on the sixth step of that stairs just spoken of, to find yourselves in the royal gallery of the universe, the concentered splendors of all worlds before your transported vision. In some way all the thrilling scenes through which we and the Church of God have passed in our earthly state will be pictured or brought to mind. At the cyclorama of Gettysburg, which we had in Brooklyn, one day a blind man, who lost his sight in that battle, was with his child heard talking while standing before that picture. The blind man said to the daughter: "Are there at the right of the picture some regiments marching up a hill?" "Yes," she said. "Well," said the blind man, "is there a General on horseback leading them on?" "Yes," she said. "Well, is there rushing down on these men a cavalry charge?" "Yes," was the reply. "And do there seem to be many dying and dead?" "Yes," was the answer. "Well, now, do you see a shell from the woods bursting near the wheel of a cannon?" "Yes," she said. "Stop right there!" said the blind man. "That is the last thing I ever saw on earth. What a time it was, Jenny, when I lost my eye-sight!" But when you, who have found life a hard battle, a very Gettysburg, shall stand in the Royal Gallery of Heaven, and with your new vision begin to see and understand that which in your earthly blindness you could not see at all, you will point out to your celestial comrades, perhaps to your own dear children who have gone before, the scenes of the earthly conflicts in which you participated, saying: "There from that hill of prosperity I was driven back; in that valley of humiliation I was wounded. There I lost my eyesight. That was the way the world looked when I last saw it. But what a grand thing to get celestial vision, and stand here before the cyclorama of all worlds while the Rider on the white horse goes on 'conquering and to conquer,' the moon under His feet and the stars of Heaven for his tiara!

CURIOUS FACTS.

Wisconsin has a champion player of the game of draughts.

No gold or silver coins are issued by the Chinese Government.

Edith Brinkham of Racine, Wis., lost her life by falling out of bed.

The leap year privilege is said to be six hundred and sixty years old.

Ben Franklin recognized the value of time. He invented three clocks.

A skipping rope has been patented which sets in motion a small musical box in one of the handles.

Mary Goodwin of Atlanta, Ga., is thirty-eight years of age and the mother of twenty-seven children.

It is against municipal law in China to dig over 190 feet to find well water. It is the idea that the bottom would fall through.

Ice was produced in summer by means of chemical mixtures by Mr. Walker, in 1788. This was the first known attempt in this direction.

The first patent in America was issued in 1790 to Samuel Hopkins, of Philadelphia, for an improvement in the manufacture of potash.

Near Oakland, Tenn., an express train struck a fallen tree and every car left the rails, yet not a single passenger was either killed or wounded.

A Washington Territory man left $2000 for all the delicacies of the season to be fed to his dog, while his old father was made heir to his watch and chain only.

Eighty-four children belong to four mothers of Media, Penn. Mrs. Samuel Field has 28, Mrs. Joseph Chandler 25, Mrs. James Barrett 16, and Mrs. William Wright 15.

A Missouri horse fell over a cliff thirty-five feet high and escaped with only a scratch on his leg. Next day he got a piece of corn-cob in his throat and choked to death.

The Bermudas take their name from their discoverer, John Bermudas, who visited them in 1522. The first settler was Sir George Summers, who was cast away on them in 160[illegible].

While Charles Cogswell was courting a pretty young woman of Birmingham, Conn., the other day, he dropped dead by her side. She fainted from the shock, and was for a time likely to die.

Timothy Carter is believed to be the oldest stereotyper. He introduced the trade in Boston. School books spoke of him in 1817. He is still a living man, lives at Newton, and is ninety years of age.

At Texarkana the other day a long-horned steer undertook to knock out the elephant of a traveling circus, but even on his native heath was no match for the big foreigner, and was laid out stiff and stark in just half a round.

At Kearney, N. J., a factory chimney is being erected, which will, when finished, be the tallest in the country, and the fourth highest in the world. It will be 335 feet high. There are two taller chimneys in Scotland and one in England.

A hotel waiter in Cincinnati who stole from a guest, hid the money in his "turn-down" collar. He was suspected of the theft, and, while being conducted to the stationhouse, the officer noticed a greenback protruding from the novel hiding place.

A beetle as large as a sparrow has been received by the State Entomologist of New York. It came from Central America. He has another curiosity that resembles two green leaves attached to a twig. It is called a camel cricket, and was produced in Texas.

A Massachusetts cat, which lived to the age of twenty years and two months, is buried under a granite obelisk shaped to resemble Bunker Hill monument, and deeply chiselled with the name "Beverly," the which high sounding appellation belonged in life to the cat.

There was a race lately in Zanzibar between a zebra and an ostrich, and, though the bird came in a hundred yards ahead, the beast won the purse. It was done in this wise: The zebra's rider claimed that he had been passed by a fowl, which nobody with a sense of orthography could deny, and so the race was awarded where it did not belong.

Sailors believe religiously that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds from the coast of Africa and roost the same night upon the American shore. Whether or not this is a fact has not yet been conclusively determined, but it is certain that the bird is the swiftest of winged creatures, and is ably to fly, under favoring condition, 200 miles an hour.

The Ainos are Bearded Like Pards.

The British Consul at Hakodate states that the Ainos—who are a remarkable tribe of small, hairy people, originally living by hunting and fishing—have been in great straits since the occupation of their fishing grounds by the Japanese in 1868. Since 1882 efforts have been made to relieve their distress and to teach them farming, and in 1886 about 800 acres were cultivated by them. In their chief home in the island of Yesso, the Ainos are estimated to number 15,000 individuals, with 3000 houses. They are supposed to be gradually disappearing.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Queen of Italy has distinguished herself as an Alpine tourist.

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

Europe to be Governed by Women.

The close of the nineteenth century promises or threatens to be a period of petticoat government. A probable Empress-Queen is growing up in Austria, there is a regent in Spain, and next a baby king afflicted with a nervous disease. Two healthier children, girls both, stand in the order of succession. The heiress-apparent to the throne of the Netherlands is a girl. Said to me an ex minister to the court of St. Petersburg, "the Czar's two sons are *malingres et chétifs*, and there is a prospect of a Czarina in her own right. The imperial crown of Brazil must soon fall to the crown princess, a woman of moral stamina and fine emotions. She has carried against a high and threatening tide of opposition, the abolition of slavery.

The Czar has been brought to entertain the idea of marrying the czarewitch to a young lady of a hardy mountain race not consanguine in any degree with him. Her offspring, if she had any, might be an improvement on the existing Romanoffs. Montenegrin Princess and the Czarwitch would form such a couple as Mary Stuart and Francis II. The Queen of Greece, the same diplomatist tells me, has gone to St. Petersburg to induce the Czar to prefer her daughter to the princess from the Black mountain,

Wealth of the Presidents.

Washington married a rich widow and left an estate worth $3,000,000, but John Adams was not worth one-sixth of that sum. Jefferson died so poor that if Congress had not given him $23,000 for his library he would have been bankrupt. Madison was economical, and yet left but a small estate. Monroe died poor. John Quincy Adams left $50,000, the result of prudence. Jackson left a large landed estate. Van Buren died worth $300,000; it is said that during his entire administration he never drew any portion of his salary but on leaving took the whole $100,000 in a lump. Polk left one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Filmore was always an economical man, and added to his wealth by his last marriage. Pierce saved fifty thousand dollars. Buchanan left two hundred thousand dollars. Lincoln left seventy-five thousand dollars, and Johnson fifty thousand. Grant, notwithstanding the losses to which he has subject, had a handsome support in the fund provided for him by his friends, and the sales of his book enrich the family. Hayes is said to be in a handsome financial condition, and the Garfields enjoy a liberal pension and the income from a large fund contributed by the public. Cleveland will no doubt save fifty thousand dollars from his Presidential salary.

The President-elect has tendered Elijah W. Halford, managing editor of the Indianapolis Journal, the position of private secretary. Mr. Halford is forty-five years of age, and came from England when a child with his parents, who settled in Cincinnati. He began his newspaper career as a reporter on the Indianapolis Journal twenty-five years ago, and rose, in a few years through successive positions, to the managing editorship.

A fully authenticated case of longevity is that of Rev. Wm. Stoddard, of the parish of Moderty, in Scotland. The baptismal register shows that he was baptized on the 28th of March, 1787, and is now at least in his 102d year.

The condition of Hon. Jno. Bright, the venerable English statesman, who has been in a critical state of health, is reported improving.

PRESIDENT AND HOUSE.

Mr. Lycurgus Dalton, the Post master of the House, said to-day that each House of Representatives elected ever since the foundation of the Government had been in political accord with the President elected the same year. Many people he went to say, make the mistake of supposing that this was not true when Henry Clay was Speaker. They forgot, though that at the time Clay was first elected Speaker he was a Democrat and not a Whig, having changed his politics later on. The republicans had control of the House from Lincoln's first election until the tidal wave in 1874, or during Grant's second administration, when the democrats got the upper hand in the Congressional contests, and held the House right along until 1880, when it was once more lost. Garfield was chosen President that year, and the republicans secured a bare majority in the lower branch, and by working the election committee vigorously they soon made a majority that enabled them to wag along smoothly. The democrats carried the House by a large majority in 1876 also, and that year they also elected Samuel J. Tilden President but he was counted out, and Rutherford B. Hayes became *de facto* President. This year Harrison has been elected President, and it looks as if the republicans have also secured control of the House by a slender majority. In "off years" the Democrats have regained ascendancy in the House, and history is apt to repeat itself next year.—St. Louis Republic.

Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York World, who is spending the winter in France for the benefit of his eyes, now sends instructions as to the management of his paper on the cylinder of a graphophone. He speaks into a graphophone in Paris and forwards the cylinder to his New York office, where his speech is heard as distinctly as if he were there himself.

WEEDS.—Every farmer is interested in destroying weeds on the farm and highway, and nothing but persistent, united effort will do any good. If every boy would make it his business to destroy the weeds about the house before the seed is mature, and every farmer would see to it that the farm is kept clean, it would not be long until there would be a marked decrease in the whole country.

It was a pretty mean man who, when asked to umpire a baseball game between two colored nines, immediately called the game on account of darkness.

The German Government has sent a torpedo boat and a dispatch boat to assist in the blockade of East African ports.

The Government pays the Adams Express Company $175,000 annually for the transportation of bonds and specie to different sections of the United States.

Sensible words from Dr. Cuyler: "Never commit the idiotic crime of writing a sermon on saturday evening! Sleep all night if you want to keep your people awake all Sunday."

The "meanest man" in Kansas has been found. He lives in Reno County, and in writing to the treasurer of Sedgewick county he used a postal card that had done duty once before, spending nearly three hours in effacing the old address, postmark and message. The postal is to be framed and hung in the treasurer's office.

A smart Chicago baby was asked by his doting father "whose boy he was." "I give it up," he replied. "The Judge hasn't decided whether you or mother gets me."—N. Y. Press.

Sanctum Visitor, "Yours is an excellent paper, sir, I have read it regularly for years." Editor: "I am very glad that it has won your good opinion. I trust that you will always like it." "Like it? Why, my next door neighbor has loaned it to me for so long that were he to move away I'd miss the paper awfully."—Boston Budget.

A five-year old boy for the first time saw the electric lights illuminating the streets. He looked at one of them some moments in silent astonishment, and then ran over to his mother, and exclaimed: "Mamma, come here! Here's a star on the top of a pole!"

"Doctor, I have come to see you about my little boy." "What ails him?" "One leg is shorter than the other and he limps. Now, what would you do in such a case?" "I think I should limp, too."

"That's it!" exclaimed Mrs. Bascom at the concert as the singers came out again in response to an encore. "Make 'em do it over again until they get the thing right."

Burglars and thieves are getting so bold in Chicago that the policemen are having their silver-plated badges sewed on.—Yonkers Statesman.

When a man pays five dollars for a little piece of quinine it is hard to convince him that it is a drug on the market.

The base-ball batter will soon give way to the buckwheat batter. —Pittsburg Chronicle.

"Please I want to buy a shilling's worth of hay." "Is it for your father?" "Oh, no; it's for the horse"

A "good man gone wrong" is usually a bad man found out.—Buffalo Express.

Even at $7,000 a year a judge's life is full of trials.

Republican to Democrat—"Well, how do you feel since you've been licked?"

Democrat—"I feel like Lazarus did when he was licked by dogs."

Learn to forgive.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, H. A. Holt.
Prosecuting Attorney, R. S. Turk.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, B. C. Hill.
Clerk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. S. H. Clark, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

President's Message.

A RUNNING SKETCH OF THE MESSAGE.—The President notes in the outset of the message that with the expiration of the present session of Congress the first century of our constitutional existence as a nation will be completed, and this circumstance, he, observes, admonishes us to inquire soberly whether in the past we have kept closely in the course of safety marked out in the constitution, and whether the way before us is plain and clear. Equal and exact justice between the government and citizens, as well as between citizen and citizen, is the underlying principle of our institutions. In the early days of the republic this principle was rigidly insisted on. The tribute of the citizen to the support of the government was measured strictly by the cost of its maintenance. In those days the frugality of the people was stamped upon their government and enforced by a thoughtful and intelligent suffrage. Combinations, monopolies and aggregations of capital were avoided or sternly regulated. A century has passed. Now our cities are filled with wealth and luxury; our manufactories yield fortunes never dreamed of by the fathers of the republic, and immense aggregations of capital outrun the imagination in the magnitude of their undertakings. At first view this is a bright picture, but closer scrutiny reveals a sombre shading. Side by side with the wealth of our cities we see poverty and unremunerative toil. Increased urban population suggests the impoverishment of rural sections. The fortunes of our manufactories are no longer solely the reward of sturdy industry and foresight, but result largely from the discriminating favor of the government, being built upon undue exactions from the people. Two well-defined classes are being formed—on one side the very rich and the powerful, on the other the toiling poor. Closer inspection discloses the existence of trusts and other like monopolies trampling upon the unorganized masses, while corporations which should be the carefully-restrained servants of the people are fast becoming their masters. The cause and cure of these invasions of the principle of equality before the law lies in our system of taxation. The high tariff, in the interest of a favored few, exacts unneeded millions from taxpayers, part of which millions go to swell the surplus in the treasury, while the rest and much the larger part go to the making of millionaires. The effect is to injure the health of the entire body politic. In the beneficiaries of high tariff taxes it stifles all patriotic love of country, and its place is taken by selfish greed and grasping avarice. The government is regarded by the favored class, not as an embodiment of equality, but as an instrumentality through which individual advantages are to be gained. This view is unconcealed. It is manifested in a sordid disregard of all but personal interests, the refusal to abate for the benefit of others one iota of selfish advantage, and in combinations to control legislation and improperly influence the suffrages of the people. On the other hand, a spirit of discontent is generated among those not included within the circle of tariff benefits. Farmers selling in foreign markets and buying under compulsion only in the home market find themselves impoverished, their lands declining in value and their debts increasing. Working men and others not engaged in farming are likewise victims of the unequal laws. Communism is a hateful thing, but here is a communism of combined capital, the outgrowth of cupidity and selfishness. It exasperates the discontented and threatens with wild disorder the citadel of rule. The idea that the government shall protect the rich so that they shall protect the poor is wrong and absurd. No intermediary between the people and their government is required; its existence makes the boast of free institutions a glittering delusion. What is wanted is a just and sensible revision of our tariff laws for the relief of the forgotten masses. The necessity of a reduction of our revenue is conceded. Extravagant appropriations should not be accepted in lieu of it. There should be no cessation of the struggle for tariff reform until a plan is perfected which is fair to existing industries, which will reduce to consumers the cost of the necessaries of life, and which will give our manufacturers freer raw materials, without injury to American labor. The cause is the people's. It should never be compromised. There is a growing assumption that the government must relieve with paternal care every individual and community that makes a claim upon it. This is seen in the ready concessions to inefficient contractors, to unfounded claims for pensions and to demands for unnecessary public buildings. Meanwhile the real needs of the government and people are neglected. Relief of the Supreme Court, improved land laws, plans of Indian management, the need of United States prisons, revision of pension laws—these have been urged upon Congress time and again, and yet are deferred, while favors are voted to energetic claimants whose claims are without merit. Regard for the constitution would correct these errors of the legislative body. President Jackson's determination to restore to the people unimpaired the trust committed to his charge and to dissuade the people from admiration of powerful monopolies and aristocratic establishments is worthy of all imitation. The foreign relations of the government are peaceful. The fisheries question remains to be settled. There has not, however, since March, 1887, been any case of unfriendly or unlawful treatment of American fishing vessels. The interference of Lord Sackville in the very crisis of the presidential election, by counsel and advice, with the suffrages of American citizens, and subsequent impugnment of the Executive and Senate, was unpardonable conduct, especially in view of the fact that the counsel and advice had reference to important questions now pending between the British and United States governments. Further recognition of the diplomatic character of Lord Sackville was therefore declined. A survey of the boundary between Alaska and Canada is recommended. The Samoan question is mentioned as of interest to the people of the United States, and also the question of the preservation of our influence in the Hawaiin Islands. The establishment of diplomatic intercourse with Corea and Persia are notable events of the past year. The disturbances in Hayti are noted, and steps taken for the protection of American interests in that republic. A treaty of commercial reciprocity with Mexico is advised in view of our increasing commercial intercourse with that country in recent years. Treaties have been made with Peru and Ecuador, in the case of the latter looking to the settlement of the well-known claim of Santos, an American citizen, for loss of property at the hands of the government of Ecuador. Preliminary steps have been taken for the meeting in Washington, in 1889, of representatives of South and Central American States, together with those of Mexico, Hayti, and San Domingo, and the prospect of improving commerce by co-operative legislation is adverted to. In April next will be held also at Washington a conference of maratime powers to devise uniform rules of the security of life and property at sea—a desideratum in view of the many recent collisions at sea. Naturalization is at present too easy a process and is much abused. Our laws in regard to passports need revision, and a central bureau for the registration of cases of naturalization is required. Instances of spurious citizenship would thus be detected and unjust responsibilities of this government be avoided. The consular service should be reorganized. There should be fewer principal consular offices, and such as are continued should be better sustained. The contennial celebration at New York on April 30, 1889, of the inauguration of Washington as President, in an event of national interest in which Congress, it is suggested, should provide for the government's participation. The revenues of the government for the year 1888 show an increase, and the expenditures show a decrease, notwithstanding an increased payment of over $5,000,000 for pensions. For that year the surplus, including the sinking fund provison of $47,000,000, was $119,612,116; for 1889 the estimated surplus is $104,000,000; for 1890, $101,222,511. Up to December 1, 1888, the purchases of bonds with surplus funds in the treasury aggregated $94,660,400, including premiums amounting to $17,508,613. The transaction was not a good one, it is urged, for the people, as it means to them a loss—in interest on money uselessly taken out of their business—of $55,760,000. At the date last mentioned the surplus in the treasury was $52,234,610, exclusive of $20,000,000 allotted to pensions. The amount of silver dollars coined is $312,570,990, of which $60,970,990 are in circulation. The further coinage of silver, it is reccommended, should be discontinued. The army numbers 24,540, exclusive of 2,179 officers. Great progress is being made in preparations for the production of efficient modern ordnance for both army and navy. Ship building is going on apace, and within 12 months eleven efficient, modern, steel men of-war will be added to the navy. This building has been paid for and of the savings of the department under the present administration. The large increase of the business and facilities of the Postal Department is noted. Since 1860 its revenues have increased from $19,772,009 to $52,700,000, and its services to the country to a more than corresponding extent. Increased compensation for the 54,874 postmasters of the fourth class and for other classes of postal employes is recommended. The efficiency of the Department of Justice has greatly increased, but a sentiment prevails unfavorable to the payment of judgments obtained by the government. The right disposition of our public lands is an important question requiring the attention of Congress. Over 80,000,000 acres have been recovered from illegal usurpation, but new legislation is needed to give the people their own. The enactment of a general pension law is urged. The expenditure last year under this head was $82,038,386 or 31 per cent. of the total expenditure of the year. The existence of great laxity of ideas on the subject of pensions is called to the attention of Congress and the discontinuance of vicious precedents in granting pensions for partisan and irrelevant considerations is advised. The adjustment of the relations between the government and the land-grant railroads is a pressing matter. The subject, it is suggested, should be treated as a business proposition with a view to getting back the people's money. Legislation is needed to secure a proper collection and arrangement of the laws of the District of Columbia. There is at present inconvenience and danger to life and property attending the operation of steam railroads in Washington. Legislation to correct this state of things is likewise urged as necessary for the safety of the citizens.—Baltimore Sun.

An estimate of the education and intelligence of a country may be made from its postal business; and the report of the Postmaster General of its interest in this respect. He shows that the United States surpasses every other country in the volume of mail matter transmitted, in the cheapness of postage, in the postal revenue and expenditure, in the extent of mail routes, in the number of Post Offices, and in the average number of pieces of mail matter to each inhabitant. The countries that come next in order are Great Britian, Germany, and France; but Russia, Austria, Spain and Italy are so far behind that they form a subject of contrast rather than of comparison. The reading and writing habits of the people of the United States are the result of the school system which pervades all parts of our country.

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew ought to know something about the manner in which Republican campaigns are conducted and he says: "The enormous sum increasing with each campaign, which the exigencies of our canvasses impel the committees to collect and disburse, are the menace and the disgrace of our suffrage."

It appears that one of the candidates for the Speakership of the next House has long been systematically working to get votes. Mr. Burrows of Michigan began last session, upon the theory that the Republicans would carry the House, and has made such progress that his friends say he will be the lead candidate in the caucus.

DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Ark of the American Covenant."

TEXT: "Two cubits and a half was the length of it, and a cubit and a half the breadth of it, and a cubit and a half the height of it."—Exodus xxxvii, 1.

Look at it—the sacred chest of the ancients. It was about five feet long, three feet wide and three feet high. It was within and out of pure gold. On the top of it stood two angels facing each other with outspread wings. In that sacred box was the law, and there were in it a great many precious stones. With that box went the fate of the nation. Carried in front of the host, the waters of the Jordan parted. Divinely charged, costly, precious, momentous box. No unholy hands might lay hold of it. It was called the ark of the covenant. But you will understand it was a box, the most precious box of the ages. Where is it now? Gone forever. Not a crypt of church or museum of the world has a fragment of it.

But is not this nation God's chosen people? Have we not passed through the Red Sea? Have we not been led with a pillar of fire by night? Has this nation no ark of the covenant? Yes, the ballot box, the sacred chest of the nation, the ark of the American covenant.

In it is the law, in it is the divine and the human will, in it is the fate of the nation. Carried in front of our host again and again the waters of national trouble have parted. Mighty ark of the covenant, the American ballot box! It is a very old box.

In Athens, long before the art of printing, the people dropped pebbles into it to give expression to their sentiments. After that beans were dropped into it—a white bean for [illegible]

[illegible]

prayer. The prayer may be mightier than the vote. Oh, as citizens of this beautiful city, and of this State, and of this nation, let us do our whole duty. We cannot live under any other form of government than that which God has given us in this country. The stars on our flag are not the stars of a thickening night, but the stars sprinkled amid the bars of morning cloud. We are going to have one government on this entire continent. Let the despotisms of Asia keep their feet off the Pacific coast, and let the tyrannies of Europe keep their feet off the Atlantic coast. We are going to have one government. Mexico will follow Texas into the Union, and Christianity and civilization will stand side by side in the halls of the Montezumas. And if not in our day, then in the day of our children, Yucatan and Central America will come in dominion, while on the north Canada will be ours, not by conquest—oh, no, American and English swords may never clash blades—but we will woo our fair neighbor of the North, and then England will say to Canada: "You are old enough for the marriage day," and then, turning, will say: "Giant of the West, go take your bride." And then from Baffin's Bay to the Carribean there will be one government under one flag, with one destiny—a free, undisputed, Christianized American continent. God save the city of Brooklyn! God save the commonwealth of New York! God save the Union!

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The Mikado of Japan is said to have become intemperate.

E. C. Stedman, the poet, is at his cottage at Newcastle, N. H.

M. Chevreul, the French scientist, who is now in his 103d year, has never used tobacco.

Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirke, the novel-writer, has been the object of much social attention at Boston recently.

The Rev. Newman Hall, the distinguished English divine who is so well known throughout Canada, is still well and hearty.

Professor A. Lacroix, of the College of France, Paris, is visiting Professor G. H. Williams, of Johns Hopkins, and gathering geological specimens.

Colonel J. W. Bennett, of Philadelphia, Pa., has added $25,000 to his former gifts of $110,000 to the Methodist Episcopal Orphanage at that place.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has resigned the Presidency of the Massachusetts Medical Library Association after thirteen years of continuous service.

A nephew of the late Roscoe Conkling, Alfred B. Conkling, is gathering material and making preparation for the publication of his uncle's biography in 1889.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, though by no means well, is in much better condition than she was before her recent serious illness. Her recovery has astonished her physicians.

Mr. John Drew, the "leading man" of Daly's Theatre, who has just returned from England with the rest of the company, being a Philadelphian, is a famous cricketer.

It is reported that President Cleveland will sell Oak View and purchase an estate on the heights of Georgetown, where Lafayette was entertained on his last visit to this country.

Miss Paul Rochester, of New York, has just completed an extraordinary mule-back journey of nearly 400 miles across the wild and mountainous Central American republic of Honduras.

Hon. George Bancroft, the historian, has reached his eighty-eighth birthday. He is still at his Newport cottage, and is looking wonderfully well for a man who began his life with the century.

Alive Instead of Dead.

According to a Paris letter, an elderly gentleman residing in the Rue Rochechouart, who was supposed to be dead, has suddenly come to life. He has a nephew in Paris, who, being duly informed of his demise, repaired at once to the house, with his wife, to keep watch over the mortal remains of his uncle until they should be borne to their last resting place. Next evening, as the lady was tired, her husband sent her to the drawing room to take some repose on a sofa, and a servant having placed some wine and broth on a table, he threw himself into an armchair in the bedroom and soon went soundly to sleep. On awaking at 4 in the morning he found that the broth had disappeared and that the bottle of wine was half empty. Becoming alarmed, he went to his wife in the drawing room, roused her, and told her what had happened. She returned to the bedroom with him, but the pair had hardly reached the door when they heard a noise. They paused on the threshold, and, to their consternation, a voice bade them not to be afraid but to come in. The husband entered the room, but soon rushed out with his hair standing on end. He had seen his uncle's ghost. The old man was sitting, enveloped in a sheet, on the side of his bed. The supposed corpse had the utmost difficulty in getting his panic-stricken relatives to understand that he was not dead after all. "I am alive!" he repeated, adding that the preparations for his funeral had not escaped his notice. He had been in a lethargy, and, waking up, had helped himself to the broth, which had done him good. Hearing someone approaching he had jumped into bed, as he was anxious not to cause any alarm; but Richard was himself again. He felt perfectly recovered, and certainly on closer examination the uncle's appearance by no means belied his words. The refreshments had come in most opportunely to restore him, and, as he was much pleased with the affectionate attention which his relatives had shown him after his supposed departure from this world, everything was soon made happy and comfortable all round. I should add that the doctor of the quarter had not yet officially confirmed the demise of the wealthy uncle, who seems to have taken a new lease of life.

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

How to Bleach Beeswax.

It is said by the New York *Witness* that in 1861 the following plan was employed to bleach beeswax, the plan not being protected by patent, but the secret very carefully kept. Mr. Langstroth was the originator. The wax was put into a kettle with water, the water being added to keep the wax from burning. Wax is more inflammable than oil. The melted wax was put into a tin box having holes in the bottom, which allowed it to fall on a roller that revolved in water. It was then placed on cloths and exposed to the sun. Three meltings were necessary before the operation was complete. It was broken up in the morning before the sun arose to heat it. The dirt would fall into the water.

Preserving Seed Corn.

After seed corn is dried clear through to the center of the cob care is still required in keeping it until ready for use. Many leave it hanging in a dry place in which it was cured, which is unobjectionable if always protected from dampness, frost and vermin—the great requisites in keeping the seed properly after it is cured. Corn in traces may well be stripped of its husks and dried on a floor before packing away, to be sure all moisture in the butts is dried out. A well dried ear will snap like a dry stick when broken. If it is properly dry, many good farmers prefer to leave the seed on the ear until about ready to plant, believing that this guards against the sweating process which it passes through when stored in any quantity. If the ears are packed in barrels, avoid using salt barrels.

Others prefer shelling and sacking (sacks are not so retentive of heat or moisture as boxes or barrels), small bags not over one bushel in capacity being better than larger ones. Careful shelling by hand, rather than by machine, so as not to crack the grains or injure the germ, is a good practice. This shelling may not be done until midwinter or later, but many advocate doing it as soon as the corn is well dried, to secure it against dampness caused by warm spells in winter. Too much care cannot be taken to keep the cured seeds dry and away from frost. N. M. Luiton stores it in the cellar in boxes or sacks on supports nailed to the joists of the first floor, where it is always dry and warm, especially if there is a furnace in the cellar. E. J. Heat puts the seed in slatted boxes hung under the joists of the second story of his workshop, the lower story having a fire in it in cold weather. That frost will not injure the germ of well cured seed is believed by some, but the most careful growers keep the seed away from the frost the year around.

Farmers who carefully follow the above method with seed corn will not have to replant, even in unfavorable seasons. From ninety-five to ninety-nine per cent. of such seed will germinate in practice. This last statement is based on long experience by many careful observers; it is not theory. It is poor vitality, not cold or wet, that causes so much seed corn to rot in the ground. John Gould proved this by germinating one hundred per cent. of good seed in mud at a temperature of forty-five degrees, although it took twenty days. Above all, such seed will steadily improve the yield and ripen the crop within ninety to one hundred days in average seasons.—*American Agriculturist.*

Fruit in Cellars.

A correspondent of the *New England Farmer* has the following advice to offer on the subject of the storage of fruit in cellars: When the late apples and pears are first gathered they are hard and inedible, but soon after they are stored away important changes take place in them. They become mellow and juicy, the change taking place slowly or rapidly, according to the temperature of the place where the fruit is kept. For the sake of the fruit it is desirable that the change should take place slowly, for the fruit thus ripened always proves superior to that whose maturity has been forced by a warmer temperature. The warmer the room the faster the apples and pears ripen, and for this reason it is desirable that the temperature should be kept at only a few degrees above the freezing point.

As the fruit ripens one of the most important changes that will take place is the absorption of oxygen from the air and the giving out of carbonic acid gas. This change is so important and so detrimental to the health of those living in the same house, that if allowed to go on it will in time very likely cause severe illness. If a room is used only for the storage of apples, and the place kept perfectly closed, the carbonic acid gas that will be given out in a short time will be sufficient to extinguish the flame of a lamp when carried into the room, and if a person should breathe the air long enough death would inevitably result. The gas taken in large quantities is a poison, and even in partly closed rooms where fruit is stored, severe headaches and other unpleasant feelings are produced by breathing the impure air.

It is a common practice to store large quantities of fruit in the cellar of the dwelling house, and a great deal of discomfort and unpleasantness are caused thereby, the source of which is not suspected. Farmers who make a scientific and intelligent study of their surroundings have detached cellars, or those under some out-building, where the fruit is stored. Where large quantities are kept, a pit is dug in the earth below the frost line, and some of the later pears and apples buried there with straw until February or March. This is a good practice with those who can afford the space and time for the work; but many have to keep the fruit in the house cellar, if they keep it at all. To these a few hints may be the means of preventing much discomfort and even sickness in the family.

During the month of February stored fruit ripens more rapidly than earlier in the year, and more of the poisonous carbonic acid gas is given off as a result. This gas must not be allowed to permeate the dwelling house; it must be turned off in some other channel. If there is no chance to communicate the cellar with the chimney and a flue thus opened, the poisonous exhalation must be carried away by thorough ventilation. If the flue can be opened a current of air can be kept in motion at all times, and the poison will be readily removed from the building; but if this is impossible the door and windows of the cellar should be opened on every mild day. A thermometer should be kept hanging in the store-room or cellar, and when the mercury is four or five degrees above the freezing point, ventilate freely, taking care to shut up before the temperature falls.

To do all this will require considerable watchfulness and labor, but when we consider that it is a question of health or unhealthfulness there can be but little doubt that few will object to doing it. Wherever possible fruit should be stored in cellars away from the dwelling house, as it was never meant to be kept in the latter place.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Horses need plenty of bedding.

Do not let plants bear seed unless you need it.

It requires two persons to set out a tree properly.

If the soil is not naturally dry, let it be well drained.

Pure-bred stock can be raised almost as cheaply as mongrels. "Breed from the best."

The soil around newly set trees should be kept mellow—this by stirring or mulching.

Keep your young chicks out of the wet grass if you wish to have them thrive and do well.

Sentiment does not replace the money expended to winter the broken down, useless farm horse.

Do not forget that the best place for hot soapsuds on washing day is the cucumber and melon patch.

Which is the cheaper to keep a pound of flesh on the animal during the winter or replace it in the spring?

When you notice a caterpillar nest on the roadside or field, destroy it. If neglected, your orchard will suffer.

It is said that "butter-making, as now practiced on many farms, is an absolute waste of valuable raw material."

Sound feet and limbs, a level head and rapid walk, are points to be preferred in a draft horse, regardless of breed.

Imperfect compacting of the soil around the seed, in which is included undue hardening of the surface by rains, is the chief cause of failure in seed germination.

If the warts are of a large size and have a well-defined neck, they may be safely removed by tying a thread tightly about the neck, and this will prevent the circulation of blood in them, and in a few days they will die, after which remove with a sharp knife.

The Toad and Cat Are Friends.

Mrs. Jansen, of Little Ferry, N. J. owns a cat that has formed a curious attachment for a large toad that has its home in a swampy garden. How far the toad is a contented party to the cat's affectionate demonstrations Mrs. Jansen has not been able to ascertain, for the fat, ungainly creature cannot boast of an expressive countenance. Pussy, however, evidently enjoys the strange friendship she has formed, and since the first day she found the toad peacefully sleeping on a stone in the sunshine and joyously took it in gently by its shoulder with her teeth and carried it into the house, she has done the same thing every day. She is a very intelligent cat, and she always mews loudly to call the children to see the fun. Then she spends an hour in tossing the toad into the air and catching it, like a ball, allowing it to move a few yards away from her, and crawling slowly after it, or bounding straight upon it from a distance, and flattening it upon the floor by pressing both her fore paws upon its back.

When she tires of the sport she carries it carefully into the garden and lays it down on the spot where she picked it up. The toad makes no effort to escape, probably knowing the futility of such a course. The shoulder by which it is always carried begins to look as though it needed repairs; but the cat seems determined to continue the familiar relations existing between them, whether the toad likes them or not.—*New York Sun.*

Scotch Proverbs.

A gude word is as soon said as an ill.

A dog winna growl if ye fell him wi' a bone.

Far sought and dear bought is good for ladies.

Birth's good; but breeding's better.

Better keep well than make well.

He is worth no weal that can bide no woe.

He that winna when he may, shanna when he wad.

Take a pint and 'gree; the law's costly.

Be the same thing that ye would be called.

Fiddlers' dogs and flees come to a feast uncalled.

Fair words break never a bone; foul words many a ane.—*Wise Sayings of the Common Folk.*

"If a man is a complete wreck after an accident, how can he be said to recover?" "From the railroad company, you idiot," was the answer.—*Somerville Sun.*

HASH: A ESSAY.

BY PROFESSOR PALAVER.

Hash are known and at the hull world over, from North and South to East and West people likes it.

It are the most popular vittles ever got up, and the feller, be he mail or female, wat first inventid hash shood uv sent down to prosperity arm in arm with B. Franklin.

He or she are deservin uv it, fur without them bordin houses wood uv bin a faleyer, and hash wood uv cum up missing.

It are amoosin after consoomin a plat or two uv bang-up hash to rekline back in your cheer and wunder what was the ingredients uv hash away back in the times uv Noey.

I speck Noey's partner put her most fittin best forward, and applyed the flavorin to sute Noey to a dot, but uv wat were it made uv.

Commentaters says the pottidge uv them days were most likely a sort uv hash konsistin uv watter and flower biled up and varyus yurbs throwed in.

Esaw swopped his berthrite fur wun mess uv it. Eyther it were furst klass and hard to git or else Esaw didn't valyou his berth nuthin.

But knowin minds and willin hands has labored on a improovin tell now we hev got a hash wich are a hash.

Wen it are put together rite thare haint no diskount on it. Its the feed fur me.

I kin liv on it 3 times a day, and eat it tween meals fur a rellish.

Furthermore I never yet seen 2 dorgs wich woodnt fite over a morsel uv hash.

I hev offen thort how is it sumboddy haint investid consekratid hash done up in cans like Bordin's milk or Lewises's lie.

Seems to me it wood be a bully thing fur picknicks and sich.

Only just conseeve uv a feller cartin aroun 2 or 3 mess uv hash in his pockit.

Or mitent it be turned out in the form desikated cokynut cums in, dry like, so as to be carrid in paper bags.

Sum feller with a hed on him mite make a fortyun out uv this.

Ef I were yunger I wood go into it eye tooth and nale, purvidin I cood borry a few shackels to push it with.

The ideo is too subblime to be forgot.

Giv us sum consekrated hash, yung man, in 5 pound cans.

Thare is all kinds uv ways, vulger and unvulger, uv devourin hash. Sum puts it away with a kase-nife; uthers uses a fork; and varsahus pursons spoons it down.

The heathen Chinees transfurs it with a wooden nittin-needel (by the way wun needel full uv their hash wood be suffishunt fur me), and the copper injuns eats it with a piece uv bark.

Thare be lots uv ways uv makin hash. Not evry wun knows the korect method.

I dont perfess to kno it my own self. The most pervalin plan uv preparin it kan only be obtained in a bordin house. —*Chicago Ledger.*

What They Were Thinking Of.

They had been talking for a long time. Arabella's chair was tired, and just for a change, she sat upon John's lap. There was a good deal of silence for a few minutes.

"What are you thinking of, John dear?" asked Arabella.

"Just what you are, sweet," replied John.

"Oh, you horrid, horrid man," exclaimed the sweet one, springing to her feet; "if I'd have known that you were thinking of kissing I wouldn't have sat there one minute. And you won't catch me sitting there again, sir, you may depend."—*Texas Siftings.*

CHEERFUL PROSPECT.

Mr. Naggers (who has been having his customary breakfast table growl)—Well, when I die I hope I won't go where I'll have to make a fire every morning.

Mrs. N.—No fear. The fire will be all ready for you.

Why He Never Wavered.

Sunday school teacher—Why did Jacob's faith in God never waver?

Bad boy—'Cause he never had to wind a Waterbury watch. He'd cuss if he had to wind mine.—*Arcola Record.*

The owners of furniture wagons are possessed of a moving spirit.

Evening Up the Score.

A young society lady of Cincinnati, whose passion to be up with the prevailing styles leads her at times to go to extremes, brought home a most elaborate hat from a modiste the other night. Mamma was wrothy, sisters scolded, and the two elder brothers flew off into a rage. The young lady declared to fight it out on that line if it took all winter, and that she would wear that hat in the faces of the family veto. A council of war was held between the two brothers, and with a sacrilegious hand and a sharp penknife they undid the artistic work of the milliner, and left the duck of a hat shorn of its rich plumage. Amanda next morning wept, stormed, relapsed into silence and brooding thoughts, and the following morning one brother found his bicycle in sections, part of it in the cellar and part in the garret, and the other is looking for parts of his shotgun divorced from the stock. Amanda sits sweetly smiling, the picture of conscious innocence.

THE heart of man is like the love of the Master.

We presume that Cork has a large floating population.

A grade necessity—The abolition of grade crossings by railway tracks.

Many a political candidate beats his opponent by a scratch.

The poet is often saddest when he sings, and so are the readers.

A "Put and Call."

Got the cold shoulder—the tramp who stole the fore-quarter of mutton.

Athletes of social propensities mostly prefer the Indian Club.

Western miners as a rule, prefer buying their liquor by the quarts.

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

Dec. 13, 1888.

A recent public test of the consolidated railway telegraph system of train telegraphy, made on the Lehigh Valley railroad, gave very satisfactory results. On a train moving sixty miles an hour, messages were sent and received to and from other trains on the road; and communication was had with this city and with different stations on the line.—Boston Budget.

President Cleveland's last message to Congress is before the people; and the almost unanimous verdict is that in wisdom and abilaty it compares favorably with his former state papers which have given him high rank as a statesman. Those who expected the President to abandon the reform ideas of his previous utterances will be very much disappointed when they read his message. He is not the kind of a man to forsake a principle because it happens to be somewhat unpopular; but has the courage to declare what to him seems right, if opposed by the entire people.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

It is now given out that Cardinal Gibbons favors the suspension of Sunday work in the Government's mail and military service and on the inter-State railways. He has written a letter to that effect which will be made public at the next hearing of the Senate Education and Labor Committee on the subject, to be given during the forthcoming meeting of the American Sunday Convention in this city.

The question is thus made to assume an importance that it has never reached before. The Catholic and Protestant churches in the country once substantially united in support of legislation looking to the observance of Sunday in the manner indicated, it will be difficult for Congress to resist so powerful a pressure. Yet it is much to be doubted whether the moral benefits gained by the stoppage of Sunday mail and railway traffic would compensate for the serious interruption to many important and not wholly mercenary interests that would be occasioned thereby.

The question is a somewhat complex one and will not admit of hasty action in obedience to a religious impulse. While it might be pleasing to us all could the country once a week throw off its enormous burdens and return to the quietude and simplicity of a country Sabbath, it is much to be questioned whether a general cessation of the wheels of travel and transportation on that day would tend to make us a better or more God fearing people or advance the standard of true piety.

The subject will be considered in all its bearings at the approaching convention and no doubt excite a wide spread interest.—Washington Post.

The race for the Speakership of the House is beginning to warm up. Already some good thoroughbred Democratic stock has been entered and there may be more to follow. Gen. Sprigg, Hon. R. P. Chew, Hon. W. E. Lively, Hon. C. P. Dorr and Hon. Joe Woods have all been favorably mentioned, and none would be adverse to the honor. They are all good men and true, and the House could make no mistake in selecting any one of them. —Wheeling Register.

The New Chief Justice.

The Chief Justice sits between Justices Miller and Field. To the latter he rarely or never speaks while on the bench, but he frequently consults with the former. Between Miller and Fuller there appears to be a close fellowship, and the Iowa Justice has been a sort of mentor and adviser of the new chief. When in doubt about anything or lacking in confidence in his knowledge of court etiquette or precedent it is to Justice Miller that he invariably turns for counsel. Probably there never was a more alert man than the Chief Justice on the bench. Lawyer like, he is found of consulting authorities, and occasionly he writes a long note and sends it by a page to one or another of the Justices who sittoo far away to be whispered to, but he catches every word that is uttered by the lawyers. Nothing escapes him. He likes to smile over his glasses at an attorney, and generally is inclined to relax the stiff dignity of the great tribunal.—Chicago Tribune.

In an address before the Georgia House of Representatives, Senator Colquitt, who is a tariff-reformer and was re-elected, while Henry W. Grady, the high-tariff candidate, withdrew, said: "It has been whispered in this hall that since the defeat of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency we should abandon our principles, repudiate the declaration of our State Convention and county meetings, and of the 60,000 Democratic majority of the State. I am proud to know that the General Assembly of Georgia has not been reduced into betrayal of her professed principles. The resolutions of the talented member from Bibb, unanimously adopted by this body, give assurance that you stand steadfast and immovable. Only a trimmer or a traitor would abandon the effort to reduce the burden of taxation because of our defeat. We will not desert our post because it is difficult to hold, We will not fly to the rear in the presence of danger. Is our fidelity to a cause to last only so long as we can rejoice in its triumph? Are our convictions so faint and heartless that they will be abandoned because of temrary defeat?"

Mrs. Ellen Ewing Sherman, the wife of Gen. William T. Sherman, died Wednesday at her home in this city. She had suffered from heart trouble for many years, and had been especially ill from this cause during the last few weeks. On Sunday her condition became alarming, and Dr. Pepper of Philadelphia was summoned to consult with her attending physician, Dr. Smith. Mrs. Sherman continued to sink steadily, and since Tuesday morning had been unconscious. Mrs. Sherman was a daughter of Gen. Thomas Ewing of Ohio. She was well known as a very active and devout member of the Roman Catholic Church, in which one of her sons is a priest. She was one of the trustees of "Peter's Pence" in America. Pope Pius IX., shortly before he died, sent to her a gift of a golden rosary, with a piece of the "true cross" set in the crucifix. Her age was sixty-four years, and her birthplace was Lancaster, Ohio. She leaves two sons and four daughters. She was burried at St. Louis Saturday.—N. Y. Sun.

Poverty.

When we talk of proverty we introduce a subject with which most of us are familiar; yet, while it is so common, it is something about which many people entertain mistaken ideas. One false notion is that poverty is itself something to be ahsamed of; another equally unfounded is that it is itself something to be proud of. Like wealth, its possessor deserves praise or blame not on account of his poverty, but on his own account. The honor due us cannot be measured by the abundance of our possessions nor the extremity of our want, but in each case is to be determined solely by the conduct that has fixed our condition. When riches have been accumulated by honest toil and temperate economy they crown their possessor with honor and may be justly contemplated with pride; if, however, they have been acquired by corrupt and unconscionable practices, or if they be the hoardings of the selfish miser they bring no credit to the owner. So it is with poverty, the victim of misfortune or he that in the unselfishness of his heart exhausts his resources in the performance of noble deeds, has no need to blush on account of his meager possessions; but the man who is forever kept poor by extreme indalence or needless self indulgence ought to be ashamed of his condition.

There are two classes of persons who are of little good either to themselves or to their country, viz. those who want to own everything and those who don't try to own anything: Of these, however, the man of greed is to be prefered to the man who makes no effort, for the energy and activity necessary to the accumulation of riches are a safe-guard against certain vices that naturally result from laziness. The man who lives solely for gain and is successful, contributes something, though unwillingly, to the support of his government and is too much absorbed in his own purposes to meddle with the affairs of other people. It is not true of the indolent. His country receives no benefit, and giving himself no concern about his own affairs, he has a great deal of time to devote to things which do not concern him, thus making of himself a public nuisance. Aside from this, that poverty which comes of laziness is prolific in its generation of crime. The man who thinks himself entitled to live without labor is greatly deficient in that principle that makes good and safe citizens, nor is he often too good to resort to almost any means of supplying his natural wants, which he fails to supply legitimately.

But we have been discussing the willfully poor: on the other hand, among the poorest are to be found very many of our best and most praiseworthy people. Many things that influence the affairs of life are beyond the control of humanity; and it often happens that by misfortune the most deserving fail, while the unworthy succeed. Hence men should be judged by their purposes, so far as we are able to know them, and by the efforts they make; and he who means well and tries well, should be honored though ever so poor, while he that is wrong in purpose and effort should command from us no respect, though the owner of millions.

That Complex Race Problem.

The negro problem is of vastly more importance to the South than any other question or issue that can be raised. It is more important than Protection or Free Trade; it is more important than tariff reform; it is more important to the South, individually and collectively than even the fundamental principles of Democracy. It is not a question of partisanship; it is not even a question of politics, though the Republican haters of the South have striven to make it so. It is a vital and momentous question that cannot be adequately described in all its dangerous bearings and aspects. It is a question that can be settled definitely and peaceably only by the patience, the moderation and the wisdom of far-seeing statesmen. Every thoughtful man is willing to admit that the solidity of the South is an unfortunate thing in some respects. It practically assures a solid North, and deprives this section of the political power that, under ordinary circumstances it would wield in the Government. Nevertheless, this solidity is not only necessary, but inevitable. It is not based on sectionalism, nor, at bottom, is the compact a political one. It is simply the result of a situation pregnant with doubt and danger—a situation which can not be remedied by the politicians. —Atlanta Constitution.

PREACHING.—Rev. J. Lester Henderson will preach for the year at the following places as stated:

1st Sunday,		Huntersville,	11 A. M.
"	"	Mt. Pleasant,	4 P. M.
2nd	"	Sunset,	11 A. M.
"	"	Bethel,	3 P. M.
3rd	"	Huntersville,	11 A. M.
"	"	Mt. Pleasant,	4 P. M.
4th	"	Bethel,	11 A. M.
"	"	Sunset,	3 P. M.

HOME NEWS

—Read Jake Boner's new advertisement.

—H. M. Lockridge, Esq., was in town last Friday for the first time since his protracted illness. He is not yet entirely recovered, but very much improved.

—Last week Dick Mayes, Esq., of Split Rock passed through Huntersville on his way to Millboro with five large deer that had been killed in the Elk neighborhood.

—We are informed that a rail road is now being located from the White Sulphur up Anthony's Creek toward Huntersville. We hope it is true. The outside world has certainly been shut off from Huntersville long enough.

—Geo. W. Wagner has purchased the Hotel Pocahontas of J. W. Milligan and J. C. Loury, Sr. and Jas. H. Doyle have bought the Huntersville Hotel of Jno. R. Slaven. Not a good day for selling hotels either.

—A recent letter from Rev. H. W. Kisser, who left Huntersville Wednesday last, announces his safe arrival at his home in Lewisburg and a continued improvement in his health. We trust his recovery may be speedy and permanent.

—Justices of the peace—old and new, take notice that we have on hand at the TIMES Office all kinds of official blanks, which can be had cheap for cash. Send in your orders and they shall be promptly filled.

—Various and conflicting reports are in circulation concerning the disappearance of Nelson Moore, which was mentioned in the TIMES last week. Some think he has left the country to escape trial, while others believe he has been secretly put to death. The truth may never be known.

—On the first page of this issue will be found a synopsis of the President's recent Message to Congress, taken from the Baltimore Sun. The Message is a document of such length that we could not reproduce it bodily for want of space. The sketch from the Sun is accurate, and substantially sets forth the most important parts of the Message.

—In this issue appears a notice of an entertainment to be given by the students of the Hillsboro Male and Female Academy, on the evening of Dec. 21st. Prof. Landes, who has charge of this school deserves great credit for the manner in which he is conducting it. The people of Pocahontas County should see to it that he is well supported in his worthy enterprise.

—As will be seen from the communication of Vivian, the girls of the Hillsboro Training School, of which Miss G. M. Shearer is principal, will give an entertainment on Christmas Eve. Miss Shearer seems to be building up a school of high order, which work should commend itself to all good citizens and prompt them to lend a helping hand.

WANTED

Dressed Deer Skins, Hides and Tallow for cash or exchange.

A. P. Lacey,
Dealer in Leather, Harness, Saddles, &c.
Ronceverte, W. Va.

—A letter from a reliable party living at Edray dated Dec. 9th, contains the following:

"Among many of the people of this district it is thought that Nelson Moore has been foully dealt with. A company is being organized to day to search for him. It is supposed that, if killed, his body was taken into the Black Mountain Wilderness. Some of the circumstances of his disappearing look very suspicious. He left with no money at all, and had on his old and badly worn clothing. His family know nothing about him and are greatly distressed. So says current and reliable report."

NOTICE.—The students of Hillsboro Male and Female Academy will give an entertainment in the Academy building Friday evening December 21st, 1888, in celebration of the Ciceronian Literary Society. An admission of 25 cents (patrons and officers of the school excepted) will be charged the proceeds to be appropriated toward defraying the expenses of additional necessary furniture to the school room.

W. H. LANDES,
Principal.

FOR SALE.

I have for sale in Huntersville the following property: One good cow, one cooking stove, two heating stoves, one bedstead, copboards, tables, chairs, one marble top parlor table, washstand, bureau, and many other things useful about a house. If you desire any of the above articles call early.

Respectfully,
JAS. B. CANFIELD.

REMEMBER

That after December 17th all accounts due me will be placed in Atty. L. M. McClintic's hands for collection. To save time and costs, all who have received statements from me and have not already paid them, should remit at once to L. M. McClintic, Huntersville, W. Va.

Cut this out and save it as a reminder.

Respectfully,
[illegible] B. CANFIELD.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Mrs. Mary Darst of Fincastle Va. is the guest of Mrs. H. W. Wysong.

Miss Belle Eskridge and E. I. Holt are on the sick list.

The children are talking about "Santa Claus," and wondering what presents he will bring them.

Maj. J. C. Arbogast of Green Bank spent Friday and Saturday in our village.

The girls of the M. P. Society H. T. School, (Miss G. M. Shearer prin.) will give an entertainment Monday night Dec. 24th, Admission 25cts. doors open at seven o'clock "Rock of Ages" will be acted in five scenes. Those who have seen this piece acted will say that it alone, is worth 25 cts. They will have many other beautiful pieces with both vocal and instrumental music. There is a rare treat in store for all who enjoy good entertainments.

Dec. 10. VIVIAN.

Douthard's Creek Items.

Mr. Sherman Kincaid, who has been ill for some time, we are glad to say, is able to be out again.

Miss Docia Sharp is visiting friends and relatives at Frost.

Miss Bertha Sharp has been on the sick list for some time.

Mr. B. F. White has gone to Elk on a hunting expedition.

The Douthard's creek Debating Society was largely attended on last Friday night. The question for debate was, "Resolved that war is a greater evil to the human family than Intemperance." Decided in the negative.

Miss Lena McGlaughlin is teaching a flourishing school at Lonely Dale. We wish her success.

Miss Elva Friel is calling on friends in this neighborhood.

Railroad men around here, look out for the iron horse.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. J. B. Canfield the former editor of the TIMES is going to leave us but as he has decided to go, we wish him success and also the new firm.

Dec. 10. PHIL. O. SOPHER.

Married

Nov. 29th, 1888, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Geo. P. Moore, Mr. Giles S. Sharp and Miss Catharine J. Cochran, all of Pocahontas County.

Married.

At the Huntersville Hotel, Wednesday morning Dec. 5th, Mr. L. M. McClintic and Miss Allie Slaven were quietly united in the holy bonds of matrimony; Rev. Wm. T. Price afficiating.

The attendants were Miss Minnie Gammon of Odessa, Mo. and Miss Lizzie Ligon of Clover Lick, Mr. Harry Patterson, of Huntersville and Dr. McClintic, of Edray.

The bride looked very sweet in a handsome costume of tan colored cloth elaborately trimmed in golden brown plush and brown and ecrue braid.

Miss Gammon was becomingly dressed in an olive green Duchess satin, prettily trimmed in bronze green bugle braid.

Miss Ligon's costume was a dark blue silk, extensively ornamented with bronze bugle ornaments.

The groom and groomsmen wore the conventional black dress suits.

After partaking an excellent breakfast the bridal party proceeded to the home of the groom, where a splendid reception was held.

The bride is well known in society circles as a most charming and beautiful lady, and the groom is to be congratulated in winning such a fair and worthy bride.

The groom is one of Pocahontas' most promising young men. The majority he attained at the recent Election to the office of Prosecuting Attorney, is an evidence how he is honored and esteemed in this county.

May their life be as bright calm and serence as their wedding day, and may prosperity and happiness ever attend them.

AN OBSERVER.

Report of Schools.

Report of the Mill Point School for the month ending Nov. 30th.

No. enrolled in School 34.
Whole No. of days present 474.
Average daily attendance 25.
Per cent. of daily attendance 85½.
Per cent. of daily absence 14½
Average Age 11½
Names of pupils neither absent nor tardy.

John L. McNeel, David E. Ruckman, Wm. E. Jackson, Mary M. Ruckman, Mary G. McNeel, and Elva Maggie Bird.

JNO. S. MOORE, Teacher.
Dec. 10th 1888.

The following is the roll of honor for the Harper school near Hillsboro

Mattie Curry, Nera Kinnison, Jennie Bolton, Rena Coulter, Wolhe Kinnison, Blanche Harper, Ethel Curry, Blanche Coulter, Grace McCarty.—Boys De Kalb Kinnison, Posse Curry, Summers Kinnison, Forrest Harper, Richard Kinnison, Freddie Wade, Amos Payne, No. enrolled, 27. Average daily attendance, 24 Per cent. of daily attendance 92 highest grade. 92.

BELLA F. CLARK, Teacher.

The following is the report of the Lonely Dale school, for the month ending Nov. 30th.

No. enrolled—Girls, 7, Boys, 9.
Average daily attendance, 13.
Per cent of daily attendance 85,
Pupils neither absent nor tardy. Bertha Alderman, Lucie Sharp Anise Underwood, Tim Alderman, Hoxie Alderman, and Doctor Alderman.

LENA A. MCGLAUGHLIN, Teacher.

Fiduciary Notices.

The following fiduciary accounts are before me for settlement.

Isaac McNeel, guardian of Lydia E. McNeel.

S. H. Clark, executor of Wm. Cleek, deceased.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Comr. accts.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 17th day of October, 1888, in the Chancery cause of George N. Tacy vs. Hamilton Collins etc., I, as special commissioner appointed in the said decree, shall proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court-House of said county, on the

1st DAY OF JANUARY, 1888,

the following real estate, to-wit:

A tract of land containing One Hundred acres, more or less, lying on the waters of Clover Creek, in Pocahontas county, West Virginia, adjoining the lands of S. B. Hannah, W. Doyle and others, being the same land heroiofore sold to Hamilton Collins by said George N. Tacy.

TERMS OF SALE.

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue, the purchaser to execute three several bonds with good security, falling due respectively in Six, Twelve and Eighteen months from day of sale, said bonds bearing interest from day of sale. A lien will also be retained on said land as ultimate security.

H. S. RUCKER, Spc'l Commissioner.
C. B. SWECKER, Auctioneer.

Bond has been given by the above Special Commissioner as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k of Ct. Ct'.
Dec. 6 4 t- Printers fee $8.25.

Notice to Creditors.

To the creditors of Allen D. Grimes, dec'd:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the county of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Allen D. Grimes to the payment of his debts; you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said Allen D. Grimes for adjudication to James W. Warwick, Jr., Commissioner, at his office in the said county, on or before the 27th day of February, 1889.

Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of the said court, this 15th day of November, 1888.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.
Nov22-6t.] Printer's fee, $4.55.

Notice to Creditors.

To the Creditors of John Sharp, dec'd:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the county of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subjet the real estate of the said John Sharp to the payment of his debts; you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said John Sharp for adjudication to James W. Warwick, Jr., Commissioner, at his office in the said county, on or before the 28th day of February, 1889.

Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of the said court, this the 16th day of November, 1888.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.
Nov22-6t.] Printer's fee, $4.55.

Commissioner's Office,

Huntersville, W. Va.,
November, 16th, 1888.

John Sharp's Adm'r
vs.
John Sharp's Legatees, etc.

All parties interested in the above cause take notice that I will proceed at my office in Huntersville, W. Va., on THURSDAY, THE 28th DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1889,

to take the following accounts:

1 A settlement of the account of J. C. Arbegast as Administrator, with the will annexed of John Sharp, dec'd;

2 Who the creditors are and the amount of their claims, if any, severally and collectively, with their dignities and priorities;

3 What amount remains in the hands of the Administrator after discharging the debts, if anything, and to whom payable;

4 Any matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest as required by a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, pronounced in above cause at its October Term, 1888, at which time and place you are required to attend.

JAS. W. WARWICK, JR.,
Com'r Cir. Ct. P.C.
Nov.22-4t.] Printer's fee, $8.67.

Commissioner's Office,

Huntersville, W. Va.,
Nov. 16th, 1888.

Rosella Smith, etc.,
vs.
Mary F. Malcomb, etc.

IN CHANCERY.

All parties interested in above cause are hereby notified that I will proceed at my office in Huntersville, in said county, on THURSDAY, THE 20th DAY OF DECEMBER, 1888,

to take the following accounts:

1 The names of the persons who have interest in the 202 acres of land in the bill and proceedings mentioned and the amount of their several interests;

2 The value of the personal estate of George W. Moore, dec'd, with which Mary F. Malcomb and John W. Malcomb, or either of them should be charged;

3 Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest to be specially stated, as required by a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered in above cause at the October Term thereof, 1888, at which time and place you are required to attend.

JAS. W. WARWICK, JR.,
Com'r Cir. Ct. P. C.
Nov22-4t.] Printer's fee, $8.67.

THE LAMB LOST AND FOUND.

A lamb had left the fold,
And wandered far away,
In search of greener grass,
And flowers more sweet and gay.

But no true food it found;
The flowers that seemed so fair
Were bitter to the taste;
Poison was present there.

The lamb still further strayed,
But searched and searched in vain;
Stumbling along the ground,
Weary and weak with pain.

It sank in miry bogs,
With thorns its fleece was torn;
In fear of wolves, it soon
Began to bleat and mourn.

The Shepherd heard its voice
And sought the lamb astray;
He gladly gave His life
To drive the wolf away.

Within His loving arms
The wandering lamb He brought,
Rejoicing He had found
The treasure He had sought.

Now, welcomed by the flock,
Happy and safe at home,
The grateful lamb resolves
It ne'er again will roam.

Dear Shepherd! give me grace
Never to leave Thy side,
Nor seek strange food, content
With all Thou dost provide.

VERNEENA'S FORTUNE;

—OR,—

The Stolen Heiress.

A TALE OF NEW YORK IN 1835.

BY PROF. WM. HENRY PECK,

AUTHOR OF

"The Queen's Secret," "The Tower of Gold," "The Half-Breed," "Harold's Hate," "The Bride of Barcelona," Etc.

[CONTINUED.]

"My hands are stained with human blood, Dame Grippard," almost grunted the excited Swede, as he continued to thrust them toward the startled old woman. "The blood of my good and murdered master, James Bratton, Dame Grippard," he added, and advancing closer to her. "Look at it! Touch it! You wanted to shed it!—had he fled and you caught him as a fleeing thief! Look at it! I am sure it is the blood of Mr. James Bratton."

"Stand back, you villainous wretch!" screeched the dame, as she sprang to her feet and snatched high her staff. "Stand back, I say, or I will beat out your brains, Jans Jansen! Keep him from me, some of you! Don't let him put his bloody hands on me, Pettis! Villain of a Swede, put no stain of Bratton's blood on me! Why do wish to do so? Why should any stain of his blood be put upon me? Hold him back, Pettis!"

Pettis by this time had thrown his arms around Jansen—whose excitement was for a few moments almost uncontrollable—and was now trying to calm him. Edward also advanced to aid Pettis, and between them they soon forced him to be seated.

The dame then asked him sternly why he believed the stains on his hands were the blood of Mr. Bratton, when he had not seen his dead nor living body.

"These stains on my hands," replied Jansen, in a low and now steady voice, "came from blood that has dripped through cracks between the trap-door edges and its frame in the cupola floor. I did not, while I was beating against the door, notice how slimy and moist it was, but I remembered that fact as soon as I saw the awful stains in clear light. I have no doubt that the blood was my dear late master's—I am sure of it!"

"Bosh, Jansen! You have not yet looked into the cupola," responded the dame, very loath to believe that her debtor was indeed forever beyond her reach. "You have not seen him, dead or alive. The stains on your hands may not be from blood."

"But they are from blood," remarked Edward, "after a close scrutiny of the Swede's hands, "though the blood is not freshly shed blood."

"And may it not be the blood of a rat that chanced to be crushed when the trap-door up there was last closed, Mr. Hawksworthy? I have often smashed the head of a chased rat or mouse in that way—with a door suddenly shut upon the beast. However, we shall soon see the upshot of this matter. Your arm, if you please, Mr. Hawksworthy."

But Edward did not seem to hear this request. He began to converse in whispers with Verneena. After a bitter glance at the lovers, the dame turned suspiciously to Pettis, who offered his arm instantly and with great fervency.

"Your arm is the best after all, Pettis," she said in low one. "But mind, you—you and others—have been making such a rumpus over Bratton's absence that my poor nerves are all of a tremble, and my heart in a flutter, and I can barely totter along on my feet. But come on."

Clinging ostentatiously to the arm of Pettis she led the way from the room, followed by Edward, Verneena, and others.

CHAPTER XX.

UNDER THE CUPOLA.

All were soon in the small apartment beneath the cupola floor. The room had no ceiling, save the under side of the cupola floor, which was laid across heavy beams.

There was but one window to this room—a dormer window which admitted sufficient light to reveal clearly all the interior, save the upper steps of ladder-like stairs that led to the closed trap-door in the floor of the cupola. The top of these stairs rested against the frame work of the trap-door, and could be seen but dimly by the persons below.

Dame Grippard halted not far from the ladder, and looking keenly upward, said, imperiously:

"Nonsense! I see nothing unusual up there. Mount the ladder, Pettis, and [illegible] what may be seen to prove the wild [illegible] of that [illegible] Swede."

Pettis mounted up the ladder, and hurried [illegible] in [illegible] and [illegible] his hands, rapidly upon [illegible] and said:

"Ugh! Jansen did not lie, Dame Grippard! Ugh! How I hate this kind of work! Uff! There is quite a pool of it up there on the steps just under the trap, dame—quite a pool! Ugh! Uff!"

"What a fuss you make about it, Pettis!" cried the dame. "Is the trap bolted on this side?"

"No, dame, but it is on the other side—the upper side. Uff! I gave the trap a hard shove with my shoulder, and couldn't move it a bit. Oh!—see how I have soiled my coat! Oh!"

"So Jansen was not lying, or simply fancying things," mused the dame. "I wonder if he thought to examine the scuttle in the south garret-room? Perhaps he didn't, for probably he does not know anything about that scuttle. I am quite sure it has not been unnailed since the cupola was built—and that was ten years ago. If there is any dead or live man in the cupola Jansen shall be the first to see it. Where is Jansen?" she asked aloud, and turning about.

"I am here, Dame Grippard," replied the Swede, who had just entered the room.

"Do you know that there is a scuttle in the south garret-room?"

"Yes, dame, I have just examined that scuttle. It is as it has been for many years—fastened below, as well as nailed down on its upper side. It has not been opened since I was first employed by Mr. Bratton. I found a ladder in that room, and used to examine the scuttle. Therefore I know that whoever fastened down the trap-door in the cupola did not disturb the scuttle."

Jansen's hearers exchanged glances of great interest in what he said. A grayish pallor again seized the dame's complexion, imparting to her harsh and forbidding features a most ghastly aspect.

"But," continued Jansen, after a moment's pause, and hastening to the solitary window, which pierced the slanting roof of that part of the dwelling, "a very active and daring man might bolt the trap-door above, climb out of one of the cupola windows to the roof, climb down the roof to this window and enter it—provided the sash fastening were loose."

He examined the window carefully. All watched his movements attentively.

"Ah," he soon said, "if any one did that he did not fail to bolt down this sash after he entered the window. The assassin was no doubt a very bold and cunning rascal."

"The assassin!" repeated the dame, scornfully, for her desire to find her debtor alive would not permit her to believe that he was dead. "The assassin! You are very fast! You speak in this matter as if you were perfectly sure that James Bratton has been murdered."

"I do not think anything but murder has prevented Mr. Bratton from meeting you below or at the gate this morning, Dame Grippard," replied Jansen, moodily.

"And I," remarked Edward, gloomily, "think that nothing else than suicide has robbed him of his life."

"And I declare here, before all," said Jansen, in an agitated voice, and flashing looks of hate at the dame as he spoke, "that if Mr. James Bratton has committed suicide his blood will be on the head and soul of this woman—this Helen Grippard. He owed her more than he could possibly pay; he told me so yesterday morning, poor gentleman! And he told me, too, that he expected to be cast into prison by this woman if he failed to pay her her dues to-day. But I will not believe that he has killed himself. I believe he ——"

But here the dame exclaimed furiously:

"You shall suffer for what you have dared to say of me, you dog! Hear all. I am mistress here. I am going to have that trap door raised. Pettis, see that tools, implements of some kind, be brought from below at once."

Pettis beckoned to several of the men who had followed the party from below, and hastened from the room. Edward then said to the dame:

"Dame Grippard, the body, if there is one on the trap door, should not be disturbed from where it is before its appearance and position have been accurately noted and commented upon. If a wounded man is there he should not be rudely moved by the violent raising of the trap. Let the scuttle you have mentioned be forced, and entrance of the cupola be made from one of its windows."

"If James Bratton lies dead on that trap," said the dame, darting malignant glances at Jansen, who scowled in return, "I believe this Swede has had a hand in his death. I call all to witness how strangely and mysteriously he has acted ever since he appeared at the gate this morning. A fox knows his own scent best; every dog knows where he has hidden his bone. Who knows the ins and outs of Old Anchors better than this Swede? Who was the first to hint that something serious may have chanced to Bratton? Who will persist in declaring his belief that James Bratton has been murdered? Who but Jans Jansen! Look at him! To me he looks like a murderer. I expect to see him hanged for what he has done in this place. I do, Jans Jansen! I do!"

She continued to voice her rage and spleen in this style for several minutes, during which few paid any attention to her save Jansen, who held his dark blue eyes steadily and defiantly upon her angry face throughout. She was still speaking venomously when the sudden entrance of several persons caused her to turn about and look at them.

These persons were Pettis and the men who had accompanied him to procure tools from below. With these men were three others. One was Captain Balbata, another was Bazilio, the third was the outlaw, Herman Urbandt, so-called.

Balbata and Bazilio were well clad in citizen's attire, which they wore as persons well accustomed to such. There was nothing nautical in their appearance.

The outlaw was clad in the garment of a first-mate of a Spanish merchant ship, and he wore it with every sign of the sailor he pretended to be. A large wig of light brown hair, curly and careless, covered and disguised his huge head—closely cropped now—of sooty iron gray locks. The wig was crowned by a Spanish holiday hat, whose broad brim shaded and half concealed his closely shaven and repulsive features.

The Captain swept a grand glance of salutation over all in the room, bowed low, and said, in excellent English:

"Good and fortunate day to all here, and especially to Senora Grippard. Ah, my dear Senora, you see that I, Alfonso Balbata, never fail to keep appointments with handsome ladies like yourself. But, dios mio! what is this that I have heard below?"

Without pausing for a reply, the Captain designated Bazilio and the outlaw, with two sweeping and rapid gestures, and continued:

"You are well acquainted with my secretary and supercargo, Senor Bazilio Alfandi, Senora Grippard. This is my first-mate, Senor Herman Urbandt."

The persons indicated bowed low to the dame. She did not turn her eyes upon the outlaw, and scarcely glanced at Bazilio. She wished in her heart that the Captain had not appeared just there and then, and held her gaze downward for the moment.

Verneena had found an opportunity ere this to speak to her lover of much that we have told the reader in reference to the dame's desire to sell her to the Spanish Captain, and Edward's eyes were fixed keenly upon the Captain's face while the latter was addressing the dame, as we have quoted.

Without yet having noticed the others in the room, the Captain continued to the dame:

"But what is this that we hear? The noble Senor Bratton not to be found? Believed to have come to some great harm? Impossible! Run away owing you a great sum? Impossible!"

Here the Captain chanced to turn his eyes squarely upon Edward. The gaze of these two remained steadily fixed for a few seconds, during which no one spoke.

"Who is this young cockerel?" said the Captain to himself, instinctively recognizing a rival in Edward. "The old hag told me that the girl had no lover—had never had a lover. I suppose this is the girl that was to be shown to me here to-day. Let me take a good look at the damsel."

He withdrew his eyes from Edward's aggressive gaze, and turned them for the first time squarely upon Verneena's wonderfully beautiful and angelic face.

She chanced to be gazing steadily at the Captain as he flashed his bold eyes toward her. Her fair face became instantly suffused with deepest blushes, for she remembered then why he was at Old Anchors. His gaze held hers for a long moment, and then she turned her eyes from him quickly and with a secret shudder of mingled dread and disgust.

Scarcely had the eyes of the Captain fallen upon her sweet countenance squarely, when he started violently and stared at her with a most wondering stare.

"Saints of Spain!" he mentally exclaimed. "What a wonderful resemblance! The living image of the only woman I ever truly loved. Ha! The hag did not lie about this maiden's rare beauty."

CHAPTER XXI.

DAME GRIPPARD ACCUSES JANSEN OF MURDER.

Captain Balbata stared so keenly at Verneena that Edward was about to advance and address him sharply, when he again turned to Dame Grippard, and said, in his effusive manner and rolling voice:

"Ah, Senora Grippard, I really hope all will be right with Senor Bratton. I had an interview with him in his office yesterday afternoon—elsewhere after that. True, he seemed in low spirits—exceedingly despondent, in fact. Come to think of his parting words, I am not sure they did not intimate an intention to commit suicide. He was, indeed, very despondent, senora, and had a wild way about him I never saw upon him before."

The dame flashed her gaze from the floor. She had apparently as yet scarcely glanced at the Captain. She exclaimed, eagerly:

"Do you say he spoke of killing himself, Captain?"

"Let me think, senora," replied the Captain, with feigned reflectiveness. "Let me try to remember. I have such a poor memory for particulars."

"He spoke of suicide," said Bazilio. "I was present, Captain, and of course heard all he said."

"Yes, I remember now," said the Captain. "He said he had a very large sum of money to pay you, Senora Grippard, and that he feared you would use severe measures toward him if he failed to pay you here this day; that he had no hope of being able to raise even a tenth part of the sum he owed you. He wanted to borrow from me. What did he say as he asked me to lend him money, Senor Bazilio?"

"He muttered," replied Bazilio, quickly, "that he feared death by his own hand would be his only way to pay Senora Grippard."

"True," exclaimed the Captain; "and that it was either death or flight with him. Something of that kind I am sure he said. But what was it that I heard below? That his dead body may be up here somewhere. That blood from it has gotten upon some one's hands?"

"Oh," remarked Bazilio, confidently, "if his body has been found, no doubt he killed himself, poor man."

"Captain Balbata and Senor Bazilio," said Dame Grippard, gloomily, and turning her eyes maliciously upon Jansen, "if James Bratton does lie dead on the floor of the cupola of Old Anchors, I shall not believe that he killed himself. This Swede knows more about the affair than he has told or hinted. He was the first to hint that any harm had come to Bratton; he was the first to say that Bratton's dead body is up there. He was the first and only one to say that Bratton was murdered in this house last night."

"What!" cried the Captain, exchanging an uneasy glance with Bazilio. "Has the body been seen yet? I was told below that the body had not yet been found. Why do you fancy that Senor Bratton was murdered last night, my good man?" he added, turning to Jansen.

"Oh, I have my reasons for that belief, Captain Balbata, but I shall keep them to myself for a time. I must see the body before I say more. I am now going to force that scuttle, Dame Grippard—that is, if you have no objection."

"Why should I have any objection, you fool?" demanded the dame, angrily, and thrusting her staff vindictively at the Swede. "Be at it, you idiot, and no doubt you will look upon your own work, if you find a dead man up there!"

"Man, follow me with the tools," cried Jansen to those who had brought implements from below. And with these words on his lips he hurried from the room.

"Your arm, if you please, Captain Balbata, and we will also follow that man," said Dame Grippard.

"With honor and pleasure to me, senora," responded the Captain, as he gave his arm to the dame.

All then quitted the room beneath the cupola and hastened after the Swede.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE OUTLAW RECOGNIZES VERNEENA.

Dame Grippard quitted the room under the cupola without having bestowed a single glance upon the man who had once been her husband, and who, she supposed, had been dead sixteen years.

She had scarcely more than glanced at Bazilio when the Captain spoke of him and the outlaw, or while Bazilio was speaking of Mr. Bratton. She had never had the least suspicion that Bazilio might be the son whose death she had secretly mourned during all those years, and for whose possible survival she had, nevertheless, always vaguely hoped. Though she had often met and conversed with Bazilio upon business matters of the Captain, she had never found her heart turning tenderly toward the young man. On the contrary, she had secretly detested him from the first moment of their acquaintance. Had she been asked why she thus detested him, she could have given no reason.

Bazilio and his father, after entering her presence in the room under the cupola, had used keenly every opportunity to study the dame's features and individualities.

Urbandt, as we will continue to call the outlaw, had done this because he desired to further assure himself that he had not been mistaken in asserting to Bazilio that the old woman was his former wife and Bazilio's mother.

Bazilio had studied her peculiarities sharply, because he wished to see whether he could detect in them any that were associated with his memory of his long-supposed dead mother.

When Bazilio had last seen and spoken to his mother, as his mother, he was but ten years old. Sixteen years had passed since that time, and therefore his recollections of his mother's features and other peculiarities were few and exceedingly vague.

Still, he remembered her as a very tall, large-framed, well-formed, active, and strong woman; that her front teeth were large and irregular, her chin square, massive, and protrusive; that her anger was always easily aroused to fury; that at times she was very cruel to him, and at other times most fond and caressing in her speech and manner; that she loved him at times most dotingly—solely because he was her only child—and hated him most bitterly at other times—solely because he was the son of her husband, and loved his father much more than he loved his mother.

Especially did Bazilio remember that his mother and father hated each other with a hatred that often flashed from angry speech to furious strife, in which blows with fists and missiles of anything at hand were swiftly exchanged; also, that when they last fought the battle ended only with the supposed death of his mother by a blow dealt by his father.

The harsh and croaking voice of Dame Grippard had nothing in its tones to remind him of the sweet, persuasive, and caressing voice which he remembered his mother used toward him when she fondled him; but the voice of the dame did somewhat recall to his memory the voice of his mother in one of her terrific rages, after she had become hoarse from much tempestuous vituperation of his father, or of any one with whom she was contending.

"She may be my mother," he mused, as he and his father followed the others from the room beneath the cupola; "but I cannot believe it to be so yet. She is certainly as hideous an old woman as I have ever met, and so I told Captain Balbata last year, when I, as his supercargo, first met her. A most villainous-eyed old woman she is! My mother? Well, I shall never permit her to gain my love. The hag!"

With this outspoken contempt of the dame, he turned his glance and thoughts upon Verneena, who, leaning on her lover's arm, was in advance of Bazilio and his father, following the others, to witness Jansen's removal of the scuttle fastenings.

"Ah," thought Bazilio, "and the very first time I saw this old woman I saw also, for the first time, yonder most beautiful girl. Her image as it was then, not less beautiful now, has never quitted my brain since that instant. My whole soul rushed toward her then. Her image has been in my memory day and night, and often in my dreams, ever since. But for the few and far between and brief visits of our brig to this port, I might have become as much loved by her as she now seems to love this navy officer. Dame Grippard asserted to the Captain that the girl had no lover, and had never had a lover. The dame lied, or was mistaken. It is easy to see the girl adores this fellow and that he is as devoted to her. But if he bars my plan he shall die the death of a meddling dog as sure as to-day is to-day."

His father was at his side. He turned to him and whispered:

"What think you now? Is the old woman our dame?"

"She is certainly. I have not the least doubt now of it."

"Have you any suspicion that she has recognized or begun to suspect who you are?"

"None, my son. She has not yet even glanced at my face."

"But are you sure of that, father? Our dame, you remember, was often looking keenly at people on the sly."

"I know that, but I am not afraid of her slyness now. She still believes, of course, that you and I were found dead in the Seine sixteen years ago, and our bodies recognized by persons who knew us well in London—as she read, no doubt, in the Paris and London papers at the time. I have watched keenly her every glance since we entered her presence, and I know she has not yet cast one at my face."

"I fear that glance—if she is indeed our dame, father. We must move before her as if we were in a powder magazine with flaming torches in our hands. The least spark of suspicion flashed into her brain—if she is our dame—will blow our scheme to bits."

"Have no fear, my son, that I shall not be closely on my guard. But all are coming to a halt."

Meanwhile the Captain and the dame had moved onward together, whispering of their own matters. Balbata had no suspicion that Bazilio and his newly engaged first-mate were at all related to each other. They had concocted a plausible story to tell him, and Balbata had put implicit faith in the story. He believed that Bazilio was devoted to his interests simply because Bazilio expected to thrive under his protection and patronage. Bazilio, who had been in his service several years, had never betrayed any of his secrets—simply because it had not been to Bazilio's interest to play the traitor to the Captain. The Captain therefore put full faith in Bazilio's devotion to his desires.

To fully gain the Captain's confidence, so far as the outlaw was concerned, Bazilio had told him why Urbandt had been outlawed in New York, and Balbata had then eagerly engaged Urbandt's services, supposing the man would be forced to serve him in anything, from fear that Balbata might deliver him to the police were he to refuse to be the Captain's unquestioning slave. Balbata had already resolved to make use of Urbandt to abduct Verneena, should he and Dame Grippard come to terms this morning.

But the outlaw and his son had determined that Verneena should be Bazilio's prize, and also that she should be abducted as the intended prize of the Captain. Their plan of capture demanded the assistance of the Captain, without arousing his suspicion that he was used simply as their tool in the matter.

The whole party were now in the room toward which Jansen's intentions had led them. Jansen and another man were already busily at work in an effort to force upward the scuttle we have mentioned. The task was found to be far more difficult than Jansen had expected. It demanded hard work and several minutes to execute it.

Meanwhile those who had entered this room had separated into little groups to await the forcing of the scuttle, and to cautiously exchange opinions of the affair.

Well apart from the others, the Captain and the dame discussed their scheme concerning Verneena. Edward and Verneena, also remote from others, conversed in whispers of their matters. After taking in the scene with one of his sweeping and covert glances, Bazilio whispered to his father:

"Are you as confident concerning the origin of her reputed grand-daughter as you are about the old woman's?"

"Is the girl here, my son?"

"Of course! Have you not looked at her also?"

"No, my son. I have been so keenly engaged in studying the dame's face and ways that I have not even glanced twice at any one else. Is that the girl whose hand is clinging to that young officer's arm?"

"Yes. What do you think of her?"

"Wait till her face is turned fully toward me, my son. So. Ah! What a wonderful resemblance! She is undoubtedly the child of whom we were speaking this morning, and whom your mother stole when she stole the six thousand pounds and the jewels. I did not have a fair view of her face the other day when I was spying about our dame's cottage at Yorkville. My faith, she is indeed the living and exact image of her mother. What a wonderful resemblance!"

In fact Urbandt's eyes had no sooner gotten a full view of Verneena's lovely features than he started as suddenly and almost as markedly as Balbata had in the room under the cupola when he first beheld the same angelic countenance.

Just as Urbandt whispered to his son the last word we have quoted as his, Verneena chanced to turn her eyes in that direction and to meet Bazilio's ardent stare. A deep and sudden flush of indignant modesty swept over her face, and she turned her eyes quickly from Bazilio to another quarter of the room, saying to herself:

"How dares he stare at me in this manner! He is the same insolent-eyed wretch who has more than once tried to attract my notice when he was at the cottage to see Dame Grippard. I detest him! Maggie told me that he twice offered her money to consent to take a letter from him to me; and that she would not do so. If I were not sure Edward would instantly knock him down, I would tell him of this fellow's impertinence now."

Verneena had already found an opportunity to reveal to Edward all she knew and suspected of the dame's purpose to place her in Balbata's power, and the young officer would certainly have made hot work for the Spaniard ere this time had he and Verneena not agreed to carry out a plan whose success demanded pretended ignorance of the design of Dame Grippard and Captain Balbata.

"She blushes! She reads my passion in my eyes!" mentally exclaimed Bazilio, as he noted Verneena's crimsoned cheeks. "After all, she may not be so deeply in love with this naval jackanapes as not to leave me a chance to win her heart even before she is at my mercy! However, it will be most prudent to conceal my love until I have a better opportunity to urge it upon her acceptance. So—the scuttle is forced."

At this moment Jansen and his helper freed the obstinate scuttle from all its fastenings and cast it upward, leaving access to the roof clear and open. Jansen was about to spring through the opening to hurry to enter the cupola, when Edward called out:

"Wait where you are, Jansen. Take care what you do, my good man. Wait where you are a moment."

"I am at your service, Mr. Hawksworthy," replied Jansen, who had formed a very high estimate of Edward's character already.

"Should you be the first and only one to find in the cupola what I fear you will, my good man," continued Edward, at the foot of the ladder, "and be alone there a few minutes, some person now here may venture to declare that you moved the body to prevent others from seeing it exactly as you found it."

"True, sir," replied the Swede, gratefully. "I forgot Dame Grippard's malicious hints and assertions. She is mean enough to try to do me any injury. Will you please come up, sir, and go with me to the cupola."

But by this time two men who had just entered the room advanced so far as to bring them in range with Jansen's sight, and, recognizing them instantly, he called out before Edward could reply:

"Ah, here are Coroner Addfast and Dr. Bomar. Very glad to see you, gentlemen, and especially at this time."

"What! A Coroner and a doctor here so soon!" cried Dame Grippard, quite amazed. "I am glad you are come, Mr. Addfast, and you also, Dr. Bomar; but I can't see how you have heard so soon that there might be need of your presence at Old Anchors."

"Are you really sure, Dame Grippard," responded the Coroner, blandly, "that there will be need of my services here this morning? I hope it is a false alarm. Both Dr. Bomar and myself had an appointment with Mr. Bratton—made with him one day before yesterday—to meet him here to-day about this hour. He is our creditor in a [illegible] joint affair of ours, and we are to pay him to-day. But I have just heard below that there is a rumor of Mr. Bratton's death by violence, or something of the kind, and the doctor and I hurried up to learn the truth as speedily as possible, [illegible] as I am to hold an inquest in an hour in another quarter of the city, and cannot remain here long, unless there is real need for my presence ——"

"Come right up, Mr. Addfast, and the doctor, too," called out Jansen, eager to have his doubts solved. "I am sure that Mr. Bratton is badly hurt, if not dead, in the cupola."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In France last year many more women than men applied for divorce and judicial separation.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

Long Lost Tapestry.

"When Marguerite of France was married to Victor Amadeus of Savoy, she took with her to Italy twenty pieces of the very finest Gobelin tapestry, illustrating classical legends," says London Truth. "This unique tapestry, which was of immense value, disappeared mysteriously when Napoleon invaded Italy, for it had been hidden away in case the French might think proper to carry it off, which they would certainly have done. It had been so carefully concealed that, after some years, when calm was restored, it was found impossible to discover it and the two officials who had put it away were both dead. The tapestry had been almost forgotten till about a month ago, when the Marquis Villamarina, the Master of the Royal Household, was making a thorough investigation of the palace at Turin from roof to cellar, and behind some huge chests in a storeroom in the highest story he found a secret chamber, in which was concealed the long-lost tapestry, and it has been very little injured by its hundred years of hiding. King Humbert has ordered that the tapestry is to be carefully repaired and cleaned, after which it is to be sent to Rome and hung in the Quirinal, in the apartments which the Emperor William is to occupy during his visit next month."

The Corsetiere of Gotham.

There's a dressmaker here in New York, says a correspondent of the Chicago News, who has borrowed an idea from the famous Parisian corsetiere, upon which Worth fits his dresses, for he won't touch you until you have gone and provided yourself with one of Mme. Quelquechose's corsets, which cost like fun and fit like gloves. Now this corsetiere was a very splendid and elegant personage indeed. Worth always made her gowns, too, and took especial pains with them. Her house was on a fashionable avenue, and was luxuriously furnished. It had the air of a private dwelling. Every afternoon she had tea and chocolate set out on tables with the daintiest of silver, napery and china, and she received her customers like guests. They dropped in for a cup of tea after their drive, they met every one they knew, and madame, in the most adorable tea gowns, flitted about circulating the very latest and most piquant bit of news. Her parlors were always full, she always had something fresh and amusing to tell, and she preserved with infinite tact an attitude that, while easy and not subservient, never offended the haughtiest Duchess. She made a great fortune and owns the ancestral chateau of a ruined marquis, but her daughter-in-law still carries on the business. Now, a certain clever costumer of this city heard of this, and has to a certain extent imitated the Parisian example. Last spring she began to fit up her front drawing room with artistic upholstery and hired a pretty, graceful girl to look after a little tea table and serve her customers with a steaming cup when they came in out of the cold air. This girl was also learned in all the latest freaks of fashion and stood ready to give information where all sorts of things were to be found, the shops that were likely to have goods like samples hard to match, where the prettiest and cheapest bargains in town were to be had, and could give excellent suggestions as to a vexed question of becoming colors and styles. Out of this drawing room opened two other apartments where gorgeously arrayed dummies posed in attitudes to best display the imported gowns they wore. She found the greatest increase in her custom as a result of this innovation, and it is to be continued.

Queen Emma of Holland.

Quite a singular style of woman is Queen Emma, says a Hague letter to the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, to whom the Dutch are reconciled only because she is a good nurse for their King; popular she could never be, because the Dutch detest even the most talented Germans, and Emma is a princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont. However, the King adores her and is only contented in her society and she seems to think there is no difference between thirty years and three-score and ten. When William went to Potsdam to attend the marriage of his brother he little dreamed of marrying, but he met Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, now Duchess of Albany, and felt that at sixty-one life might recommence were she to become the Queen of Holland. Helen looked upon her aged admirer with scorn and refused his flowers and jewels. One day William overheard Emma say to her sister: "I should never refuse to become a Queen." "Ah," he exclaimed, "as you find your sister is wrong will you marry me?" Immediately she accepted, and in 1879 became Queen of Holland. Those who were at the Dutch court when Emma made her entree say she was simple as a child; that she looked upon her palace as a marvel, danced and laughed as though she were not conscious that the courtiers were criticising her every gesture. The aged husband was shocked, but very kindly led her to the portrait of his mother, the proud Marie Paulowna, and said: "She never deemed a Queen should never laugh in public." Emma, like a "country gretchen," accepted the rebuke with good grace, and "since then," say the Dutch, "we have nothing serious to criticise in her deportment, but the manner in which she murders our language we can hardly forgive." Already has Emma begun to teach the Princess Wilhelmina the duties of a sovereign. When, in 1886, the King was ill and the socialists very daring, Queen Emma, without a word to her husband, calmed the disturbance in three days. Of her daughter she wishes to make a king, not a queen. Not long ago her horses ran away. The coachman was thrown out, and she, with Wilhemina, just escaped. Orders were given to bring out fresh horses, for "if we do not start again my daughter will learn the meaning of the word fear."

Queen Emma is a brunette rather pretty, according to the German's beautiful, but a peculiar habit of winking detracts much from her appearance. Over the king she has control, and if he objects to any decision made by her she threatens to leave the palace to him—a dream of unhappiness. Every day the royal family dines at 7 o'clock; afterward there is music and reading by the queen, whose audience consists usually of her husband, daughter, and the Jonkheer Alewyn, the only person whom William cares to see.

Fashion Notes.

Cloth jackets are as popular as ever.

Oriental combinations of color are in vogue.

Russia leather in all colors is worn for house shoes.

Lace skirts are generally accompanied by silk blouse waists.

Ostrich tips and plumes are extensively used on fashionable hats.

Braiding is without question the favorite trimming of the season.

Ribbons for hat trimmings vary from two inches to a quarter of a yard in width.

Some of the elegant winter wraps just imported are long cloaks in cloth, plush or velvet.

The most elegant winter wraps are cloaks of the new cloths, matelasse, plush, or velvet.

Heavy lines of broad stitching on the backs of gloves will not be worn this season, the narrow lines of former seasons superseding them in podular favor.

A Stopper of Runaway Horses.

A Boston correspondent of the Woonsocket (R. I.) *Patriot*, tells how a young policeman, Charles Maynes, stops a runaway horse: "When you see a runaway coming, do not try to check him by a rush from the opposite direction or the side, for you will be immediately knocked flat by the collision, but instead prepare yourself for a short run with the horse. Measure with your eye the distance, and start for the run while he is yet some way off, perhaps ten feet in the case of fair to medium runaways. You may depend upon his keeping a straight line, for a really frightened horse is half blind and would not veer for a steam engine. He will go straight ahead until he smashes into something. So do you get close to the line on which he is rushing, and as he passes you, grab the reins near the saddle. Gather the reins firmly, and then, leaning backward as you run, give them a powerful yank. You may be able to brace yourself as you give this yank, half sliding on your feet. The strong jerk on the bit tells the horse that he again has a master and prepares him for the final struggle. A step or two forward after the first yank, do it again. This is the finishing stroke. It never fails when given by a determined man. The horse is on its haunches. Keep a firm pull on the reins till you grasp the horse by the nostrils, and hold him so till he is pacified."

In stopping a span of horses, Maynes tries to get on the side of the wilder one, as, if pulled to its senses, the other one can be managed. The task is easier if the horse has a curb bit. A runaway may also be stopped by the driver in the same manner: "If you pull steadily with all your strength on a curb bit," says Maynes, "the effect on the horse's jaw is just what it is if you tie a cord tightly about your finger. The blood doesn't flow and the finger becomes numb. After a firm pull has been maintained on the horse's mouth for awhile it ceases to have any effect. You cannot then force him out of a run if he is frightened. But give him his head a little till the mouth recovers from its numbness, lash him with the whip if you have a free road, and then give a sudden yank. He will come down. If the first yank isn't enough give him one more. There isn't a horse on earth which can run away with a competent driver if the harness holds." Maynes has risked his life a number of times, and has had some perilous encounters before subduing frightened animals. He has received a medal from the Humane Society and $50 from the cab company.

Climbing Mount St. Elias.

Mount St. Elias promises to be the future mountain climbing center of this country. A traveler who has returned from there, after failing to ascend to the summit, reports that his party, after surmounting great difficulties, reached a height of 11,500 feet, and were then compelled to abandon the enterprise. The ascent was covered with ice mounds, strewn with boulders. The party were at one time knee deep in snow, and at another were wading through icy waters fed by glaciers. He believes the mountain cannot be ascended without the assistance of trained Swiss mountaineers. The packers with the party could not climb.—*Chicago Herald.*

One Sermon a Week a Hard Task.

The English Bishop of Ely has forbidden the deacons in his diocese preaching more than one sermon of "their own composition" each Sunday. If they require to preach twice they are directed to "write out some sermon by a standard divine" and read it to the people. One good sermon a week is as much as many a veteran in the pulpit can well supply, and the young non-clerical recruits may well be permitted to concentrate all the opportunities for study a week will give them on one discourse.—*New York Observer.*

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.

Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.

Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.

Small faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater.

Commit a sin twice, and it will not seem to thee a crime.

Do not to others what you would not have others do to you.

The camel desired horns and his ears were taken from him.

A simple light answers as well for a hundred men as for one.

Many a colt's skin is fastened to the saddle its mother bears.

Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain of the hand.

A man lives by believing something, not by debating and arguing about many things.

It is with antiquity as with ancestry; nations are proud of the one, and individuals of the other.

Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please by its resemblance to it.

Great men begin enterprises because they think them great, and fools because they think them easy.

The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it; but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.

General observations drawn from particulars are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room.

Empty Bottle Collectors.

Those who have seen the empty bottle collectors in their daily rambles about the city would little think, observes the New York *Telegram*, that intellect is required for such business. The truth is, a large amount of knowledge may be profitably utilized even in this humble calling.

A *Telegram* reporter visited an old bottle establishment, and while wandering through the building learned a few secrets of the trade. Hot water and soda tanks and rows of bins on both sides of the room, built like mammoth pigeon holes and extending to the ceiling, were the principal fixtures in the apartment. The bins were full of different kinds of bottles.

"In this age of patent medicine and wildcat whisky," said one of the bottle washers, "it keeps a man busy to keep track of all the differet kinds of bottles."

The number of different brands run far into the thousands, and as they are not of value it is easy to see that a dealer in old bottles has to keep his eyes peeled. Many of the patent medicine concerns are so dignified that they will not use the same bottles twice, and if the name of the firm is blown in the glass, such bottles are of no value except for old glass. Hundreds of the various compound and extract companies, however, are glad to pay fair prices for their old bottles, and on this fact the success of the gatherer depends. New brands of medicine, etc., are being constantly put upon the market, and as soon as the live merchant finds them floating about in the garbage boxes he sets to work to find out if they can be profitably returned. Plain bottles such as are used for pop, table sauces and spirituous liquors have standard prices, and can be sold at many places.

The old bottle business is much like that of collecting old coin, and no doubt we shall soon see the many brands of bottles catalogued with as much precision as is noted in the books of coin.

Praying on Brooklyn Bridge.

"Do you see that old woman there?" said a bridge policeman who is stationed at the New York end of the big aerial thoroughfare to Brooklyn to a *Sun* man. "Just watch her and see what she does."

She was a tidily-dressed old woman, with a pale, sad face, and she was making her way slowly through the tangle of trucks, carriages and pedestrians in Park row, opposite the bridge entrance. She reached the curb at last and slowly mounted the steps to the bridge entrance. Instead of following the crowd to the cars or footway, she went over to the north wall of the entrance, where she stood a moment as though meditating. Then she suddenly knelt down, and, with her eyes closed and her head bowed, began moving her lips as if in prayer. She was on her knees but a moment, when she got nimbly to her feet and moved toward the promenade entrance, where she paid her cent and started on foot toward Brooklyn.

"Every day at about this hour that same woman comes here and goes through precisely that same programme. I asked her one day when she started away what was the matter, and she said, 'I was only praying,' and that is all I ever got out of her. Whether she is afraid the bridge will fall when she gets on it, and so prays before setting out on the dangerous journey, or whether she is in the habit of praying at about that time of day and finds the bridge entrance a nice retired spot for religious exercise, I never could find out. All I know is that she comes every day and prays every day, and seems a perfectly rational, respectable old body. The fact is that we here on the bridge do see some queer specimens of humanity among the tens of thousands who go by us every day."

The Bohemian element is rapidly multiplying in New York city.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Bolivia declared its independence in 1824.

There is a Russian (Greek) church in New York.

Aristotle founded the science of botany about 347 B. C.

The world's consumption of wheat is about 2,165,000,000 bushels.

It is proposed to make a canal connection between Paris and the sea.

Bottles are made of paper, and are lighter and more durable than glass.

During the hard times in the Confederacy a needle cost twenty-five cents.

The cocoa tree is an evergreen, and resembles a young cherry tree in appearance.

Monrovia, Cal., boasts of plenty of Crawford peaches weighing a pound apiece.

The oldest college in the United States is Harvard, Cambridge, Mass., founded in 1638.

Henry Clay was in the Senate of the United States at twenty-nine, contrary to the Constitution.

Goliath was over six cubits tall, which would make him between nine and eleven feet high.

A century ago the population of Europe was about 150,000,000; now it is over 350,000,000.

The deaf often hear conversation when there is music going on, which they could not hear when there was no music.

Gustavus Adolphus ascended the Swedish throne at sixteen; before he was thirty four he was one of the great rulers of Europe.

The Bessemer process of making steel was invented in England in 1856. It was introduced in this country about 1868-1870.

William Pool, of Limestone Hill, W. Va., has a powder horn that General Washington gave to his grandfather over a hundred years ago.

A Syracuse (N. Y.) dentist furnished a horse with five false teeth, but had only begun to brag about it when the old sorrel swallowed them down with his oats.

A Frenchman spent ten years of his life to invent a noiseless clock, and when he had succeeded nobody would buy it. A clock is bought for its tick as much as for its time.

There are 493 mountain peaks in the United States more than 10,000 feet in height. The highest mountain east of the Mississippi is Mount Balsam Cone, in the Black Mountains of North Carolina, that is 6671 feet high.

The Justice of the Peace at Cossville, Mo., is Samuel Gilmore, who is forty years of age and only two feet nine inches tall. He weighs only forty-six pounds. Mr. Gilmore is a successful farmer and a prominent man in the county.

The Rev. Frank M. Bristol, of Chicago, has a "Cato Major," printed by Ben Franklin in 1744, that is said to be as fine a specimen of typography as one could find anywhere. It was printed when Franklin trundled his forms from his composition room to the building where his presses were set up.

The greatest span of a cantilever bridge is that of the Forth Bridge, which will be finished in October, 1889. It has two of seventeen hundred and ten feet each. Its extreme height will be three hundred and sixty-one feet above high water, the foundations going ninety-one feet below high water.

Cane importers and manufacturers have a new cane in stock, which from present indications, they say, promises in time to become as popular as the hazel stick, or the buckhorn handled ash cane. The new importation comes from Austria, and is called weichtel. It is similar to the home cherry and has a straight handle. The weight is peculiarly proportioned, being light at the top and becoming heavy near the end. They are worth $1 and $1.50.

Ancient Galley Compared With a Cunarder.

In an article on modern ocean steamers an English authority says in the *Fortnightly Review*: Compare a galley, a vessel propelled by oars, with the modern Atlantic liner; and first let us assume that prime movers are non existent and that this vessel is to be propelled galley fashion. Take her length as some 600 feet, and assume that place be found for as many as 400 oars on each side, each oar worked by three men, or 2400 men and allow that six men under these conditions could develop work equal to one horse power, we should have 400-horse power. Double the number of men, and we should have 800-horse power, with 4800 men at work, and at least the same number in reserve if the journey is to be carried on continuously. Contrast the puny result thus obtained with 19,500-horse power given forth by a large prime mover of the present day, such a power requiring, on the above mode of calculation, 117,000 men at work and 117,000 in reserve, and these to be carried in a vessel less than 600 feet in length. To what and to whom are these meritorious prime movers due? I answer: To the application of science, and to the labors of the civil engineer, using that term in its full and proper sense as embracing all engineering other than military. I am, as you know, a civil engineer, and I desire to laud my profession and to magnify mine office; and I know of no better means of doing this than by quoting to you the definition of "civil engineering," given in the charter of the Institution of Civil Engineers, namely, that it is "the art of directing the great sources of power in nature for the use and convenience of man."

The fan which the Bonapartist ladies of Paris sent Princess Letitia as a wedding gift actually cost $5000.

"AS A BELL IN A CHIME."

As a bell in a chime
Sets its twin-note a-ringing,
As one poet's rhyme
Wakes another to singing,
So, once she has smiled,
All your thoughts are beguiled,
And flowers and song from your childhood are bringing.

Though moving through sorrow
As the star through the night,
She needs not to borrow,
She lavishes, light.
The path of yon star
Seemeth dark but afar:
Like hers it is sure, and like hers it is bright.

Each grace is a jewel
Would ransom the town,
Her speech has no cruel,
Her praise is renown;
'T is in her as though Beauty,
Resigning to Duty
The scepter, had still kept the purple and crown.

—*Robert Johnson, in the Century.*

PITH AND POINT.

High sees—Astronomers.

A scaly trick—Catching a fish.

There is an idol in a Chinese temple that weeps tears, idol tears.

Crooked work will always bring a man into straights.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Some plays are so solemn that men have to go out of the theater to smile.

Nobody knows where flies go to. Perhaps they go up the "flew."—*Detroit Free Press.*

They buried the milkman in the old-fashioned way. He took no stock in cremation.

The dentist should make a good working politician. He is always ready to take the stump.—*Boston Transcript.*

It was complained at a child's party, where the grown-up people were in the majority, that it was too much adulterated.

While cost of living may be reduced down to a mere nominal sum, the trouble remains with many to get the nominal sum.—*Siftings.*

A fashion article in one of our exchanges says that terra-cotta is much worn this fall. We suppose it is either in the shape of tiles for gentlemen or piping for ladies' dresses.—*Lowell Courier.*

Two Strike is the name of an Indian chief at the Pine Ridge agency in Dakota. There is evidently baseball talent on the Sioux reservation. Mr. Anson should look into this matter.—*Chicago News.*

When the frost is on the pound cake and the spareribs in the pot
The chilly autumn's here and the furnace fire is hot,
And the man who has dyspepsia eats those things which he should not.
—*Chicago News.*

This comes from the West as frozen fact, but we more than suspect it is made to order: "Miss Clam has married Mr. Fritter and now signs herself Mrs. Clam-Fritter." As the tale comes from "Bad Man's Gulch," out in Arizona, the maritime favor is all the more remarkable.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Judge Tree, of Illinois, it is said, is to be the Minister to Russia. It will, therefore, be in order to say that his bark will soon be on the sea to stem its way to the other side of the Atlantic. There will, of course, be proper leave taking, and as soon as he arrives at his destination he will make his bough to the Czar. There is little doubt but that he will soon take deep root in the esteem of the Russian court.—*Boston Courier.*

Why Chinamen Escape Yellow Fever.

The New York *Sun's* Chinese reporter asked Dr. Yong Tsye Hong, of Pell street, about his experience with yellow fever in China. "In Kwong Tung, Foo Kien and Kwong Si," he said, "there were a few cases of yellow fever several years ago. The fever was called by the natives 'wun bian.' It never became epidemic, owing to the people's habit of smoking opium."

"Does the smoking of opium prevent or cure yellow fever?"

"Certainly it does. Wherever opium is smoked it destroys yellow fever."

"But is not the opium smoking habit as dangerous as the fever?"

"No. It takes at least a year of constant smoking to acquire the habit, as all old opium smokers will testify. There might be yellow fever all over the United States, but the Chinese opium smokers would not be affected."

Dr. Li Shi Loon, of 19 Mott street, said: "Why, certainly, opium smoking cures yellow fever. I had two cousins in Memphis during that terrible yellow fever scourge in 1878, who simply smoked their pipes the moment they had caught the fever, and got well in less than twenty hours. So, there is no danger of getting the opium habit if the patient does not smoke longer than six months; but, then, it is a hard thing to learn how to use the pipe."

A Combination Piece of Furniture.

A bureau exhibited at the Brussels Exhibition is a source of great surprise when taken to pieces. In the space of five minutes the bureau can be transformed into a complete set of bedroom furniture, consisting of the following articles: First, a bed (including mattress and blankets); 2d, a table; 3d, a leather trunk; 4th, a washstand, with basin, ewer, etc., complete; 5th, a towel rail; 6th, a looking glass; 7th, an armchair, etc. There is nothing short, in fact. The inventor is a Mr. Zwicker Lotar, of Brussels. Of course, the bureau contains all the usual accessories in the shape of drawers for papers, letters, account books, etc. In the morning, after a comfortable night's rest, the bed is again transformed into a writing table and washstand, table, etc., and restored to their places in a few minutes.

Many mothers are disposed to regard the "growing pains" of their children too lightly; an article on "Rheumatism in Early Life," by Dr. Chapin, in the December number of BABYHOOD, will show them that children suffer from rheumatism more frequently than is popularly supposed. The symptoms, attending complications, and treatment of that insidious affection are clearly described in the article. The medical editor, Dr. L. M. Yale, contributes a popular illustrated article on "Household Surgery," which will prove of great value in the emergencies which arise even in the best regulated nursery. The wide range of nursery problems discussed is indicated by such titles as "Mitigating the Pains of Childbirth," "Removing extra Teeth," "Mild Forms of Rickets," "The Causes of Restlessness at Night," etc. That BABYHOOD during the four years of its existence has not exhausted its subject, is very evident from the variety of interesting topics treated of under "Mothers, Parliament," "Baby's Wardrobe," and in other departments. The practical character of the magazine is apparent also in its seasonable articles on "Eating a Christmas pie," which furnishes many novel suggestions, and "A Plea for Fewer Playthings and More Substantial Ones." These and the article on "Christmas Books for Children," will prove useful guides to many a perplexed parent. 15c a number; $1.50 per year. BABYHOOD Publishing Co., 5 Beckman street, New York.

THE BEST OF BACON.

The lighter pigs will make bacon—you need not be so particular about the size—as a pig which weighs dressed 150 pounds will make choice bacon. Cut the sides into strips and put them for six weeks into a brine made as follows: For 100 pounds of meat, use six pounds of salt, four ounces of saltpetre and six pounds of brown sugar with water enough to cover the meat closly packed in a clean cask; sprinkle a thin layer of salt on the bottom so that the meat will not come in direct contact with the wood. Put the skin side down and be sure the whole contents are covered with the brine. At the end of six weeks take up the meat and smoke it, using corn cobs or hard wood—smoke till it is a light brown or tan color. The pieces should be sewn up in muslin bags and covered with whitewash on the outside. When prepared in this way bacon can be cooked without any freshening and it will keep sweet for a year or more. It should be stored in a dry cool place. Bacon prepared and preserved in the above way will always come handy for a side dish, or for a special meat taking the place of pork. It is excellent to cook with greens, and in various other ways that a thrift and skilled housewife could devise.—Farm Journal.

Wonder what the five thousand miners who have been thrown out of employment in the Monongahela valley, think of the result of the late election? Whenever a slight increase of wages is reported anywhere, the Republican press immediately points to it as "a result of Harrison's election." Why wouldn't it do just as well to call attention to this wholesale shut down as a result of Cleveland's defeat? It's a poor rule that won't work both ways.

About 1,000 pounds of nitro-glycerine exploded on a wagon at Pleasantville, Pa., on Monday. The driver was literally annihilated. Parts of his two horses were found in neighboring trees. A piece of the wagon was found half a mile away. Mrs. Gottschow, in a house in the vicinity, was seriously injured by the side of it being blown in. The explosion was heard in Oil City, [illegible] miles distant.

The talk of making Republican States out of Territories in the Northwest has suggested to some Northern Democrats the idea of making Democratic States out of Texas in the Southwest. The joint resolution of March 1, 1845, consenting to the annexation of Texas stipulated that "new States of convenient size, not exceeding four in number, in addition to the said State of Texas, and having sufficient population, may hereafter, by the consent of said State, be formed out of the territory thereof." Not unnaturally, therefore, a Democratic editor in Boston asked, "Why should not the Democrats cut up Texas into three or four States?" He pointed out that Texas has territory enough, and population enough, and inquired, with the air of a man who had put an unanswerable question, "If the Republicans are going into the business of manufacturing States, why shouldn't the Democrats do the same?"—N. Y. Post.

One "trusted man" in Indiana, who was put in charge of a "block of five floaters," took them fourteen miles on a fishing trip in hopes of keeping them away from the polls. He has been bound over to await the action of the Federal court. He admits that he was trying to handle his "block of five," and the fishing trip was the best scheme he could think of.

American Wars.

Since Columbus first discovered this country, 396 years ago, sixteen wars have raged in what are now the United States, or been waged by this Government. They were the Dutch war of 1655, King Philip's war of 1675, King Williams war of 1689, Queen Anne's war of 1713, the French and Indian war, 1757; the Revolution, 1775; the Indian war, 1790: the Barbary war, 1803; the Tecumsee war, 1811; the war of 1812; the war on the Algerian pirates in 1815, the first Seminole war in 1817, the second Seminole war in 1835, the Black Hawk war of 1832, the Mexican war, 1846; and the Rebellion, 1861.

The duration and cost of the four great wars were: Revolutionary, seven years, $135,103,700; 1812, two and a half years, $107,159,000; Mexican, two years, $66,000,000; and the Rebellion, four years, over $3,000,000,000, or a total cost of nearly three and a half billion. In the revolutionary war the number of American troops engaged was 231,791, and in the rebellion the Northern soldiers numbered 2,688,523

There have also been so-called rebellions or attempts to overthrow the Government. The first was in 1782, when some officers of the Federal army tried to consolidate the thirteen States into one and confer supreme power on Washington The second was in 1787, called "Shay's Insurrection," in Massachusetts. The third was in 1794, popularly called "The Whisky Insurrection of Pennsylvania." The fourth instance was in 1814, by the Hartford Convention Federalists. The fifth, on which occasion the different sections of the Union came into collision, was in 1820, under the administration of President Monroe, and occurred on the question of the admission of Missouri into the Union. The sixth was a collision between the Legislature of Georgia and the Federal Government in regard to certain lands given by the latter to the Creek Indians. The seventh was in 1829 with the Cherokees in Georgia. The eighth was the memorable nullifying ordinance of South Carolina in 1832. The ninth was in 1842, and occurred in Rhode Island between the Suffrage Association and the State authorities. The tenth was in 1856, on the part of the Mormons, who resisted the Federal authority. The eleventh was the Southern rebellion.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. C. F. Moore, Editor. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, Dec. [illegible] 1888. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 per year, in advance. No. 22.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court,	H. A. Holt.
Prosecuting Attorney,	R. S. Turk.
Sheriff,	J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,	B. C. Hill.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts,	J. J. Beard.
Assessor,	C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct.	S. B. Clark, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor,	Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

SANTA CLAUS.—HOW OLD?

BY MRS. ANNA L. PRICE.

"How old is Santa Claus, mamma'?"
Said Anna unto me;
Has he white hair and long gray beard,
And spectacles to see?

And does he travel very fast,
So many children wait
For Christmas-morning's early hours,
And he might be too late.

He used to come to Grandma's house,
When snows were on the tree;
And bring you pretty Christmas things,
When you were small like me,

Then Santa Claus is very old,
I hope he will not die;
For what would little children do,
When Christmas-time is nigh!

How old is Santa Claus, mamma,
Tell me, I want to know;
And is he like our Andrew, strong,
And does he bigger grow?

Sometimes he's young, sometimes he's old,
Why, that is funny too:
But this is it, when he wears out,
They make him up "brand new."

Then little Anna truly wise,
Turns from her mothers knee;
Well, it don't matter, so he brings
A Christmas doll to me.

Inhumanity to Horses.

Slavery, as far as it consists in buying and selling men, women and children, has been abolished, and our legal and moral obligations toward humanity at large are becoming more clearly defined; but the slave-holding and slave-driving fever still boils in the blood of our people. For proof look at the dumb beasts in our streets who are not yet admitted to have rights which men and women are bound to respect—who are over-worked, over-loaded, whipped, jerked, cursed, curbed, clipped, blinded, checked, until their lives are one long burden of misery. There have always been men who were patient, gentle and firm with animals, and who knew how to bring out their best qualities, but alas! there have also always been men (and such men still exist) who are guided by that instinct of dull-minded savagery which only the slow work of progress can eradicate—the idea of government by brute force. The horse will be abused as long as he is in the power of human beings who have not learned that the ill-treatment of any dumb or helpless creature places them far lower in the scale of conscious existence than the object of their brutality. He will be abused as long as men are too stolid to heed his suffering or too thoughtless to perceive it. He will be abused as long as men believe that they know more about him than the Power which created him. The mouth of a colt is as sensitive as a child's. That will never do, so in the process of breaking—a term which ought to be as inappropriate when applied to a child—it is frequently torn and bruised with rough bits until when it heals a strong man can pull on it with all his might. If it had been left normally sensitive, the animal could have been guided by a turn of the finger. His eyes can be covered by pieces of leather, and a lock of his mane can be pulled forward under the forehead strap so that it can fall into the eyes and irritate them.

The tail, his defence against the annoyance of insects, can be strung or docked—although, as we are happy to mention, these offences are now punishable in several of our States by fine or imprisonment. The head affords another opportunity to readjust creation. It is of it the opinion of many that its natural position is one of those mistakes of a stupid unknown First Cause, which man, with his superior judgment, ought to rectify; so it is strapped high in the air, and the restless movements and foaming mouth occasioned thereby are supposed to indicate the suffering creature's unconquerable mettle.

Even if it is not raised to the point of torture, but merely to that of discomfort, what object can be more disconsolate to the eye of a human and humane being who admires the natural form of a horse than to see his nose poked out stiffly and his whole pose suggesting jaded patience and disgust? No wonder, poor fellow!—he knows in his dumb way how little his driver knows, but he would probably be pounded or jerked if he showed any resentment, so he does what few men would do if they were compelled to work with their heads tied back—suffers in silence. I imagine there would be a worse strike than any we have had yet if the proprietor of some large establishment should insist upon having all his employes wear straps over back from the tops of their heads to belts at the waist, in order to give them style, keep their heads up, make them breathe better and go faster; for their is just as much sense in applying any of these ideas to a man or a woman as to a horse. What a pity that our slaves were freed before the invention of that supreme instrument of horse-torture, the over-check! Think of the cases in which it might have been used for discipline when it was not needed for style! But there is no chance now to torment any creature with it unless he is dumb and helpless, and the chance for that is lessening every day as public opinion becomes gradually alive to the injustice of such treatment.—Hartford (Conn.) Times.

Educated to a Trade.

Trade schools, as institutions where the industrial arts are specially taught are called, are rapidly gaining a foothold in this country. The apprentice system never can be revived in this country to such an extent as will enable the hundreds of young men who desire to learn a trade to do so. The master workmen in the various trades have neither the time nor disposition to teach young men the secrets of their business. Even if they had, the rules of the various unions limit the number of apprentices, and an apprenticeship is about as hard to obtain as a scholarship in the army or naval schools of the government. The establishment of trade schools is, therefore, a practical educational movement that meets with encouragement from the associations of master workmen in the various trades. These schools, if they do not turn out thoroughly skilled workmen, do furnish young men with a ground work which, with practical experience, will very quickly convert them into skilled artisans.

This fact is shown by the experience of the hundreds of young men, between 17 and 21 years of age, who have laid the foundation of their knowledge of their trades in New York trade schools during the past six years. The instructors there are skilled workmen, and the personal attention by them to each individual student results in the very rapid acquirement by the scholar of the necessary rudiments of his trade. In a busy workshop such personal and constant attention and the immediate correction of false methods or errors of judgment are not possible. It is no wonder, then, that young men seeking to learn a trade make such very rapid and seemingly phenomenal progress as they do [illegible] the New York trade schools. [illegible] faults are corrected immediately [illegible] being made, and they are taught [illegible] to correct and avoid them.—New York Times.

When Men Cross Their Legs.

Men generally cross their legs when there is least pressure on their minds. You will never find a man actively engaged in business with his legs crossed. The limbs at those times are straighter than at any other, because the mind and body work together. A man engaged in auditing accounts will never cross his legs, neither will a man who is writing an article, or who is employed in any manner where his brain is actively engaged. When at work in a sitting posture his limbs naturally extend to the floor in a perfectly straight line. A man may cross his legs if he is sitting in an office chair discussing some proposition with another man but the instant he becomes really in earnest and perceiving something to be gained his limbs uncross quick as a flash, he bends forward toward his neighbor and begins to use his hands. That is a phase that I believe you will always observe.

Men often cross their legs at public meetings, because they go there to listen or to be entertained; they are not the factors in the performance, and they naturally place themselves in the most comfortable position known to them—leaning well back in their chairs and crossing their legs. A man always crosses his legs when he reads a newspaper, but is more apt to lie down when he reads a book. He reads the paper, of course, to inform himself, but at the same time the perusal of its contents is recreation to him, and his body again seeks its position of relaxxtion. When a man is reading a newspaper and waiting for his breakfast his legs are always crossed, but as soon as the breakfast is brought to him he puts the paper aside, straightens out his legs and goes to work—that is, begins to eat, his mind now turning on the duties of the day before him.—N. Y. Press.

Looking For Things.

We have all looked for things, sometimes, alas, vainly. We have looked for health and happiness, for Susie's bonnet and the meat knife, for our last led-pencil, and our other slipper.

It is not an agreeable occupation, particularly if the thing is wanted in a hurry. And the more precise and careful the person the more disgusted she is apt to be when she realizes that she has mislaid the article that she new just where to put her hands on.

It is entertaining only to the spectator to see you look wildly over the house for the feather duster. To look until you are exhausted and drop panting into a chair upon the handle of the duster that has been lying composedly here while you were searching the rest of the house.

One of the most unpleasant ways of looking for things is to be obliged to sit down or lie in bed and direct somebody else in the looking. With what exasperation you hear the poor man say: "Well, it isn't in that drawer" stirring the contents about as with a stick. "Now, where else shall I look, my dear?"

And you know you could find it immediately, if you could only get up.

The best way to find things is to put them always in their places. It often seems burdensome to walk the extra steps to put an article in the place appropriated to it, but we are well repaid when we go there and find it without any flurry the first time it is wanted. It is really the easiest way, and in the end will [illegible] our peace of mind and much [illegible]. But accidents may happen [illegible] the most careful and methodical people; and there is besides, the "total depravity of inanimate things" [illegible] be taken into account. Through [illegible] mischance things may be dropped and mislaid even after the utmost care has been taken to put them just where they properly belong. When you meet with the mishaps which it is the fate of all housekeepers sometimes to meet, do not lose your temper and your time by getting excited, and insisting that you must have that particular thing and can use nothing else. Often a substitute for the lost article can be arranged, not so good, perhaps but we sometimes have to do with second-best things. When the hurry of the moment is over, and your mind is at rest, it will be easier to quietly find the lost keys, or duster, or perhaps wait till they turn up, as they surely will, in the course of your round of duties through the house. It is not always pleasant to do with something else, but when we see the worry and fuss sometimes made by the loser, and the discomfort and annoyance caused to the rest of the family by a tiresome insistence upon finding some special lost article and being satisfied with no other, we are tempted to think that there is such a thing in this world as being too particular.—N. Y. Evening Post.

If Gov. Foraker is unable to cope with the "White Caps" of Ohio, he had better let out the job to Sheriff Smith, of Birmingham.

Pocahontas Times.

S. P. LOURY. C. F. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

Dec. 20, 1888.

The Direct Tax Bill.

The measure known as the Direct Tax bill has passed the House by a vote of 178 to 96. It had already passed the Senate, but must go back to that body for concurrence in the amendments now adopted. The question of interest is whether Mr. Cleveland will veto the bill; and in that event, whether it can pass over his veto.

Not only the amount of money, but in the principles involved, this bill is one of the most important that has come before the Fiftieth Congress. It proposes to refund to the States what they paid to the Federal Government on account of the direct tax laid by Congress in August, 1861, and also to forgive the debt still due to the Federal Government by those States which never paid their full share of that tax. About $16,000,000 would go back to the States and Territories in various sums, ranging from New York's $2,213,000 and Pennsylvania's $1,654,000 down to Nevada's $4,592 and Dakota's $3,241. Of the Balances due and still carried on the Treasury books, which the bill wipes out of existence, the largest are Alabama's $511,028, Georgia's $477,494, and Tennesee's $281,763.

This bill passed the Senate last January, after full discussion, by a vote of 48 to 10. There was little opposition to the measure. Only five Democratic Senators voted against it. The Southern Democrats in the Senate, as a rule acknowledged the equity of the proposal to refund the direct tax. Of the ten Senators voting against the bill, five were Northern Republicans, including Mr. Blair of New Hampshire.

Three months later, when the measure came up in the House with the approval of the Judiciary Committee of that body, there was suddenly developed a fierce and pertinacious opposition, led by Gen. Oates of Alabama, and this resulted in the memorable deadlock of last April, when every expedient of obstructive tactics was resorted to in order to prevent the consideration of the Direct Tax bill. The deadlock lasted for days, and was only broken by a compromise which postponed consideration of the bill until after the election.

The vote in the House on Wednesday showed a curious fracture of the party lines. Members were influenced apparently by no other consideration than their individual judgment. Although no Republican voted against the bill, forty Democrats voted for it. Mr. Randall voted with Mr. Mills, Mr. Carlisle, the two Breckenridges, and Gen. Oates against the measure; Mr. Holman and Mr. Bowden stood with Mr. Scott, Mr. Butterworth, and Mr. McKinley in favor of taking the money from the United States Treasury. The New York city delegation was equally divided—Cummings, Bryce, Cox, and Spinola against the bill, and Campbell, Merriman, Cockran, and Fitch for it. It is a long time since there has been any vote in the House so difficult to explain on any general policy of local interest or party.

The whole history of the Direct Tax bill up to date forms one of the most singular chapters in recent legislation. The measure has been advocated and opposed on broad principles of equity and justice, and on honest difference of opinion as to the constitutional powers of Congress. More than two-thirds of the Senators voting, and almost two-thirds of the Representatives voting have declared for it. It is neither a job nor a steal, nor a spasmodic indulgence of extravagant propensities; nor has it been pushed in the interest of any gang of claim agents. But it involves taking from the Treasury, and consequently from the cherished surplus, many millions of dollars, and the question is, Will the President Sign it.—N. Y. Sun.

Mr. Oates (Ala.) has introduced a bill providing that no alien shall be admitted into the United States who is an idiot, insane, a pauper, or liable to come a public charge, or who has been legally convicted of a felony or other infamous crime or misdemeanor involving moral turpitude, or who is a polygamist, anarchist or socialist, or who is afflicted with any loathsome or contagious disease, or who has entered into contract to perform labor or service for any person, firm or corporation. A penality by fine not to exceed one thousand dollars, or imprisonment not to exceed three years, is imposed.

Section 3 provides that no vessel shall bring more than five immigrants for each one hundred tons of the capacity of the vessel. A fine of five hundred for each passengers in exces of the limit, is provided.

A tax of twenty-five dollars per head is levied upon every alien who comes into the United States, the tax to be collected by the Collector of Customs at the port of entry from the owner or master of the vessel upon which the alien is brought.

Exemptions are made of diplomatic representatives, consuls or agents accredited to foreign governments, of persons who come for travel, instruction or temporary residence. Upon the latter class making affidavit to that effect, they are given an acknowledgement of the collection of twenty-five dollars, which is good for three years, payable at any port upon re-embarkation. It further provides that United States consuls abroad shall, after inquiry, issue certificates of emigration to persons desiring to emigrate to the United States, and without a certificate from a United States consul, no person shall be landed. The Secretary of the Treasury is directed to see that the provisions of the bill are carried into effect.

The Democratic House caucus on Tuesday night discussed the admission of Territories, but took no action. Mr. S. S. Cox favored the admission of all the Territories except Utah and New Mexico. Mr. Oates of Alabama dissented from the views advanced by Mr. Cox. He regarded the question of the admission of the Territories as largely politicial, and believed that the interests of the Democratic party should be considered. Mr. Spinola said that the question was purely political. He would oppose the admission of Territories in every way he could, and in 1892, with a stanch, sterling Democrat at the head of the Democratic ticket, that party would march on to victory. He did not believe in sentimental measures.

[Secret]ary of State of Tennessee [refuses] to affix the State seal to [the cert]ificate of election of Rep[resen]tative Evans (Rep.) of that [S]tate, although Gov. Taylor has signed it. A Secretary of State is sometimes the largest man in the government.

The President's Honesty.

However one may differ from President Cleveland on public questions, says Charles P. Bryan, in the Chicago America, one must recognize in him an official sensible of the dignity of his place. I learn from a recent guest of the Clevelands that the President has always been most scrupulous in forbiding any appropriation to personal uses of public property. When the gardener of the White House grounds made up a box of bautiful plants to be dispatched to Oak View the President ordered them to be sent back, with the direction that what plants were needed should be purchased. He even requested that a guest of Mrs. Cleveland's should return to the donor an expensive present made her by a minor official. Such evidence of honesty should be gratifying to good Americans of all parties. National loyalty ought to inspire us all with the hope that the time may never come when the President of the United States shall forfeit the respect of fair minded countrymen, either for himself or for his exalted office. Allow the British plenipotentiary and the London press a monopoly of arrogant and envious criticism.

PREACHING.—Rev. J. Luster Henderson will preach for the year at the following places as stated:

1st Sunday,		Huntersville,	11 A. M.
"	"	Mt. Pleasant,	4 P. M.
2nd	"	Sunset,	11 A. M.
"	"	Bethel,	3 P. M.
3rd	"	Huntersville,	11 A. M.
"	"	Mt. Pleasant,	4 P. M.
4th	"	Bethel,	11 A. M.
"	"	Sunset,	3 P. M.

HOME NEWS

—We congratulate George Bambrick, of Dunmore, on the recent addition to his family. They say its a fine boy.

—Mr. Lee Notingham, while working at the lumber camp last week, was badly hurt by a falling tree. At this time he is much improved.

—The County Court meets on the 1st day of January. It will be a term of unusual interest, as the newly elected County officers qualify at that time.

—E. I. Holt, of Hillsboro was in town Saturday. His recent sickness has somewhat reduced his surplus flesh.

J. B. Canfield and family left for their new home at Gordonsville, Va., last Tusday morning. Pocahontas loses a good citizen in the departure of Mr. Canfield. We wish him success.

—The impression seems to be gaining ground that Nelson Moore still lives. Several things have occurred that indicate it. We hope it may finally so appear.

—Trout Shoe, who was some time ago committed to jail charged with horse stealing, was last Saturday taken to Hillsboro and given a preliminary examination before justice Kennison. In default of bail he was recommitted to await the action of the grand jury.

—Sparker writes us that a recent telegram from Santa Claus announces that he will be at Dunmore on the night of Dec. 24th if the roads are not too bad, and old Mrs. Claus's heath will permit him to leave home.

—We sincerely hope that in re-letting the carrying of our mails the contracts will be awarded to parties who will stock the routes in a manner that will insure a prompt and reliable service. This thing of taking a contract at half price and then half doing the work does not suit the public at all.

—Dr. R. M. Harper, of Falling Springs, Greenbrier Co., well known to many of our readrs, died at his home on Saturday night, Dec. 9th. He had been riding all day, visting his patients; late in the evening came home complaining of a severe pain in his head. He soon retired and applied to his head a cloth saturated with chloriform. Next morning he was found dead in his bed. It is supposed that his death was caused by inhaling the chloriform too freely. His wife was not at home at the time. The Doctor was was peculiarly successful in the practice of medicine, and generally liked by those who knew him.

Last week at Birmingham, Ala., a crowd advanced on the County jail with the intention of lynching R. R. Hawes, who was there imprisoned on the charge of murdering his wife and child. The jail was guarded by Sheriff Smith and his posse. Several times the crowd was warned against further advance, but failing to heed, the sheriff gave command to fire, which was done and resulted in the death of fifteen persons, among whom were some of the most prominent citizens of Birmingham. Several were killed who at the time were vainly endeavored to persuade the mob to desist.

At the second test of the Bessemer cast-steel gun at the proving grounds at the Naval Academy at Annapolis last week the gun burst into numberless pieces, breaking the heavy timbered platform it was on into fragments. The first charge was thirty-six pounds, the second forty-eight, the regulation charge. The gun made by the Pittsburg Steel Casting Company was sixteen feet one inch in length and weighed 18,000 pounds. The attempt to cast steel guns will be given up for the present.

Last week the Secretary of the Navy ordered three men-of-war to Hayti to release the American vessel there seized and held. Instructions were given to demand a release, which demand if disregarded should be enforced. It is rumored that Hayti is making preparations to warmly welcome the American fleet, and a lively contest may result.

"Chief," the largest elephant in America, belonging to Robison's Circus, has been condemned to die for the murder of his keepers. This elephant is about twenty five years old and weighs ten thousand pounds. He is worth $10,000, or would be worth it if not so dangerous a brute. Three of his keepers have been killed by him and still his murderous inclination is unchecked. The Robison boys, fearing he may some day break loose and cause them a greater loss than will be sustained by his death, have determined to kill him, and the sentence will shortly be executed. It is proposed to put him to death by means of an electric current.

After the 1st of January, 1889, hanging as a mode of paying the death penalty will be abolished and death by means of electricity substituted in the state of New York. This we believe to be a step in the right direction. The purpose of the law in executing the sentence of death is not to torture the individual, but to deprive him of his life: Yet how often it happens that our hangings are so badly conducted that they amount to nothing less than torture in its worst form. If, however, the statements of our best scientists are true the work can be accomplished instantaneously, thus avoiding the slow and barbarous process of the gallows.

The "City of New York," the latest transatlantic steamer launched on the Clyde, is under contract, with heavy penalities upon the part of the builders, to make the distance between Liverpool and New York in five days and fifteen hours. The penality will not be enforced for two or three months, until the men handling her have learned best how to develop her steampower. The "Etruria" did not reach her best record until she had been running over four years. The new steamer has over nineteen thousand horsepower. There is only one vessel, and that belongs to the Spanish navy, which has greater driving power. A statistician connected with the builders has estimated that if the steel used in the "City of New York" were made into needles, there would be enough to reach to the moon and back four times. Her average consumption of coal is 350 tons a day. She made the fastest trip ever made on the Atlantic.—Herald and Presbyter.

ALLEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA

The issue of the tenth volume calls attention to the rapid progress which this excellent popular cyclopedia is making. The publisher promised the volumes at intervals of about a month; he is recently more than keeping his word. The volume extends from Cosmography to Debry, contains about 640 pages and about 100 illustrations, handsomely printed and neatly bound in cloth, all for 50 cents! The Manifold is more comprehensive than any other cyclopedia except Cassell's (which costs several times as much), including an unabridged dictionary of the English language in addition to ordinary cyclopedia matter, and though many of the articles are necessarily brief, they are sufficiently full for practical people, and some articles are surprisingly extended - for instance, Cotton occupies 20 pages; Craniology, 8 pages; Creeds and Confessions, 5 pages; Cricket, 4 pages; Crusades, 8 pages; Darwin and Darwinian Theory, 17 pages, and so on. It would be strange indeed if a cyclopedia of such great merit, published at a cost so surprisingly low, did not reach an enormous circulation. A specimen volume may be ordered and returned if not wanted. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, New York, Chicago, Atlanta and San Francisco.

School Report.

The following is the roll of honor for the first month of the McGlaughlin School, near Dunmore:

Lillie Carpenter, Minnie McGlaughlin, Effie Carpenter, Annie McGlaughlin, Russel McGlaughlin, Charlie McGlaughlin, George Carpenter.

No. enrolled 24.

Average daily attendance 19.

Per cent. of daily attendance 90.

M. ALICE MCGLAUGHLIN,
Teacher.

An extensive manufactory of coffins in New York has failed. Its trade was principally in the Southern States, which speaks well for the general well-doing of that section. Nobody wants to see a business interest destroyed, yet there are few persons who would grieve if every coffin factory in the country had to close up owing to the lack of demand for its product.

The Cost of All Attainment.

Hard work is the cost of all attainment that is worth having; yet while every body wants the atainment, only now and then one is willing to do the hard work that is essential to its securing. So it comes to pass that the measure of a man's prospects of attainment, is, practically, his willingness to work hard and tirelessly. No man works harder than a great genius. If more men were willing to work as hard as the man of genius, more men would be credited with the possession of genius, because of their achieving results which are supposed to come from the inspirations of genius.—S. S. Times.

Temperance in the Senate.

Senator Frye is sometimes laughed at because he opposed the sale of whisky in the Senate restaurant and compelled resort to the subterfuge of "cold tea," or whisky served in a teacup. But the Senator's protest against the open sale of spirituous liquors is only one of the signs of a developing criticism of the use of liquor in an open way about Congress. His position, says Dunnell, in the New York Times, is a great advance upon that of the mass of Congressmen in service here twenty-five years ago. At that time whisky was not more objectionable as a beverage than water. I am told by an old employe that at the beginning of the Thirty-eighth Congress the room of one of the principal clerks of the House was always supplied with at least a bottle of whisky, that stood out upon a table free to all comers as soon as the superior clerk had given the signal by taking the first drink. Three prominent men from as many different States made this room a "badging" resort, and it was not a rare sight to see champagne opened by the case for the promotion of some interest in the House, the celebrated Congressman making it a point to be on hand whenever the champagne was fizzing. This liquor was supplied by men who were disposed to keep the members of the House in good humor, and to subdue any violent opposition that might otherwise be developed. Two of the celebrated drunkards of that time have gone to a place where there can be no use for lobbyists. The third is still here, but has reformed, and has a "razzledazzle" time of it at long intervals. Champagne is still to be had in the restaurants of both Houses, and whisky without disguise in one of them. But in the open committee rooms the whisky bottle has given way to the ice pitcher, which neither cheers nor inebriates. The habitually drunken member is now almost as extinct as the dodo, and the free drinker of 1864 is a spiritual reminiscence.—Washington Post.

It is said that J. N. Camden, Gov. Wilson, and Henry G. Davis, as well as others too numerous to mention, would be glad to succeed John E. Kenna in the United States Senate. Present indications seem to bespeak a hotly contested election.

Col. Elihu Hutton, of Randolph Co., has made an assignment. His liabilities amount to $35,000

Notice to Creditors.

To the Creditors of John Sharp, dec'd:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the county of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subjet the real estate of the said John Sharp to the payment of his debts; you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said John Sharp for adjudication to James W. Warwick, Jr., Commissioner, at his office in the said county, on or before the 28th day of February, 1889.

Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of the said court, this the 16th day of November, 1888.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Nov22-4t] Printer's fee, $4.85.

Fiduciary Notices

The following fiduciary accounts are before me for settlement.

Isaac McNeel, guardian of Lydia E. McNeel.

S. H. Clark, executor of Wm. Clark, deceased.

C. A. Lightner, Admr. Wm. Lightner, Dec'd.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Comr. accts.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered the 17th day of October, 1888, in the chancery cause of George N. Tacy vs. Hamilton Collins etc., I, as special commissioner appointed in the said decree, shall proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court-House of said county, on the

1st DAY OF JANUARY, 1889,

the following real estate, to-wit:

A tract of land containing One Hundred acres, more or less, lying on the waters of Clover Creek, in Pocahontas county, West Virginia, adjoining the lands of S. B. Hannah, W. Doyle and others, being the same land heretofore sold to Hamilton Collins by said George N. Tacy.

TERMS OF SALE.

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue, the purchaser to execute three several bonds with good security, falling due respectively in Six, Twelve and Eighteen months from day of sale, said bonds bearing interest from day of sale. A lien will also be retained on said land as ultimate security.

H. S. RUCKER, Spc'l Commissioner.

C. B. SWECKER, Auctioneer.

Bond has been given by the above Special Commissioner as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k of Ct. Ct.

Dec. 6 4 t- Printers fee $8.85.

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

Dec 20, 1888.

"Keep away from that," said a restaurant-keeper to an Irishman who was standing in front of a newly-arrived box of turtles, holding his finger in evident pain. "What are you doing there, anyhow?" "I wor investigating." "Investigating what?" "I wor trying to see which wor the head and which wor the tail of that baste over there in the corner of the box." "What do you want to know for?" "I've a curiosity to know whether I've been bit or stung."

Wife: Now look here, Henry you've come home drunk three nights in succession, and you've got to reform or I'll leave you.

Husband: M-my dear don't talk (hic) that way. Reform (hic) knocked out on 'lection day, and it's re-vision we're (hic) after now.

THE LEGISLATURE

Will convene at Charleston on January 9th, and the session will be an unusually interesting one The "Daily Star" of that city will contain everything of interest transpiring at that place, while its report of the legislative proceedings will be complete every day. 50 cents will pay for it during the session. The "Weekly Star" stands without a rival in that section of the state and will also give the proceedings in full. 25 cents will secure it for three months. We advise our readers to subscribe at once for either the daily or weekly edition if they wish to keep posted as to what our state solons are doing.

...liable to come a public charge, or who has been legally convicted of a felony or other infamous crime or misdemeanor involving moral turpitude, or who is a polygamist, anarchist or socialist, or who is afflicted with any loathsome or contagious disease, or who has entered into contract to perform labor or service for any person, firm or corporation. A penality by fine not to exceed one thousand dollars, or imprisonment not to exceed three years, is imposed.

Section ...

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. | C. P. Moore, Editor. | Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, Jan. 3 1889. | Terms of Subscription. $1.10 per year. in advance. | No. 24.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, R. V. Hill.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. F. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

[illegible]

Tales of Duelists.

The story of "Old Hickory's" duel, in which he was the challenged party and by right had the choice of weapons has been often told. He stipulated that his opponent and himself should sit upon two kegs of gunpowder with a lighted fuse attached to each. The climax of this novel affair was reached when "Old Hickory's" fighting enemy ran as the lighted fuse was burning dangerously near the bung-hole of his keg of powder. And as he fled he heard "Old Hickory" derisively calling to him to "come back, you durned fool; there is nothing but onion seeds in these kegs."

Another story about the man, who, when challenged by a farmer friend aggrieved at some trivial matter, suggested that they join hands and jump from the top of the highest building in New York, created a laugh when it was in its prime. But it has grown gray-haired and decrepit through long years of faithful service and has been shelved.

The man who was challenged by a wooden-legged man has become historical on account of his queer demand when he and his antagonist met upon the field of honor. He did not know until the pistols were loaded and the ground paced off that the man who thirsted for his blood was possessed with a timber limb. He protested and cited that section of the code which prescribes that neither party shall have any advantage over his adversary, contending that his wooden-legged opponent had an advantage. "But rather than break up the affair, gentlemen," remarked the man who had two sound and natural legs. "I make the following proposition: If you will get a beegum for me to put one of my legs in, I will go ahead with the fight."

That duel didn't come off.

There was a good one told in Georgia a few years ago and it has lost none of its vitality with age. A couple of gentlemen had decided that nothing but a shot at one another with adult pistols would satisfy a difference they enjoyed. By reason of a failure to make a railroad connection one of the principals did not arrive at the place selected for the battle and his second brought the news of his detention to the others, who were impatient for the slaughter to begin. When the other principal heard of the delay that was to debar him from the privilege of shooting at his enemy he promptly sent word that the code made provisions for such emergencies. That when either of the principals failed to appear at the time and place set for the duel his second must answer to the demand of the other side. But the second in this case did not take kindly to this and said that it would be impossible for him to fight as he was not naturalized. That duel was declared off and a champagne supper restored good feeling all around.

In the days when it was the proper thing to lock the duelists in a darkened room and arm them with pistols there were good stories told. One of them has been preserved. A German and a Frenchman were the fighters. They were locked in a room which was so dark that they could not see each other. The Frenchman described what transpired in his own peculiar style: "I know of I shoot my pistol at Dutchman see by the flash and shoot me. So I say to myself, I [illegible] and [illegible] Dutchman as he shoot his pistol and [illegible] I can kill him. I keep me still and ze Dutchman I not hear at all. But when I shoot my pistol up ze chimney to scare him, down he come."

Ability.

Success may not always s be the test of ability, but it is so in enough cases to warrant one in saying that the universally unsuccessful man is incompetent. We feel that there is a screw loose somewhere. If he really had ability, and all that is included in that name, he would succeed in something. Ability implies enough energy to surmount small difficulties, and not only small obstacles, but obstacles that would daunt and discourage the man of little determination. To such a one a rebuff only furnishes fresh incentive to succeed—at all hazards.

Those who sit down, and cry weakly that they are more able to do great deeds that such-a-one if they only had the opportunity; that they have as much talent as So-and-so, but they only lack the chance to display it; that they have no time to do anything; that circumstances are against them or they would certainly succeed—probably possess neither talent nor ability, except in their own imagination. If they had the talent, they would accomplish something, no matter what circumstances were against them. They might perhaps do better when they had more time, more foothold, more chance to show what they could do; but it is hardly likely, if they did nothing at all while the fates were against them, that would make a shining success when things were more favorable.

Ability makes its possessors resolve that they will do something with it; that they will work to improve the talent, small though it be, that they feel is theirs; that they will not be beaten, and that nothing shall daunt them. This faith and energy may really serve to remove the mountains that confront them, or at least enable stout hearts to so far surmount them that, though the way may be rough and toilsome at first, it will become easier and straighter as they climb upwards. Therefore, if you are persuaded in your mind that you are really and truly able to do a certain thing, do not go about crying that you could do it, only—you can't; but go to work earnestly and doggedly and *do it*. Do it, no matter what happens to "keep you back." Do it with all the powers of your mind and body. Do it, at first, it may be, blunderingly, in a blind, faltering way, but feeling confident that if you have the talent or genius it will show itself, though after a long time perhaps, and only by hard and persistent work. And be assured the one-half of the ability to do a thing lies in the determination to do it.—N. Y. Post.

Meaning of the Word "Limited."

A subscriber asks for an explanation of the word "limited," which frequently follows the name of a corporation, as the "Sunrise Blacking Company, limited," or "Smith & Jones, limited." In the last case, as in the first, the concern is a corporation, with shareholders, not one of whom, possibly, is a Smith or a Jones.

The old principles of corporations created by legislative act was that the entire property of every stockholder was liable for the whole debts of the company, as the whole property of every member of a general partnership is still liable for the debts of the firm.

But this system made every stockholder responsible for bad management of which he might not be guilty, and deterred wealthy men from becoming interested in the shares of corporations. To remove this objection the principle of limited liability was introduced, and in order to notify the public that only the separate property of the corporation was liable for the debts of the corporation the English law requires that the word "limited" shall be used in every case by the company.

Most American corporations are constituted on the principle of limited liability, but few, if any, of the States enjoin companies to append the word limited to their corporate titles. The matter is so well understood in this country, indeed, that it is not necessary.

The most noteworthy exception to the general rule is the case of the national banks, and even in this instance liability is limited to an amount equal to the par value of the shares. That is, if a national bank fails, each stockholder may not only lose what he has invested, but $100 more for each share of stocks he holds, if so much is necessary to pay the debts of the bank.

Until within a few years all the Scottish banks were organized with unlimited liability, and when, eight or ten years ago, a Glascow bank failed, disasterously, there were cases of men who only owned a share or two, valued before the failure at not much more than a hundred dollars each, who were assessed thousands of pounds sterling, to meet the debts of the bank. Since that time the Scottish banks have been allowed to reorganize on a basis of limited liability.—Youth's Companion.

BUSINESS AMIABILITY.

Courteous Treatment of the Rich and Poor, and its Commercial Value.

Bishop Ames, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, once delivered a sermon in Washington in the presence of members of Congress, the President and a large number of other Government officials on the subject of amiability in business. His text related to the personal characteristic of the prophet Daniel, the leading characteristic of whom was amiability of deportment, winning to Daniel by his traits, nearly all with whom he came in contact. From this starting point the Bishop proceeded to sum up some of the observations of his own long life, showing how men of his acquaintance had succeeded in their several occupations by the practice of habitual courtesy without insincerity, this trait, of course, accompanied by honesty and industry. "Other things being equal," said the great preacher, "I always prefer to buy my goods at the store from that clerk who has a friendly word and a kindly look of recognition. So, too, I prefer to deal with that business man who has a pleasant demeanor, and treats me like a brother. Other things being equal, such a clerk and such a business man will win where others of different social qualities will fail."

The good Bishop long since passed to final rest, but the lesson he sought to impress upon the young, on the occasion of which we speak, is as important now as it was then, and employer and employed in all branches of trade and industry could heed it with profit. In politics, the lack of amiability has sent many a candidate to the rear, and in business depending upon the voluntary favor of the public (and what business does not?) it marked the line between success and failure for many a firm. Courteous treatment of the rich and poor alike thus has not only a commercial value above estimate, but it comes very near to the fulfillment of a divine command.—Laundry Journal.

The Art of Not Hearing.

The art of *not* hearing should be learned by all. It is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear many of which we ought not to hear, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in or out sounds according to his own pleasure.

If a man falls into a violent passion and calls us all manner of names, at the first word we should shut our ears and hear no more. If, in our quiet voyage of life, we find ourselves caught in one of those domestic whirl-winds of scolding we should shut our ears as a sailor would furl his sail, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame our feelings we should consider what mischief those fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, our temper is kept, and instantly close the door.

If, as has been remarked, all the petty things said of one by heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would be a mere walking pincushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. If we would be happy when among good men we should open our ears; when among bad men shut them. It is not worth while to hear what our neighbor says concerning our children, what our rivals say about our business, our dress or our affairs.

The art of not hearing though untaught in our schools, is by no means unpracticed in society. We have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears a vulgar or impertinent remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little connivance in dishonorable conversation.

The steamer Kate Adams, the fastest and finest boat of her type on the Missippi, was burned to the water's edge on Sunday morning forty miles south of Memphis. Twenty-three or more persons, a great majority of them colored, were drowned or died from exposure in the water, which was unusually cold. The fire broke out among cotton bales, when the boat was 300 yards from shore. It was run aground, but the fire cut off the passengers from the bow, and they leaped overboard. There were 100 persons on board, and the exact number of the lost is not known.

"John, you've been smoking again. Your cloths are reeking with the odor." "Maria, you are mistaken. I rode home in a smoking car. Had to do that or stand up." (Next day.) "John, you've been drinking again." "M'ria, 'pon my word I haven't. I rode home in a —with a—(no, that won't do this time). M'ria, you're (hic) thinking 'bout that other time I came home kind o' tired out 'fore I swore off." —Chicago Tribune.

Henry Cheatham will be the only negro in the Fifty-first Congress. He is a mulatto, a graduate of Shaw University, and a teacher by profession. He will represent the Second District of North Carolina.

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

Jan. 3, 1889.

Well Said.

A few days ago a republican began crowing over Harrison's election to a certain Democrat when the disciple of Cleveland promptly replied, "Well, we have this consolation, if you have a good President we have!"

This unmeasured reply most truly and aptly expresses the pollical situation of the Country. If the republicans have a good president the democrats have. In other words, if Benj. Harrison the President elect is a good President, he is of course good in the sence of being a leader and defender of his country and not of his party alone. Grover Cleveland was a worthy President, not because of the interest he took in the democratic party, but because of his faithful discharge of duty to the entire people.

And this is the principle that should apply to politics universally.

What a wonderful advance will have been made in political affairs when it is conceded and acted upon that "he serves his party best who serves his country best."

It is necessary, of course, that different parties exist, but at the same time it should always be remembered that after one has been exalted to high position he is no longer the mere leader of a faction but of all under his authority, and duty demands that he guard with equal diligence and solicitude the interest of all. This principle being once fully recognized, the truth of the sentence above quoted becomes apparent; and it is reduced to an axiom that, if the republicans have a good President the democrats have a good one too, and vice versa.

It applies not alone to national affairs, but likewise to State and County matters. No man is worthy to fill any office in the gift of the people who is so dwarfed and contracted by prejudice that he can only be the servant of that political party from which he sprang.

Parties and the Judiciary

One of the most interesting questions decided by the recent election was the future character of the Federal judiciary as regards the partisan affiliations of its members.

When the Republican party came into power, the United States courts were officered by Democrats. Fortune had long been favorable to that party. After the sweeping victory of the Whigs in 1840, William Henry Harrison missed a chance to make an appointment to the Supreme bench by only a week, the death of Philip P. Barbour occurring on the 24th of February, 1841, and the appointment of Peter V. Daniel as his successor being made on the 3rd of March. Only a single vacancy occurred among the judges of the highest court during the Presidential term, and that had to be filled by Tyler, who named Samuel Nelson. One vacancy occurred during the other term for which the Whigs elected their candidates, and Benjamin R. Curtis was appointed by Fillmore in 1851.

A quarter of a century almost sufficed to make the Federal judiciary as unanimously opposed in politics to Cleveland in 1885 as it had been to Lincoln in 1861. Every one of the nine judges of the Supreme Court had been appointed by a Republican President, although Field, who came in as a sort of war Democrat, had gone back to his old party; every one of the nine judges of the Circuit Court was a Republican; and of the fifty-six judges of the district courts, only half a dozen bore commissions which had been made out before Lincoln's accession. Mr. Cleveland has given the Supreme Court a new Chief Justice in the person of Melville W. Fuller, and appointed one associate justice, Mr. Lamar; he has made one judge of the Circuit Court, ex-Senator Jackson of Tennessee, for the district which covers the States of Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee; and he has appointed judges of the Cistrict Court, in Alabama, California, Georgia Illinois, Michigan, Missouri and South Carolina. There are now two vacancies in that court in Southern States, and a nomination for Florida has just been made, but it is regarded as doubtful whether the Senate will confirm such nominations.

Gen. Harrison will undoubtedly have the opportunity of making more than one appointment to the Supreme bench. One of its members is in his seventy-sixth year, and two others are past seventy-two, all three being eligible for retirement upon a full-pay pension. Another member, Judge Matthews, has been in such poor health for some time that much doubt is felt as to whether he will prove capable of long service. Moreover, it is probable that President and both branches of Congress being now of the same party, some measure will at last be carried through for the relief of the Supreme Court, either by the addition of new members or by the establishment of appelate courts, the new judges in either case to be named by Gen. Harrison. A larger number of appointments to the District bench will probably fall to his lot than his predecessor was called upon to make. Among such judges is one Daniel Clark of New Hampshire, who is in his eightieth year; another, Arnold Krekel of Missouri, who is seventy-three; and several others who will reach the age of seventy, with the privilege of retiring upon a pension, before 1893.

Fortunately it is a matter of slight concern to anybody but the Democratic lawyers that a Republican President is to have the appointment of a great many judges. There is no longer the old sharp line of division between the parties in the matter of constitutional interpretation; the States' rights decisions rendered by the appointees of Lincoln and Grant have shown that the old landmarks are restored; and Southern Democrats made Chief Justice Waite's appointment the occasion for frank confessions that they had no complaint to make against Northern Republican's who made such a record on the Federal bench as he had done.—N. Y. Post.

A war of Races, on a small scale, is reported from Stafford County, Va., all growing out of a political quarrel over the results of the late election. At latest advices the sheriff had succeeded in quelling the disturbances, but not until one white man and one negro had been killed, and a large number of rioters had been badly injured. The race question may settle itself, but it's a rough process.—Washington Post.

General Sherman's Unwisdom.

In a large sense General William T. Sherman is responsible for the dozen lives lost in Wahalak, Miss., in the last week and for the blood-shed that will follow. The incendiary course of the negroes—their absurd and irrational rage—was the astonishing feature of the race conflict over which that town is still agitated. All is explained by the statement that the Sunday preceding a negro preacher had read from his pulpit the assertion of General Sherman that a war of races, of dagger and torch, was imminent, and that "when the negro struck the first blow in securing justice, millions of northern men would be ready to help!" The great name of General Sherman, behind such a remarkable appeal, explains the otherwise inexplicable course of the negroes.

Few men understand how quick the negro is to respond to an appeal to his ignorance or passion. In Oglethorpe county, in this state, a few years since, some wags wrote a letter to a prominent negro, signed by General Grant, and appointing him postmaster at Lexington. The negro took the matter in dead earnest, and no subsequent explanation convinced him that it was a joke. He organized a crowd to take the office by force, and the agitation was kept up until there was a riot and several negroes were sent to the penitentiary for implication therein. When Cleveland was elected thousands of negroes were sure they would be put back into slavery, and their fear on the subject was pitiful and their excitement dangerous. In one case known to the writer a negro sought his old master and seriously begged him to buy him when the sale came off.

Out of this ignorance the city negroes are rapidly emerging by contact with masses of people and by their close association with whites and the country negroes slowly by three months' education in the public schools. Among the country negroes, clustered in their scattered cabins, this ignorance is still dense. The man who would appeal to its worst side or inflame its passions for partisan or personal purposes does a great and immeasurable wrong.

What possible good can come of General Sherman's terrible words! They scare nobody. The evil complained of does not exist, and even if the whites were frightened by his incendiary threat, they could not right a wrong when there is no wrong. And what good can they do the negro! They simply arouse a blind and unreasoning rage that impels him to seek his own ruin by throwing himself against the steadfast ranks of the whites. He can never get anything by fighting for it, and every sane man knows this to be true. Such words as General Sherman's will produce, everywhere they are read or circulated among negro crowds, just such results as at Wahalak! Is he satisfied with this work!

The sword of General Sherman was terrible in war, and ruin and the torch went with it. Let us hope, for America's sake and for humanity's sake, that his pen will not be deadlier in peace, and ruin and the torch be invoked from its point.—Atlanta Constitution.

Indianapolis seems to have become very popular all at once as a winter resorts for politicians. Numerous pilgrimages have recently been made to that city. Of course, their visits to Harrison don't have any political significance.

The Richmond Whig, one of Virginia's oldest landmarks, has suspended publication, and a new daily The Times [illegible] of the Pocahontas Times is published in its stead.

PREACHING.—Rev. J. Laster Henderson will preach for the year at the following places as stated:

1st Sunday,	Huntersville,	11 A. M.
" "	[illegible]	4 P. M.
2nd "	[illegible]	11 A. M.
" "	[illegible]	3 P. M.
3rd "	[illegible]terville,	11 A. M.
" "	[illegible] Pleasant,	4 P. M.
4th "	Bethel,	11 A. M.
" "	School,	3 P. M.

HOME NEWS

—O. B. Sharp, of Frost, qualified as Notary Public Tuesday.

—C. R. Moore, Esq., of Dunmore, was in town Tuesday and Wednesday.

—Geo. W. Calhoon, of Locust, was in town Tuesday and remembered us in a substantial way.

—Edbert Hill, of Washington Territory, was in town Tuesday and Wednesday.

—Not a few of those who attended Court this week subscribed for The TIMES. Thanks.

—Geo. M. Kee, Esq., of Marlinton has been commissioned as Notary Public by the Governor.

—The County Court ought to make an appropriation for the repairing of the road up Salt River. The recent increase in travel over that route makes it a necessity.

—Lee Dever, (son of Fancis Dever, Esq.) who is located at Duluth, Minn., is visiting his relatives on Knapp's creek. We are glad to learn that he has done well in the west.

—A number of persons who had expected cabinet positions under Cleveland were before the County Court this week asking to be appointed road overseers.

—C. O. Arbogast, Esq. is off on a flying trip to Charleston. He wants to be sargent-at-arms of the next house of delegates. If Charley gets the place he'll make an efficient officer.

—Quite a number of persons were in town Tuesday and Wednesday attending County Court. The new officers were all on hand to qualify, and the like of Justices and Constables was never before seen.

—We are requested by the pastors of the Churches at this place to say to the people that it is very much desired that they should assemble promptly at the hour appointed for services. When preaching is announced for 11 o'clock be sure you are in your place by 60 minutes past 10.

—The County Court met last Tuesday. It began its work by installing C. E. Beard, the Commissioner elected to succeed S. H. Clark. Mr Beard was also elected President of the Court. In our next issue we shall give our readers an account of the Court's proceedings.

—We were sorry to hear of the misconduct of some who attended the Christmas trees at Dunmore and Frost. Many persons we are told who attended the tree at Dunmore went away thoroughly disgusted and with the determination never to go to such a place again. It is very strange that some people feel called upon to exhibit bad manners whenever an occasion presents itself.

—The order entered by the County Court on Wednesday morning requiring all persons to address the Court from the bar is a move in the right direction, and we sincerely hope it will be strictly enforced. The custom that has prevailed in the past, of allowing any body and everybody at any time and all times to step up and whisper in the ear of the Court, or [illegible] in front of the bench for an [illegible] time, facing the assemblage with his back to a good [illegible] to business and certainly a gross violation of Court House decorum.

—We are informed that on last Sunday, Quincy W. Poage met with a very painful and perhaps fatal accident. He was on his way home from Edray, riding at a rapid rate, when his horse threw him and trampled him under foot, fracturing his skull and inflicting other painful injuries. At this writing his condition is still critical.

A Card to the Public.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have this day mutually dissolved the partnership hitherto existing between them in the practice of law under the firm name and style of McClintic and Moore. All business undertaken by the firm previous to this date will receive the attention of both parties until completed, just as if the partnership still continued. We would also remind those indebted to the firm that this is a most excellent time to come forward and pay up.

Respectfully,
L. M. McCLINTIC.
C. F. MOORE.

Huntersville, W. Va.
Jany. 1st 1889.

Dunmore Doings.

The Christmas dinner given at the lumber camp of Capt. E. A. Smith, was largely attended and greatly enjoyed. Mr. Gay, the expert French cook of the camp is hard to excel in his art, as all will testify who have ever partaken of his preparations.

A little child aged 16 months, daughter of Melvin Gum, who lives near Glade Hill, died last Saturday night from the effects of being burned. Nearly a week previous to its death the mother left her two children in the house while she went to break the ice for the cow. Ypon her return she found her little daughter had been wrapt in the flames and its clothing almost entirely consumed.

The hearts of the old bachelors are sad. Leap year gone, and no proposals. Such is life.

Robert McGlaughlin has a new boarder—a 9-pounder.

Entertainment at Hillsboro Male and Female Academy.

According to previous Announcement a large and appreciative Audience Assembled at the Academy in Hillsboro on the evening of Dec. 21st to be entertained by the pupils of Hillsboro Male and Female Academy of which Prof. W. H. Landes is Principal and Miss Emma N. Warwick Assistant.

The exercises were varied consisting of Music Dialogues, Declamations, Recitations and discussings. Beginning with a Salutatory by Master Willie Wysong, the entire programme was rendered in a manner highly entertaining to the Audience and which reflected much credit upon the pupils.

We would like to refer seperately to the rendition of each piece but to do so would take too much space.

The little folks acquitted themselves admirably and showed conclusively they were under the training of those who are well versed in the Art of teaching.

Probably the most interesting feature of the programme was the discussion by four young men of the question—Resolved that George Washington was a greater man than Robert E. Lee. The young debaters handled the question with much ability and showed a familiarity with the subject that no doubt far surpassed that of much older and maturer minds, and as we sat and listened we were constrained to say that perhaps the world will yet know more Demosthenes and Ciceros. So evenly was the question discussed that it would have been difficult for a Committee of cultured gentlemen to have decided to whom the laurels of victory belonged.

The Audience expressed itself as much pleased with the entire programme and each one felt that he had been amply compensated fo his attendance.

This was the first entertainment given by Prof. Landes and so creditably did the school acquit itself that the people cannot fail to recognize that they have a sound and thorough teacher. Prof. Landes is a gentleman of refinement culture and learning and we trust he will receive that support from the public of this and neighboring counties to which he is fully entitled. No one need be afraid to trust the training of his child both morally and mentally to his hands. He comes highly reccommended and his stay in our midst even the short time he has been here has most favorably impressed the community with his worth. He is ably assisted by Miss Emma N. Warwick a lady well known to the people of the entire county and we hope that the future support he received will be comensurate with the success he deserves.

X.

Hon. C. P. Dorr, representative of Pocahontas and Webster Counties, is a candidate for the Speakership of the next house of delegates. Should he succeed in securing the place be will, no doubt, fill it creditably.

The West Virginia legislature meets at Charleston on Wednesday 9th. The most important work to be done is the election of a United States Senator to succeed the Hon. John E. Kenna. It is hoped that in this particular instance history will not repeat itself in a reproduction of the scene of two years ago. Such a fight as was made at that time is never desirable, but at this time it would be especially disastrous. So meager is the democratic majority that nothing short of absolute harmony and constant unanimity can assure democratic success.

Fiduciary Notices.

The following fiduciary accounts are before me for settlement.

Isaac McNeel, guardian of Lydia E. McNeel.

S. H. Clark, executor of Wm. Clark, deceased.

A. Lightner, Admr. Wm. Lightner, Dec'd.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Comr. accts.

Notice to Creditors.

To the creditors of Allen D. Grimes, dec'd:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the county of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Allen D. Grimes to the payment of his debts; you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said Allen D. Grimes for adjudication to James W. Warwick, Jr., Commissioner, at his office in the said county, on or before the 27th day of February, 1889.

Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of the said court, this 15th day of November, 1888.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Nov22-6t.] Printer's fee, $4.55.

Notice to Creditors.

To the Creditors of John Sharp, dec'd

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the county of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said John Sharp to the payment of his debts; you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said John Sharp for adjudication to James W. Warwick, Jr., Commissioner, at his office in the said county, on or before the 25th day of February, 1889.

Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of the said court, this the 16th day of November, 1888.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Nov22-6t.] Printer's fee, $4.55.

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE

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PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

Jan 3, 1889.

"Hobson's Choice."

Did you know that this familiar phrase, "Hobson's choice," preserves the memory of a very good and useful man?

Thomas Hobson was born in 1844; he was for sixty years a carrier between London and Cambridge, conveying to and from the University, letters and packages, also passengers. In addition to his express business, he had a livery stable and let horses to the University students. He made it a rule that all the horses should have, according to their ability, a proper division of work and rest. They were taken out in regular order, as they stood, beginning with the one nearest the door. No choice was allowed, and if any man refused to take the animal assigned him he might go without any. That or none. Hence the phrase, "Hobson's choice."

In the spring of 1630, the plague broke out in England. The colleges of Cambridge were closed, and among the precautions taken by the authorities to prevent infection, Hobson was forbidden to go to London.

He died in January, 1631, partly, it is said, from anxiety and fretting at his enforced leisure. Hobson was one of the wealthiest citizens of Cambridge, and did much for the benefit of the city, to which he left several legacies. His death called forth many poems from members of the University, officers and students, among them two by the poet Milton, when a student at Christ's College.—Wide Awake.

The Wives of Statesmen.

Not long ago, when speaking of his wife, Prince Bismark is reported to have said: "She it is who has made me what I am." There have been English statesmen who could say quite as much. Burke was sustained amid the anxiety and agitation of public life by domestic felicity. "Every care vanishes," he said, "the moment I enter my own roof!" His description of his wife is too long to quote, but we must give an epitome of it. Of her beauty he said it did not arise from features, from complexion or from shape; "she has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these that she touches the heart, it is all that sweetness of temper benevolence, innocence and sensibility which a face can express, that forms her beauty. Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe you when she pleases; they command like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her stature is not tall, she is not made to be the admiration of everybody, but the happiness of [illegible]. She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy; she has all the softness that does not imply weakness. Her voice is a low, soft music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has this advantage, you must come close to her to hear it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Virginia gave us Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and John Tyler. Massachusetts was the home of John Adams and John Quincy Adams; Tennessee supplied Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk and Andrew Johnson. Zachary Taylor was from Louisiana. New York has had the Presidency under Martin Van Buren, Millard Fillmore, Chester A. Arthur and Grover Cleveland. William Henry Harrison came from Ohio, and so did Rutherford B. Hays and James A. Garfield. The great State of Pennsylvania supplied the country with one President—James Buchanan; New Hampshire another in the person of Franklin Pierce, and Illinois was the State from which Abraham Lincoln and General Grant hailed when they were elected, and Indiana gives us Harrison, but he was born in Ohio.

Benjamin Harrison will be 55 years, 6 months and 17 days old when he is inaugurated President of the United States. His distinguished grandfather was 68 years old at the time of taking the oath of office, forty-seven years ago. Three other Presidents were 55 years old at the begininning of their administrations. They were Martin Van Buren, Zachary Taylor and Rutherford B. Hayes. Lincoln became President at 52. John Tyler and Chester A. Arthur were 51. Millard Fillmore was 50. Franklin Pierce and James A. Garfield were 49. Grover Cleveland was 48. Grant was 47. All the other Presidents were older than General Harrison.

UNHAPPY CHRISTMAS.

The Christmas Turkey wails this wail
 And makes his farewell bow:
"If I had died Thanksgiving Day
 I wouldn't have to now."

Lady (to clerk—I want to look at something that would be suitable for a Christmas gift for my husband.

Clerk—Yes'm; large or small?

Lady—What do you mean?

Clerk—Do you want a large or small flask?—Oil City Blizzard.

"Pa," inquired Bobby, "are all the people made of dust?"

"Yes, yes," replied his father who was reading.

"And is everybody made of the same kind?" continued Bobby.

"No, no, some of them are made of the cheapest kind of dust to be had."

Uncle Rastus (at Dinner)—Lem, you young raskil, take yo' feet offen de corner ob de table.

Aunt Dinah—Yes, an I decla' to goodness ef he aint eatin chicken broff from de end ob de spoon 'stid ob frum de side. When you grows up, Lem, eberybody'll take yo' fur a low down niggah what nevah had nb manners larned to him.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, R. V. Hill.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

The Devil.

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his majesty through;
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his bow,
To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell,
If the Devil isn't and never was? Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saints, and digs the pits for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of Time wherever God sows His wheat?
The Devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the Devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about as a roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row
To be heard in home, in Church and State, to the earth's remotest bound,
If the devil by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith and make his bow and show
How the frauds and crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know.
The Devil was fairly voted out, and of course the Devil is gone!
But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

Striking a Light.

In the days before the invention of friction matches the difficulty of procuring fire was so great that all pains were taken to prevent the fire on the hearth from going out. All winter long it was kept by covering the coal and brands with ashes at night. This was one of the domestic cares of our forefathers, and Homer alludes to the practice as common in his day, 3,000 years ago.

But fire could not be kept with comfort in the summer, and there would be times in the winter when the hearth would become cold. Then some coals must be brought from a neighbor's, or a new fire must be kindled in the house.

This latter process was usually accomplished by means of flint and steel. Most readers have no doubt seen a spark of fire struck out from a horse's shoe hitting a stone in the road, or from the shoes of sleigh runner grinding over rocks.

To obtain fire by this method a piece of steel, such as a file or rasp, was struck with a flint or a bit of white quartz from a granite ledge, and the spark was caught in tinder—charred cotton rags. The flint lock musket, with a few grains of powder and some tinder in the pan, was looked upon by our grandmothers as a domestic utensil. Sometimes, on a clear day, a burning glass—a lens for collecting at one point the rays of the sun—was used.

The method of producing fire by rubbing together two dry sticks is known to most boys, but it has not been often adopted by civilized people. It belongs to the ruder conditions of life.

In Thibet Capt. William Gill found practiced a more scientific method than any of these. The natives strike a light by compressed air. The apparatus used consists of a wooden cylinder, two and a half inches long by three quarters of an inch in diameter. This is closed at one end, the base being about the size of a quill pen; an air tight piston fits into this with a large, flat knob at the top. The other end of the piston is slightly hollowed out and a very small piece of tinder is placed in the cup thus formed.

To use this the cylinder is held in one hand, the piston inserted and pushed about half way down. A very sharp blow is then given with the palm of the hand on the top of the knob. The hand must at the same time close on the kob and instantly withdraw the piston, when the tinder will be found alight. It requires skill to use the apparatus as well as science to invent it.—Youth's Companion.

The Value of Salt.

Now that there is a prospect of salt being admitted duty free, I wish to make a few remarks to the farmer readers of the New York World, says a correspondent, on what I believe to be its incomparable value. I have used it many years in the garden and on the farm in various ways, and believe it to be profitable to all who cultivate the soil. It is needless to speak of its many uses in the household or domestic economy, nor shall I urge the great advantage of supplying it to stock—cattle, sheep, hogs and horses. It is well known to be beneficial to these in keeping up good condition, and in the three last named helps to keep down internal parasites.

Salt, in modarate quantities, is good for the land—improves grass and grain and is good for nearly all vegetable crops. I have found it particularly good for onions, carrots and cabbages. Some seem to think it is only a stimulant; the same is said of lime. Be that as it will both improve the crops. Salt, in some respects, seems to have opposite properties—to be in some measure paradoxical—for, while it preserves animal fibre, it hastens the decay of many vegetable substances, insomuch that sprinkled through leaves or weeds, it helps to decompose them; and, while heavy doses kill weeds and grass, duly distributed and mixed with the soil, it is an excellent fertilizer. This is why many people have an aversion to salting their land.

But what I chiefly wish to shows is its property in destroying insects of almost every kind. Either alone or mixed with other substances it is an insecticide. Before the crop is committed to the ground it should be sown in its purity over the land wherein your insects generate in myriads. This done, one or two weeks before sowing the seed and thoroughly harrowed in through the soil, it will be absorbed thereby and will not evaporate, but remain in the ground to perform a twofold operation. When applied to the growing grain it should be incorporated with lime and distributed evenly over the crop. Worms, maggots, grubs or other insects cannot breed or live in salted earth, and if the gardner or florist, when making up his pile of compost in the spring, would add a good sprinkling of salt all through it he would have little to complain of in the way of grubs or other insects eating the roots of his roses or carnations. There are other things exceptionally good for this purpose but salt will effect the end desired.

As an instance of its immediate power on some insects, take any number of either earthworms or snails, make a pile of them and put a ring of salt around them. They will never cross the fence till they die; or sprinkle a little salt over the pile and see how many minutes they will live. Many people in mowing their lawns are greatly annoyed by the earthworm casts sticking fast to the roller, whereas a very slight sprinkling of salt would prevent this, keep down the worms and be good for the grass.

Bill Nye is now spoken of as William Adjectival, Esq.

Dogs that Learn Trades.

The dog corps, long since established in the French army, has been recently much increased, so efficient have these little soldiers become. At an early stage of the trials they gave satisfaction at advanced posts, scenting or hearing a stranger approaching even in the darkness, and quickly learning the difference between a friendly and a foreign uniform. The latest trick the military dog has learned is that of carrying dispatches between distant sections of an army or reliefs or reenforcements presumably advancing through hostile country. The system is an offshoot of the dog smugler system, which is described in the current number of Blackwood's and the steps by which the animals are taught to understand what is wanted of them are best shown by reference to that article.

The smuggler in broad day walks across the frontier, his dog by his side, leaving the latter at the house of his accomplice and returning without him. When night falls, the dog is given a beating and turned loose to find his way home. Next he has a small packet fastened to his collar, and gradually the burden is increased. Then half a dozen or more are employed at the some time; the most intelligent being given no burden, that he may the more readily act as a scout for the others. He goes ahead, they keeping well back, till he gives them the signal that the coast is clear. The customs dog from its earliest years is made to play hide and seek with bags of coffee, rolls of lace, packages of tobacco, and the like. They do not bark, being taught to sit silently in ambush and give a low growl or simply cock up their ears and point the true direction of the advancing pack.

The French army dogs, mastiffs, like the smugglers' dogs, though first they must be taken from point to point to find them again, when they get to understand the idea, and what is wanted of them, will find a distant column or command with little difficulty if given the general direction, unless it be at too great a distance, and carry messages to and fro with commendable zeal.—Scientific American.

Expensive Needles.

From an article entitled "Hard Times in the Confederacy" in the *Century* we quote the following: "In August, 1864, a private citizen's coat and vest, made of five yards of coarse homespun cloth, cost two hundred and thirty dollars exclusive of the price paid for the making. The trimmings consisted of old cravats; and for the cutting and putting together, a country tailor charged fifty dollars. It is safe to say that the private citizen looked a veritable guy in his new suit, in spite of its heavy drain upon his pocket-book.

"In January, 1865, the material for a lady's dress which before the war would have cost ten dollars could not be bought for less than five hundred. The masculine mind is unequal to the task of guessing how great a sum might have been had for bonnets 'brought through the lines'; for in spite of patient self-sacrifice and unfaltering devotion at the bedside of the wounded in the hospital, or in ministering to the needs of relatives and dependents at home, the Southern women of those days are credited with as keen an interest in the fashions as women everywhere in civilized lands are apt to be in times of peace. It was natural that they should be so interested, even though that interest could in the main not reach beyond theory. Without it they often would have had a charm the less and a pang the more. Any feminine garment in the shape of cloak or bonnet or dress which chanced to come from the North was readily awarded its meed of praise, and reproduced by sharp-eyed observers, so far as the scarcity of materials would admit.

"But fashion's rules were necessarily much relaxed in the Southern Confederacy so far as practice went when even such articles as pins brought through the blockade sold for twelve dollars a paper, and needles for ten, with not enough of either."

Pedal Adaptability.

The Eskimo dog has the snow-shoe foot, the water dog the paddle foot, while the greyhound, for example, has a foot formed on the model best adapted too speed, that is to say, it is small, light and hard. But this modification of a foot to suit land, water or snow is to common an occurence to cause the surprise it otherwise would, although there happens now and then a failure to adapt, which serves to emphasize the fact—as in the case of the deer, which, instead of being so modified that it can bear itself up as if on snowshoes, is obliged to let skill step in where modification fails to come. When the snow is soft it sinks helplessly in and flounders about as clumsily as any other animal less used to the feathery material; but when there is crust on the snow, as there generally is in the northern regions, even though that crust would sink under the same weight of horse flesh, the deer knows how to glide over it in safety. How much of an art this is can be best appreciated by watching how the light-footed cat will come to grief on the glistening surface of crusted snow. In spite of its sharp claws it will slip this way and that, and finally break through, where five times the weight of reindeer or moose flesh would have skimmed along with ease, speed and safety.—Scientific American.

Slightly coiled woolen articles, knitted or crocheted, may be made to look as well as new if they are carefully rubbed in flour. Cover them with flour and rub gently, as if washing, until the flour becomes dark. Take out the article and rub in clean flour until all soil is removed. Shake well and hang in the wind until no atom of flour remains in the wool. Of course one would not care to clean in this way articles that are worn next to the body but for shawls, capes and head-coverings flour answers admirably.—Boston budget.

Gladstone Has Written 395 Books.

"I had the curiosity the other day," says a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette, "in turning over a volume of the British Museum Catalogue, to examine the literary entries under the name of 'Gladstone (Right Hon. William Ewart.)' The total number of them, exclusive of 'other editions' and 'other copies,' is 395. Of these, eight are in Italian, seven in French, five in German, two in Greek, two in Russian, two in Dutch, two in Welsh, one in Danish and one in Spanish. The diversity in subject is not less remarkable, but it is characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's pursuits that at least half the entries are on theological subjects."

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Jan. 10, 1889.

THE NAME OF OUR STATE.

The Wheeling *Intelligencer*, anxious to take the lead in some new movement, has for several weeks been earnestly advocating a change of the name of our State from West Virginia to Kanawha. So far as we are concerned, and we believe it to be the sentiment of the people of Pocahontas county, our answer is, let it alone; and if anybody don't like the name let him go to Texas. We are opposed to the change, first because there is no reason for it, and, second, because there are many reasons against it. In the history of the individual but two occasions can arise when a change of name is needful, one is marriage and the other commission of crime. The same rule applies to States. Now, our State is too young to get married; and if she were old enough, it would not be lawful to wed one so closely related as Kanawha. As to the other ground, if, as the *Intelligencer* contends, the State has gone republican, we can understand how a democrat might feel that the second occasion mentioned has arisen; but we can't see how the *Intelligencer* can consistently admit that West Virginia did something mean at the last election. Thus it is clear there is no good reason why the change should be made. Now let us note a few of the many reasons why it should not be made. When our State was born she was given the name of her mother; to change it now would be a virtual admission that the child is illegitimate; but we are not willing to admit anything of the kind. West Virginia's conception and birth were the most honorable. But there are better reasons than this why the name should not be changed. We are recorded in history, painted on canvass, written in verse, and chanted in song as West Virginia. To change our name would be to lose our identity: A thousand traditions legends and associations would forever be meaningless.

Then think of the great inconvenience and confusion that would necessarily follow the change suggested by brother Hart. We are laid down on the maps as West Virginia, our public records and documents recognize us as West Virginia, and our tongues are trained to speak it so. Change the name and we would be continually making blunders, just as we do when we write 1888 meaning 1889.

Beside all this change is not practicable. The law may call us what it pleases, but we'll call ourselves West Virginia as long as we live. The present generation will have to pass away before the people would recognize the change. But if a change were necessary, it would not be proper to call the State for any county in it. We have a Kanawha county and a Kanawha river. Now think how it would sound to say "Charleston is the Capital of Kanawha situated on the Kanawha in Kanawha!" or how would a news item of this kind read? "The steamer Kanawha, running on the Kanawha, was sunk at Kanawha Falls, Kanawha Co., Kanawha." Or this? "In passing through the Kanawha Valley, down the Kanawha, don't stop for dinner at Kanawha Falls, Kanawha Co., Kanawha, unless you *Kanawha* roasting ear and be satisfied."

Think too of the confusion in our mails; persons who have been accustomed to addressing their letters to W. Va. have no time nor inclination to write Kanawha instead; so as to make it short they would simply put it down Kan., and our letters would all go to Kansas.

Perhaps the terms East and West are not classical enough for the *Intelligencer*. If not, we will permit brother Hart to say Oriental Virginia and Occidental Virginia.

In conclusion the change would ruin the meter of one of our most popular songs:—

"Oh! the West Virginia hills,
How majestic and how grand:
With their summits bathed in glory,
Like our Prince Immanuel's land."

Now try to sing it,

"Oh! the Kanawha hills,"

and you'll break down on the first line.

No, let the name alone. West Virginia doesn't need a change of name so much as the *Intelligencer* needs a change of *Hart*.

Marriage and Divorce Laws.

Among the many sensible and practical suggestions in Gov. Hill's message is one in reference to securing uniformity throughout the country in its marriage and divorce laws. He proposes that the New York Legislature take steps during the present session to arrange a conference between representatives from the different States, such representatives to be "able jurists, each especially qualified by education and experience" for the work mentioned.

We doubt not that if Gov. Hill and the New York Legislature take the initiative in this commendable undertaking they will meet with the hearty approval and co-opperation of the Legislatures and Executives of every State in the Union. Gov. Hill very truthfully says that under existing laws and decisions very different rules prevail as to what constitutes a marriage, and, while a certain divorced person may legally marry in some States, to do so in others, perhaps adjoining, would be a crime, even though no criminal intent existed.

It is a humiliating confession to make that such a condition exists in a country of the moral and educational advancement of this, and it is astonishing that there has not been some concerted attempt to remedy the evil long ago.

There is no institution of organized society in the United States about which there is so vague an idea as to its legal status as the institution of marriage, for what constitutes marriage in one State does not necessarily constitute it in another, and what would be cause for severing the marriage tie in one State might not be a cause in another.

The churches have their own and separate rules and customs as to both marriage and divorce, all of them, however, except the Catholic Church, leaving the actual annullment of marriage to the civil law. The churches could never agree to its adoption. The State assumes that marriage is a civil contract, must not only be made, but unmade under statutory regulations.

The first thought that naturally arises is that if the State is consistent with itself as well as mindful of the happiness and social decorum of its citizens, it should be uniform in its requirements so that what is made a fact under the law for one would be a fact for all.

It is to be hoped that Gov. Hill will not stop with simply making a proposition for a conference on this subject, but that he will follow it up with real and practical effort and have the moral support of every well-wisher for the good of society in the country.—Washington Post.

Gen. Harrison has added $10,000 to his life insurance. He sees trouble ahead.

The West Virginia Legislature will convene on Wednesday, January 9th.

One-half, or nearly one-half, of the Congressmen in the House will rise to their feet if some one suddenly calls out "Mr. Speaker."

The newspapers are giving themselves a great deal of trouble on account of Chief Justice Fuller's wearing a moustache. But it is all for nothing. He goes ahead in his usual way, and doesn't seem in the least disturbed by the cry.

The railroads of the United States represent a capital of five billion dollars, they have 150,000 miles of railway, their gross annual earnings are over $900,000,000, and they employ over three quarters of a million men.

Harrison is in a "straight betwixt the two." If he puts Blaine in the Cabinet, there will be trouble, and if he don't put him in, there will be trouble. The question for him to decide is which would be the greater trouble. Mr. Harrison has our sympathies, and if there is anything we can do to help him out of the difficulty our services are at his disposal.

Inasmuch as recently Uncle Sam's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of war, there may be interest in information as to the number of his boys he could muster were they needed to help in the battle. Besides the regular army there are over 8,000,000 men available for duty, and more than 100,000 of these already enrolled in the militia service. New York could furnish 650,000 men, Pennsylvania 580,000 Ohio and Illinois a round million together. But there is no danger of all these brave boys being called out.

We clip the following from the Indianapolis Sentinel.

Probably no Republican pilgrims ever left the city more disgusted with themselves than the West Virginia delegation was after calling on Gen. Harrison yesterday afternoon.

This delegation, composed of Chas. Burdett Hart, editor of the Wheeling Intelligencer; W. J. W. Cowden, Chairman of the Republican State Executive Committee; Charles E. Dana, a large coal operator and leading Republican of the Kanawha valley, and N. B. Scott, of Wheeling, member of the National Republican Committee for West Virginia, arrived late Wednesday night and waited impatiently till late yesterday afternoon before securing an audience with Gen. Harrison. The General, having discontinued his afternoon receptions, visitors can only see him by appointment. They were very reluctant to talk politics until they found out that they would have to wait nearly eighteen hours after their arrival before being allowed to meet Gen. Harrison.

When Gen. Harrison finally opened his door to the West Virginians they told him that the Republicans of West Virginia preferred to have their wishes made known to him by Republicans than by a Democrat like ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, and if he cared to hear them they would address him in behalf of Nathan Goff for the Cabinet. Gen. Harrison assented and dismissed them after listening impatiently for fifteen minutes.

PREACHING.—Rev. J. Laster Henderson will preach for the year at the following places as stated:

1st Sunday,	Huntersville,	11 A. M.
" "	Mt. Pleasant,	4 P. M.
2nd "	Sunset,	11 A. M.
" "	Bethel,	3 P. M.
3rd "	Huntersville,	11 A. M.
" "	Mt. Pleasant,	4 P. M.
4th "	Bethel,	11 A. M.
" "	Sunset,	3P. M.

HOME NEWS

—Well, there it is again!
I thought I had it fine;
But down I wrote it 88,
Instead of 89.

—The County Court meets again to-morrow to attend to unfinished business.

—Miss Mary Curry, of this place has gone to the Levels to attend the Academy.

—The child of Jas. Harris, (Col.) aged about five months, died last Friday night.

—The snow storm set for the first week in Jan. by the prophets has been postponed on account of the weather.

—In this issue will be seen a card announcing a change to take place in the firm of J. C. Loury & Son, on the 15th day of Jany.

—Peter L. Cleek, Esq. of Knapp's Creek, has been right sick for some time. He is now said to be improving slowly.

—Mrs. Margaret Jackson, wife of Jas. H. Jackson, Esq., died at her home on Elk last Saturday night, of dropsy of the heart.

—Capt. Stofer, who has just returned from Elk, reports that two Mr. Gibsons, from Indiana, are visiting at Mr. Wm. Gibsons.

—The wife of W. W. Arbogast made him a New Year's present of a fine boy baby. Very appropriate indeed.

—During the last two weeks we have received so many monthly school reports for publication that it is impossible to give place to them all, so we have concluded to make no distinctions and omit all. Hope this explanation will be sufficient to satisfy those who have sent in reports.

—Literature, an illustrated weekly magazine, published by John B. Alden, 393 Pearl st., N. Y., at 50 cents a year, is one of the best and cheapest literary productions of the age. The extremely low figures at which Alden's books are sold is wonderful. The reading public owes him a liberal patronage on account of the revolution he has brought about in book making.

—A few of the Huntersville boys are in the habit of using the new bridge across Knapp's Creek for a shooting gallery. Now that the bridge is open for travel this practice should cease as there is great danger of frightening horses. We are satisfied it is done thoughtlessly and no harm is intended, and believe all the boys need is to have their attention called to the matter.

—We see from the Valley Messenger that Daniel O'Connell, Esq., who has been in charge of the lumber camps on Anthony's Creek, was very badly, if not seriously hurt last week while attempting to cross the Creek on a jam of logs. It seems that the logs broke loose, and coming down suddenly caught and crushed him, injuring him internally. The same paper also says that Mr. George Shires, Boom boss of the St. Lawrence Boom and Mfg. Co., had his leg broken, while at work on the Boom.

—Various and conflicting reports concerning Nelson Moore are being circulated. Of the last we have heard, one is that he was killed and his body burned in a steam engine, and another that he was shipped to the depot safe and sound in a goods box marked, "Poultry." If the first report be true it was foul play; and if the second be correct it was still foul play.

—A sea monster of enormous proportions was seen by Capt. Stofer last week in the Greenbrier river. The Capt. think it was an *Elephosocerous*. When seen it was going up the river towards Galford's mill parting the water and ice like a snow-plow.

LATER: A muskrat was seen in the river near Levi Gay's, at 17 minutes past 2 this morning. Excitement intense.

—In this issue will be seen an account of the entertainment given by the Hillsboro Training school. This should have appeared in last weeks issue but was omitted by accident. The Misses Shearer, who are in charge of this school, have good cause to be proud of their success. The school is very much larger this year than it was last, and is patronized by some of our very best citizens, all of whom, so far as we have heard, are well pleased. There is no reason why it should not continue to grow and widen its influence.

Southard's Creek Items.

Xmas and holidays are gone accompanied by Leap year. We are sorry we have to give the boys possession of the next four pears.

Miss Bertha Sharp who has been sick for sometime is improving.

Messers Albert and Gilbert Sharp and Perry Jackson, who spent holidays visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity returned to their work near Hillsboro last week.

The Literary and Debating Society which met at Lonely Dale school house last Friday night was largely attended.

Jan. 7. PHIL. O. SOPHER.

Edray Notes.

Miss Sarah Sharp, who has been critically ill with Pneumonia, is improving slowly.

N. G. Barlow has been quite ill, but is now better.

J. O. Warwick is off for Charleston this week.

Black-leg has made its appearance among the calves in this neighborhood. A full half pint of Spirits Turpentine given in sweet milk to a calf when first attacked will save it, as your correspondent can attist from experience.

Jan. 8. X.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Mr. E. I. Holt is off on a business trip to Randolph. He was accompanied by his aunt, Mrs. Mary Darst, who will visit Mr. S. W. Holt of Mingo Flats.

Mrs. John Peters has been visiting her children at the H. T. Schol the past few days.

The Division of the Sons of Temperance at this place, are doing good work. Every week new members are aded. We had the pleasure of attending a public meeting, given by them, on Saturday night. The exercises were very interesting. It consisted of Public installation of the officers. J. H. Weiford gave his experience as one who had realized the dreadful effects of whiskey. W. H. Overholt made an excellent speech on intemperance. The exercises closed with music and the reading of the Temperace Journal. This band of workers are engaged in a good cause, and we hope to see every lady and gentleman a member of this Division.

VIVIAN.

Hillsboro Training School Entertainment.

The following is a programme of the entertainment given by the girls of H. T. School on Dec. 24th, 1888:

Long before the time for opening a large audience assembled at the public school building. There was not one vacant seat when the exercises opened.

PART I.

SALUTORY:

Christmas is here—Chorus.

Bell of H. T. School—Tableau.

Nellie Brown—Vocal Trio.

Infancy—Charade, one word, three sylables, three acts.

PANTOMIME:

I want to be somebody's darling—Vocal Solo.

Recollections of childhood—Tablean.

Bridle scene—Tablean.

PART II.

O! Thou Enfinite Jehovah—Quartette.

Rock of Ages—Cantata five scenes.

Ring out the Bells—Chorus.

Longfellow—Charade, one word, three sylables, one act.

Rock Me to Sleep—Illustrated Recitation.

Sleeping Beauty—Tableau.

In the Starlight—Vocal Trio.

Virginia as it was and as it is—Tableau.

Son, sit on the Rind—Tableau.

Waiting and and Watching for Three—Vocal Duet.

Prayer.

V.

The County Court

The County Court convened on the 1st day of January. The first day was mostly consumed in the installation of the new County officers.

Levi Gay was allowed $22-00 for services rendered in cases of lunacy during his term of office.

Randolph Harris was allowed $20.00 for making road to the bridge near Huntersville.

A settlement was made with Sheriff J. C. Arbogast and ordered to be recorded.

It was ordered that R. V. Hill appear before the Court on Friday, January 11th and show that he is eligable to qualify as Sheriff of Pocahontas County.

A rule was awarded against Levi Gay, late Sheriff of the County, returnable on January 11th, to show causewhy he should not be proceeded against by the County for failure to make settlement as required by law.

H. S. Rucker and F. J. Snyder were appointed to examine the Clerk's office and make report to a future term of the Court.

The following official salaries were fixed for the term beginnin g January 1, 1889:

Sheriff, $175.00; Jailor, $75.00; Assessor, $325.00; Prosecuting Attorney, $350.00

Wm. H. Auldridge was appointed Superintendent of the Marlington and Lewisburg Turnpike on the sections now in charge of J. L. Cleek.

Amos Barlow was appointed Superintendent of the Knapp's Creek Bridge near Huntersville, with authority to keep same in repair.

The land owners along the Greenbrier river and Thorney creek road, and the Swago and Ratliff road, are summoned by the Court to appear before it on the first day of the next regular term to show cause why said roads should not be established.

Court adjourned till the 11th day of Jannary, at 11 o'clock.

James McMillan, of Detroit Mich., has been selected to succeed Senator Palmer in the U. S. Senate.

McMillan is a millionaire manufacturer of Detroit.

Judge Flemming's Attorneys have served notice of contrest on Gen. Goff. They claim to be able to establish beyond doubt that 1040 illegal votes were cast for Goff.

This makes work for the Legislature.

Some of the leading colored politicians are clamoring for Cabinet recognition. They say it is time the republican party should give some such substantial evidence of its professed love for the brother in black. The colored man has yet to learn that he is not wanted in the republican party for any purpose but to cast his vote.

NOTICE.

On and after the 15th of January 1889, the firm of J. C. Loury & Son will have dissolved. By that date the accounts due the firm will be ready for settlement when we hope all who know themselves indebted to it will come forward and pay at least a part of their indebtedness. We need money badly to meet our obligations. J. H. Doyle will be received into the copartnership—the style of the firm being Loury & Doyle; the business to be under the management of Joe Loury, Jr. and J. H. Doyle, who will sell goods at rock bottom prices for cash or trade. Please do not ask for goods on credit.

J. C. LOURY, Sr.,
J. C. LOURY, Jr.,
J. H. DOYLE.

SHOEMAKER'S SHOP,
at
Huntersville, W. Va.

I am prepared to make in the best style and order, Boots and Shoes of all kinds, also repairing done in neat style.

J. C. THOMPSON.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas, at the Court-House thereof on the 1st day of January 1889.

It is ordered that all persons having business to transact with the Court hereafter, shall either present it to the Court in person from the bar or by their attorney, and that the Court will not hear any matter unless presented in the foregoing manner.

A copy, Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

jan 10 4-4 Printers fee $4.68.

Commissioner,s Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered on the 16th day of October, 1888, in the chancery cause of John W. McNeel's adm'r.

vs.

John W. McNeel's Heirs, et als.

I, as Special Commissioner appointed in said decree, shall proceed, in front of the Court House of said County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to the dower of the widow therein, on the

8TH DAY OF MARCH, 1889,

the following real estate, situate in said County, to-wit: A certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro on the Hill's Creek Road; and also, another certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying above the first mentioned lot, in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro. Both of said lots were bought by J. W. McNeel from James Griffy. They are valuable lots, and the title is believed to be clear.

TERMS OF SALE:

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue of purchase money the purchaser will be required to give bonds, with good and approved personal security, bearing interest from day of sale, falling due in Six and Twelve months respectively from date, and a lien will be retained as ultimate security.

H. S. RUCKER, Spec'l Com'r.

Bond, as required by law has been given by the above Special Commissioner.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

jan, 10 4-4 Printers fee $8,78.

Notice to Lein Holders.

To all persons holding liens by Judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of John F. Wanless.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County made in the a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said John F. Wanless to the satisfaction of the liens thereon you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said John F. Wanless, which are leins on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office, in the town of Huntersville, on or before the

8TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1889.

Given under my hand this the 8th day of Jan., 1889,

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

jan. 10 4-4 Printers fee $6.56.

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Jan. 10, 1889.

White House Pets.

Nellie Arthur had a spotted Indian pony for the apple of her eye.

Mrs. Pierce was very fond of the black nag that her husband rode.

Mrs. Monroe brought the first white rabbit to the National premises.

Harriet Lane had a large staghound that was presented to her in England.

"Dolly" Madison's particular pet was a fine saddle nag. At Montpelier she had a pet sheep.

Mrs. Adams had a great goldfish and one of a bluish tint, sent her by a New England sea Captain.

Mrs. Hayes had a magnificent imported Japnese cat that was presented to her by a naval officer.

Martha Washington's chief pet was a beautiful green parrot. Mrs. Washington was also very fond of a fallow deer.

Mrs. Grant had a "strawberry roan" cow that was a suberb milker and supplied her table with milk and cream.

Mrs. Bliss, President Taylor's daughter, who presided over the White House until her father's death, had a splendid white owl.

Miss Cleveland's pet while at White House was a beautiful rose which she found in the conservatory and which now bears her name.

An eagle occupied a cage at the mansion for a part of President Filmore's term, a gift from a political admirer, and the noble bird was often fed by Mrs. Filmore.

Mrs. Jackson never presided at the White House, but a large black and white coon that had been caught when young and trained by one of her faithful slaves had the run of the household.—N. Y. Graphic.

The Limit of a Horse's Speed.

Professor Brewer said, in a recent speech before the National Academy of Sciences: The English thoroughbred is a finished breed, and it has undoubtedly arrived at the summit of its excellence. There has been practically no new blood in this breed since 1760. This breed has been finished and completed in two senses: First, as to its grade, heredity, blood and character, and, secondly, as to its speed, in which the limit has been undoubtedly reached. We have faster horses than our grandfathers, but it is not likely that our grandchildren will have a faster breed than we have now.

In the case of trotters there has been a steady increase of speed. The fastest record is 2.08¾. Less than a dozen horses have ever trotted in less than 2.14.

The best record in running was made in Louisville, the time being 39½.

The speaker showed a table, on which were the number of horses in the last few years which had made a record within five seconds of this time.

The nearest that any horse has come to this record is 1.40, which was done last year. A very large number of horses have made their record but once. There are many that have made as fast time as those that have records, but in not winning the race they got no record. The record as it now stands may be lowered. When I said that speed had reached its maximum I didn't think but that better time would be made. I think about 1.39 will be the speed of runners. Hereafter breeders will be expected to keep up this high standard of excellence rather than to making better time. I believe the thoroughbred has finished his evolution.—Washington Star.

The Heroes Are Not All Dead.

It is generally believed in these prosaic days that heroism and chivalry are dead, that the material of which martyrs were made has all been exhausted, and that men are now controlled almost entirely by selfish motives.

This is the common talk of the day—we hear it on the street corners and read it in our newspapers and novels; in fact we can not go anywhere without hearing some cynical expression of disbelief in the nobility of human nature.

We do not believe that the heroes are all dead. We do not believe that James Givens who died the other day, was the last of his race. This man, Givens, was a common deck hand on the ill-fated steamer John H. Hanna. When the pilot house was on fire, the pilot unable to stand the heat of the flames, abandoned his post. At this supreme moment Givens took his place, and steered the vessel to the bank at the cost of his life.

This humble deck hand had no special incentive to urge him on. He did not rush to his death to save wife, children or sweetheart. He was simply a poor, ignorant fellow who loved his kind, and his great heart would not allow him to seek his own safety when he saw the lives of hundreds in danger. Blinded by the flame and smoke, he held on until the boat struck the shore. He was willing to die in order that others might live.

From time to time we hear of such men as Givens, and they will be heard from again. God will not let such heroes perish entirely from the face of the earth. Their shining examples blaze like beacon lights, and when they lay down their lives for their fellows there will always be others to take their places. Men are not all selfish and heartless. In the higher walks of life we have our "Chinese" Gordons; in the middle classe our Stanleys, and among the humble poor such men as James Givens, the deck hand of the steamer Hanna. While these names are on every lip it will not do to say that our heroes are all dead.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Southern Immigation Convention has adopted resolutions requesting the Legislature of Southern States to take co-opperative measures in the general plan to induce immigration toward. The tide of immigration Westward is ebbing and the South is the coming great section of the country.

We have greater natural advantages than any other portion of the continent. Our soil is richer, our mines inexhaustible. Our climate for salubrity is unequaled; our scenery is renowned, and, political falsehoods to the contrary notwithstanding, our people are among the most genial, generous, hospitable and law abiding to be found on the globe.

All the South lacks is capital and population to develop her unequaled resources to make her commercially, socially and politically what she is naturally, the grandest portion of our country.

To this end the Southern Inter-State Immigration bureau has been established by the Montgomery Convention. It asks the aid of the Legislature of the States to be benefited.

The Legislature of West Virginia should and will examine into the subject carefully. West Virginia is probably the richest in natural advantages of all the Southern States, and has most to gain by incoming capital, population and the other advantages proposed by the Montgomery Convention, whose proceedings we commend to the attention of each individual member of the next Legislature.—Register.

An Odd Postal Regulation.

It is rather an odd thing that if you paste a printed slip on a postal card the Government will charge the receiver letter postage, while if the same matter is printed directly on the card nothing extra is demanded. The same slip which if pasted on a postal card would be charged extra for, may be put into an unsealed envelope and it will then go at printed matter rates, or the whole paper from which the clipping is taken may be sent, containing the article marked, at a much less rate than the Government would charge for the same article attached to the card. That is, the Government would rather carry four ounces for a cent than the four-fifths of an ounce for the same money.—Detroit Free Press.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. | C. F. Moore, Editor. | Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, Jan. 17, 1889. | Terms of Subscription, $1.00 per year, in advance. | No. 26.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, R. V. Hill.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, G. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. B. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. F. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

The Rosary of My Years.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Some reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art,
But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,
And their life by the moans of their heart,
The dials of earth may show
The length, not the depth, of years;
Few or many may come, few or many may go;
But our time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray
That creeps through the sunny hair,
And not by the scenes we pass on our way—
And not by the furrows the finger of care
On forehead and face have made;
Not so do we count our years;
Not by the sun of the earth—but the shade
Of our souls—and the fall of our tears.

For the young are oftimes old,
Though their brow be bright and fair,
While their blood beats warm their hearts lie cold—
O'er them the spring time—but winter is there—
And the old are oftimes young,
When their hair is thin and white;
And they sing in age as in youth they sung,
And they laugh, for their cross was light.

But bead by bead I tell
The rosary of my years,
From a cross to a crown they lead—'tis well!
And they are blessed with a blessing of tears.
Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of a long stream of life
The tempest and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam
On the billows of all the years;
But never the foam brings the brave bark home—
It reaches the heaven through tears.

A Meeting.

At a meeting of the citizens of the Little Levels, held Thursday, Dec. 20th, 1889: Isaac McNeel being made Chairman, and W. H. Overholt, Secretary. A committee of three being appointed, consisting of C. J. Stulting, Dr. J. A. Larue and W. H. Overholt to draft resolutions expressive of the objects of this meeting. The following resolutions were reported and unanimously adopted:

Resolved—That as citizens of the Little Levels we are proud of the name and character which our people have acquired as a community, as a temperate peaceful and law abiding people. That we recognize that the prosperity which has been vouchsafed, our community has been the result of good morals and good conduct of our people under the blessing of God. Therefore, desiring to preserve unimpaired the blessings we have so long enjoyed, and learning that there is an effort being made by persons who in disregard and open violation of our laws would introduce into our midst for sale and barter intoxicating drinks, in disregard of every interest which is dear to the citizens of this community.

Resolved—That we desire to express publicly our indignation at the promoters and abettors of such an enterprise and earnestly request the co-operation of every good citizen in an effort to maintain the laws in their spirit as well as letter and to bring to punishment any one who would attempt to destroy the peace, prosperity and happiness of our people by selling intoxicating drinks in in our midst.

Resolved—That we urge upon all persons who may be in any way connected with this nefarious business the wisdom and necessity of abandoning it at once. We entreat them by all that may yet remain sacred to them. In the name of our homes, our wives, our children. In the name of our young men, who are the light of our eyes and the hope of our country, as well as the pride and support of our age; contaminate them not with your foul and unholy business. Desist now from efforts which if successful can only involve you with others in ruin for be sure as God, lives your sin will find you out.

Resolved—That we warn all persons against engaging in anyway in the sale or distribution of ardent spirits in our community and earnestly pledge our united support to every lawful effort which may be made to wipe out this foul blot upon the good name of our citizens and in opposition to those who in disregard of the spirit of the law and the known sentiments of every large majority of the citizens of this community, would introduce spirituous liquors in our midst; we will stand for our homes our families our good names our property, and we warn them that we will find means to enforce our wishes, and in self defense use such means as God has given us to eradicate this evil.

Resolved—That after obtaining the signatures of the citizens of this community to these resolutions, that two copies of the same be posted at suitable places, and that a copy of these proceedings be forwarded to the Pocahontas TIMES with a request that they be published.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

ISAAC MCNEEL, Chairman.
W. H. OVERHOLT, Secretary.

A Letter to the Public

To the Public I would like to say that my school has already succeeded beyond anything that I expected. Despite the most excellent Public school with its highly accomplished and energetic faculty my school has grown until now it numbers 30 on roll. I still appeal to the citizens of Pocahontas and adjoining counties for help in building up a school for them. No enterprise of any consequence is without opposition: Therefore, with brave heart, fixed purpose, your help, and a firm trust in God I may make my coming among you a success. Last week appeared in The TIMES a program of an entertainment given by my girls and boys 24th Dec. The pith and humor were only to illustrate the frivolous side of life and the joyousness of the approaching season; while the more solid and serious parts were to characterize the thoughts which should sometimes enter the deepest recess of every heart.

I am well aware that much has been said about the entertainment and against it. Be that as it may, one thing is true, I have given it twice before in different sections of countries and before intelligent people, and nothing of fault was ever made of it before. It is reported too that Rev. Mr. Sydenstricker stopped his children from my school because of the grand failure of the entertainment. I will give you the direct language of Mr. Sydenstricker to myself. "Miss Georgie, owing to some chage to be made in the school over here, and because they lose so many recitations while attending your school. I will not send them any more, not that I have any objections to your teaching." Mr. Sydenstricker's children only took Latin from me and were necessarily absent a while from the other school. He also told me that he had heard no one object to my teaching. And in the course of conversation he told me that he was as much my friend as ever.

I am fully satisfied that the entertainment was all that it promised to be and that nothing of sin was committed, as some say. I wish my neighbor school will and earnestly trust that the efficient faculty may do much to implant and ground thorough principles in those entrusted to their care; for it is indeed a responsible position to be master of a school. Hoping to receive your aid I am yours Respectfully,

G. M. SHEARER.
Principal H. T. School.

Polled vs. Horned Cattle.

Academy, W. Va.,
Jan. 8th, 1889.

ED. TIMES: I venture this letter (if you will allow the space it will occupy) not for the sake of notoriety, nor to see my name in print, but with the hope that it may be of some interest to your readers, and thereby cause better writers to contribute of their views and opinions on matters more interesting, and that will add subscribers to your paper. It appears to me that our business men, in fact all our citizens should give your paper every available aid, both by patronizing it and by contributing to its columns. Our people lack neither the intelligence nor the time necessary to furnish you one page of good readable matter each week. Some two years ago Col. Gatewood, of Big Spring contributed a very interesting article on the subject of Silos and Ensilage. I would suggest to the Col. that another article on the same subject would be in order, as with two years experience he could give us facts demonstrated.

I am now very much interested in the subject of polled vs horned cattle, with my mind fully made up in favor of the farmer. I think there can be no question of doubt that horns will have to go: but the process of change will of necessity be slow. Every reason demands their expulsion, with none for retaining them, viz: safety to mankind as well as to the brutes themselves; comfort to the cattle and their owners in pens, barns and especially in shipping; by not being afraid of each other they will fatten faster; grown animals become like calves, lie down close together, will eat together and as many water from the same trough as can get to it.

The most human way to get rid of horns is to breed them off; and there are several species of hornless cattle that are very fine. I believe the polled Augus to be as fine a breed animal as the Durham or Hereford and quite as good or better for milk; and much hardier than either; especially adapted to our mountain ranges.

But for one I cannot wait for the slow process of breeding off the horns, so I have already dehorned 10 cows and a three year old bull about two months ago.
They are now well over it, and are really improved in appearance. I shall finish up my cows and yearlings about the 1st of April, some 30 head beside those already dehorned. I shall close by saying that on a trip last spring to and through Kansas. I know a great many dehorned cattle of all ages, and met with a gentleman (a farmer and stock raiser who was a Pocahontas boy—Dick Edmiston, son of Jas. Edmiston, dec'd.) He emigrated to Kan. directly after the war, and has been in the dehorning business for a length of time. From him I learned the process, and I am indebted to him for his interest in my welfare while his guest.

Respectfully,
F. A. RENICK.

Rely on Yourself.

For the TIMES.

Rely on yourself, and do not be satisfied with following the beaten track of others. Strike out new paths. Aim at higher attainments.

Only the indolent are satisfied with walking in the steps of others.

On early education, depends the intellectual efforts of children.

Take the child that is surrounded with everything that the young heart desires, and there is nothing left for the exercise of his own powers; nothing to expand the mind, and they never acquire that strength of mind which is necessary for extensive usefulness.

On the other hand take the child that has no luxuries. Give him a few articles and he will add others by his own invention.

The child derives his highest pleasure from doing something for himself—and the forming of self commences, with the first buddings of reason and imagination. The heart and moral affections must be cultivated, as well as the intellect, to form a noble character. Man is the maker of his own mind. God has so constituted the human intellect that it can only grow by its own action. So the childish intellect rises by its own efforts, and becomes an ornament to society, and and a blessing to the world.

BELLA F. CLARK,
Academy, W. Va.

Beecher's Advice.

Henry Ward Beecher in one of his latest sermons said: "To all the young that are coming into the church I say be young be gay, be hopeful, be mirthful. If God has given you a sparkling disposition, thank God and cultivate it. While it may not be the object of your life to have the joy that comes from these qualities, it is the privilege of your life to perform all your duties under its influence, and they can be performed in no other way so well. The world needs just such a development of Christianity. The world is full of sorrow it needs cheer. It is full of despondency; it needs hope. It is full of cowardice; it needs courage. It travails in pain; it wants a healthful atmosphere; sweet and balmy and radiant. It wants a singing Christianity. It wants the messenger of Christ to be a light-bearer, and no man has the right to make a dark lantern, to go home and open the light to himself and family alone. They that carry a burdensome, a woe-smitten face, dishonor God. It is contrary to his word. It is saying substancially to the world that all hope, all the promise of the divine presence, all the love which is poured like an atmosphere around about us every day from the bosom of Jesus Christ, is false and wrong. The man that carries a doubting, weary, saddened face misinterprets the religion of Jesus Christ."

Candidate's Pictures.

Foreman (great daily)—"Here's an order from down stairs to print a cut of Bliffkins, the People's candidate for Mayor. We haven't any cuts of him.

Able Editor—"How much did he pay for it?"

"Five dollars."

"Only $5. Scratch a beard on Lydia Pinkham and run that in.—Philadelphia Record.

A man in a Western town hauled 800 cart loads of dirt in one month, and the booming editor published it as "800 transfers of real estate for the month."

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

Entered at the Post office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Jan. 17, 1889.

From The Capital City.

CHARLESTON, Jan. 8.—To-day has been a lively day among the candidates for positions in the coming session of the W. Va. Legislature. Men of note from all parts of the mountain state graced the streets of this city to-day, coming principally to see how "the ball" would open up. Among those present were Judge Campbell, of Monroe, Hon. Jno. E. Kenna, Judge Fleming, Jno. D. Alderson, Esq., Danl. B. Lucas and many others who have figured prominently in West Virginia politics, together with numerous applicants for pageship, clerks etc.

At 2 p. m. the Democrats held rather a conferee, but did not go into a caucus until 8 p.m. Everything worked nicely and nominations were made for the various positions to be filled to-morrow upon the convening of the House. Jos. J. Wood, Esq., from Ohio was elected Speaker of the House over Hon. Jos. Sprigg, of Hardy. J. M. Hamilton, Esq., was elected Chief Clerk over Col. J. B. Peyton, of Wheeling; W. B. Gibbs, of Roane, was elected Sergt-at-Arms over three other gentlemen.

Everything passed off as smoothly as could be in the Democratic House, but when we turn to the Republican Senate we find much dissension upon various points and up to this writing they have not brought out a man for the Pres. of that body, and as to how matters will turn out with them remains to be seen.

The Legislature will convene at 12 m. to-morrow. The Democrats will organize the House and it is probable that Col. Carr, the Union Labor Legislator may get the Presidency of the Senate since harmony doesn't reign in the Republican camps. The committees and committee clerks will be appointed Thursday morning.

Jan. 9.—The full Democratic ticket was elected in the house to-day; all by a majority of four.

The Senate stands 12 Dem., 13 Rep. and one Union Labor, (E. S. Carr). The Democrats nominated Mr. Carr for the Presidency of that body, and it has been balloting all day on the Presidency, each ballot standing a tie. So everything is at a stand still and the Senate unorganized.

No business of importance was transacted in the House to-day.

W.

The Legislature

The West Virginia Legislature met in Charleston on Jany. 9th. The House organized with but little difficulty, selecting Hon. J. J. Wood, of Ohio County, Speaker, J. M. Hamilton, of Calhoun County, Clerk, and W. B. Gibbs of Roane County, Sergeant-at-arms.

[illegible] here the whole matter ended and [illegible] present indications may stay ended for some time. The republicans in the Senate seem determined that no organization of that body shall be effected; so from day to day the honorable Senators ballot for President, all to no purpose except that the fun is being had at the expense of the State, to the tune of about $500 a day.

The democrats first cast their votes for Col. Robt. Carr, of Kanawha County, but after several tie votes had been cast they agreed to support anyone the republicans might designate, rather than tie up business by a continued dead lock. No sooner, however, had the democrats gone over to the republican candidate than the republicans deserted him and scattered their vote in such a way as to make an election impossible.

What they hope to gain by this manner of conduct is not evident, unless it is that they hope by this means to prevent an investigation by the Legislature of the alleged election frauds, fearing such investigation might unearth things they prefer should remain buried.

There is certainly no excuse for such conduct, and it by no means argues well for those who indulge in it.

A Man and His Work.

Napoleon used to say that it did not matter what a man's trade was—if he was the best workman in his line he was a very superior man, deserving as much honor as anyone in the empire.

Young men just starting in life with a prejudice against manuel labor would do well to get this idea into their heads. When a man is determined to do his best work he will improve his methods, and his increasing brain-power and skill will be so apparent that the lowest honest occupation will be ennobled, and the toiler will have the respect of all good men.

We have in our mind as we write a man who might easily have made a reputation in literature, journalism or law, but he deliberately chose the occupation of a canvasser for a large publishing house. He knew that his education, abilities and tastes fitted him for a high place in some learned profession, but he was also conscious of the fact that he was born with a certain tact and magnetism which never failed to win men and bend them to his will. He was poor and wanted money, plenty of it, and quick returns for his work. He found that the prejudice against canvassing was so great that heavy commissions were offered to first-class men. So he made a contract with the publishing house, not to sell books, but to secure subscriptions for something in the art line. In fifteen years he accumulated a fortune. Last year his commissions amounted to $17,500, and he has several times refused a salary of $10,000 a year. This man feels a pride in his work. He knew that the only way to make his occupation pleasant and profitable was to go to the very top, and he went there. Men joke and sneer when they speak of book agents canvassers, but they become very thoughtful when this master of his business takes them in hand. They recognize in him great talent, an earnest purpose, and all the points that make a gentleman.

Now, there are hundreds of other occupations less popular, and involving more distasteful work than this business of canvassing, that can be elevated and made remunerative by the right men. When we say right men we mean men who will train every brain cell in their heads and every nerve and muscle in their bodies to aid them in doing absolutely perfect work.

Does all this require an exceptionally gifted person? By no means. It is utterly impossible to work intelligently with one's powers concentrated upon a definite object without achieving a marked degree of success, and the average man will find that this constant application and concentration will take the place of genius. The farmer, mechanic or clerk who will train himself mentally and physically for the best work that is possible in his field may make more or less than the canvasser whose story we have told for their encouragement, but one thing is certain—their measure of success and the development of their faculties will win admiring recognition, and they will take their place among the superior men of the community in which they live. There is more in the man than there is in the occupation.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Hood's Sarsaparilly Calendar for 1889 is one of the neatest and prettiest we have seen. If the medicine is half so good it is well worth taking.

The Baltimore Sun says: "The Senate tariff bill has been getting along swimmingly until now by deferring consideration of items upon which the Republican Senators are not well agreed. Strange to say, sugar is the cause of most of the bitterness that is said to exist. Senators Plumb, Ingalls and Stanford oppose the proposal to cut down the duty on sugar 50 per cent. This opposition might be met by a bounty of 1 cent per pound on all sugar produced in Kansas and elsewhere in this country, but a bounty, too, might develop opposition. There are other features of the bill that are not wholly satisfactory. For a bill that is not to pass it has a great deal of work upon it. A worse tariff bill has never been proposed. No pretense is made now of protecting labor; the object is to "check imports."

Minister Phelps expects to return to the U. S. by March 4th, so that President Harrison can send a new minister to England without delay.

The County Commissioners of Kanawha county have torn down their old Court House, which they will replace by a new one costing over $100,000

The Delineator for February lately received is unusually good. This periodical is a general favorite with the ladies, and is well worth all it costs. Published by the Butterick Publishing Co., New York.

If the Legislature is as long about electing a United States Senator as it is organizing, there is danger of Kenna's term expiring before a successor is chosen.

The "kicking" element of the last Legislature seems to hava fallen into line very gratefully. The trouble is now on the other side of the house.

A very distructive cyclone swept over the country last week; paying special attention to portions of Pennsylvania. Great damage was kone to property and many lives lost at both Pittsburg and Reading.

President-elect Harrison has been persuaded to go this far with brother Blaine—he will tender him the Secretaryship of State, provided a solemn promise is made by brother Blaine that he will not take it.—Charleston Star.

Justice Barrett, of New York, has decided that by entering the sugar trust the North River Sugar Refining Company has violated its charter and forfeited its right to corporate existence. A righteous decision.

Nothing remains of the famous English settlement of Jamestown, Va., begun in 1607, save the ruins of a church tower, and this is crumbling year by year. Tree roots have cracked the monumental slabs in the church yard, and thus one of the few localities recalling the first years of American history is slowly losing its distinctive features.

Not long ago 3,000 tons of pig iron were sent from Birmingham, Ala., to Pittsburg. Since 1879 the iron production of Alabama has increased from forty tons to 292,500 tons a year. Alabama is fourth in rank—after Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois—as an iron producing state. Tennessee holds the fifth place.

The biennial message of Gov. E. W. Wilson to the Legislature of West Virginia is now before the people. We regard it as about the ablest State paper the Governor has given us during his administration. He pays special attention to election laws and their abuses, and make what we deem wise and wholesomes suggestions to our law makers. Gov. Wilson doesn't hesitate to say what he thinks, nor to call a spade by its right name.

PREACHING.—Rev. J. Lester Henderson will preach at the following places:

1st Sunday,	Huntersville,	11 A. M.	
" "	[illegible]	4 P. M.	
2nd "	[illegible]	11 A. M.	
" "	Bethel,	3 P. M.	
3rd "	[illegible]	11 A. M.	
" "	Mt. Pleasant,	4 P. M.	
4th "	Bethel,	11 A. M.	
" "	Sunset,	3 P. M.	

HOME NEWS

—L. M. McClintic made a visit to Bath Co., Va., this week.

—A. W. Moore, Esq., was in town Tuesday.

—Constable Jas. H. Buzzard was down at Hillsboro this week on official business.

—S. B. Moore and J. K. Gay, of Edray were in Huntersville Tuesday.

—Mrs. J. T. Hogsett, of Mill Point was at the Huntersville Hotel Sunday.

—Call at Jacob Boner, if you want "cheap goods." "Say Yesh."

—Guy Slavens, who has been in Nebraska for some time, came home this week.

—J. W. Milligan and family are for the present stopping with H. M. Lockridge, Esq., on Knapp's creek.

—We are glad to learn that Quincy W. Pouge is improving, and is now thought to be out of immediate danger.

—Those who send communications to the TIMES will please do so not later than by Monday's mail. It sometimes puts us to no little inconvenience to have them later.

—Geo. W. Wagoner took charge of Hotel Pocahontas last Tuesday. Mr. Wagoner is full of energy and push and will no doubt make a successful landlord.

—Mr. Lanty Lockridge, who has been stopping for sometime at Hotel Pocahontas, has taken up quarters at the residence of his nephew, H. M. Lockridge; but, as we promised not to put his name in the paper, we are unable to make mention of the fact.

—Justice Shrader held his first Court at this place last Thursday, and will hold his next term beginning on the 24th. Between the County Court and the District Court Huntersville is well supplied with Courts.

—The January number of Babyhood, lately received, is fully up to past issues. This is a most interesting and instructive magazine. No mother should be without it. Published by Babyhood Pub. Co., 5 Beekman St., N. Y.

—Mrs. Wm. L. Brown and Mrs. J. H. Patterson of Green Bank, were down a few days ago to see their brother Jno. B. Slavens, who is quite ill at the Huntersville Hotel.

—The account of the meeting of the Citizens at Hillsboro which appears on the first page of this issue, was signed by seventy nine of the citizens of that vicinity, but to save space we omitted all but the Chairman and Secretary.

—F. Lee Dever, Esq., was in town Monday. He informed us that he would start back to Duluth, Minn. this week. The Northwest seems to have used him well and he has no notion of leaving that section soon.

—Mr. H. M. Lockridge, who has been severely afflicted with rheumatism for some months, is now able to walk about on crutches. He was at church last Sunday for the first time since his recovery.

—Jas. H. Doyle is actively engaged in remodeling the ice house at the Huntersville Hotel. The ice crop just now is not very promising; but, if he should succeed in filling his new house, there will be no lack of the cooling substance at his Hotel next summer.

—We are in receipt of the Gordonsville Gazette, published by J. B. Canfield. Mr. Canfield seems to be making a good beginning in this new field. We hope he may succeed beyond his expectations.

—Our friend C. O. Arbogast returned from Charleston last Saturday. Charlie was an applicant for Sergeant-at-arms of the House of Delegates, and we are informed by those who ought to know that he would have gotten the place, had he been fairly dealt with.

—We hope the County Court will insist on the public respecting the order requiring all persons to address the Court from the bar. It is extremely undignified in a full grown man to spit on his hands, climb up the railing around the bench, whisper to the Court till out of breath and then let go his hold and slide down.

—The Cosmopolitan, for January an illustrated monthly Magazine, published by John B. Walker, 363 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.—is before us. This number in point of excellence is fully up, the standard. We regard the Cosmopolitan as one of the very best periodical of thes day. Its pages are filled with choice illustrations and the writings of our very best English authors.

—On the first page of this issue appears an interesting letter from F. A. Renick, Esq., of Academy. We hope that many of our readers will respond to the suggestion of Mr. Renick by writing us an occasional letter on some timely topic. The contribution he asks for from Col. Gatewood would be very acceptable, and Mr. Renick must not make this his last.

Dunmore Doings.

Fine weather mixed with mud. Every thing looks like spring. The birds are singing, and the hens laying.

Mr. J. B. White begins his subscription school at this place today.

But little sickness in this neighborhood.

Cattle are wintering well, and consuming a small amount of feed.

Robt. McGlaughlin is now thought to be out of danger, and will soon be himself again if he doesn't take a relapse. The child is also doing well.

Jan. 13th. TOM SAWYER.

Edray Notes.

Joe. Gibson, who has been dangerously ill for some time, is better.

A. Patterson Poage left last week for Indiana on a visit to relatives.

Geo. Palser, of Neb., in visiting friends and settling up some business in this neighborhood; he has sold his land on Buck's mountain to Mrs. Mary E. Lange.

Isaac Sharps is getting out a fine lot of cherry lumber at this place. Gay and Moore are also getting out a nice lot of cherry at their mill on crooked fork of Elk.

Esq. Barlow is full of business already; merchants and late sheriffs, as well as other are filling up the docket.

Your editorial of last week on changing the name of the State meets with hearty endorsement on the part of the people of this District. We don't want to be compelled to know a home, or stop singing "West Virginia Hills."

X.

NOTICE.

A reward of $10 will be paid to any one who may give information leading to the recovery of any of our birds, etc. that have been stolen from the woods or along the railroad.

ST. LAWRENCE BOOM & M'F'G CO.,
Dunmore, W. Va.

jan 24 4-t

The County Court.

The Court met, pursuant to adjournment, last Friday morning, and continued its sitting until Saturday afternoon. The time was occupied principally in making settlements with the present sheriff and his immediate predecessor, and in deciding who shall fill that office for the next term.

The Court at last declared the office vacant and appointed Geo. W. Callison to act for the term of two years, beginning Jany. 1, 1889.

Mr. Callison, however, declined to accept the office, and the Court proceeded to appoint I. B. Moore.

Mr. Moore not being present at the time, it is not known whether he will accept; so the matter is not settled beyond a doubt yet.

The Court adjourned to meet on Monday, Jany. 21, at which time Mr. Moore will either qualify or resign and give some one else the opportunity to decline the honor.

If the office is to fall into the hands of anyone who was not regularly elected, we don't think it could be placed in charge of a better or more deserving man than I. B. Moore. He is qualified to do the work in an acceptable manner, and we feel sure he would make a good officer.

It is, of course, to be regretted that the office could not be filled by the one chosen at the polls by so handsome a majority.

A Family of Coincidences.

On Glade mountain, this State resides the most peculiar family in the country. It is a family of coincidences. The father and mother were married on the 14th day of October, they have had nine children, all of whom were born on the 14th of October; five of the children are dead, and all of them ceased to breathe on the 14th day of October. The name of the head of the family is Joshua Franklin. He says that he was a confederate soldier; that he was captured twice by the Yankees, and that he had lost two brothers in the war, and that all four of the mishaps or misfortunes of war occurred on the memorable 14th of October. In the neighborhood the Franklin family is regarded with superstition and not a human being can be prevailed upon to stay either in the house or on the premises on either day or night of the 14th of October.—Fayette Democrat.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN has long held the first rank among the leading publications regarding practical information about art, sciences, mechanics, chemistry inventions, and manufactures. No one who wishes to keep acquainted with the rapid advancement along these lines can dispense with it. Munn & Co., 361 Broadway, New York. Price, $3 00 a year. Copies of the paper may be seen at this office, and subscriptions received.

The West Virginia Freeman, Prohibition organ published at Parkersburg, has suspended publication.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas, at the Court-House thereof on the 1st day of January 1889.

It is ordered that all persons having business to transact with the Court hereafter, shall either present it to the Court in person from the bar or by their attorney, and that the Court will not hear any matter unless presented in the foregoing manner.

A copy, Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

jan 15 4-t Printers fee $4.62.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered on the 16th day of October, 1888, in the chancery cause of John W. McNeel's adm'r.

vs.

John W. McNeel's Heirs, et als,

I, as Special Commissioner appointed in said decree, shall proceed, in front of the Court House of said County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to the dower of the widow therein, on the

8TH DAY OF MARCH, 1889,

the following real estate, situate in said County, to wit: A certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro on the Hill's Creek Road, and also, another certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying above the first mentioned lot, in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro. Both of said lots were bought by J. W. McNeel from James Grify. They are valuable lots, and the title is believed to be clear.

TERMS OF SALE:

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue of purchase money the purchaser will be required to give bonds, with good and approved personal security, bearing interest from day of sale, falling due in Six and Twelve months respectively from date, and a lien will be retained as ultimate security.

H. S. RUCKER, Spec'l Com'r.

Bond, as required by law has been given by the above Special Commissioner.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

jan. 10 4 t Printers fee $6,75.

Notice to Lein Holders.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of John F. Wanless.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County made in the a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said John F. Wanless to the satisfaction of the liens thereon you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said John F. Wanless, which are loins on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office, in the town of Huntersville, on or before the

8TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1889.

Given under my hand this the 5th day of Jan., 1889.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

jan. 10 4-4 Printers fee $6.98.

Pocahontas Times.

G. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Jan. 17, 1889.

THE COST OF WAR.

A Washington correspondent has been comparing the statistics of the loss by death of Union soldiers during the rebellion, with the mortality of other wars. Reports show that the northern and southern armies met in more than 2,000 skirmishes and battles. In 148 of these conflicts the loss on the Federal side was more than 500 men, and in at least 19 battles more than 10,000 men were reported lost on each side. The appended table shows that the combined losses of the Federal and Confederate forces, in killed, wounded and missing, in the following engagements were: Shiloh, 24,000; Antietam, 38,000; Stone river, 38,000; Chancellorsville, 28,000; Gettysburg, 54,000; Chickamauga, 33,000; McClellan's peninsular campaign, 180,000, and Sherman's campaign, 125,000.

Waterloo was one of the most desperate and bloody fields chronicled in European history, and yet Wellington's casualties were less than 12 per cent., his losses being 4,232 killed and 958 wounded out of over 100,000 men, while at Shiloh one side lost in killed and wounded 9,730 out of 34,000, while their opponents report their killed and wounded at 9,616, making the casualties about 30 per cent. At the great battle of Wagram Napoleon lost but about 5 per cent. At Wurzburg the French lost but 3 1-2 per cent., and yet the army gave up the field and retreated to the Rhine. At Roucour Marshal Saxe lost but 2 1-2 per cent. At Zurich Massena lost but 8 per cent. At Legnitz Frederick lost but 6 1-2 per cent. At Malplaquet Marlborough lost but 10 per cent., and at Ramillies the same intrepid commander lost but 6 per cent. At Coutras Henry of Navarre was reported as cut to pieces, yet his loss was less than 10 per cent. At Lodi Napoleon lost 1 1-4 per cent. At Valmy Frederick William lost but 3 per cent., and at the great battles of Marengo and Austerlitz, sanguinary as they were, Napoleon lost an average of less than 14 1-2 per cent.

At Magenta and Solferino, in 1859, the average loss of both armies was less than 9 per cent. At Koniggratz, in 1866, it was 6 per cent. At Woerth, Spicheren, Mars la Tour, Gravelotte and Sedan, in 1870, the average loss was 12 per cent., while at Linden Gen. Moreau lost but 1 per cent., and the Archduke John lost but 7 per cent in killed and wounded. Americans would scarcely call this a lively skirmish. At Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Atlanta, Gettysburg, [illegible], the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, the loss frequently reached, and sometimes exceeded, 40 per cent. Official statistics show that of the 2,000,000 men enlisted, there were killed in battle 44,238; died of wounds, 49,205; died of disease, 186,216; died of unknown causes, 25,184; total, 303,843. This includes only those whose death while in the army had been actually proved. To this number should be added, first 26,000 men who are known to have died while in the hands of the enemy as prisoners of war, and many others in the same manner whose deaths are unrecorded; second, a fair percentage of the 205,795 men who are put down on the official reports as deserters and missing in action, for those who participated in the war know that men frequently disappeared who, it was certain had not deserted, yet could not be otherwise officially accounted for; third, thousands who are buried in private cemeteries all over the north, who died while home on furlough. The nation's dead are buried in seventy-three national cemeteries, of which only twelve are in the northern states.

The proportion of deaths from all causes in the troops of each state was as follows: Maine, 1 in 7; New Hampshire, 1 in 7; Vermont, 1 in 6; Massachusetts, 1 in 9; Rhode Island, 1 in 11; Connecticut, 1 in 10; New York, 1 in 12; New Jersey, 1 in 12; Pennsylvania, 1 in 12; Delaware, 1 in 20; Maryland, 1 in 26; Ohio, 1 in 9; Indiana, 1 in 8; Illinois, 1 in 7; Michigan 1 in 6; Wisconsin, 1 in 7; Minnesota, 1 in 8; Iowa, 1 in 5 (nearly 6); Kansas, 1 in 5; California, 1 in 20; West Virginia, 1 in 9; Kentucky, 1 in 19; Missouri, 1 in 9.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Eating by the Alphabet.

"Have you got anything here beginning with 'k' that's good to eat?" inquired a new customer in a well-known local delicacy market last Tuesday. "How will pickled kidneys answer?" replied the clerk, after a moment's thought. "First rate. Give me a dozen cans. The kitten's life is saved," exclaimed the strange patron with enthusiasm. "I told my wife," he continued, "that if I failed to send home a kangaroo, dead or alive, before 2 o'clock I should expect to find the kitten served up for supper in the latest Chinese style. But your happy thought saved her. You see we all got tired of eating the same things day after day, and so last month we agreed that during December we would begin and eat up (or rather down) the alphabet, taking one letter a day, with bread, potatoes, tea and coffee thrown in as staples. So December 1 we inaugurated the dietary system with a bill of fare consisting of apples in many forms, apricots pickled, asparagus, almonds, and the staples. The next day's menu was beef, beets, beans, biscuits, buttermilk, bacon, and bon-bons. The following day we feasted on chicken, codfish balls, clams, celery, cucumbers (fifty cents each), crabs, cheese, cake, crackers, crullers, carrots, canned currants, canned cherries citrons, cider catsup and candy. And so it has gone on. The fifth day would have been a fast day had it not been for eggs, but we made an Easter of it. Yesterday we dined, breakfasted and supped chiefly on jellies. To-day your kidney suggestion saves us from starvation, while to-morrow we will grow fat on liver, lamb, lobster, lettuce, etc. A queer thing about our new food departure is the number of things it has led us to put in our mouths which we never thought of before."—Buffalo Express.

Charles Sumner and his Friends.

Sumner was very careful of the feelings of his personal friends, many of whom disagreed emphatically with him on political subjects. Some of them were not of the same party with himself; some were not of the same wing of the party. After president Grant and his cabinet became estranged from the senator, certain of his friends failed to follow him. Among them was the journalist, Maj. Ben. Perley Poore who, in his letters and telegrams, took strong ground for the president and against the senator. The contest at the time was exceedingly bitter, and "Perley's" dispatches reflected the degree of acerbity felt by the president's friends.

Sumner's friends were inclined to take issue with the journalists, holding that the tone of his letters was incompatible with his personal relations toward the senator and brought them to Sumners attention. He would hear just enough of them to know what was being spoken of, and then, if the paper had been handed him, would throw it into the waste basket, exclaiming "I like him too well to read his letters." He was once asked, "How can you like him when he speaks of you in such terms?" and his reply was: "I like the person, not the writer; I do my duty as I see it; let him do his as he sees it. Why should we quarrel?"—Arnold Burges Johnson, in the Cosmopolitan.

Henry Watterson's Father.

One of the pleasant old young men of Washington, says the New York Tribune, is the Hon. Harvey M. Waterson, the father of Henry Watterson. Imagine to yourself a tall and slightly-built man, with a large head of gray hair, a white beard falling over his chest, and a pair of the brightest and kindest blue eyes you will find anywhere. Imagine this man to be seventy-five years old, but at the same time to move about with as firm a step as though he was but thirty-five. Listen to his voice, and it comes forth in strong chest tones. Talk to him and he will tell you that he feels younger as the years grow older and that he hopes to last for many years yet.

Said Mr. Watterson once to me in response to a question:

The first sign of a man's failing faculties is seen in his voice. I can go on the street and speak in such tones as can be heard 300 yards away. I spend my winters in Washington and my summers in Louisville, and while there I look over the exchanges in the newspaper office and scan about fifty papers a day. I am glad that I am alive and I feel that my good health at this age is due to temperance and in not allowing myself to be worried about anything. I am very careful of my eating and I have not had three unhappy hours from worry in my whole life. When I have stubbed my toe I have not cursed the universe because of my carelessness, but thanked the Lord I did not break my neck."

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. C. F. Moore, Editor. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, Jan. 31, 1889. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 per year in advance. No. 28.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard,
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, Pres't. / S. B. Hannah. / G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

DOES ANY ONE KNOW?

Does any one know what's in your heart and mine,
The sorrow and song,
The demon of sin and the angel divine,
The right and the wrong;
The dread of the darkness, the love of the day,
The ebb and the flow
Of hope and of doubt for ever and aye,
Does any one know?

Does any one dream of the love that is yours,
The heart that is mine;
The depth and the width of the cup which each pours
Of richest red wine;
Of the hate that is dark as the midnight of grief,
The anguish and woe,
The doubt clouds of halting and blind unbelief,
Does any one know?

Does any one see what we have in the heart
To love and to hate;
Of life's every motive an intricate part,
Of chance and of fate;
The memory of kisses, of starlight, of songs,
Of roses and snow,
Of women's sweet eyes, of prayers and of wrongs,
Does any know?

Does any one hearken to music of bells,
And the sigh of the sea,
And the whisper of woodlands that mystically swells
For you and for me;
The sound of the fond voices that ever respond,
In tones soft and low,
To the prayer we are breathing into the beyond,
Does any one know?

—[N. Waterman in New York Mercury.

Forest Preservation.

The series of articles by Professor Shaler in Scribner's has ably presented the topic of tree preservation, a topic the American people must positively give heed to. No nation under the sun was in times of peace ever so wasteful as our own. The increasing ease of securing a supply of food has tended for some hundreds of years, if not thousands, to render human beings less economical of means and careful of methods. The older races, like the Chinese, never waste; to them everything has its use. But we have destroyed as much as we have produced. Forests that nature raised by the labor of a thousand years we have burned up in a day. Civilization has invented the phrase clearing up, which means wanton removal of all things that stand in the way of our immediate needs. Where vast stretches of oaks covered millions of acres it is difficult to find a single grove or a single tree; but how inestimable such remains are when found! It is not wholly from the utilitarian standpoint that we look, but the æsthetic. These are like their surroundings. If it be undesirable to dwell in the forest, it is still more undesirable to dwell without the companionship of trees. But as a matter of economy and physical necessity we are compelled to have sympathy for and with the vegetable world. Our destiny, in common with the whole animal kingdom, is identified with the plant kingdom. In the struggle for existence, from the outset, there has been a mutual interdependence of all living things. If we destroy the trees we injure our own progress and prospects. In the present economy of nature protoplasm, or the basis of life, can only be created by the plant kingdom; from it we receive the same at second hand. But our existence is dependent on trees and plants in many other ways, and always has been. The earliest human races were littoral, or shore dwellers. They had no tools to work their way through forests, nor weapons to cope with the denizens of the forest. But with increase of the art of making tools human beings left the shore and roamed the forests as hunters. To the hunting races the destruction of trees was the destruction of their means of existence. The North American Indian saw only starvation in the white man's unsparing ax.

Civilization has brought us into even closer relation to trees, and dependence on vegetation. The equilibrium of the air, adjusting the proportions of carbon gases for our healthy existence, depends on trees. Malaria is not caused, but prevented, by a judicious proportion of forest land. Professor Shaler takes up the case with great energy to show that the most serious result following the destruction of our forests will be the consequent loss of soil, turning vast areas into deserts. "Already a large part of many fertile regions has been sterilized in this fashion; and each year a larger portion of our infinitely precious heritage of soil slips into rivers and finds its way to the sea, because we have deprived it of the protecting coating of vegetation." We have also to consider the immense vegetation deposit which is yearly added to the soil where forests abound. Our own culture takes from the soil, on the contrary, more than it gives. So the waste from the rain is greater in tilled soil than in wooded lands. In forests the soil is ever deepening; in open lands ever decreasing. This evil we must endure, but should be careful not to aggravate. The amount of soil now swept away annually is actually clogging the large rivers, compelling them constantly to change channels. The argument of Professor Shaler is pressed to show that no man has such a right in soil that he may be wasteful of it, or use it for the disadvantage of his neighbors. Gorvernment, he holds, should interfere to prevent waste of forests.

The question of forest preservation has been more or less considered by several of the states, but, in fact, apart from the encouragement of tree planting, little has been done in a systematic manner to regulate the use or prevent the waste of trees. Our relation to the vegetable kingdom grows even more intricate, and our serious dependence more emphasized constanly since the demands of civilization for timber and fuel increase, and must increase.

At present the greatest loss in the way of forest destruction is from fires caused by locomotives, malice or carlessness. Some of the railroads have already taken action to prevent the recurrence of the evil from locomotive sparks. The plan adopted is to clear away all timber growth for 100 feet on each side of the track. A furrow is then run along the outer edge of this space, and the whole kept mowed and clean. The loss from timber fires is not less than an average of $2,000,000 per state annually. This is wholly preventable.

The work of Professor Shaler is notable in this respect, that it makes the subject, which has been rather held to be local, to be a continental matter. He has enlarged the subject, and shown that it vitally touches the very possibility of human existence.—Globe-Democrat.

Royal Salaries in Europe.

A table recently prepared shows the royal salaries paid in Europe, and it forms interesting reading for those who have an idea that our own government is conducted on a wasteful and extravagant plan.

The emperor of Russia receives $8,250,000 per annum; the sultan of Turkey, $6,000,000; the emperor of Austria, $4,000,000; the king of Prussia, $3,000,000; the king of Italy, $2,400,000; the queen of England, $2,200,000; the queen of Spain, $1,800,000, and the king of Belgium, $500,000.

What a sermon against monarchical government this brief table contains. Eight persons, men and women—for kings and queens are nothing more—receive each year in the aggregate $28,150,000 for doing what? For doing nothing that hundreds—maybe thousands—of their subjects could not do just as well and possibly much better. Some of these monarchs get their salaries for really doing nothing. Queen Victoria, for example, has absolutely no function to perform except to represent in her royal person the idea of dominion and sovereignty. She has no part in the government of the country. The most irrepressible Irish member of parliament does more and has more to say about ruling the empire than Victoria has; and yet because she is what she is, the mere eidolon of a bygone autocracy, her loving subjects pay her over $2,000,000 every year for her own use and benefit.

The king of Prussia receives $3,000,000 a year as compensation for his arduous royal duties; and when it is considered that he is the emperor of Germany, that he is a man over 90 years of age, and that the reins of government have been for years in the hands of Bismarck, it must be admitted that, judged by republican standards, he does not earn his salary.

Probably the czar of Russia performs as much or more actual labor than any reigning sovereign in Europe. The form of government of Russia being a despotism, the czar must necessarily center all authority in himself and be in fact as well as name, the fountain and source of all authority. But even for his duties, irksome, multifarious and difficult though they may be, $8,250,000 is more than they are worth, especially in view of the financial condition of Russia and the immense drain upon her resources.

The people of the United States thought they were doing a wonderful thing when they increased the president's salary from $25,000 a year to $50,000; and yet the larger amount is only a trifle over two days' salary of the emperor of Russia, while at the same time the United States is really better able to pay the president the czar's salary than Russia is to pay the czar the president's salary.

Royalty is simply an enormously expensive luxury, with nothing to recommend it except tradition and precedent, and the only wonder is that it can keep its hold so long on intelligent and progressive nations in this age of the world.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Shipping Gold to Europe.

When one recalls the millions upon millions of dollars in gold that annually seek Europe to provide for the necessities of our import trade, the question of how gold is shipped to Europe becomes a curious and interesting one. The Bank of America is the largest single shipper of gold abroad. Shipments are made in stout kegs, very like the ordinary beer kegs. Every one contains $50,000 in coin or in bar gold. The latter is the favorite for these shipments, since the government has permitted the sub-treasury to exchange bar for gold coin, as coin in $1,000,000 shipment is liable to a loss by abrasion of from eight to twenty ounces, of from $128 to $320, and the bars only lose about three-fourths of that amount. Where coin is sent double eagles are preferred. They are put in stout canvas bags, each bag containing 125 double eagles, or $5,000 and ten bags fill each keg.

About the only precaution taken against tampering with kegs is a treatment of the keg ends, technically known as "red taping." Four holes are bored at equal intervals in the projecting rim of the staves above the head. Red tape is run through these, crossing on the keg's head, the ends meeting at the center, where they are sealed to the head by the hardest of wax and stamped with the consignor's name. The average insurance is about $1,500 per $1,000,000. Then there is an expense of $2 a keg for packing and cartage aboard ship, or $200 for the same sum; and the inevitable loss by abrasion, whatever it may prove to be. There are great Wall street firms shipping from $25,000,000 to $40,000,000 annually. Some of these have for years insured themselves, and assert that the saving has been sufficient to replace a loss of $1,000,000. These are large figures. But this has become a country of large figures and affairs.—Edgar L. Wakeman in Globe-Democrat.

Left Handed Writing.

"It looks like copperplate," remarked a prominent teacher of penmanship to a reporter, as he exhibited a handsome specimen of chirography from among the many specimens in his large collection.

"It couldn't have been written very rapidly," suggested the reporter.

"It was, though—as rapidly as the writer could make his fingers move."

"Probably he is a professional penman; bookkeeper or teacher likely?"

"Neither, and he only learned to write four years ago. He was a soldier. During the war he lost his right arm. After the war he became a traveling salesman. Five years ago he lost a leg in a railroad accident, and then took up penmanship. He had to learn it all over again. But by perseverance you see how much he has accomplished. He is the secretary of a mining company down town and draws $10,000 a year salary. One odd thing about this is that he never was a good penman when he had both arms. But in learning to use his left hand he acquired the art of making all of his characters plainly. He made them slowly at first, and now he can't write badly, no matter how rapidly he works."

"Did you ever know of a man's learning to use both hands equally well?"

"There are a few instances on record. I heard of a man once who not only wrote with both hands, but wrote with them at the same time and a different sentence with each hand. He was the wonder of the profession, but he was more of a freak than anything else. Ambidexterity is a great accomplishment, but such experiences as that are not valuable, save as curiosities."—New York Mail and Express.

Mrs. Jay Gould died at her home in New York last week.

Senator Frye, of Maine has been re-elected; and Senator Isham G. Harris, of Tenn. has also been returned.

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

Jan. 31, 1889.

POST MORTEM REBUKE.

The New York World, and a few other newspapers of less importance, have lately made themselves very busy in condemning Grover Cleveland and charging him with the defeat of the democratic party. A recent editorial of the World is very pronounced and bitter in its charges, and in our opinion inconsistent and unwise.

We do not pretend to say that Cleveland made no mistakes, nor do we doubt that he indirectly contributed to the result of November the 6th; yet we believe his blunders were committed in an honest and brave effort to redeem the pledges of his party and to secure for the people good and pure government. His mistakes consisted not in the end aimed at, but in the means he adopted to reach it.

No doubt his memorable message to Congress, which merged all other questions into the one great issue of tariff reform, was the beginning of our defeat. Not because the recommendations of that message were wrong, but because they were untimely, and resulted in arousing the opposition to such active energy as terminated in a suppression of the will of the people by political craftiness.

In this action Grover Cleveland was only aiming to do what the platform of his party had promised to do, and was urged on by his party leaders of no mean standing nor limited experience, in whom he had reason to place confidence: and among the many voices clamoring for tariff reform could be distinctly heard the deep-toned, persistent cry of the New York World. On the strength of these appeals the issue was made up, the battle fought and the cause lost, though not forever. How inconsistent and unfair it is for those who helped to make the issue, hoping to justify themselves, now to charge the failure entirely to that one man who was brave enough to lead the fight and who never wavered. Granting that to Cleveland only our defeat is chargable, and that the New York World opposed his policy, it would now be extremely ungracious to make such an assault, since all admit that Cleveland endeavored to give the people a fair and upright administration; but as it is, when the World condemns Cleveland it condemns itself. Cleveland is the same man now that he was before the election and our opinion of him is unchanged. Let us not heap upon him the bitterness of our disappointment, but as we stood with him in triumph, let us now stand with him in defeat, nor abandon the cause we all believe to be just, because once defeated.

Judge A. C. Snyder has been elected President of the Supreme Court. Judge Snyder has made a good [illegible] reputation since he has been on the bench.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The dead lock in the West Virginia Legislature was broken on the 21st, after about two weeks had been consumed in doing nothing. Col. R. S. Carr, of Kanawha county was elected President of the Senate on the 126th ballot, receiving ten votes from the democrats and six from the republicans; so that neither side can claim any great victory in the result.

Col. Carr is a union labor man, and it is not known certainly how he will vote when it comes to the election of a United States Senator. He is a man of considerable ability and is said to possess in a large measure the qualities of a good presiding officer. But whether the selection be wise or not, it is a great relief to the people to have the affair ended.

Since the organization several ballots have been taken for U. S. Senator, in which the republicans have voted pretty solidly for Goff and the democrats scattering, with Kenna in the lead. These ballots, however, have but little significance, as the democrats have not been anxious to effect an election. The Constitution provides that balloting for U. S. Senator shall begin the second Tuesday after organization, but as one branch of the Legislature did not organize until a late day, the democrats think it wise to post-pone an election until the second Tuesday after the organization of the Senate. The democrats held a caucus, adopting the two-thirds rule, and agreeing to stand by the caucus nominee. Jno. E. Kenna lacked but one delegate was absent whom it is conceded is a Kenna man. So the defeat of Senator Kenna is not so certain after all. Gen. Goff can no doubt get the full vote of his party whenever he desires it; but it is estimated that he would still lack two votes, giving him the benefit of all the doubtful ones. To be sure, nothing is yet certain as to the outcome.

Nothing of importance has been done aside from political dodging.

The Democratic Party and the Future.

The editorial of the New York World, denouncing President Cleveland for the overthrow of the democratic party, was, as we have before shown, cowardly and unjust.

Here is the one undisputed fact of the late campaign: there was not a cloud in the democratic sky when President Cleveland wrote his message. Had that message not been written we should have had a walk-over. Even after it was written had the democratic convention re-affirmed the platform of 1884, on which it had already carried the country, it would still have been victorious. It made Cleveland's message the platform, and it not only thereby postponed the very tariff reform it was fighting for, but it sacrificed the weighter and more precious principles which it was carrying and which it must carry to the end of time!

President Cleveland is not to be blamed for this. He obeyed the pressing demand of the leaders to whom he had given his confidence—and his loyalty to them, meant loyalty to the party. Nor are these leaders to be blamed. They advised as they thought best.

We have no fear of party harmony in the future. What is best will be agreed on, and every democrat will support it. It is possible that the issue has been already made so aggressively that the democratic party is committed for the future to a fight for tariff reform in the same terms as those on which we have just been defeated. If so, all right. We shall do our part of the work in love and earnestness. It may be that Brother Watterson's "voice of agitation" with which he hoped to "arrest the attention" of the country (and succeeded) will be lowered and the voice of reason substituted therefor. If so, all the better and we shall fight with equal earnestness and more hope. Until the issues for 1892 are made up and their exact terms agreed on their should be the fullest discussion among democrats as to what is best. The policy of one democrat denouncing or suspecting every other democrat who differs with him, is not only unwise but unpatriotic.

When the issues are made up and the platform adopted every democrat must then sink his personal views and fall into ranks. Until then let us keep cool and study the situation seriously. Let us pocket pride and prejudice and put democratic success above every personal consideration. If every democrat will but do this we shall triumph again in 1892 in spite of the admission of republican territories and the apportionment of the new census.—Atlanta Constitution.

Amend the Electoral Law.

The error in the returns of the Presidential electors of Texas, even if not amended, would be immaterial as affecting the general result. It would simply reduce by thirteen Mr. Cleveland's vote in the electoral colleges, and leave Mr. Harrison's vote unchanged.

But the fact that such an error was committed and that the counting of the vote of Texas is thereby endangered suggests the very serious consequences that might ensue where the throwing out of the vote of a sovereign State would give the election to a defeated candidate.

It is necessary of course to have so solemn an act as the choice of a President performed by safe and systematic methods, that no question may arise as to the legitimacy of the election, but it would be well to relieve the law in some way of technicalities that, by misconstruction or oversight, might wholly revolutionize the declared will of the people at the polls.

It is known, beyond all quibble or per-adventure, that the people of Texas chose Cleveland electors at the last election—as well known as it is that the people of Maine chose Harrison electors, and a blunder of the electors in not signing their names in the proper place would never disabuse the minds of the people of the consciousness, amounting to positive knowledge, that the electors were duly and lawfully chosen.

Under no circumstances, short of an absolute failure or refusal of a State to send in its returns, should it be possible to count out the vote. It is not a small matter. It is a matter enough with changed conditions to precipitate the Republic into another civil war. The law must be so amended as to make such a catastrophe impossible.—Washington Post.

The $30,000,000 mortgage of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad was recorded at Richmond, Va., on Tuesday of last week, and is being recorded in every county on the lines of that railroad. The mortgage is made to the Central Mortgage Company of New York, and it is on the property of the road from a point on James river below Richmond, Va., to Huntington, W. Va., thence to a point of connection with the Elizabeth, Lexington & Big Sandy Road. It is also on the extension from Richmond, Va., to Newport News and thence to Phoebus, near Norfolk, Va., and also upon the line from Ashland, Ky., to Covington, Ky., and on the bridge between Covington, Ky., and Cincinnati.

SENATORS RE-ELECTED.

Illinois re-elects Senator Cullom, New Jersey re-elects Senator McPherson, Texas re-elects Senator Coke, Oregon re-elects Senator Dolphin, and North Carolina re-elects Senator Ransom. West Virginia————?

A GOOD MOVE.

Mr. Oates' bill on the subject of naturalization, if it should pass Congress, would go a long way toward reducing some of the evil which the country is undergoing from its lax methods of making citizens of aliens.

The provisions of the bill briefly stated, are requirement that an alien must reside five years in the United States before he can become a citizen; that at the expiration of that time he must appear in court and prove his residence, a good moral character and fitness for citizenship. If the case is in the United States Court, notice of his application for naturalization must be served on the representative of the United States, and likewise in the case of a State Court, the representative of the State Government must be notified and attend the hearing. The bill proposes to dispense with the present requirement of a declaration of intention.

The bill has made a favorable impression, and the indications for its becoming a law are good.—Charleston Star.

The electors who cast the vote of Texas for Mr. Cleveland omitted a material part of the statutory requirement in the business, and the President of the Senate directed the returns to be taken back to Texas for rectification. This will necessitate the re-convening of the electors at the Capitol of the State and the re-transmission of the vote to Washington. It is gravely doubted if this can be done in time to have the vote of Texas counted. It is astonishing that intelligent people will make such blunders in such serious matters. What a condition of excitement would now prevail if Cleveland had carried New York, and this Texas blunder should threaten to nullify his election!—Charleston Gazette.

It seems odd to read that a Governor's message in this country, should be printed in a foreign language at all but still stranger that more copies should be ordered printed in other languages than in English. The Texas Senate adopted a resolution to print 5,000 copies of Governor Ross' message in English, 3,000 in German, 2,000 in Bohemian and 2,000 in Spanish.

The Presidential electors for the State of Texas, in making their returns failed to endorse the envelope containing the vote, which makes it doubtful whether the vote of the Lone Star State will be counted. As the matter stands now it makes but little difference, but, if Cleveland had carried New York, it might have been a fatal mistake.

PREACHING.—Rev. J. Lester Henderson will preach for the year at the following places as stated:

1st Sunday,	Huntersville,	11 A. M.	
"	"	Mt. Pleasant,	4 P. M.
2nd	"	Sunset,	11 A. M.
"	"	Bethel,	3 P. M.
3rd	"	Huntersville,	11 A. M.
"	"	Mt. Pleasant,	4 P. M.
4th	"	Bethel,	11 A. M.
"	"	Sunset,	3 P. M.

HOME NEWS.

—Locals and eggs are scarce at this season of the year.

—Henry Overholt, Esq., of Hillsboro, was in town yesterday.

—We are indebted to Hon. C. P. Dorr for the Journal of the Legislature and other public documents.

—Huntersville looks lonesome this week. No session of the County Court.

—Geo. W. Wagner, went up to Traveler's Repose last Saturday to look after his log drive on the river.

—Several drummers have recently visited our town with a line of Spring goods.

—Five or six communications that should have appeared this week are omitted because they were not communicated.

—Mrs. Pattie Yeager, who lives with her son, Peter D. Yeager, at Traveller's Repose, was so unfortunate as to fall and break both legs last Tuesday.

—A recent letter from Hon. H. A. Yeager announces that he is well pleased with his surroundings and hard at work for Uncle Sam. His address is Cheyene, Wyoming Territory.

—There will be no mail from Huntersville to Dunmore Saturday, Feb. 29, unless it should be a cloudy day. We have prevailed on Andy Hughes to stay in doors if there's any danger of seeing his shadow.

—We have received the first number of the Clipper, a weekly independent newspaper published at Addison W. Va. As a rule we don't have much use for so-called independent papers; hope, however, this may be an exception.

$100 REWARD.—Mitchell D. McGlaughlin offers the above reward to any one who can show a finer boy than the one born at his house on the 24th of Jany. Mitchell to be the Judge himself and the amount to be paid in Confederate money. Trot out your boys.

—The Housekeeper,—a Semi Monthly periodical, devoted to domestic interests, published at Minneapolis, Minn., is among the most valuable exchanges we receive. The issue for Jany. 15, is exceedingly good. Every housekeeper ought to have it.

—The December number of Womans Work, a monthly household paper, published at Athens, Ga., is before us. This is a comparatively new periodical, but has in its short life gained an enviable reputation and has become quite a favorite with the ladies.

—We have just received Vick's Floral Guide for 1889. It is exceptionally well gotten up; even ahead of what it has been in the past, and everybody knows that it has always been good. This Guide is issued by one of the oldest and most reliable houses in the United States. If you want to deal with a thoroughly honest and responsible seedsman, send your orders to James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. John H. Weymouth will be at Mingo Flats, Feb. 4th and remain 4 days; Edray, Feb. 9th, 8 days; Mill Point, Feb. 20th, 3 days; Huntersville, Feb. 23rd, 3 days, and will be prepared to attend to all operations in Dentistry. Teeth extracted by the use of Cocaine. Gold fillings inserted in artificial teeth, which add very much to their natural appearance.

jan 24 4-4

Your worthy contemporary the Pocahontas TIMES has changed hands, and under the new management has become too funny for anything. It tells the Wheeling Intelligencer that a change of Hart is more needful for it than a change of name is needed by West Virginia. Time would fail to repeat all the funny squibbs that have appeared. There is some speculation as to who the squibbist can be. The surmises most rife seem pretty equally divided between "Bill Arp" of Georgia, and "Billy Coles" of Brown's Mountain. Your correspondent ventures the conjecture that a member of the Huntersville bar could tell us something that would settle the question, if properly interviewed. Who will do it, is the question.—Pocahontas Correspondent, in Ronceverte News.

Yes, you can find out which Bill it is by consulting a Huntersville attorney. In all probability you will make his acquaintance and find his name to be *Fee Bill*, and not so funny after all. Try it.

Dunmore Doings.

The lumbermen are busy, getting in shape to move out.

Capt. Smith is done cutting logs and will move to the ark on Greenbrier river this week.

It is to be hoped the fording of the creek at this place will be kept free from logs in the future. A good deal of inconvenience has been occasioned for the last two or three weeks by logs in the ford.

Our people have not laid in a supply of ice yet, and it doesn't look now as if they would.

C. F. Moore, Esq., of Huntersville, was up on a flying business trip last week.

Col. Pritchard is doing a considerable logging business this season.

Greart Items.

Snow and rain.

Look out for ground-hog day, and stay in your dens.

J. C. Harper is back from a trip to Hinton.

Miss Sallie Hamilton has gone to the Levels to attend School.

Robert Pritchard, Esq., of Healing Springs, Va., was in this section last week. Bob is a business man, but wears a smile when on Knapp's Creek not common among drummers.

Miss Edmonia Gum, of Hillsboro, and Otie Rimel, of Stribling Springs, Va., are visiting friends and relatives in this neighborhood

Mrs. Emma Harper, who has been dangerously ill for some time, is now improving.

We wold like to hear something more on the subject of dehorning cattle; it is a matter of interest. Can't somebody tell us how to denose hogs, and deheel mules. Success to you.

DICK.

The Philadelphia Times hears that Gen. Harrison had almost decided that it would seem too much like a public acknowledgement of the money influence in politics to give a Cabinet place to Mr. Wanamaker, who was creditdd with contributing $100,000 and raising an additional $300,000 for the campaign fund. Then Col. Quay came along and said that Mr. Wanamaker gave only $10,000.

"Was the dog fat?" asked the buyer of pelts in the old story.

"Fat!" exclaimed the man who wanted to sell the dogskin. "That dog was so——fat that——"

"Don't want it," interrupted the dealer. "Skins of fat dogs are no good."

"Oh, but he wasn't one of those —— ——fat dogs, you know," replied the man, with the stress on the first word.—N. Y. Sun.

Millionaire Washburne, of Minnesota, will succeed Millionaire Sabin of the same State in the United States Senate on March 3d, next.

AN EXCELLENT PRECEDENT.

There will be general appreciation on the part of public of the delicacy of the President and Mrs. Cleveland in their refusal to encourage the scheme for having a portrait of the present mistress of the White House painted for preservation in that house. This feeling of satisfaction will arise, not because the public would not be pleased to see Mrs. Cleveland's portrait thus conspicuously displayed, but because of gratitude that she has had the good taste, as well as the good sense, to discourage any such attempt at publicity.

If the Executive Mansion could contain, in some retired room set off mainly for this purpose, a complete collection of the portraits of all the estimable ladies who have ever graced the house, and if this could be provided at public expense the result thus obtained would be pleasing to the average American citizen. But this policy has not been persued, so that only an insignificant proportion of such portraits are so displayed, and the art of these few is not such as to encourage their increase or multiplication.

This last remark applies not only to the White House, but to the great mass of portraits in the various departments and in the Capitol. The art is not encouraging and nothing is more certain than that this will continue to be the case until the selection of fourth or fifth rate artists is taken from the subjects to be represented and lodged in some authoritative commission composed largely of artists who have made their careers and who are no longer competing for a work of this character.—Washington Post.

A large corporation for the mining of coal and the manufacture of coke has just been organized under the name of the Davis Coal and Coke Co. The company consists of Hons. H. G. Davis and Stephen B. Elkins, Col. T. B. Davis, Maj. Wm. Armstrong and Harry G. Buxton, Esq. The company's properties are located 50 miles south of Piedmont, on the line of the West Virginia Central Railroad near Thomas Station. Active operations and development of said properties commence at once. This is considered one of the finest coking coals in the country, being absolutely free from all impurities. The company will furnish work for quite a number of men in the near future.

A law in Massachusetts defines intoxicating liquor as any beverage containing more than 3 per cent. of alcohol by volume, at 60 Fahrenheit In a recent case before a jury, the State assayer testified that Jamaica ginger contained over 69 per cent. of alcohol, 8 per cent. of pure Jamaica ginger extract, and 28 per cent. of water. As ordinary whisky conthins only about 50 per cent. of alcohol, it follows that Jamaica ginger must be a pretty lively sort of temperance drink.

A St. Louis doctor has removed the brains from a dozen different frogs and healed the wound and let them go. They went off as if nothing had happened out of the usual, and it was plain that they had lost nothing of value. A frog which depended on his brains instead of his legs would stand a mighty poor show in a puddle near a school house.

General Harrison made the following remark the other day: "I have offered no Cabinet place to any man. I have not yet selected any man in my mind. No person shall be forced on me. I shall not disclose whom I will put into the Cabinet till after I am inaugurated and send their names into the Senate for confirmation." Would-be Cabinet makers can now take a rest.

NOTICE.

A reward of $10 will be paid to any one who may give information leading to the recovery of any of our tools, etc. that have been stolen from the woods or along the railroad.

ST. LAWRENCE BOOM & MF'G CO.,
Dunmore, W. Va.

jan 14 4-4

PUBLIC SALE.

I will sell at public auction on the 1st day of March, 1889, the following property 225 Sheep mostly ewes 27 two-year-old Cattle, 4 Cows and 1 two-year old bull, 4 horses, one buggy and harness, one cane mill and household and kitchen furniture.

Terms of sale made known on day of sale. Sale will commence at 10 o'clock, a. m.

JACOB McGLAUGHLIN.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas, at the Court-House thereof on the 1st day of January 1889.

It is ordered that all persons having business to transact with the Court hereafter, shall either present it to the Court in person from the bar or by their attorney, and that the Court will not hear any matter unless presented in the foregoing manner.

A copy, Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

jan 10 4-4 Printers fee $4.62.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered on the [illegible] day of October, 188[illegible], in the chancery cause of John W. McNeel's adm'r

vs.

John W. McNeel's Heirs, et als.

I, as Special Commissioner appointed in said decree, shall proceed, in front of the Court House of said County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to the dower of the widow therein, on the

5TH DAY OF MARCH, 1889,

the following real estate, situate in said County, to-wit: A certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro on the Hill's Creek Road; and also, another certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying above the first mentioned lot, in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro. Both of said lots were bought by J. W. McNeel from James Griffy. They are valuable lots, and the title is believed to be clear.

TERMS OF SALE:

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue of purchase money the purchaser will be required to give bonds, with good and approved personal security, bearing interest from day of sale, falling due in Six and Twelve months respectively from date, and a lien will be retained as ultimate security.

H. S. RUCKER, Spec'l Com'r.

Bond as required by law has been given by the above Special Commissioner.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

jan. 10 4-4 Printers fee $8.75.

Notice to Lein Holders.

To all persons holding liens by Judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of John F. Wanless.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County made in the a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said John F. Wanless to the satisfaction of the liens thereon you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said John F. Wanless, which are leins on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office, in the town of Huntersville, on or before the

5TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1889.

Given under my hand this the 9th day of Jan., 1889.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

jan. 10 4-4 Printers fee $6.36.

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,
PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Jan. 31, 1889.

A colored brother in the Alexandria valley, down in Georgia sent the following request for a minister to his bishop: "Send us a bishop to preach. If you can't send us a bishop send us a sliding elder; if you can't send us a slididg elder, send us a stationary preacher; if you can't send him, send us a circus rider; if you can't spare him, send us a locus preacher; if you can't spare a locus preacher, send us an exhauster." That settled it and he got a preacher.—Lincoln Journal.

The following curious story serves as an illustration: "A soldier in the time of William and Mary was tried by a court martial on a charge of having fallen asleep at midnight when on duty upon the terrace at Windsor. He denied the charge, and solemnly declared (as a proof of his having been awake at the time) that he heard St. Paul's clock strike thirteen. While under sentence of death affidavits were made by several persons that the clock actually did strike thirteen instead of twelve; whereupon he received his majesty's pardon." This statement was engraved upon the coffin plate of the old soldier.—Magazine of American History.

The Trouble of Writing.

One reason why women do not write more is because they have no really handy place into which to slip where they can pick up pen and paper. They have to spend as much time gathering materials together as it takes to write the first page; and, in that case, the thinking about writing and making up the mind to it are the worst part of the work. Business men have no such trials. But the farmer who comes in at night tired with the day's tasks finds it very hard indeed to write, even to absent children, unless there is a writing desk eady to almost manufacture a letter. It will do it with a few pen scratch s. It is essential to every real home that such a writing place be provided; for no home has selfishness enough to live entirely to itself. The people who write the most welcome letters are those who write all of the little happenings of each day, and who feel that whatever interests them will interest the correspondent, in short, those who sit down and "talk" with the pen until the [illegible] is as full of what they would [illegible] say that the mood simply [illegible] the fingers.

[illegible]

An Englishman [illegible] to an English [illegible] American says 'sir' [illegible] hundred times where an Englishman [illegible] Why? This is an American [illegible] Dr. Johnson, even in addressing his intimate 'Bozzy,' continually repeated 'sir.' Here, Americans are more polite than English people. It is surely better to err on the right side through excess of courtesy than to address our acquaintances like dogs. We owe gratitude to Americans for setting us a good example, here, at least, as some compensation for the havoc played with our language in other respects." This observation is not only acute but accurate. Educated Englishmen in the last century addressed their friends and equals as "sir," nearly if not quite as often as Americans do to-day. In England this form of address is now seldom used except toward superiors, seniors, or total strangers, or else in an ironical sense toward one regarded as an inferior who has incurred the speaker's displeasure.—San Francisco Argonaut.

One Cent.

It is almost impossible to attach any importance to one cent, but at the same time it is very important coin at times.

It will take a circular to California and it will make you madder than a hatter and a March hare combined when you go to pay your fare on a horse-car and find that you have but four cents and a ten dollar bill. Especially when you see the conductor fold your ten dollar bill, and stow it carefully in his vest pocket, and then begin to deal you out a lot of change that looks as though it had been in circulation since the revolutionary war.

One cent is very small when presented to the organ grinder's monkey but when it is added to the rate of interest you receive on a stock, it possesses a stern magnificent grandeur that carries you away like a strain of music.

The penny, it seems, was made to jolt on church plates; and although a man may say it amounts to nothing, he will strike matches and lift mats and crawl about in the straw on a horse car, to find the one he drops. It is so small a coin that you have to take off your glove to take hold of it in your pocket, and yet it is so large when the baby swallows it, the chances of the baby's living are sometimes not worth a cent.

When a man speaks of a quail he will sarcastically call it a little bit of of a thing about the size of a cent; and he will speak of a girl's freckles, sarcastically, as being great big freckles, the size of a cent.

Although one cent is less than ten cents, yet one cent is a great deal larger than a dime. Many a man has gone thirsty all day with four cents in his pocket. For the want of that one cent the four was as useless as the eleven men on a jury who are held out against by one.

Gray Horses.

Experience, I think, will prove that, while "a good horse may be of any color," gray horses are strongest, healthiest, hardiest and most valuable. The crack regiment of the British army has always been one of calvalry, consisting of gray horses only. This regiment of Scot Grays made a charge at the battle of Waterloo which decided the fate of the great Napoleon, as the unfortunate Emperor afterward declared. The French stage horses are nearly all gray. This is the prevailing color of the horses of La Perche in that country, known as Percherons; also of the gigantic horses of Normandy which formed the cavalry of William the Norman, who subdued England 800 years ago by the aid of these stout horses. Gray horses are rarely unsound in feet or joints. The omnibus (or stage) horses of Paris are mostly of this color, and endure the constant travel over the stone paved streets of that city for an average period of ten years.

There is an old adage that "the gray mare is the better horse," and although this has been distorted in its meaning into an insinuation that the woman overpowers the man and makes of him her slave, this is only a modern misuse of the proverb, which is like most of such sayings the result of common experience.—New York Tribune.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. | C. F. Moore, Editor. | Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, Feb. 7, 1889. | Terms of Subscription, $1.00 per year in advance. | No. 29.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, Pres't. / S. B. Hannah. / G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

Itching Piles

Notes by the Way.

Since the deep snow that fell upon the 25th of January, visiting varmints have been making things lively about Marlin's Bottom.

By the way Mr. Editor, the writer regrets you were not on hands to oppose and prevent the change in the name of this historic place, as you did so handsomely and effectively when objecting to any change in the name of West Virginia.

But to return from the digression; Sunday night a large Bear, came near Mr. Hughes house and lunched heartily on the remains of a calf, then retired to the spruce and laurel of Buckley mountain to sleep it off. He could not be found, however, by the party; headed by Andy McGlaughlin; so he must have covered his retreat very skilfully. Two or three nights afterwards, three or four wildcats patrolled the premises near Mr. McGlaughlin's who went in pursuit of them with Messrs. Hughes and Tuke. Their dogs came upon a coon trial which was more to their liking and followed the same to a tree. By the time this interesting animal was done for, the hounds seemed to have lost all relish for wild cat operations or speculations and the chase closed abruptly.

When languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
 And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward and attend
 The whispers of his love
Sweet to look upward, to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above.

A recent visit to a home on Knapp's creek recalled these words to the writer's mind. He missed the presence of an afflicted lady, whose case had interested him very much the past two or three years. When a mere child, Miss Mary Ann Ruckman became a helpless invalid, and for thirty years required constant attention, as she could not walk nor see and had but little use of her hands. It has not been long since she died at the age of thirty-five years. She opened her mind confidingly to a ministerial friend, during his visits. The last time he met her, she tearfully said: "My afflictions have been great, but all my sufferings are sweetened by my Heavenly Father's love." Her mind was naturally of a superior order, her memory very retentive and well stored with favorite passages of the scriptures, and portions of hymns. The 14th of John was one of her favorites, and among the snatches of spiritual song; nothing seemed more precious to her than this:

Dear Savior be my constant guide,
 And when the word is given
Bid the cold waves of death divide
 And land me safe in Heaven.

Monday, January, 28, will be a memorable day in the writer's history, for he passed over the new road now in course of construction around the McGlaughlin landing.

Viewed from this road, Huntersville looks like a "thing of beauty," and may this pleasant village ever be a joy to our great and interesting county. In the writer's opinion Huntersville is just as good as she is pretty, and that is saying a great deal.

It was a pleasure to meet Billy Moore, of Brown's mountain, with his crowbar, punching the old mountain in the ribs, to tickle her just a little bit, and if I would just wait I would hear her giggle a few. He has a taste for what is amusing, and it will be a gloomy day when he fails to see the bright side of things. Long may he save hiding the horse up a flight of stony stairs, was a novel experience to the writer but it was successfully done, and a few rods more and the old road was reached.

W. T. P.

False Contentment.

With all that is justly said about the virtue of contentment, there is one species of it that lies like a worm at the core of all human progress. It is that which renders a man satisfied with his own achievements, content to remain where he is in the different spheres of activity or thought or usefulness, instead of ascending into others which are open to him and for which he may be fitted. Some men it is true, are too eager to press on beyond their powers, and become victims of "vaulting ambition which o'er-leaps itself," but others, for various reasons, shrink from new tasks, new duties and new responsibilities, and thus greatly retard their own development and lesson their value to humanity.

There is certainly a great temptation to a certain class of minds to holding back, in the fact in every forward step, though a real gain be made, there is always an apparent loss. In the school, each, promotion in a higher class brings with it a certain sense of inferiority. The boy who was even with or superior to his fellows now finds himself behind many of them. His work was easy before, and he was conscious of doing it well; now it is difficult, and he stumbles and perhaps often fails. So when he completes his course and enters college or begins a business life, he who was at the top, and looked down upon others, is now at the bottom, and is looked down upon by others. Last year he easily excelled and felt victorious; this year he has everything to learn and feels inferior. Yet it has been a long step dwards, and having taken it he would not willingly go back. His present stumbling efforts are better than his past triumphs.

Life is full of such changes. As fast as one succeeds in any enterprise another opens up before him. He has grown accustomed to the first, and is conscious of doing fairly well in it. The next is yet untried, and involves not only fresh exertion and energy but a fair certainty of many mistakes and failures. The feeling of power will be replaced by the feeling of weakness, and the pleasure of success will be exchanged for the disappointment of short-coming. Many shrink from these painful sensations and remain satisfied with the peaceful and quiet discharge of the duties to which they have become habituated. They have, perhaps, succeeded well in their business and their domestic life. Every one respects the industry, energy, and fidelity which they have put into their work, and they, too, are satisfied. But in someway they are invited to new and untried paths. Some needed reform claims their activity and judgment, or some political crisis calls upon them to arise and espouse with all their might a cause which they have hitherto held but languidly. Or humanity, in some of its many forms of suffering, demands of them more practical aid than it has ever occurred to them to bestow. Or some truth, to which they have given only a passive assent, now needs the active endeavors of every one of its adherents to promulgate and uphold it. But they hesitate to obey the call, whatever it may be, and find plausible reasons for not responding. It is all new to them, and they doubt their powers; some one else, they think, can be found better fitted than they; their present duties claim all their time; they are contented as they are, and have no ambition to extend their sphere or multiply their obligations. Now, this kind of contentment is the one which works harm instead of good. To be content with the condition of life in which we are placed, and the circumstances which surround us, is a wholesome state of mind; but to be contented with our achievements as to be unwilling to attempt others—to be so satisfied with the height we have gained that we refuse to ascend further, to be so well pleased with our small successes that we decline to risk our reputation in further endeavors—this is an apathy which will crush all advancements and prevent the healthy growth of human power.

There is another practice which grows out of this indolent self-complacency and is the source of much cruel injustice. Such persons very often criticise in a cold and unfeeling manner those who are trying to do the very things which they have themselves refused to attempt. They seem to imagine that, because they will not touch a burden that is to be borne, they are absolved from all obligation concerning it, and that those who do try manfully to carry it are expected neither to faint nor to falter. They will look coolly on while some brave reformer or generous philanthropist is struggling to help his fellow-men, and criticise his methods or his manner, and declare how differently they would conduct the affair if they attempted it. They do not see that, with all the blunders and failures he can make, he is far nobler than they, who, assuming to know better, yet refuse, through indolence or pride, to put forth a single effort in the matter. His feeblest attempts ought rather to fill them with shame and humiliation that they have fallen so far behind him.

No past success or perfectness can be any excuse for such remissness. It only affords more reason why men should press on to farther efforts. As fast as any new duty is revealed to a man, or any great need of humanity appeals to his heart, or any truth or principle requires his assistance, an obligation is at once created which he can by no means repudiate or reason away. It stands there, either to welcome him to a higher life in its fulfillment than he has ever known before, or to reproach him for neglecting its rightful claims.

"Unless above himself he can
Erect himself how poor a thing is man."
—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Vanderbilt Marriages.

A quiet citizen, worth his half million or more, said to me: "I always had some respect for the late William Vanderbilt and his wife when I saw how indifferent they were in the marriage of their children to money consideration. In most cases they let their children marry persons of respectability and good parentage, but without fortunes. That has been almost uniformly the case. William K. Vanderbilt, who built the $2,000,000 house, married a Virginia woman who could hardly keep her wardrobe, I have understood, from going to sale. And yet," said he, "in nearly every case they appear to be happy folks who go together. How much better it is than this everlasting greed to make love & [illegible] to avarice."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Senator Vance Loses an Eye.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—The intimate friends of Senator Vance of North Carolina were exceedingly anxious about him to-day as they knew that he was undergoing a painful surgical operation. It was successfully accomplished this afternoon, word coming to the Senate at 4 o'clock that the jolly Senator had suffered the loss of an eye, which was removed to prevent the spread of a very painful disease. It is a fact not generally known among the colleagues of Senator Vance that he has been blind in one eye for more than a year, owing to a painful affliction something akin to erysipelas. All during the prolonged tariff debate, just closed, Senator Vance, who took a leading part in upholding the Democratic side of the argument, has experienced great torture, which finally became so unbearable and threatening that treatment became necessary. A few days ago the oculists told the Senator that it would be necessary to remove the blind eye to avoid the loss of sight in the other one. With his characteristic humor Senator Vance replied that as his right eye offended him they might pluck it out, and they did so to-day.

Mr. Vance is one of the most popular men in the Senate—genial, witty, and good-hearted. He is an inimitable mimic and story teller, and is on good terms with Republicans and Democrats. Every man in the Senate was deeply pained to hear of his misfortune and sent many anxious inquiries to his house to-day. When they learned that he had borne the painful operation pluckily, and that he will be in his seat in the Senate again in a few days as well as ever, they were greatly gratified. When Mr. Vance returns to the chamber he will wear an artificial eye, which will answer some purposes, but which will fail to twinkle when its owner relates his quaint anecdotes.—N. Y. Sun.

Conscience Money.

One phase in business life which is not an uncommon one, and which shows that the world wags not as badly as it is said to do, is the returning to the merchants of "conscience money." It very often comes under our notice. The last occasion I observed was the other day at Barr's when a well known Catholic clergyman came up to Mr. Franklin, by whom I was standing, and handed him $30, which a penitent of his had asked him to restore to Barr's. Whether the amount the repentant creature returned had been taken in money or goods of course no one knew, and equally so of course only the priest knew the name of the person making restitution. Not very long ago a widow who had been very wealthy, but had been robbed of everything was surprised by a visit of a gentleman who had formerly known her husband. He handed her $300, which he said had just come to him directed to his care to be delivered to her, simply labeled "Conscience money." You have heard the story of the man who sent $20 anonymously to a shop keeper, with this laconic note: "Here is $20 of money, which I stole from you. I send because my conscience 'gnaws;' when it 'gnaws' again I will send the 'other $20.'" This philosopher, illiterate penitent is a fair sample of the kind we run across.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Pocahontas Times.

S. D. LOURY. C. F. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Feb. 7, 1889.

THE LEGISLATURE.

When it was announced some some days ago that the dead-lock had at last been broken and the organization of the Senate effected, the disgusted public indulged the hope that such folly was ended, at least for this session. It was generally believed that, inasmuch as the democrats held the power to elect a United States Senator by so small a majority, they would certainly be too wise to cast anything but a unanimous vote. But, alas! we find ourselves mistaken. History is repeating itself, and the scenes of 1887 are being re-enacted.

The feature we most regret, however, is that the tie-up is partly occasioned by the conduct of our own representative, Mr. C. P. Dorr; which is as much a matter of of surprise as it is of regret. When we recall the fact that Mr. Dorr was nominated by a convention and earnestly supported by many because he was the party's nominee and for no other reason, it seem exceedingly inconsistent for him now to place himself in the attitude of a bolter.

If we properly understand it, Jno. E. Kenna was nominated in caucus by more than a two-thirds vote, thus proving him to be the decided favorite. Furthermore we believe Kenna to be the choice of nine-tenths of Mr. Dorr's constituents, Then we are totally unable to see how Mr. Dorr can fail to support Kenna and at the same time be true to his constituency, true to his party, and true to his pledges virtually made, if not explicitly.

He may have reasons sufficient to satisfy himself that his stand is justly taken: if so, the people have a right to know those reasons. Mr. Dorr has sense enough to know that nothing in the nature of a personal difference or prejudice should keep him from supporting the nominee of the democratic caucus; and he will later discover that nothing of that character will suffice to justify his action in the eyes of those who entrusted to him the right to represent them.

We sincerely hope he will no longer persist in delaying an election, but will at once fall into line and, though it be late, still show us that our confidence was not misplaced when we cast our votes for him on the 6th of Nov. last.

Hon Anthony Higgins is the first Republican to represent Delaware in the United States Senate. Another remarkable thing is that for thirty six years, more than the life time of a generation, either a Bayard or a Saulsbury has occupied that distinguished position.

Congressman Springer, of Illinois, has introduced a resolution in the House, making the Presidential term six years and ineligibility for a second term.

Stand by the Caucus.

From the outset the Gazette has tied itself to no man's interest in the Senatorial contest. It has expressed no preference; it has not decried any gentleman's claims to the support of the democratic majority for the office of Senator. It has expressed itself with genuine sincerity in favor of whomever the democrats should, in the wisdom of the majority, select for its honors, and has remained neutral as to all. It has pleaded with earnestness for harmony; for the laying down of all motives, and the burying of all prejudices that could by possibility interfere with the attainment of that condition of organization necessary to the very preservation of the democratic party. We have asked nothing else and we have desired nothing else.

There is not the shadow of a doubt that our position is in full accord with and has the hearty sympathy of every true democrat of the State. And there is no doubt that to-day, more than ever before, the democrats are fearfully and anxiously looking to the action of the democratic majority in the State Legislature to put an end to the fights and feuds that have demoralized the party, and delivered it almost to absolute defeat, and, by concert of action, repair the damage that it has already suffered.

But what is the spectacle that now presents itself? A democratic caucus by two-thirds vote nominates Mr. Kenna for the office of United States Senator, and yet, when the ballot is taken in the Joint Assembly, the sense of the democratic party, fully and rightfully and fairly expressed by the highest and only authority in the party, is disregarded from motives that form no excuse for disobedience, and that should not be entertained by anyone who occupies his position by virtue of democratic votes.

This is not a question to be determined by any man's personal whims, or by any man's ideas for what is best or worst, expedient or inexpedient for the party. The party judges of all these matters for itself, and in this case it has judged wisely or unwisely, no matter. Mr. Kenna is the regular, legitimately nominated candidate of the democratic party for the United States Senator. It is the duty of the democratic members of the Legislature to elect him.

It is a shame, it is wrong, it is dangerous in the highest degree to defy all the laws and precedents of the party, and risk its only chance of salvation as is being done now.

This is our position on the matter as it now stands, and it would be our position no matter who stood in Mr. Kenna's shoes.

The first principle of democracy is obedience to the will of the majority.—Charleston Gazette.

An appeal is made to the people of this city in behalf of the National Home for Maimed Confederate Veterans at Austin, Texas. We trust that there will be a generous response to it on the part of our fellow citizens, including the Union veterans of the war. It is agreeable to hear that many of the members of the Grand Army of the Republic have already taken an interest in it. A goodly sum has recently been added to the fund by the people of Boston, and an attempt to raise contributions is to be made in other Northern cities. The institution that has been established at Austin for the past two years, is wholly inadequate to meet the demands upon it, and the desire of its managers is to raise means for the erection of a structure to replace the small wooden building which is now the Confederate Home. We trust that they may very soon be able to do this, and that New York will assist them in the philanthropic undertaking.—N. Y. Sun.

A Reservoir Runs Away.

The reservoir at Roanoke, Va., mysteriously sank during a recent night. There were 2,500,000 gallons of water in the reservoir in the morning. Now there is nothing but a water abyss to be seen. The hole in the bottom of the basin is about fifteen feet in diameter, and there are large cracks in the earth extending in very direction. The water disappeared within five minutes. The Roanoke Waterworks Company's reservoir is located on Mill Mountain, about two miles south of the city. Two immense basins were only completed in the latter part of the past summer at a cost of $50,000. They are immense holes dug in the mountain's side, large enough to hold 1,500,000 gallons of water each. They were tamped with white clay and lined with brick laid with cement, after which a heavy coat of the best cement that could be procured was worked over the inside of the brick wall. The work was superintended by Howard Murphy, of Philadelphia, a hydraulic engineer of long and successful experience.

Vice President Trout when asked what he thought was the cause, said it was evidently due to caverns in that section.—Philadelphia Times.

Just what the Samoan trouble will end in is yet unknown. It is not likely that the United States and Germany will go to war; yet such a thing is among the probabilities. While the bone of contention is of little intrinsic value, the principle involved is one of great importance, and our government should act with firmness. The conduct of Secretary Bayard in the matter is highly satisfactory and commendable. Latest advices indicate that Bismark, the Dutchman, is beginning to weaken at the knees. While we are not so well prepared for naval warfare as we should be, still with the recent additions to our navy we could make it lively for the boys.

The House of Delegates unanimously adopted a resolution yesterday, refusing to consider any question connected with West Virginia's supposed share of the indebtedness of Old Virginia. To put the matter beyond all fear of recurring to vex their deliberations during this session, a motion was made to reconsider the vote adopting the resolution, and the motion to reconsider was laid on the table,

This to our mind, was a very wise disposition of the matter. There is no sense in vexing our State with this question until the action of Virginia shall create some basis for it.—Charleston Gazette.

New York city has been having considerable trouble with the employees of her street car lines. About 5,000 men have been on a strike for several days, not only refusing to work but endeavoring to keep others from taking their places. All cars that have been run for the last week have been under police protection. The mob has repeatedly undertaken to terrorize the city authorities, but have been checked in their attempts with but little difficulty. The trouble is not yet ended, but gradually dying out.

General Lawton, of Georgia, the American Minister to Austria, has forwarded his resignation, to take effect on the 5th of March, and will return to this country early in the summer. He is a man of sense and a gentleman, and has filled a diplomatic position in which there was little or nothing to do, as a man of sense and a gentleman should.

West Virginia's share of the money to be returned under the Direct Tax bill will be $181,306.

St. Louis has no less than 78 Chinese laundries, and pays out over $100,000 annually to Mongolians to have its washing done.

It is stated with a good deal of certainty by the leading newspapers that Senator Allison has declined a Cabinet position. A rare man he is, if that be true.

The latest news from Charleston is that one of the kickers has fallen into line and voted for Kenna. Dorr, however, is still unaccountably standing off. He is gaining considerable notoriety by his conduct, but not of a kind to be envied.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—The president has notified congress that Count Arco-Valley, the Germay minister, has informed the state department that Germay troops would be withdrawn from Samoa and the neutrality of Samoa preserved.—Charleston Star.

At last China has a railroad. It is eighty one miles in length and cost, so the directors say, $9000 per mile, which is regarded as the cheapest road in the world, considering the number of bridges and the length of the embankments.

It is reported that the Republican senate would probably confirm Hon. Joseph S. Miller, of this state, as civil service commissioner, if President Cleveland should see fit to appoint him. It is stated that Gen. Goff will use his influence to this end. This is a high compliment to Mr. Miller, who is a sterling Democrat, and one of the most energetic and capable men in the country.—Charleston Star.

It is said that there is only one Democratic member of the Kansas state senate. We regret that such is the case, but there is one advantage in it after all. A caucus held by him cannot fail of being harmonious and there is no danger of his failing to support the caucus nominee.—Charleston Star.

He may fail to support the caucus nominee, if as likely to change his mind as some politicians are.

Fiduciary Notice.

The following is a list of Fiduciaries whose accounts are before me for settlement.

John Ligon, Ex'r of R. D. McCutcheon dec'd.

JAMES W. WARWICK, JR.,
Com'r of acc'ts for Pocahontas county.

HOME NEWS

—Miss Minnie Gammon is spending this week on Beaver creek.

—S. B. Moore, Esq., of Edray was in town Monday.

—Miss Mattie Haynes, of Alderson is visiting Misses Minnie and Mary Beard, on Beaver creek.

—B. P. McGlaughlin, Esq., wife, and little son have returned from visiting relatives and friends in Highland county.

—We understand that M. J. McNeel, Esq., of Mill Point, has made application to the County Court for the appointment as Sheriff of Pocahontas County.

—Last week we stated that Mrs. Bettie Yeager, of Traveler's Repose had fallen and broken both legs. Since we have learned that but one leg was broken, and that she is doing well.

—Let everybody rest easy; we don't think there is any immediate danger of war with Germany. If anything of the kind should occur we promise to let our readers know in time to load their carbines.

—One of our most welcome visitors is Jno. B. Aldens Illustrated "Literature," published at 393 Pearl St. N. Y. for 50 cents a year. Subscribe for it.

—The Housekeeper, published at Minneapolis, Minn., 16,18&20 North Fourth St., Semi Monthly, still visits us regularly. This paper is very deservedly popular with housekeepers.

—The ladies Home Journal, Published Monthly at 435 Arch Street Philadelphia is one of the very largest and best ladies papers we receive. Terms 50 cents a year. You cannot do better than to subscribe for it.

—Babyhood, a monthly periodical published at No. 5 Beekman Street, N. Y., at $1.50 per year for the month of February is exceptionally good. The contribution by Dr. Wm. H. Flint on "Common or Winter Colds" deserves special attention.

—We have received the February number of the Cosmopolitan, published by John B. Walker, 363 Fifth Ave. N. Y. Mr. Walker has recently taken charge of this magazine, and will no doubt keep it up to its usual excellence, if we may judge by his past labors.

$20 REWARD.—I shall pay the above amount to any one giving information that will lead to the discovery of the person who has been stealing my wood.

H. S. RUCKER.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. John H. Weymouth will be at Mingo Flats, Feb. 4th and remain 4 days; Edray, Feb. 9th, 8 days; Mill Point, Feb. 20th, 3 days; Huntersville, Feb. 23rd, 3 days, and will be prepared to attend to all operations in Dentistry. Teeth extracted by the use of Cocaine, Gold fillings inserted in artificial teeth, which add very much to their natural appearance.

jan 24 4-t

A Card of Thanks.

On last Saturday night, a large crowd of our friends from this and adjacent neighborhoods came to the Parsonage and gave us a good "pounding". They "pounded" us with a great variety of weapons in the shape of beef, pork, corn, cabbage, clothing, groceries, &c., &c., and also with the hard cash. We recovered however, from the shock sufficiently to thank them for their liberal donation, but we desire to express our heartfelt thanks to all of our friends through the columns of the TIMES. Special thanks are due to Misses Minnie and Mary Beard for getting up the donation. We also tender our thanks to friends in Huntersville who donated to us, but were not present.

M. M. EVERLY,
Pastor.

—Mr. McGuire, of Addison, the present assessor of Webster county, was at Huntersville this week. His business was to obtain signers to a petition requesting the Hon. C. P. Dorr to abandon his present tactics, fall into line and be one of his party. No Democrat who was approached with the paper hesitated to add his name.

Accidental Shooting.

Mr. George Haliday, a young Englishmen who for some time past has been boarding at the home of H. M. Lockridge, Esq., on Knapp's Creek, was accidentally shot last Thursday. He was at Dr. J. B. Lockridge's at the time the shooting occurred. It seems that he and one Dick Jordan, (Col.) were carelessly handling a pistol when Dick in his effort to "show off" pointed the pistol at Haliday and discharged it. The ball entered Haliday's right side just below his vest and ranged backward, lodging somewhere in the region of the Spine behind the hip bone.

He was attended by Drs. Lockridge, Ligon and McClintic. He is doing as well, perhaps as could be expected; but must, of course be in a right critical condition.

Haliday is about seventeen years of age. Dick, the colored boy, about sixteen, but very much of a man in his own opinion.

A Row in Town.

Our usually quiet town was the scene of some very disorderly conduct on last Saturday night. One Edward Martin who had for some time time been boarding at Hotel Pocahontas left a few days ago and took up quarters at the Huntersville Hotel. Saturday night, while under the excitement of little much snake medicine, he concluded to go back to Hotel Pocahontas and "paint it red." Several times he was asked by the proprietor, Mr. Geo. W. Wagner, to leave the house, but Martin refused to obey, saying he would not leave. At last when he found he would be put out he began a promiscuous assult on the inmates of the Hotel. In the difficulty he seized a large iron-stone pitcher that happened to be in the office and threw it across the room striking one Daniel Murry, a boarder, on the right eye, smashing the pitcher and inflicting a very ugly and dangerous wound on Mr. Murry's face. Martin was finally expelled from the office with two black eyes.

Dr. S. P. Patterson was called in to see both Murry and Martin.

On Tuesday morning a warrant for Martin was issued by Justice R. C. Shrader and put into the hands of Constable J. H. Buzzard, who executed the same by arresting said Martin and bringing him before said justice Shrader for preliminary examination. A number of witnesses were examined at length, when the Court decided that Mr. Martin should give bond in the penalty of $500, to appear before the next grand jury; in default of which said Martin was committed to jail.

Mr. Murry was at the time paying a short visit to his friend Mr. Coughlan, a boarder at Hotel Pocahontas.

He seems to be a very quiet, gentlemanly young man, and everybody regrets exceedingly his misfortune.

It is not known as yet how his wound may terminate; at present his condition is somewhat discouraging and it is thought that even if he gets well, he will lose the sight of his eye.

Illinois courts are vexed over a question of ownership. A lottery ticket stolen from the mails and sold to an innocent third party, drew a $1,000 prize. The party to whom the letter was addressed claims the prize. There is no precedent to establish the nature of such property as prizes in a lottery; therefore the Judges tear their wigs.

Dunmore Doings.

Not much news since the logs have gone out of the ford.

Wm. H. Cackley, of the firm of Cackley & Co., has sold his interest in the Dunmore Store to R. L. Nottingham.

Misses Sallie and Mary Wakeman, arrived here last week from Warren Co., Va. They are first class dressmakers and milliners.

Rev. W. T. Price preached at this place Sunday night.

The ladies about Green Bank and Frost have been making war on the foxes; they have caught seven.

Several schools in this district have closed.

Wm. H. Hall of Green Bank shipped eighteen whole deer to Staunton this winter.

J. P. Wooddell and Geo. C. Cooper have built new houses at Green Bank.

Feb. 4th. 1889,

What a War Would do for Us.

If our government is in the humor to adopt a vigorous foreign policy the Samoan affair offers a very inviting opening.

Without reviewing the causes of the strained relations now existing between this country and Germany, it will be of interest to consider some of the advantages and disadvantages of a foreign war, so far as this country is concerned.

A war of any magnitude, lasting a year or so, with such a power as Germany would keep us busily occupied. The probability is that it would not be altogether a naval warfare. There would be fighting on land and sea, and our weak coast defenses would tempt the enemy to attack our seaboard cities.

Hundreds of thousands of men would be withdeawn from their peaceful occupations, and scarcity of labor and higher wages would necessarily follow. Large army contracts for food, clothing and munitions of war would keep our industries booming. The government would again flood the country with greenbacks, making flush times and stimulating speculation. Everything would be unsettled, and fortunes would be lost and made in a hurry.

Unexpected events would occur. Germany would make a desperate attempt to extend her colonizing policy to this hemisphere. France would be certain to take advantage of the situation by occupying and fortifying the isthmus of Panama. The war, beginning with a squabble over far-off Samoa, would perhaps extend the scope of its operations until it circled the globe. The example of France on the isthmus would be followed by the British in Venezuela, and there would be an odor of gunpowder in every direction.

That the United States would finally come out with flying colors is a safe prediction to make, but it would be a costly triumph in blood and treasure. Then would follow long years of taxation to pay off the increased national debt, years of currency contraction, and last, but not least, a flood of new pension bills.

There are other things to be considered. A foreign war would make the American people bury their sectional differences, but it would also bring with it widespread demoralization. It would build up and it would destroy. It would enrich, and it would impoverish. It would make our flag feared and respected, but it might excite a warlike spirit that would not rest satisfied for a generation to come.

In view of the past policy of our government, it is not likely that the Samoan trouble will lead to a war with Germany, but it can do no harm to take a long look ahead and estimate the results of such a conflict.—Atlanta Constitution.

There is a movement to revive the old half cent and add it to the currency.

NOTICE.

A reward of $10 will be paid to any one who may give information leading to the recovery of any of our tools, etc. that have been stolen from the woods or along the railroad.

ST. LAWRENCE BOOM & MF'G CO.,
Dunmore, W. Va.

jan 14 4-t

PUBLIC SALE.

I will sell at public auction on the 1st day of March, 1889, the following property 225 Sheep mostly ewes 27 two-year old Cattle, 4 Cows and 1 two-year old bull, 4 horses, one buggy and harness, one cane mill and household and kitchen furniture.

Terms of sale made known on day of sale. Sale will commence at 10 o'clock, a. m.

JACOB McGLAUGHLIN.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas, at the Court-House thereof on the 1st day of January 1889.

It is ordered that all persons having business to transact with the Court hereafter, shall either present it to the Court in person from the bar or by their attorney, and that the Court will not hear any matter unless presented in the foregoing manner.

A copy, Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

jan 10 4-t Printers fee $4.63.

Commissioner,s Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of *Pocahontas County*, West Virginia, rendered on the 19th day of October, 1888, in the chancery cause of John W. McNeel's adm'r.

vs.

John W. McNeel's Heirs, et als.

I, as Special Commissioner appointed in said decree, shall proceed, in front of the Court House of said County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to the dower of the widow therein, on the

5TH DAY OF MARCH, 1889,

the following real estate, situate in said County, to-wit: A certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro on the Hill's Creek Road; and also, another certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying above the first mentioned lot, in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro. Both of said lots were bought by J. W. McNeel from James Griffy. They are valuable lots, and the title is believed to be clear.

TERMS OF SALE:

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue of purchase money the purchaser will be required to give bonds, with good and approved personal security, bearing interest from day of sale, falling due in Six and Twelve months respectively from date, and a lien will be retained as ultimate security.

H. S. RUCKER, Spec'l Com'r.

Bond, as required by law has been given by the above Special Commissioner.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

jan. 10 4-t Printers fee $8.75.

Notice to Lein Holders.

To all persons holding liens by Judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of John F. Wanless.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County made in the a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said John F. Wanless to the satisfaction of the liens thereon you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said John F. Wanless, which are leins on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office, in the town of Huntersville, on or before the

8TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1889.

Given under my hand this the 8th day of Jan., 1889.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

jan. 10 4-t Printers fee $6.26.

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	7 00	15 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Feb. 7, 1889.

When to Cut Timber.

Timber for most purposes is cut in the winter, not for the reason that it is better and will keep longer, but there is more leisure from other occupations. And the woods in midsummer are usually too hot for the active work of cutting timber. And yet the superior quality of timber for posts, ties, carriages, wagons, agricultural implements, etc., is sufficient to change the time of cutting. We are aware scientists and skilled workmen differ as to the exact condition of timber when it should be cut, and some even dispute the superiority of summer over winter cut timber. A civil engineer who claims to have verified his statements by thirty years' experience, who knows his skill and whereof he writes, gives the time to cut and the reasons for it in the *Farmers' Review*.

When the growth commenced in the spring is completed there is a period of rest before the storage of nutrition in the roots begins. Between these two periods if timber of any deciduous trees is cut off the stump the sap will not ferment and worms will never get in the wood. It will season hard and the wood if oak will have a horny toughness and great durability. Wood cut during that period is mature, having completed its growth for the year. This period varies in length, being short in the North and longer in the South, and is varied again by the character of the season, which if wet is shorter and longer if dry. In the North, in Northern Illinois or Wisconsin, it may be four or six weeks; in Southern Illinois from six to ten weeks, and one season of prolonged drouth I have known it twelve weeks. Timber cut from the stump in this period need not be worked up for a year and will take no harm lying in the woods. If railroad ties were cut from the stump and worked out during the balance of the year they would last from three to five times as long as those cut in the winter, and yet I have seen specifications requiring them to be cut in the winter from a mistaken idea of improving their durability. A bent fellow manufacturer in New Jersey called my attention to this fact thirty years ago, and said he had for sixteen years [illegible] followed the practice of requiring in his contracts for timber that it be felled during a period of six weeks from the 1st of August to the middle of September. Any time in a year afterward they might cut up the logs.

Legal Holidays.

It may be interesting to know just what days are legal holidays in the various states, and how they came to be so. While every other day is legal holiday, as is said to be the case in Kentucky, with the exception of the great majority cannot complain of the lack of days of recrea- [illegible]

Independence Day or Fourth of July as it is more generally called; Christmas Day which falls on December 25, together with Thanksgiving Day, which is appointed by the President of the United States and comes usually on the last Thursday in November, as well as Fast Days that are appointed by the Chief Executive of the country are legal holidays in all the States. New Year's Day, or January 1, is a holiday in all States but Arkansas, Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Rhode Island and South Carolina. February 22, or Washington's Birthday, is a holiday in all States except Alabama, Arkansas, Floriday, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Missouri, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Tennessee and Texas.

Election Day generally the Tuesday after the First Monday in November, is a holiday in California, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont and Wisconsin. Florida Louisana, Minnesota and Pennsylvania observe Good Friday, while Shrove Tuesday is a holiday in Louisiana, and also the cities of Mobile, Montgomery and Selma, Alabama. Memorial Day, April 26, is observed in Georgia, while Louisana has made the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, which falls on January 8; Lincoln's Birthday on February 12 and Fireman's Anniversary, of March 4, legal holidays. March 8, which is the anniversary of Texan Independence, and April 21, that of the Battle of San Jacinto, are holidays in Texas.

Labor Day, the first Monday in September, is a comparative new holiday that is celebrated in this State and Massachusetts. Every Saturday, after twelve o'clock, is also a holiday, or rather half holiday, in this State.—New York Telegram.

A 40,000 Acre Farm.

The Grandin wheat farm of Dakota consists of more land than any one man can cultivate cleverly and feel at home on. It comprises 40,000 acres, of which 13,000 are now under cultivation. Forty five double gang plows and harrows are used, sixty-five self-binding harvesting machines and steam threshers. The threshers which are very large ones, will each knock out 2,000 bushels of wheat a day. In the use of mule and steam power machinery every effort is made to economize as much as possible in the employment of men. There is no poetry or domestic bliss in such farming. It is some satisfaction to know that as regions grow older in settlement this big scale kind of farming declines.

A lawyer of Temple Court was looking over some papers his German client had brought, and every signature had a menance to it as it stood:

"A. Schwindler."

"Mr. Schwindler, why don't you write your name some other way; write out your first name, or something? I don't want people to think you are a swindler."

"Vell, my Got, sir, how much better you dink that looks?" and he wrote——

"Adam Schwindler."

The combined wealth of the Vanderbilt family to day is $274,000,000. It is divided by millions as follows:— Cornelius Vanderbilt, [illegible]; Wm. K. Vanderbilt, [illegible]; Frederick W. Vanderbilt, 16; Geo. W. Vanderbilt, [illegible]; Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, 12; Mrs. Wm. D. Sloane, 12; Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly, 12, and Mrs. W. Seward Webb, 12. Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, the widow, has an income, but has an annuity of $200,[illegible]

TIMES $1.00.

Tramp—"Please, mum, I just arrived from Dakota. I'm a blizzard sufferer, mum."

Housekeeper—"See here, it ain't three weeks since you told me you just arrived from Florida and were a yellow fever sufferer."

"True, mum. I hurried right on to Dakota to get shut of yelow fever, and I got caught in a blizzard, mum."—N. Y. Weekly.

There are now in Chicago about 100 school buildings, which are filled by about 90,000 of the city's children, under the care of 1600 teachers. Of these teachers about 1530 are women.

Pocahontas Times.

E. F. [illegible], Editor. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, Feb. 14, 1889. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 per year, in advance. No. 30.

A Little Hand.

Perhaps there are tenderer, sweeter things,
Somewhere in this sun-bright land;
But I thank the Lord for his blessings,
And the clasp of a little hand.

A little hand that softly stole
Into my own that day,
When I needed the touch that I love so much,
To strengthen me on the way.

Softer it seemed than the softest down
On the breast of the gentlest dove;
But its timid press and its faint caress
Were strong in the strength of love!

It seemed to say in a strange sweet way,
"I love you and understand;"
And calmed my fears as my hot, heart tears
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The Moon and the Weather.

Adam Forepaugh sat on a nail keg on the elevated seats. "Chicago!" said he, "why Chicago is the greatest show town in the world; and then the moon—why, we've got another week of the moon before the change."

"What's that got to do with it?" the reporter asked.

"A good deal," he answered. "It's a dry moon. Whenever you see a moon lie on its back it never rains."

The above conversation took place one afternoon, and within thirty-six hours thereafter the first rain in several weeks was falling.

Of all surviving pseudo-superstitions, that of the influence of the moon on the weather dies the hardest; and the belief that the (so called) "changes" of the moon are accompanied or followed by changes in the condition of the terrestrial atmosphere is still to be found among a very large number indeed of otherwise educated and enlighted people. A recent writer in The English Mechanic has examined the grounds of this belief and attributes it to the weather predictions in the almanacs of the early part of the century.

As to the moon "changing," one would imagine, to hear the majority of people talk, that a "change" of the moon is in some sense cognate with a conjuring trick, in which the performer, after showing that he has nothing in his hand, instantaneously produces an egg, an orange, or a ball from it. Now nothing could well be further from the truth than this, the fact being that the moon is always changing—10 seconds after it she is waxing, and so throughout her monthly path. When her (celestial) longitude is identical with that of the sun she is said in the almanac to be "new;" when both longitudes differ 90 degrees from the sun's toward the east she is in her "first quarter;" when they are separated by 180 degrees the moon is "full," and when she has traveled to that point in her orbit in which she is 90 degrees to the west of the sun she is said to be in her "last quarter;" in each [illegible] being assumed that she is viewed from the earth's center. The [illegible] "change," then, [illegible] position in [illegible] her orbit, is a [illegible]

[illegible]

so minute as under ordinary circumstances, to be masked by other fluctuations. The existence of these atmospheric tides was first definitely established by the observations of the late Professor Daniell, but if these minute tides influenced the weather in the slightest degree it must change twice a day—a supposition too ridiculous to merit notice.

The "moon on her back," as a weather sign would appear to be a good deal like the old woman's indigo test—if the dye was pure "twould either sink or swim, she disremembered which." Mr. Forepaugh says it's a "dry moon," but in many parts of the country, and uniformly in England, the belief prevails that when the young moon is "lying on her back"—in other words, when the line joining her cusps is nearly or quite parallel to the horizon she is "holding water," and rain will certainly follow. How either belief arose it would be idle to speculate, but the explanation of the phenomenon itself is sufficiently simple. In the outset the moon is never much more than 5 degs. either to the north or south of the ecliptic, or apparent annual path of the sun through the heavens. Now the line adjoining her cusps (the sharp points of her crescent), is always square to a great circle passing through the sun and the moon. Two minutes' study of a celestial globe will show how variable is the inclination of the ecliptic to the horizon, and consequently that of the line joining the cusps of the moon also.

Finally, the most elaborate comparisons of meteorological records made in France and in England (where the Greenwich observations for forty years were carefully collated with the moon's phases during that period) have sufficed to show that no connection whatever exists between them. The solitary observable effect of the moon upon our atmosphere was believed by Sir John Herchel to be exhibited in the tendency to disappearance of cloud under the full moon, and this he attributed to the heat radiated from her surface.—Chicago News.

Preserve the Forests.

One of the most important questions with which our national and state legislatures have to deal, and yet one that is too generally neglected, is that of the preservation of our forests. Independent of the fact that they add to the wealth of the nation at the rate of $700,000,000 annually, or ten times more than the output of all of our gold and silver mines—which alone ought to secure for them proper care—the significant conclusions reached by scientific men, to the effect that they determine, to a great extent, the climatic and the hygienic conditions of our country, and regulate the distribution of moisture and the character of both our great and small water ways, certainly place the preservation of our timbered lands among the subjects that should receive the early, constant and careful consideration of our legislation.

It is estimated by experts who have devoted much time and thought to the inquiry that at least [illegible] per cent of the entire agricultural region of any country should remain permanently in forests. Twenty years ago it was asserted that the annual clearance of woodland throughout the United States amounted to [illegible] of acres, and that at this rate individual owners would ultimately be entirely stripped of their holdings. But it is not only the ax that is destructive to forests. Browsing animals and fires are quite as detrimental.

To these injurious agencies must be added the enterprising and conscienceless railroad contractor, who annually destroys 30,000,000 vigorous young trees in his quest for ties. Taking these and other enemies of our forests into account, it will be seen that but for the energetic action of our national and state governments the terrible calamity of the entire sweeping away of the natural covering of the soil would be among the possible events of the future—a disaster that would, in half a century, reduce the greater part of the continent to the condition of a desert incapable of supporting man or beast.

Nor is this a mere flight of the imagination. It may seem to the superficial observer to verge on the extravagant to talk of a possible timber famine in a country so new as ours, and one that was so lately reclaimed from the "forest primeval;" but it is an undeniable fact that we are cuting down our trees far more rapidly than we are planting them, and although our inheritance of timber has been great, such a policy steadfastly adhered to in the future can lead to but one result. To bring about a better state of things, an intelligent public sentiment ought to be created, and business men and farmers should be informed how intimately their prosperity is bound up with the preservation of the wooded land.

They should be made to understand that by the effect of the forests on the water courses the entire navigation, and much of the transportation, system of the country is regulated. Manufacturers are also largely dependent for the water supply for their factories and mills on the wisdom that protects the timber lands where these streams take their rise and through which they flow. No profitable milling could be done where the water course was a torrent during one-fourth of the year and a dry bed for the remainder of the season.

It is encouraging to note that the subject is now receiving practical consideration in many localities, and especially in this state and in Pennsylvania. The report of the New York forestry commission, presented to the legislature, contains many interesting facts and valuable suggestions; while the Agricultural society of Pennsylvania is actively engaged in spreading the facts before the people. The establishment of "schools of forestry," in accordance with the plan that has worked so admirably in Germany, is earnestly recommended, together with other measures all tending to further the end in view. On one point all authorities seem agreed—that it is unwise to hand the timber resources of a country over to private parties, leaving them independent of all governmental control. At one time this state owned every acre of the Adirondack region, but this noble domain was given away with a recklessness that is scarcely credible, and what it now possesses it has gained through tax sales, while the [illegible] of the most [illegible] character, the land speculators being engaged in a constant struggle to procure a cancellation of the sales. The wholesale purchase of forest lands from individual owners is urged by the commission, to remedy this state of things, and to prevent the stock of lumber in the state from being too largely depleted.—Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

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Sir Samuel Davenport, in an address at Adelaide a short time ago, said that the recent travels of Messrs. Lindsay and Tietkens had proven that inner Australia was by no means a Saharan waste, and, though now uninhabited, it was capable of supporting a large population. They found not only wide regions covered with luxuriant grass, but also mineral deposits that are certain to attract attention. Almost in the geographical centre of the continent Tietkens found several large rivers whose head waters were on the northern slopes of mountain ranges. The rivers flowed north, and as far as he traced them he found a great deal of large and valuable timber along the banks.

Lindsay's investigation between 18° and 24° south latitude resulted in some surprising discoveries. In the MeDonnell range of mountains he found garnets and rubbies and abundant indications that mining in this region for precious stones will be highly profitable. On Tennant's Creek he found gold-bearing quartz in abundance, and he brought home stories of almost boundless pasture lands, of water in abundance, and of deep, blue lakes, one of which, some 300 miles north of Amadeus Lake, is of large and as yet unknown extent. His explorations covered a region, extending several hundred miles north and south, and both east and west of his route stretches a vast and wholly unknown region that gives promise of being equally inviting.

The great railroad which is to extend across the continent from north to south, through the eastern part of the country once supposed to be a desert, will much facilitate the work of exploration, and although inner Australia has been sadly neglected by travellers, it will not be many years before the last of her geographical secrets is revealed. This railroad is now in operation for [illegible] miles north of Adelaide. Track-laying is pushing steadily on and the line is growing southward also from Port Darwin, the northern terminus. An exploring party has just been sent out by the Geographical society of Australasia to more fully explore the region, of which our first accounts have been so unexpectedly gratifying.—N. Y. Sun.

Not so Favorable.—Deacon Williams—Brudder Jones, how did yer [illegible] de trial?

Brudder Jones: De Judge done give [illegible] in de jail.

"[illegible]"

[illegible]

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. | C. F. Moore, Editor. | Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, Feb. 14, 1889. | Terms of Subscription, $1.00 per year, in advance. | No. 30.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,
Deputy Sheriff,
Clk. of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. F. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, Pres't. / S. B. Hannah. / G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

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"But," people are heard to say, "as the moon influences the tides, why should it not affect the atmosphere too?" To which the [illegible] obvious reply is that the tides are a semi-diurnal phenomenon, so that, on this principle, the weather ought to change twice a day also—a supposition too absurd to be entertained. Nevertheless the moon does influence the atmosphere by causing the production in it of tides so minute as under ordinary circumstances, to be masked by other fluctuations. The existence of these atmospheric tides was first definitely established by the observations of the late Professor Daniell, but if these minute tides influenced the weather in the slightest degree it must change twice a day—a supposition too ridiculous to merit notice.

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Sir Samuel Davenport, in an address at Adelaide a short time ago, said that the recent travels of Messrs. Lindsay and Tietkens had proven that inner Australia was by no means a Saharan waste, and, though now uninhabited, it was capable of supporting a large population. They found not only wide regions covered with luxuriant grass, but also mineral deposits that are certain to attract attention. Almost in the geographical centre of the continent Tietkens found several large rivers whose head waters were on the northern slopes of mountain ranges. The rivers flowed north, and as far as he traced them he found a great deal of large and valuable timber along their banks.

Lindsay's investigation between 18° and 24° south latitude resulted in some surprising discoveries. In the MacDonnell range of mountains he found garnets and rubbies and abundant indications that mining in this region for precious stones will be highly profitable. On Tennant's Creek he found gold-bearing quartz in abundance, and he brought home stories of almost boundless pasture lands, of water in abundance, and of deep, blue lakes, one of which, some 300 miles north of Amadeus Lake, is of large and as yet unknown extent. His explorations covered a region, extending several hundred miles north and south, and both east and west of his route stretches a vast and wholly unknown region that gives promise of being equally inviting.

The great railroad which is to extend across the continent from north to south, through the eastern part of the country once supposed to be a desert, will much facilitate the work of exploration; and although inner Australia has been sadly neglected by travellers, it will not be many years before the last of her geographical secrets is revealed. This railroad is now in operation for 600 miles north of Adelaide. Track laying is pushing steadily on and the line is growing southward also from Port Darwin, its northern terminus. An exploring party has just been sent out by the Geographical society of Australasia to more fully explore the region, of which our first accounts have been so unexpectedly gratifying.—N. Y. Sun.

Not so Favorable.—Deacon Williams—Brudder Jones, how did yer see come outen de trial?

Brudder Jones—De Judge done give 'im two munfs in de jayul.

"'Pears ter me like as if you oughter be pow'ful thankful. He [illegible] mighty light, he did."

"'Twarn't a light 's yer seem ter think. Dey's a gwinter hang 'im when de two munfs is up."

Pocahontas Times.

B. S. LOWRY. C. P. MOORE.

LOWRY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. P. MOORE, Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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Three in.	3 00	4 00	8 00	10 00
Qr. column	5 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	[illegible]	12 00	[illegible]	[illegible]
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Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

Feb. 14, 1889.

DORR.

Mr. C. P. Dorr, we presume is now one of the best advertised men in the country. For the last few weeks he has been discussed in private and in public, by friend and by foe. For sometime we have been waiting for Mr. Dorr to explain his position on the Senatorial question; at last he has attempted to do this, but to us his explanation is as inconsistent and unsatisfactory as his conduct.

He endeavors to excuse the stand he has taken against Senator Kenna on the alleged ground that Kenna is responsible for the apparent democratic loss in this State and should therefore be retired. But he goes on to say that he would vote for Kenna, if he knew he could be elected which he says is impossible, as he knows that several persons are voting for him who would not if they thought it would elect him.

Now look at the fallacy of his reasoning.

In the first place Mr. Dorr has given us no proof to support his allegation that Mr. Kenna has proven a failure as a leader, nor that he is at all responsible for the decline of democracy in this State. It is a mere assertion of Mr. Dorr's opinion, while on the other hand numbers of our public men with as much political experience and insight as Mr. Dorr strenuously repudiate the charge. But, if we, for argument, grant that the charge is true, still is his explanation grossly inconsistent. He claims to oppose Kenna because Kenna would destroy the democratic party, and yet says he would support him if he knew he could be elected. In other words, he is patriotic enough to defend his party against the destructive rule of John E. Kenna so long as it is not in his power to put him in a position to rule; but, if it were possible for him by his vote to elect this man, Kenna, who he declares to have been so destructive to the interests of the democratic party, then he would vote for him. Mr. Dorr should first of all respect the wish of his constituency, which is almost unanimous for John E. Kenna; but failing to do that, if he opposes Kenna on the ground of unfitness, then he should oppose him consistently and not only at such times as he knows it is impossible to elect him.

Again, if it be true as Dorr asserts, that some are voting for Kenna who would not if they believed he could be elected, the only proper way for Mr. Dorr to clear his skirts is to vote with his party and put the responsibility where it belongs. Let him show the people who these deceivers are by casting his vote for Kenna and thus make it necessary that an election be effected or that these pretended friends of Kenna show themselves.

It would seem too that Mr. Dorr has but recently made the discovery that Kenna is a failure and a fraud, or else has but recently been convinced that a failure is not a good thing; for it can be shown that during the campaign when he was asking for votes he more than once declared himself in favor of Kenna, and upon that very ground many did vote for him; while the impression was made on all who supported him that he would certainly vote with his party.

The truth is Mr. Dorr has for some unknown reason heeded neither the desires of those who elected him nor the usages of the party that has elevated him, and no amount of explanation can ever suffice to gain for his course the approval of the democratic party, particularly that portion of the democratic party that lives and ever shall live in Pocahontas county.

A Degradation of the Cabinet.

According to the latest news on the subject from Washington, it seems probable that both branches of Congress will agree to add a new member to the Cabinet, to be known as the Secretary of Agriculture.

Such an addition will have a tendency to lower the whole Cabinet as a body in the estimation of the people. Other things being equal an increase in the number of the President's advisers lessens the honor and distinction belonging to a place in the Cabinet. Furthermore, the new post will be of so little importance as compared with that of each of the other heads of departments that it is certain to be regarded as inferior.

The country does not need a Secretary of Agriculture any more than the President needs an eighth adviser. The Constitution of the U. S. does not invest Congress with any power over agricultural affairs or impose upon it any duties with reference to agriculture. It was doubtless the intent of the great men who founded our Government to leave these matters to the management of the several States; and we believe that so far as the great mass of the farmers in the Union are concerned, they would prefer to have the general Government let the farming interests alone. At all events, there has been no general demand on their part for any such representation in the Cabinet as is now proposed.

For many years, however, there has been at Washington an officer known as the Commissioner of Agriculture, whose principal function has been the distribution of seeds to people who do not want them. Why the Federal Government should distribute seeds to farmers any more than chocolate to children, we have never been able to understand. As a rule, the Commissioners Agricultural knowledge was not their most prominent characteristic, but they have furnished more or less amusement to the country as objects of satire on the part of the press. We doubt whether the new Secretary will serve any more useful purpose.

Some of our readers may possibly be aware that we have not always regarded the system of civil service examinations with enthusiastic favor. It strikes us, however, that if there is any place for such examinations under our form of government, it would be in reference to such an office as that of the new Secretary of Agriculture. If we must have this new office, let us have a farmer from Farmersville to fill it, and let his fitness be ascertained by an Examining Board consisting exclusively of practical farmers who have held the plough and know the difference between a silo and a scythe.

If we must have a Secretary of Agriculture we want a man who knows more about the wheat crop of the country than he does about the Presidential vote of the several States at the last election.—N. Y. Sun.

The following extract from the Charleston Star gives a fair specimen of the disgraceful scenes being enacted at the State Capital. No good citizen, whatever his politics may be, can fail to be heartily ashamed of the present legislature. We are glad to see President Carr is a man and trying to do his duty.

"After the dissolution of the Joint Assembly last night, the Senate repaired to their Chamber and the President resumed the Chair. It being found that a quorum of the Senate was not present, Mr. Oxley introduced the following resolution, which, the rules being suspended, was immediately considered and agreed to:

Resolved, That the doors of the Senate be closed, and that the following members appearing to be absent, to-wit: Messrs. Campbell, Davis, Furbee, Lowther, Maxwell, Morris, Scott, Minear, Worley, Morrison and Woodward, be brought forthwith before the Senate.

Whereupon, the President appointed the following assistant Sergeant-at-Arms: Messrs. ——— Boas, Jno. B. White, Percy Laidley, F. H. Scott, Charles Bryden, A. A. Franzheim, J. E. Watson and Clarence Moore, who were immediately started out, each armed with a copy of the resolution, in search of the recreant Senators. After various experiences and many vain searches through the hotels and boarding houses, Mr. Minear was at last brought before the Senate. Seizing the first opportunity, Mr. Minear managed to escape through the transom of the water closet and ran like a deer for his liberty. Whereupon, on motion of Mr. Pritchard, action on the case of Mr. Minear was temporarily postponed. The hands of the town clock had in the meantime kept pace with the Sergeants-at-Arms until they now registered nearly five o'clock, when the Sergeants having battered down a door at the Hotel Ruffner and met with many other adventures, finally bagged part of their game and appeared before the bar of the Senate with several of the Senators. Then the trial began and "they all with one accord began to make excuse." Many and varied were the excuses offered, but the general verdict on motion of some Senator was "six dollars and cost—next." Mr. Worley (it being known by many present that he was actually sick) was on motion excused. Mr. Davis who also proved that he was sick was excused, but the following viz: Messrs. Maxwell, Campbell, Lowther, Furbee, Minear and Morrison were fined, $6 and costs each.

President Carr is determined as far as lies in his power to compel the Senators to be present on certain occasions even if they will not work.

The Monroe county Watchman is still the official organ of the Kickers, freely volunteering to defend any one who defies the will of his party.

Some of the animals of the Charleston menagerie are becoming unmanageable and dangerous. Morris, and four or five others broke their chains a few days ago and were recaptured with great difficulty. Dorr has also shown signs of madness, and it may become necessary to adopt Forepaugh's plan and strangle him, for the safety of the other animals.

We presume that no man can say with certainty who shall constitute the next Cabinet; unless it be President Harrison himself, and we have every reason to believe he has not fully made up his mind. Indications seem, however, to point to Jas. G. Blaine for Secretary of State, Jno. C. New for Secretary of the Treasury and John Wanamaker for Postmaster General. It is thought Mahone will be left out. Thanks to Mr. Harrison for that.

A Washington correspondent says that General Mahone will be offered a Foreign Mission. This will be acceptable news to General Mahone's fellow-citizens of both parties, for while it will relieve the Southern Democrats of the odious presence of the King of Scalawags, it will also save the Republican party from the political leprosy of these Southern policy, that solidified the decent people of Virginia even under the mismanagement of the Democratic party.

In accrediting Billy Caprichonse to a foreign nation the new President will have the satisfaction of illustrating the dignity of the American people officially in the same high manner that Bill Chandler did it for the navy of jobs. But the question is, to which country shall Billy be sent, and though it is not our business to advise a Republican administration beforehand, still as General Mahone is a Virginia man, we take leave to suggest that this State would feel under obligations if President Harrison would so far recognize the genius of her pet abomination as to send him as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the King of Congo, his Majesty Bibassy, whose color would match the General's politics, and who could be relied on not to cook and eat such a lean specimen as long as there are other monkeys in the native trees. —Richmond Times.

There is a dog employed in the Postal Service in the office at Allentown, Pa.—N. Y. Sun.

We are glad to know that but one dog was employed in the postal service during the term of President Cleveland. Perhaps, they will be more plentiful after the 4th of March.

After March 4th, we will have four Governors, Fleming will claim it, and Goff will claim it, Wilson will claim that until the Contest is settled he is entitled to hold over, and President Robt. Carr will claim that as there is a vacancy the office is really his. Governors will be as plentiful as Constables.

Fiduciary Notice.

The following is a list of Fiduciaries whose accounts are before me for settlement.

John Ligon, Ex'r of R. D. McCutcheon dec'd.

JAMES W. WARWICK, JR.,
Com'r of acc'ts for Pocahontas county.

HOME NEWS

—Winter was [illegible], but come in earnest at last.

—Geo. P. Moore, Esq., of Edray was in town Tuesday.

—Another trial before Justice Shrader to-day.

—Wm. H. Overholt, Esq., of Hillsboro paid Huntersville a flying visit last Saturday.

—Jno. W. Warwick, Esq., of Edray was in town Monday and Tuesday.

—Drummers are beginning to make frequent visits to this section.

—If you want Envelopes, Letter or Note heads, cheap, call at the TIMES office and you can get them.

—Mitchell D. McGlaughlin, accompanied by Miss Fannie Withrow, went to Bath Co., Va., last Tuesday.

—Drs. John Ligon and Wm. G. Townsend were called in last Friday to see Mr. Murry, at Hotel Pocahontas.

—The ice crop was not so bad after all. Every ice-house in town was filled last week, and some left over.

—H. H. McClintic, Esq., of Buckeye was in Huntersville last week. Mr. McClintic is supplying our town pretty much with flour from his new mill.

—A recent letter from Capt. W. L. Trench, who, with Capt Craig, is now at Kissimmee, city, Fla., states that he is well pleased with that country.

—Note the new advertisement in this weeks issue, signed by Messrs. Isaac McNeel and Uriah Bird. They are proposing to sell flour, etc. at very low rates.

—A correspondent suggests that the next move in the way of public improvement should be the building of a bridge across Greenbrier river near Clover Lick. What say you all?

—Mr. Daniel Murry, who was severely hurt in the disturbance at Hotel Pocahontas, an account of which we gave last week, started to Philadelphia last Monday to be treated in the hospital. The doctors attending him decided that his eye would have to be removed. This is extremely unfortunate for Mr. Murry, and he has the sympathies of all who know him.

—We have received another communication from F. A. Renick, Esq., on matters of interest to the farmers. Mr. Renick's last communication was very much appreciated by the readers of the TIMES, and they will, no doubt, read with eagerness whatever he may contribute hereafter. Why don't some of the rest of our people speak out?

—President Cleveland has at last decided to go to New York to practice law, instead of coming to Huntersville as he had thought of doing. He gives as his reason for the change, that so many of our people expect a lawyer to practice before the County Court and Justices without making any charge. Cleveland acted wisely and if this imposition on good nature isn't stopped the entire legal fraternity will be obliged to move to New York.

—The people of Huntersville enjoyed last Saturday what to any other set of people would be a rare treat, but to them has become a common occurrence. It was a trial before Justice [illegible] Shrader. In this case A. W. Rider was plaintiff and Howard Underwood defendant. About all the lawyers in town were employed and all the citizens of the district examined as witnesses. The effort was to [illegible] Underwood to give bond to keep the peace. This, however was not accomplished, and Mr. Rider had the costs to pay all for nothing.

—L. M. McClintic, Esq., made a visit to Bath Co., Va., this week.

—We have just received a new line of paper and envelopes, which are being sold printed or unprinted, remarkably cheap. If you need anything in that line, send in your orders at once.

TIMES.

PREACHING.—I will preach the 5th Sunday in this month, at the Beaver creek school house, at 11 a. m. by request on a special subject.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. John H. Waymouth will be at Mingo Flats, Feb. 4th and remain 4 days; Edray, Feb. 9th, 8 days; Mill Point, Feb. 20th, 3 days; Huntersville, Feb. 23rd, 3 days, and will be prepared to attend to all operations in Dentistry. Teeth extracted by the use of Cocaine, Gold fillings inserted in artificial teeth, which add very much to their natural appearance.

jan 24 4-t

Back Allegheny Jottings.

We have had a remarkably fine winter thus far, there has been but little snow here.

Mrs. Jacob Shinnaberry has about recovered from her recent illness.

Mr. Henry Wilfong is seriously ill. He is being attended by Dr. Austin.

Married, Jan. 31st, at the residence of the brides brother, by Rev. W. H. Ballangee, Mr. J. L. Slaven and Miss Cenia Tallman, all of this county. It is reported that one of the spectators got a "leedle narvos" while the ceremony was being performed.

We can produce a man who, to hear his exploits, rivals even Munchausen, but, unlike that great adventurer, he gets lost occasionally.

Many of our people are indignant because the majority's choice for sheriff was not allowed to qualify.

The people are much pleased with the "Times" in this section.

SCRIBLER.

Dunmore Doings.

Capt. E. A. Smith and his men moved into the ark last Saturday, ready to begin the drive with the first water.

Jas. Strytch has moved into the camp to take care of things during vacation.

A daughter of Geo. W. Arbogast, aged 15 years, who has been afflicted for a long while, died last Friday.

John Ralston, of Green Bank received an ugly and dangerous cut on his face last week. He was attempting to split a frozen oak block with a double bit axe, when the axe rebounded cutting his brow, entering his cheek bone and splitting his lip.

The Sunday school at this place, under the superintendence of Mr. Jno. A. Taylor is in a prosperous condition. An excellent library of 100 volumes has been ordered for the use of the school, and is expected to arrive this week. Donations of good books are requested and will be highly appreciated.

We are all very much outdone by the conduct of the man from Webster county (we don't claim him) in the Legislature.

Yours etc.

Beaver Dam.

Northwest of the mountain at the head of Swago creek, is to be found a section of fine country, susceptible of vast and largely paying improvement, if it had the advantage of a passable public highway. The present road across the mountain to this section is only a pretense, it has neither grade nor location, such as any County Court ought to recognize. A location and review was made some years ago, at a grade of five degrees and under, on good road land, but was never established. Public interests demands that a good road be opened on this line, or, some other, and a motion will soon be made, for this purpose. No investment pays a greater dividend than does putting opening good roads into and through rich and fertile country. Be pleased fellow citizens, of the County Court, to hear us when we call, and hand us down an order for this much needed improvement.

Xx.

Temperance Reform.

In a recent issue of your paper is found a report of a mass meeting in Hillsboro, W. Va., on Temperance work etc. which leads the reader to thinking.

It is logical to admit that any community has the right to speak out "in meetin," and defend their homes and their friends from the demon, strong drink. But is it good sound logic to thus "strain at the camel" in the bad, whiskey by the jug full, and "swallow the gnat," in selling and furnishing essense of cinnamon, and jamaica ginger, by wholesale? *It pays* a good profit, and will intoxicate, and topers will have it and drink it, if they cannot get whiskey. And who ever saw Jamaica ginger put up in half-pint bottles, until within the last few years.

Would it not be much better to be consistant, and sell no intoxicant if we advocate, total abstinence. A few merchants in this county do not sell these drugs at all, but a few do sell them, and that to public injury.

Xx.

Settled at Last.

It has always been hard for us to understand how matter is influenced by mind; but now the whole thing is as plain as the nose on the back of a man's head. Prof. D. F. Brown discussing the matter in the N. Y. Independent, tells us so plainly how the thing is done that no man, woman nor child could fail to understand; showing the whole affair to be controlled by the nerves. He illustrates as follows:

"A couple of organisms which for the sake of distinction, we call Newton and La Place. These were in marvellously complex relations of interaction with the environment, and there was also a very wonderful play of nervous discharges along lines of least resistance, together with divers differentiations of the homogeneous and manifold integrations of correspondences. The plexuses and ganglia, too, wrought bravely, and nascent motor excitations were produced in abundance."

Don't you see? It's as easy as falling off a log. If that's not plain we'll give you a rule that will work it: Find the greatest uncommon agitator, draw a parallel to the intrinsic divisor and punctuate the thermometer, and be sure to keep in a cool place.

There seems to be some difficulty to determine whether it is the duty of Mrs. Cleveland or Mrs. Harrison to do the White House Spring cleaning. The present mistress says she certainly will not make the soap and set the hens.

The West Virginia Legislature is still busy doing nothing. The Fleming-Goff contest is still unsettled, the Senatorial question unsettled; in fact everything unsettled, even the board bills of the senators and representatives. There is one thing however we may depend on the present legislature doing, that is drawing its salary.

NOTICE.

We are prepared to furnish wheat, flour and offals at our mills at the following prices:

Wheat, per bu.	$1.00
Flour, per 100	2.25
[illegible] per [illegible]	1[illegible]
Bran.	[illegible]
Corn per bu.	[illegible]

Terms, cash.

Respectfully,
URIAH BIRD.
ISAAC McNEEL.

Feb. 14. 3-m

NOTICE.

A reward of $[illegible] will be paid to any one who may give information leading to the recovery of any of our tools, etc. that have been stolen from the woods along the railroad.

St. Lawrence Boom & M'f'g Co.,
Dunmore, W. Va.

Jan 14 4-t.

SALESMEN.

Wanted for our complete line of Nursery Stock. All new, choice and fast selling specialties. I can furnish PAYING POSITIONS to workers. My large experience in the business enables me to offer special advantages to beginners. I CAN MAKE A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN of any one who will follow my instructions. Permanent employment. Wages paid each week. Outfit free. Apply at once and secure choice of territory.

EDWARD P. SNELL,
Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

Jan. 24 [illegible]

Simmons Liver Regulator produces no unpleasant effect upon the stomach no matter how long it is taken. A little taken at night insures refreshing sleep and a natural evacuation of the bowels. A little taken in the morning sharpens the appetite, cleanses the stomach and sweetens the breath.

"I never recommend a medicine unless I know it to be good. In a ministry of twenty-five years I have often felt the need of such a medicine, and when I found it I exclaimed: 'Eureka!'" Rev. J. P. PARKER, Proprietor "Christian Visitor," Smithfield, N. C. 17-4t

PUBLIC SALE.

I will sell at public auction on the 1st day of March, 1889, the following property 225 Sheep mostly ewes 27 two-year old Cattle, 4 Cows and 1 two-year old bull, 4 horses, one buggy and harness, one cane mill and household and kitchen furniture.

Terms of sale made known on day of sale.

Sale will commence at 10 o'clock, a. m.

JACOB McGLAUGHLIN.

SHOEMAKER'S SHOP,
at
Huntersville, W. Va.

I am prepared to make in the best style and order, Boots and Shoes of all kinds, also repairing done in neat style.

J. C. THOMPSON.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas, at the Court House thereof on the 1st day of January 1889.

It is ordered that all persons having business to transact with the Court hereafter, shall either present it to the court in person from the bar or by their attorney, and that the Court will not hear any matter unless presented in the foregoing manner.

A copy, Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

jan 10 4-t Printers fee $4.00

[illegible]

Commissioner's Sale of Land

[illegible]

Notice to Lein Holders

[illegible]

...which are liens on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Huntersville, on or before the

[illegible] DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1889.

Given under my hand this the [illegible] day of Jan. 1889.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

jan. 10 4-t Printers fee $[illegible]

IF YOU WANT

Letter Heads,

Envelopes,

Business Cards,

Official Blanks,

Posters,

or

Anything

In That Line.

REMEMBER

At

The TIMES Office

They may be procured

at

Lowest Rates

and of

Best Style

and

QUALITY.

TRY US

Pocahontas Times.

B. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

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Feb. 14, 1889.

Worth Telling Again.

Waverly Magazine: Twenty years have passed since a certain Bath sea captain, entering the port of New York, telegraphed his wife at Bath to join him at the metropolis prepared for a sea voyage. Accordingly a day or two after the arrival of the message saw the wife embarked upon the through train from Bath to Boston, accompanied by an infant child scarcely two years old.

This car was coupled on to the end of the Portland train at Brunswick, and, leaving the child asleep, the Captain's wife seized the opportunity to fill the baby's bottle with milk in the depot restaurant. While the mother was intent upon her errand the train slipped quietly out of the station, and when the mother emerged from the restaurant door it was fast disappearing under the Spring-street bridge. Eagerly she explained the situation to the sympathizing group of railroad men who gathered around. Baby and purse, containing all her money and ticket, were in the fast disappearing train. A hurried council followed, and a plan was instantly formed.

Old No. 23, "The Brunswick," was sidetracked, waiting the passage of the train just gone. Uncle Thompson, the station baggage master at that time, ran hastily to this engine and asked her aid to overtake the flying train. The genial Charles, ever ready to aid the case of any female in distress, volunteered to catch the robber. Hastily filling the firebox with wood from the tender, while Thompson was assisting the woman to mount the engine, with a command to the switchman to "give us the main line," with hand upon the throttle, No. 23 flew quickly over the switches and commenced her run.

An empty engine chasing a heavy train up "Oak Hill grade," which extends four miles straight away from Brunswick has an easy task, and before they had covered more than half of that distance they could see the object of their pursuit.

To sound his whistle, calling the attention of the train men to the chase, and thereby stop the train, was not part of the programme, fearing that he might run over them should they suddenly stop. So quietly running along the rear of the train deadening the pursuit, he is soon immediately behind them. Then his tender—for they are running backward—rubs against the rear platform of the train, and while the engineer holds her there Thompson assists the woman over the tender, down upon the platform of the car containing the baby, still fast asleep, the mother clasping tightly the bottle of milk.

The Prohibition question is to have another test in Pennsylvania at a special election to be held next June.

Fixing the Responsibility.

Blundering men, instead of admitting their responsibility, try to excuse themselves by throwing the blame on others. A Single story illustrates this tendency of human nature, and also the French proverb: "He accuses who excuses himself." On night thieves broke into a rich man's house and carried off all his valuables. On being arrested, they excused their crime by saying that "they were blameless, as the walls of the house were so badly built as to tempt them to break through. The mason was therefore to blame for the robbery. The mason was brought before the magistrate. "The fault is not mine," said he, "but that of the coolie who made the mortar badly." The coolie laid the blame upon the potter who had sold him a cracked vessel in which he could not carry sufficient water to mix the mortar properly. The potter explained that the blame could not be laid upon him but upon a pretty woman, who, passing while he was making the vessel, so riveted his attention that he forgot about his work. The woman protested that the goldsmith was at fault. He had failed to send home her earrings and she passed the potter's shop on her way to get them. The goldsmith, not being able to offer an excuse for his neglect, was sentenced to be hanged. His friends begged the judge to spare him, as he was sick and ill favored and would not make a pretty spectacle. "But somebody must be hanged," said the judge. His attention was thereupon called to a fat Moor in a shop opposite, and the judge ordered him to be hanged in the goldsmith's stead.—Argonaut.

In Hindoostan, where three varieties of sacred monkeys enjoy the freedom of every town, those four handed pensioners often assist the police in enforcing the riot laws by charging enmasse for the scene of every dog fight and schoolboy scuffle. They will rescue worried cats and, for greater security, deposit them on the next roof, or suppress rowdyism in general; the stout Rhesus baboon for instance, being physically as well as morally qualified to quell the aggressive disposition of the fiercest cur. On the platform of a public warehouse the British residents of Agra, a few years ago, witnessed a scene which put the character trait in even a stronger light.

A little street Arab had spread his pallet in the shade of a stack of country produce, and had just dropped asleep, when the proprietor of the Planters' hotel strolled up with a pet leopard that had learned to accompany him in all his rambles. A troop of tramp monkeys had taken post on the opposite end of the shed, and, like the beggar boy, seemed to enjoy a comfortable siesta, but at sight of the speckled intruder the whole gang charged along the platform like a squadron of spahis and, instantly forming a semicircle about the little sleeper, faced the leopard with bristling manes, evidently resolved to defeat the purpose of his visit.—Popular Science Monthly.

Collector: I have called six times, sir, for the amount of this bill already.

Citizen: Wha-at, six times? Is it possible you have been put to all that annoyance? Now, I'll tell you what I'll do: when I feel like paying the amount I will call on you myself. It's outrageous to give a man the trouble I have unconsciously given you.—Life.

Her grandmother was so sick that the report got out that she was dead. A sympathetic old gentleman met the child on the street.

"And when is your grandmother to be buried, my dear?" he asked her.

"Not till she's dead, sir."

—The House Wife for February published at Greenfield, Mass., is a most excellent number of this popular household periodical. It is well worth all it costs, 50 cents per year.

During Jan. there was a net increase of $6,750,000 in money and bullion in the Treasury, and yet you can't borrow a dollar from Sam, no matter how hard up you are.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. | C. F. Moore, Editor. | Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, Feb. 21, 1889. | Terms of Subscription: $1.00 per year in advance. | No. 31.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. B. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

Itching Piles.

[...] Beard, in the 79th year of his age.

In the death of Joseph Beard Pocahontas county loses one of her oldest and most respected citizens, whose long and eventful life is honorably and inseprably identified with the history of the county. He was born in Greenbrier county, W. Va. on the 20th day of Sept., 1810, and removed to Pocahontas county in the year 1857. Early in life he was united in marriage to Mattie Jordan, daughter of John Jordan, Esq., with whom he happily lived till the day of his death, and who now survives him, an aged and lonely widow. As the issue of this marriage were born three children; one son, John J. Beard, the present Clerk of the Courts of Pocahontas county, and two daughters, Mrs. Isaac McNeel, and Mrs. Wm. L. McNeel, now deceased.

In the year 1883 Mr. Beard made a profession of religion and connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1844 when the division came, Joseph Beard without hesitation cast his lot with the M. E. Church, South.

His life was marked with unusual energy and activity, but in no enterprise was this more manifest than in his labors for his Church. He was not a religious enthusiast, nor specially demonstrative, but unceasingly gave those better and more substantial evidences of a firm and abiding faith in Christ and his church. In the prosecution of church work of every kind, he was always ready to do his part, and never slow to suggest to others their duty when the occasion demanded. He was a man of firm convictions and decided opinions, yet ever maintained a liberal respect for the belief of others. There never lived a more sincere man; deceit had no place in the make up of his character. Indeed his habit of telling the truth plainly, and his outspoken candor in commending the good and reproving evil sometimes falsely led those who were not well acquainted with him to think him in some matters a harsh man, but he was not so; underneath the surface of solid belief and rigid candor was hidden a heart as tender as the heart of a child, the sympathies of which responded to the gentlest touch. His generosity and hospitality were proverbial, the friend and the stranger were ever his welcome guests, nor did he ever weary in sharing the comforts of his home with as many as chose to partake of them. He was possessed of a peculiarly happy nature; disappointment nor calamity could never subdue for any time his cheerful spirit. It was his rule to always do his best and to be satisfied with the result.

He will long and widely be missed. He was affectionate and indulgent toward his kindred, and true in his friendship. He was a good and useful citizen, ever ready to contribute in any manner to the good of society and of his country. But most of all will be missed by his church, whose interests were first in his heart. His life is ended, but [...]

Dehorning Cattle.

My former article on the above subject seems to have excited one writer to, not only notice it, but to suggest two more very important improvements in the comfort, safety and good appearance of other domestic animals. Such as the dehorning of hogs and dehorning mules. Nothing can be plainer than the duty, if not the obligation of the proposer of these two improvements to enlighten the world by making a practical proof on his own case of these highly desired improvements. The genius that prompted the suggestion ought to be equal to the execution or invention of plan of operation. I am still in favor of dehorning cattle and have practical proofs to show its merits every day. I have just learned from a reliable source that my friend Dick Edmonson, of Kansas has removed the horns from 3,000 cattle last fall. I am running in some boundary, horses, cows and bulls, with perfect safety, and now, after two months test, my animals look well in order, better in appearance and decidedly more comfortable to themselves and me. So as far as I am interested, horns will have to go. The present hard times and dullness of the cattle market, demands a thoughtful consideration of every economical device or plan by which our farmers and stockmen may reduce their expenses and handle their stock to better advantage. I think this one step in that direction. I will now suggest one or two more, and would be very happy to have other and wiser heads to make an expression of their views and opinions thereby benefitting their fellow men and making the TIMES, a necessity to every family in the county.

But few farmers in this locality that do not use fertilizers and believe that they pay; notwithstanding the heavy tax they are subject to. What tax! Profits of the middle men, perhaps the largest. Then excessive freight. To illustrate—none of our middlemen will handle and sell for less than a five dollar profit per ton, (often more,) then they secure another profit by charging their customers rates of freight per 100 lbs when they get reduced rates per car-load of 10 tons. If you pay $30.00 per ton at the railroad to an agent, you can very readily see that you are paying $5.00 to $7.00 for agents profits and high freight then if you buy on time, 10 per cent. to add on cost. The remedy is this, let our farmers pool their orders, select one of their number to get manufactors to make bids for the order, and by paying spot cash, get their fertilizers $10.00 to $12.00 per ton less. We all have ourselves to blame for a great deal unnecessary tax. A co-operative style of buying salt and groceries, if nothing else would run down the expense of the farmer very materially, every year. Salt now by car-load will only cost $1.30 per sack instead of $1.75 or $1.80.

F. A. RENICK.

Alderson vs. County Commissioners.

Now that the fourth of March is rapidly drawing near, by which time the law requires that the governor shall issue his certificates to the congressmen-elect from this state, and in view of the fact that our Republican friends are claiming that McGinnis will undoubtedly represent this district in congress for the next four years, it may perhaps be well to review this somewhat celebrated case. In the beginning, when the recount was demanded by Mr. Alderson, the county commissioners refused to allow him to appear by counsel, to introduce witnesses or to cross-examine witnesses introduced by the Republicans, and refused to sign bills of exceptions until the supreme court, by a mandamus, required them to make a record. When Mr. Alderson procured an injunction restraining the county court from certifying the result of the recount, as they ascertained it, until he could have their action reviewed by *certiorari* proceedings, the commissioners violated the injunction and certified the returns to the governor. That injunction is still in force. Judge Guthrie dissolved it, but Mr. Alderson took an appeal to the supreme court, where the case is still pending. As soon as possible after the bills of exceptions were signed, Alderson appealed to Judge Guthrie for a writ of *certiorari*, which he awarded, and the clerk of his court, who by the way, is a Republican, was directed to issue a writ to the county commissioners, directing them to send up their record for review. The writ was not issued until about ten days after it was awarded. The record of the county court was copied and compared with the original, and the copy furnished to the commissioners to certify. The Star has it from a reliable source that the commissioners kept the copy in their hands for ten days before delivering it to the clerk of the circuit court. Alderson's counsel demanded an immediate hearing of the case, but the court at the instance of counsel for McGinnis, postponed the case until February 1st. When that time arrived, McGinnis' counsel asked further delay, they well knowing that Judge Guthrie had to go to Mason county to hold court there, on the following Monday. The case was argued for Alderson, and Judge Guthrie took the papers stating that the other side would be allowed to argue, and that the case would probably be decided when the term of court in Mason was over. No reflection is intended by the Star, upon Judge Guthrie, but everything goes to show that there has been a desire on the part of McGinnis' counsel to delay the proceedings as much as possible, in order to prevent Mr. Alderson from having Judge Guthrie's decision, should it be averse to him, reviewed by the supreme court, before the 4th of March. Mr. McGinnis' counsel and friends think their case in the best shape possible, and they are afraid of the superior court, well knowing that the partisan action of the county court, must be reversed. The certificate now in the hands of the governor, from this county, is certainly void, and we feel sure that Governor Wilson will do what he conscienciously believes to be right in the premises. We would not presume to even suggest what he should do, but we can see but one course open, and that is, to issue a certificate before the fourth of March disregarding the certificate of the Kanawha county commissioners, o regarding the result of the recount made by them. Mr. Alderson is elected by a majority of sixteen, to give him the benefit of the recount. The bill of exceptions shows this to be true, and it seems to us that the recount is better evidence of the true result than a certificate made void by an injunction and certiorari proceedings.—Charleston Star.

Now they say we'll have to fight Portugal. Well if nothing else will do, Uncle Sam can slap her out of existence some morning before breakfast.

The chance for war with Germany seems to be decreasing. We are not afraid of Germany, but peace is more to be desired than war.

Several persons are said to have frozen to death in Dakota during the big storm last week. The [illegible] is over for this winter.—Washington Post.

National Library at Washington.

The National library contains many rare and curious works. It has some of the most valuable books ever published in America, and among these is the first American Bible printed in the European tongue in this country. It is a German Bible, which was printed at Germantown in 1743 and which Mr. Spofford bought at a book auction about two years ago. It is kept in a box like case in one of the alcoves of the ground floor, and is truly a curiosity. Though not as thick as Webster's Dictionary, it weighs about as much, and though printed over 120 years ago, it is still in good condition. It is about six inches thick and eight inches wide, by ten or twelve inches long. It is bound in oak boards, covered with a rich brown leather, and on its corners there are heavy brass bosses, with little heads jutting out of them to keep the leather from resting on the table. Its clasps are of leather, with brass fasteners, and its paper now yellow with age, is printed in queer old German type. The first page is in colors and on the fly leaves there are several genealogical records. It was originally owned by a German, but in 1798 it was bought by Enoch Rittenhouse, a member, I doubt not, of the old Rittenhouse family of Philadelphia.

Another Bible that the library has is that printed for the Indians by John Eliot in 1663. This is the first Bible printed in America. It was printed in Cambridge, and in the Indian tongue. The library has a chapter devoted to Bibles, and the chapter of theological works is the largest one in the library. I looked at this big bookcase of Bibles the other day; they are of all sizes and shapes, from the little vest pocket edition to one big enough almost for a mounting block for horses. They are in all dialects and languages, and the Chinese Bibles look like so many bunches of manilla wrapping paper. The print of these Bibles is as queer as the languages in which they are printed, and they have every style of types, from the illuminated script of the monks of the middle ages to the common print of to day.

The manuscripts of the National library include many valuable autographs. Among them are two autograph journals of George Washington, one of which was made during Braddock's expedition and one in 1787, at Mt. Vernon. Here is a private journal of Arthur Lee while he was minister to France, at the breaking out of the revolution, and there are two volumes of an original military journal of Maj Gen. Greene, written now over 100 years ago.

The National library was founded about 1801, and the first installment of books was carted to Washington in trunks. They were ordered from London, and they cost altogether [illegible].—Frank G. Carpenter in the Cosmopolitan.

The grand jury in Birmingham, Ala., has declined to indict Sheriff Smith, or any of his posse, for the killing of the persons who, with others, attacked the jail in that place on the night of the 8th of December last. The grand jury was three weeks investigating the matter and examined over two hundred witnesses. This is doubtless the end of the prosecutions against the Sheriff and his assistants.

The New York street car strike is at last ended, with no advantage gained by the strikers.

Pocahontas Times.

S. S. LOURY. C. F. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Feb. 21, 1889.

THE SITUATION.

The latest from Charleston shows that C. P. Dorr, of Webster county is solely responsible for all further delay in settling the Senaterial question.

On the last two ballots taken the three labor delegates, who had previously been voting for men of their own party divided their votes between Kenna and Goff; Carr and Merrell voting for Goff and Harr for Kenna.

Of the 85 votes cast Goff received 42 and Kenna 42, leaving the matter to be decided by Dorr, who threw away the opportunity by voting for W. T. Ice.

When the democratic majority is so meager and the danger in delay so obvious, there could be no explanation made of Mr. Dorr's conduct that would satisfy his constituency or the party at large. His action is a gross and shameful betrayal of political faith. Whatever his motive may be, persistency in his present course must subject him to suspicions not to be envied.

When we remember that the strongest appeal made to the people who elected him was that he was the nominee of his party, and that his large following was due to the very same reason; it is exceedingly difficult to understand how Mr. Dorr, in the face of these things, can presume to set himself up in opposition the party's nominee for the Senate, and in opposition to the voice of the democratic party of the state. No amount of explanation or excuse can suffice to justify him in the opinion of the public.

It is greatly to be deplored that the power to decide between Goff and Kenna has fallen into the hands of a man who so lightly regards his pledges virtually and absolutely made to the people who were the means of his elevation.

Mr. Dorr may talk of Kenna's destroying the party, but in our opinion the recent conduct of Mr. Dorr has done the democracy of Pocahontas county more harm in a day than Kenna has done in his entire life time.

Ex-United States Senator Camden of this State, has just completed the formation of two companies to further develop the coal fields of the State. One is the Monongahela Railroad Company and the other the Upper Monongahela Coal and Coke Company. The capital stock of $2,000,000 has been all subscribed. Traffic arrangements have been made with the Baltimore & Ohio which it is expected will prove of mutual benefit.

General Stephen D. Lee is nominated for Governor of Mississippi. The old soldiers remember this brilliant soldier, who was a corps commander in Johnson's army after having made a splendid record in the Army of Northern Virginia.

History of the Samoan Troubles.

Troubles have existed among the Samoans since 1830. In that year the German Commercial and Plantation Society at Apia, or, rather, its predecessor, the firm of Godefroy, of Hamburg, stood on the side of Malietoa, a chief belonging to one of the most distinguished families of Samoa. Throughout the succeeding twenty years the foreigners who settled in Samoa—Americans, Englishmen and Germans—sought, by taking sides with or against Malietoa, to strengthen respect for their respective nations, and thereby increase their commerce. In 1878 the United States, which had previously obtained a concession of a magnificient harbor in the Samoa Islands and established a coaling station there, made a treaty with Samoa. The local government in in 1879 being a state of great confusion, Sir Arthur Gordon, as Queen Victoria's commissioner in the Western Pacific, established King Malietoa firmly on the throne and issued a proclamation. This proclamation was followed by a treaty with Malietoa, dated August 18. 1878. In the same year Germany also made a treaty with Malietoa. The treaties entered into between the United States, Great Britian, Germany and Samoa were teraties of friendship and reciprocity, agreed to for the purpose of promoting the trade which American, English and German merchants had gone to the remote Samoan Islands to establish. It was understood and agreed upon among the treaty powers that the independence and neutrality of these islands should be forever preserved. While America and England have remained consistent to the treaty obligations and have recognized Malietoa as the legitimate ruler, the policy of the Germans has been a wavering one. At one time they would reognize Malietoa as King, at another they would take sides with the opposing King. In 1884 King Malietoa was coerced into an agreement with the German Government and sent a protest about it to the German Emperor. Following the protest there was sent a petition to the English Queen, signed by nearly all the Samoan chiefs, praying for annexation to Great Britain on the ground, among others, that they were afraid of being forcibly annexed by the Germans. In 1885 and again in 1886 further attempts were made by Germany to seize the sovereignty of the Samoan Islands, but each time the attempt was successfully resisted by the British and American representatives.

In the autumn of 1886 a German named Brandeis appeared in Apia. The public was given to understand that he was in the service of the German Commercial and Plantation Society Among the employes of this firm, however, it was known that he had been selected to be the Minister of Malietoa's rival. Tamasese, Brandeis at once be an to study local conditions, and worked at times at the German Counsulate, made himself familiar with the business and social relations of Apia, and then went to the home of Tamasese, in the immediate vicinity of the great cotton and cocoa plantation of the German Commercial and Plantation Society. There a house was built and furnished by this society for Brandeis, and there he stayed, without it being publicly known, as the adviser of Tamasese and perfecting himself in the Samoan language. Tamasese and his adherents were then amply supplied with arms and munitions. At the beginning of 1887, within a brief period, hundreds of muskets were sent through the German Commercial and Plantation Society and through Brandeis to Tamasese's party. A little later a German fleet of four or five ships was at anchor in the harbor of Apia. Four days later the German Consul wrote to Malietoa complaining that German settlers had been attacked by the natives on March 22 of that year, and that from time to time during the previous four years the German plantations had been damaged to the amount of thousands of dollars a year. A heavy demand for compensation was made for the damage to the plantations, without a single item of particulars being given to the Samoan King. The monstrous demand was made that the sum claimed for compensation should be paid the next day—a demand which, in such a country, it was practically impossible to meet. The King wrote, promising an answer in three days, and the reply given by the German commander was the landing on the next day of seven hundred troops from his squadron, and the issuing of a proclamation in the name of the Government of Germany, declaring Tamasese King of Samoa. At the same time Malietoa was deported, first to Hamburg, then to Bremerhaven, was lodged and boarded under police supervision at Lehr, a suburb of Bremerhaven, and then was taken to Australia on board the steamship Neckar, by a German naval officer.

The native opposition to Tamasese, or to the Braudeis-Tamasese Government, as it is called, reachep its climax on September 9, 1888, on which date they crowned Mataafa, a legitimate successor to Malietoa, King of Samoa, with the title of Malietoa, Tooa Mataafa. Notices of the event were at once sent to the American English and German Consuls, the French priest, and to Tamasese. Mataafa is still at the head of the Government and is doing all in his power to keep it out of the hands of Tamasese and his German allies. The position of the United States to-day is contained in the following instructions which Secretary Whitney telegraphed to Admiral Kimberly at Panama on January 11:

"You will proceed at once to Samoa and extend full protection to American interests, citizens and property. You will consult with the American Vice-Consul, examine his archives and otherwise inform yourself as to the situation and all recent occurrences. You will protest against the subjugation of the native Samoan Government by Germany as in violation of positive agreement and understanding between the treaty powers, but inform the representatives of the British and German Governments of your readiness to co-opperate in causing all treaty rights to be respected, and in restoring peace and order on the basis of recognition of Samoan rights to independence; endeavor to prevent extreme measures against the Samoans."

The coprah trade of Samoa seems to be the cause of all the present trouble. Coprah, the dried kernel of the cocoanut, is the staple commodity of the Samoan Islands, as it is of all the islands of the Western Pacific. In 1885 the exports of this article for German account were estimated at the value of $222,742. The competition of four American houses has greatly irritated the German traders, their profits being thereby much decreased.

President Cleveland has appointed Col. John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, as Inspector General of the United States army, with rank of brigadier general, and the appointment has been confirmed by the senate.

A. E. Stevenson, at present holding the position of First Assistant Postmaster General, has been appointed to the place upon the Bench of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia made vacant by the death of Judge Merrick.

Dorr Says he doesn't call himself a "Kicker." Neither does a mule.

There is one thing left to console us; they can't call him Dorr of Pocahontas, but he must be spoken of as Dorr of Webster.

On the last ballot for U. S. Senator Mr. Dorr [cut off] Webster County, [cut off]

HOME NEWS

—Dr. G. L. Austin, of Green Bank, was in town Monday night.

—On Monday there was a considerable rise in the waters in this section. The lumbermen were busily engaged driving logs.

—Messrs. John J. Beard and C. F. Moore, with their families, were down at Hillsboro last week attending the funeral of Mr. Joseph Beard.

—James Grimes and Mrs. Jacob [illegible], living near Mill Point, are both on the sick list. Dr. Mathew [illegible] in attendance.

—Geo. R. Curry, Esq., of Hillsboro, steps higher than ever and won't speak to common people. Another big boy at his house.

—Mr. Peck, President of the Beaver Lick Lumber Company, was in Huntersville Monday looking after the interests of his company.

—Mr. John R. Slaven, who has been sick at the Huntersville Hotel for some time died just a few minutes before the paper for this week went to press—Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 2:30 p. m.

—We are informed that H. M. Lockridge, Esq., has for some days been suffering from a renewal of his old trouble, rheumatism.

—N. J. Brown, Esq., Mill Point's enterprising merchant, is keeping up well with the times. He has a full line of spring goods already displayed in his store.

—George Haliday, the young man who was accidentally shot some two weeks ago is said to be doing as well as could be expected.

—Daniel O,Connell, Esq., who is associated with the Cumberland Lumber Company, spent several days in Huntersville last week. Before a great while he contemplates locating in this vicinity and says he intends to run one of the best Buckwheat Mills in the Country.

—Our efficient Constable, Jas. R. Buzzard, while crossing Thorny creek last Monday, narrowly escaped being drowned. His mule stumbled and fell, throwing Mr. Buzzard into the water. Fortunately he was thrown near a fence, by means of which he succeeded in getting ashore.

—The Delineator for March is fully up to its usual excellence. The publishers of this magazine spare no pains nor expense to make their publication what the ladies demand. It's one of the very best illustrated periodicals in the country. Price $1.00 per year. Published by The Butteric Publishing Co., 7, 9 & 11 West Thirteenth St., N. Y.

A CARD OF THANKS.—I desire to express my thanks to the people of Huntersville, and others, for the kindness shown me during my recent affliction at Hotel Pocahontas. I shall ever remember it with sincere gratitude.

DANIEL MURRY.

[illegible] Happenings.

Heavy rains and plenty of mud.

Mr. E. I. Holt is off on a trip to [illegible] Flats.

Miss Dosbie Sharp, of Douthard's creek, entered last week as a pupil of the H. M. and F. Academy.

Messrs. John Hill, of Kansas and Winters Beard, of Missouri, are visiting friends and relatives at this place.

Miss Lena Hill, of Jacox, entered this morning as a pupil of the H. M. and F. Academy.

We had four trials in town last Saturday. I tell you a man has to walk straight while he stays in town now.

The Hillsboro division of the Sons of Temperance are gaining ground every day, and doing an excellent work at this place.

Died, on last Thursday morning Mr. Joseph Beard, of Rheumatism of the chest. Mr. Beard was an aged and respected citizen and a devout member of the M. E. Church, South. All deeply sympathize with his sorrowing relatives, but we feel that his home is now with the Blest.

PRUNELLA.

Died

At his home in Hillsboro, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on the 14th day of Feb. 1889, Joseph Beard, in the 79th year of his age.

In the death of Joseph Beard Pocahontas county loses one of her oldest and most respected citizens, whose long and eventful life is honorably and inseprably identified with the history of the county. He was born in Greenbrier county, W. Va. on the 29th day of Sept., 1810, and removed to Pocahontas county in the year 1857. Early in life he was united in marriage to Mattie Jordan, daughter of John Jordan, Esq., with whom he happily lived till the day of his death, and who now survives him, an aged and lonely widow. As the issue of this marriage were born three children; one son, John J. Beard, the present Clerk of the Courts of Pocahontas county, and two daughters, Mrs. Isaac McNeel, and Mrs. Wm. L. McNeel, now deceased.

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He will long and widely be missed. He was affectionate and indulgent toward his kindred, and true in his friendship. He was a good and useful citizen, ever ready to contribute in any manner to the good of society and of his country. But most of all will be missed by his church, whose interests were first in his heart. His life is ended, but its influence will still be felt, and truly may it be said of him that "being dead he yet speaketh."

DIED.—At the home of his parents on Knapp's Creek in Pocahontas County, on the 15th day of Feb., 1889, Pryne Herold, youngest son of Andrew Herold, Esq.

The immediate cause of his death we are informed was diabetes. He had been sick a very short while, and when it was announced that he was dead his many friends were greatly surprised and shocked. Pryne was a bright, promising boy, highly esteemed by all who knew him. His premature death is a grievous stroke to his family and friends, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy in their bereavement.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA.

Volume XI. carries this work from Debt to Dominie. The 640 pages are packed with information of just the kind which the vast majority of reading people desire to obtain. Like its predecessors it is truly manifold in its character. In a single volume it gives an unabridged dictionary, and a cyclopedia of information which is ample for practical use, is fully reliable, and is brought down to the present year. Among the articles treated at some length we notice that Debt, with its various sub-heads, has over 7 pages; while kindred topics, as Debtor and Creditor, occupy over 6 pages more. Delaware has about 5 pages; Delirum Tremens, 4 pages; Democracy, nearly 7 pages; Denmark, about 10 pages; Dentistry, about 6 pages; Descent of Man, 6 pages; Development, 11 pages; Diet, 8 pages; Digestion, 23 pages; Diphtheria, 5 pages. There are, also, a large number of really helpful illustrations. The form of the book is most convenient; the paper, printing, and binding are all very good. This is emphatically the Cyclopedia for the people, and the extremely low price—onlp 50 cents a volume in cloth, or 65 cents in holf Morocco—brings it within the reach of all. A specimen volume may be ordered and returned if not satisfactory. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Atlanta, and San Francisco.

The New Cabinet Officer.

NORMAN J. COLMAN,

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

Presidents Clevelands appointment of Norman J. Colman as Secretary of Agriculture, the new Cabinet office, is universally approved. During the administration about to close this distinguished man has been Commissioner of the Department of Agriculture. As head of a department comprising Seed, Entomological, Horticultural, Pomological and Propagating, Statistical, Chemical, Forestry and Veterinary divisions, he has been eminently successful in carrying out the intention of the law of May 15, 1862, which established the Department of Agriculture.

The new Cabinet officer is a New Yorker by birth and a Missourian by adoption. He was born at Richfield Springs, in 1827. From the age of sixteen up to twenty-eight he was a teacher in New York State, and Louisville Kentucky. While at Louisville he studied law and took the degree of LL. B. He subsequently formed a partnership with M. C. Kerr, afterward Speaker at Washington, and began practice at New Albany, Indiana. Mr. Colman became District Atterney. In 1865 he removed to St. Louis and bought out an agricultural paper. Mr. Colman is the suggestor and originator of the Missouri Horticultural Society, the State Board of Agriculture. He was a member of the Legislature during the exciting political contest of 1865-66 which passed the Drake Constitution, and was a leader of his party. In 1868 he was nominated for Lieutenant Governor but was defeated. He was unanimously nominated for Lieutenant-Governor and elected in 1874. During the war he was a Union man and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifteenth Regiment of enrolled Missouri militia. Secretary Colman is a power in his command of information pertaining to agriculture and kindred subjects.

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the 20th day of January, 1888, and on the 18th day of October, 1888, in the Chancery cause of N. J. Brown vs. E. N. Grant Jr. and others, the undersigned Special Commissioner will proceed to sell on

SATURDAY, MARCH THE 23rd, 1889

in front of N. J. Brown's store at Mill Point, Pocahontas County, W. Va., at public auction to the highest bidder 16½ acres of land, the property of the defendant, E. N. Grant, Jr. Said land is situate near Greenbrier river, about one mile from Mill Point in this County, is fertile and in a fine state of cultivation and has a comfortable dwelling house and out buildings upon it.

TERMS OF SALE—Enough cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale and the residue upon a credit of 6, 12 and 18 months, the purchaser giving bonds with approved security for the deferred payments; bearing interest from date and a lein to be retained until all the purchase money is paid.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Secial Commissioner.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD,
Cl'k Cir. Ct.

feb 21 4t Printers fee $8.23.

Fiduciary Notice.

The following Fiduciary accounts are before me for settlement.

George W. Callison Adm'r of Martha E. Dorsey, dec'd.

Charles Lightner, Ex'r of William Lightner, dec'd.

I. B. Moore, Adm'r of Margaret Moore, dec'd.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Com'r Accts.

FIDUCIARY 2.

The following fiduciary accounts are before me for settlement.

L. M. McClintic and C. F. Moore, Adm'rs of Jacob, Bible, dec'd.

JAMES W. WARWICK,
Com'r Acc'ts.

Commissioner,s Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered on the 16th day of October, 1888, in the chancery cause of

John W. McNeel's adm'r.

vs.

John W. McNeel's Heirs, et als.

I, as Special Commissioner appointed in said decree, shall proceed, in front of the Court House of said County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to the dower of the widow therein, on the

8TH DAY OF MARCH, 1889,

the following real estate, situate in said County, to-wit: A certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro on the Hill s Creek Road; and also, another certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying above the first mentioned lot, in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro. Both of said lots were bought by J. W. McNeel from James Griffy. They are valuable lots, and the title is believed to be clear.

TERMS OF SALE:

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue of purchase money the purchaser will be required to give bonds, with good and approved personal security, bearing interest from day of sale, falling due in Six and Twelve months respectively from date, and a lien will be retained as ultimate security.

H. S. RUCKER, Spec'l Com'r.

Bond, as required by law has been given by the above Special Commissioner.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

jan. 10 4-t Printers fee $6,75.

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE.
LOURY & MOORE,
PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Feb. 21, 1889.

Weather and Common Sense.

It does not always require that a man should be a prophet to make a shrewd guess as to what the weather will be some months in advance. There are probabilities, we will not say certainties, regarding times and seasons that are obvious to every one who knows the difference between storm and calm, heat and cold. We know, for instance, that one extreme is likely to follow another. If one winter is extremely cold it is highly probable it will be followed by another correspondingly moderate. An unusually cold wave so called, will generally be succeeded by a spell of weather of great mildness for the season. To a very dry season, or a succession of dry seasons; there is sure to succeed a period of weather to make up the deficiency of rainfall. If any particular spring is cold and wet and late, we may generally expect that the succeeding autumn will be warm and pleasant, and that winter will be slow in coming. If the entire year should be bad on account of the excessive cold or unseasonable storms, the compensation may not come till the next year, but that it will come in time is as sure as that the sun will continue to rise and set. It is one of the first laws of nature that rain shall alternate with sunshine, storm with calm and heat with cold, and it is by studying these movements of the elements more closely than the rest of mankind that some pretended weather prophets have occasionally succeeded in coming somewhere near the truth in their predictions.—San Francisco Chronicle.

That Meeting.

Pursuant to a call, the Democrats of this country, met at the Court-house, to take action, and pass resolutions in regard to the conduct of Hon C. P. Dorr, delegate of this county, in not giving his support to Hon John E. Kenna, for re-nomination and re-election to the U. S. Senate.

T. B Horan called the House to order, stating the object of the meeting, and on his motion W. H. Hoover was made chairman, and B. D. Hutchison secretary. The chair appointed T. B. Horan, P. W. Bruffy and E. H. Morton, who reported Resolutions which were unanimously adopted. The Resolutions set forth the fact that the democracy of the Delegate District, and who are Mr. Dorr's constituents desire Mr. Kennas' re election and to instruct our Hon. delegate to vote to that end, etc., etc.

On motion of T. B. Horan a copy of the Resolutions were sent to Hon. John E. Kenna, and on motion of the secretary, a copy also be sent to Hon. C. P. Dorr.

After speeches by Hon. C. Mc Dodrill, Horan and Hutchison, the meeting adjourned.—Addison Clipper.

The Horses Were Spared.

When Mr. Cole, a well know circus proprietor in the south, sold his stock in New Orleans, three dun ring horses that he had owned for years went with the others by mistake. Mr. Cole at once bought them back, saying he would never consent to have the horses become the property of any one who would make them work, and he had decided to put them to a painless death. He proposed to bleed them to death, but W. B. Leonard, a liveryman, suggested that the use of chloroform would be a little better and less painful mode. This was finally decided upon, and a reliable man procured, who was to have performed the operation.

They were all collected in the circus tent. There was Cole, Leonard, the riders and the clowns, the ringmaster, the tumblers and the leapers and the three pet duns. Calling the little mare by name, he told her to kiss them all good-by. The intelligent animal, stretching forward her head, kissed each one. This was more than they could stand, and the sacrifice was put off. Cole had no place to take them to, so Mr. Leonard promised to find some one who would assume charge of them, under a guarantee never to work them, but to keep them in good order until death should claim them for the grave.—St. Louis Republic.

Good Humor and Good Discipline.

Several years ago the convicts in a large penitentiary conspired together and made an unsuccessful attempt to escape. In the struggle the leader of the prisoners and one of the keepers were killed. The men were secured, but they remained in a gloomy and vindictive temper for months afterward.

Stricter discipline was enforced, and then after sometime, kindness was tried to conciliate them. Their rations improved in quality and several new privileges were granted them, but it was all in vain.

"We are sleeping on a volcano," the warden reported, "They are in a murderous humor."

He then recommended the appointment of a certain Dan Pickerell as assistant warden, the man who held that office being a grim, sarcastic fellow, especially disliked by the prisoners. Dan was inexorably firm as an officer, but he was a fat jolly embodiment of good humor. He exacted every jot and tittle of service from the convicts; but, that rendered, he took an interest in them, in their rheumatism their toothaches, their children, their plans for life after discharge.

They were human beings to him, not numbered beasts in cages; he was not afraid to joke and laugh with them. In two weeks' time the men were quiet and contented. Good humor had done its work The revolt was over.

"Good humor," says a German writer, "is one of the rank and file of human virtues, which we are apt to overlook; but it wins more battles in life than do a mighty intellect or lofty imagination."—Youth's Companion.

Leather Shoes for Horses.

The day will come when the present mode of protecting the foot of the horse will be discovered to be a mistake. Its horny substance was never intended to be pierced by nails. No wonder that so many horses fall lame and are perpetually ruined. We were recently shown a horse shod in leather. It struck us as an excellent idea and worthy of adoption. We should not be surprised that leather shoes had superseded shoes of iron. If, however, iron be a necessity, let it be nailed on the leather shoe. Now, shoemakers, please get up a neat set, and show them to all your horsey friends. Don't take "no" for an answer; stick to them till you have overcome their prejudices. When you have succeeded apply to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for a medal and if they decline to give you one be content to know that you have done more good than the society in question with all its wealth.—Scotch Paper.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, May., 16, 1889. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 43.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,
Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. SNYDER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

DR. I. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

DR. S. P. PATTERSON,
Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

THE FAR PASTURE.

There are water-cress, and Brindle and Bess,
 And Brownie and Bonnie Kate—
Though I am to mind her,
Nowhere can I find her—
 And now it is growing late.

Over the meadows and through the shadows,
 I have sought her long and well—
At last I have found her,
Tall grasses around her,
 Led by the sound of the bell.

She had gone astray, and had lost her way
 In the clover blossoms white,
The cool, sweet clover,
Tempted her over
 To the pasture far, tonight.

I tenderly led her, through valley and meadow,
 To lead and not drive, seemed but right.
'Twas the sweet rank clover,
That tempted her over—
 And who of us always does right?

And the strangest feeling is o'er me stealing,
 And seems through the shawdows to come:
As beneath the wide bars,
And the silver stars,
"Bonnie Katie" and I go home.

The damp dew is falling,
 And voices are calling,
I too have strayed off from the right—
And the sweet red clover, has tempted me over,

 But oh! will he blame me; or seek to reclaim me?
 If I call to Him now, will He come?
And over the meadows, and
Through all the shadows,
 Lead his poor wanderer home?

—M. E. NOBLE.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

The small but thriving and enterprising town of Seedville, in the State of Ohio, was plentifully posted with bills bearing the above title, lavishly printed in all the hues of the rainbow. How the manager of the Seedville Academy of Music ever succeeded in securing so great a star of the dramatic firmament as Charles Cheriton was a matter of much speculation and wonder to all but Seedville citizens; but then Seedville always was smart for a small place and managed to keep abreast of the great cities of the country in everything, from natural gas to natural actors. And if the lively manager was enable to furnish high-class entertainment for the play-goers of Seedville, the said play-goers were not mean enough to pass by the opportunity with unappreciative indifference. They read the show-bills, bought their tickets and on every evening thronged the seats of the really pretty theatre.

The piece was what is technically known as a high-class comedy, but it was a comedy in which was displayed a good deal of the tragedy of mental suffering, of misunderstandings, of cross purposes and bitterness of heart; though, from the fact that all the pain and sorrow was finally turned into gladness and joy through the instrumentality of a little child, men termed it a comedy.

The drama gave the principal actor, Charles Cheriton, a fine opportunity for displaying his power of acting, and many a time had this man moved great audiences almost to tears in his representations of the deep passions of human nature.

On the particular evening which concerns our story, Cheriton was at his best. With the rare modulations of his deep, far-reaching voice, with his expressive features and gesticulations he swayed the feelings of the throng before him as the autumn winds bend the topmost boughs of the forest trees.

Toward the end of the second act the large audience noticed that the actor did not do his part justice, and not during the rest of the evening did he rise to his usual standard of excellency. No one knew the cause, for, in the intense interest felt in the paly, no one had perceived a little wee baby figure steal quietly down the extreme left aisle of the balcony. No one but Cheriton. He was in the midst of his delivery of some most pathetic lines and his eyes were raised upward, so that they rested precisely on the balcony aisle to the left of the stage. He saw the tiny but graceful form of a child—a little girl—not five years old, clad in a quaint, but rich and dainty, dress of black velvet with ruffled sleeves and white lace edging at the wrists and neck; he noticed the broad-brimmed hat trimmed with a narrow but exquisite wreath of simple meadow daisies, and above all he beheld, beneath the hat, the cluster of sunny, golden hair and the clear blue eyes of the childish, angel face.

The baby, with baby grace and abandon, stole softly down to the balcony rail, upon which she rested her little arms, and with her chin nestling in her dimpled hands (like one of Ralphael's cherrubs) silently watched the play. Cheriton felt absolutely certain that the baby was the child of—well, a woman he once knew. He was positive of it, and would have backed his opinion with every thing he possessed.

He was no longer in the Seedville Academy of Music. Mechanically he proceeded with his part in the performance, but he saw none of the people before him, save the baby—and even the baby only served to remind him of another face, long since lost to him—while his thoughts and memory were afar off in a city of the sunny South.

He remembered how in the City of Mexico, exactly six years before, he had loved with a mad and irrestible passion just such a fair sweet face as was the baby's in the balcony; he recollected the faultless form, the natural grace of movement and the bewitching smile; he called to mind the sunny hair and the quaint dresses of velvet and old lace—yes, it all came back to him with the baby leaning there over the balcony rail. How he tried to forget it all, on the stage and off! How he had sought to bury it far out of his sight and memory! He had traveled East, West and North (never South) only at last to find the past as fresh as ever, in the little theatre of quiet Seedville.

Naught saw he of the footlights or the orchestra, of the stage or the house—he was away on a vine-covered veranda in the outskirts of the City of Mexico. He was telling a fair young girl of his love and adoration, and ringing in his ears was her cold, hard reply: "It is impossible, to-morrow I am to be married."

The second act of the play came to an end. When the curtain rose for the third and last act, the baby had disappeared.

The performance was almost concluded when through that terror stricken assemblage rang the alarm of "Fire!"

Aroused from his reveries and dreams of the past Cheriton became aware that smoke was issuing from the left wings. He was quickly alive to the situation, and stepping to the edge of the stage, in a loud and commanding voice he directed the movements of the affrighted men, women and children.

The fire quickly gained on the building, and before the one fire engine of Seedville could get to work the theatre was doomed.

Cheriton was one of the last to leave the stage, and when he did so the danger to the audience was over, for all had reached the street. When the alarm of fire was given Cheriton was attired for the play as a laboring man, without coat and vest; so dressed he appeared on the street.

Standing with the crowd watching the flames was a beautiful woman, perhaps twenty-five or twenty six years old. As Cheriton emerged from the building he was cheered by the crowd, and casting his eyes (from force of habit acquired on the stage) along the throng of faces, it rested on this woman.

He was seized with an inspiration, and rushing hastily to her, he grasped her arm tightly and almost rudely.

'Were you in the theatre to-night?'

'Yes.'

'Alone?'

'No; with my mother.'

'No one else—positively, no one else?'

'No one.'

'Ah,' thought Cheriton, as he hastened away, 'the child was left at home and, doubtless, knowing where her mother had gone, followed her to the theatre.'

By this time the fire was all over the house and the auditorium was filled with a dense mass of smoke. But heedless of the scorching heat, the blinding and suffocating smoke, and deaf to the warning cries of the firemen, Charley Cheriton rushed into the ill-fated building. He made his way to the left aisle of the balcony which was standing yet, and there, near the railing fast asleep *or dead*, he found the fair-haired baby girl. He grabbed a shawl which some one had left in the hurry to escape, and dashing again through the smoke and flames emerged once more on to the street.

A loud hurrah and deafening hand clapping greeted him, but he walked straight to the lady whom he had before addressed.

'Here is your little girl, madam. I noticed her in the balcony this evening. Do not be afraid; I just felt her move and heard her try to speak. If you will show me your house I will carry her home for you.'

The lady was too much affected to speak. Silently they walked a short distance until they reached a pleasant home not far from the theatre.

When they entered the parlor the mother took her child and mentioned Cheriton a seat.

In a few minutes the lady returned.

'My baby is not hurt at all, and is now sleeping as if nothing had happened. Mr. Cheriton, how can I thank you?'

'I am thanked sufficiently already,' he replied.

Then there was silence. It was a strange meeting; the actor in his stage costume, his sleeves rolled up, his hair and moustache singed and his face blackened by the smoke, while near him sat a beautiful woman scarce able to restrain her tears.

He waited until she regained some composure, and then he rose as if to go.

'Good-bye,' he said. 'I am glad to have been able to give you your little girl. I suppose you have nothing more to say to me, so good-bye.' He held out his hand as he spoke and she took it in both of hers.

'Yes, I have something more to say, and I will say it whatever you think of me for doing so.

'Listen. Six years ago you thought me heartless and cruel because I told you that it was impossible to marry you, though you thought I had given you to understand that I loved you. Well, I did love you. Perhaps it is unwomanly to say it but I did love you. The man I married—the father of my little girl—died before the baby was born. He was a good man, a good husband, but I did not love him. I loved you all the time and sacrificed love and happiness for what I thought to be duty. Charley, I love you still; you have saved my little girl—will you save me? Save me from a lonely, unhappy future and from all the misery of bitter memories? Will you, Charley?'

Well, every thing had seemed very strange to Charley Cheriton that New Year's Eve—the place, the baby, the fire, this meeting—but somehow it did not seem at all strange when he passed his large bare and blackened arm around the slender waist, while the well-rounded head with its fair hair rested upon the smoke-begrimmed shirt which covered his broad shoulder, And he thought of the title of his play—"A little child shall lead them."

Two gentleman were walking on F street yesterday when one said:

"Let's cross the street. There comes a man to whom I owe some money, and I don't want to meet him."

"Does he dun you?"

"No; that's the worst of it. He never speaks of it."

After they had crossed over the debtor walked on some distance in thoughtful silence. Then he said, seriously:

"I wish that man would get mad about it and go at me with a club. I can't pay him the money, and I wish he would thrash me like fury and settle the matter so that I wouldn't ever be afraid again to meet him."

There is a bit of good, clean human nature in that reflection.

The minister was dining with the family, and Bobby thus spoke out:

"Ma, what's an adjective?"

His mother explained the meaning of the word, and then foolishly asked him why he wanted to know.

"Because I heard pa say that the sermon this morning was a dayvilish poor one; and when I asked to tell me what 'dayvilish' was he said it was an adjective."

Stranger—Where is the county seat?"

Kansas (as "dark, funnel-shaped cloud" approaches)—Wal, it's yere if that thar cyclone goes slaunchwise towards Hennecker's. If it don't the location uv the county seat is liable to be sorto indefinite an' promiscuous like, to speak.

A well-known scientist announces that he is about to write a book which shall go a long way "towards bridging the psychological distance which separates the gorilla from the gentleman." He has set himself a hard task. Had he substituted the word "monkey" for "gorilla," and "dude" for "gentleman" he would be sure of success.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

May 16 1889.

The town of Staford, Kan., was wiped out by a cyclone last week.

There is going on in Richmond, Va. a tremendous religious upheavel among the negroes.

Two young men in Summerset, Pa., hanged their father to get their inheritance.

Was it the Harrison family or the republican party that was elected last November.

All the records smashed. The City of Paris crosses the ocean in 5 days 23 hours and 7 minutes.

The State claims 90,000 population for Richmond, with a suburban populatio of 25,000 more.

THE Parkersburg Journal seems to think that the prospects for the "Black Diamond" railroad are more encourageing.

Had it been Cleveland, it would have been tariff reduction—as it is, Harrison and wage reduction, remarks an observant exchange.

Carter B. Harrison, who was last week appointed marshal of the middle district of Tennessee, is a brother of the President.

Mrs. Louisa Sheffy, of Staunton, is dead. It was just about four weeks after the death of her lamented husband, Judge Sheffy.

The only woman ever convicted of horse stealing in Missouri was a beautiful girl of 18 years, on May 7. The jury gave her two years.

IT is said that they have had to put folding beds into the White House to accommadate the numerous branches of the presidential family.—Ex.

Henry W. Grady, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, is to address the literary societies of the University of Virginia at their final celebration on the 25th of June.

It is intimated the President will spend a portion of the heated term in the mountains of West Virginia, near Davis, on the new West Virginia Central Railroad.

It is conceded by republicans as well as democrats that the best all round speech at the New York centennial was delivered by ex-President Cleveland in response to the toast, "Our country."

Frank W. Palmer, of Illinois, has been appointed Public Printer. The newspapers offices along the railways leading out of Washington will now prepare for a deluge of tramp printers.—Ex.

Where is the increase in the price of wool that the republican orators told you about so positively last fall if a republican President was elected? In fact where is anything true that they told you?

ELEVEN fourth class postmasters were removed in Pocahontas county last week. Clarkson is getting in his work pretty fast.—Braxton Democrat.

Mr. Democrat we haven't heard of them as yet.

There are five banks and six newspapers and an average daily sale of fifty dollars worth of postage stamps in Guthrie, Oklahoma, a town which did not exist prior to April 22nd. In a few days more we may expect to hear it boasting, with the rest of its occidental contemporaries of "the finest opera house west of the Mississippi."

Where is the protection to American labor that you republicans talk about? We don't know where it is! but there is one thing we do know, that there are thousands of working men, working for whatever compensation they can get, and thousands upon thousands who are out of employment altogether, and have large families in a starving condition.

West Virginia is talking a phenomenal boom. More miles of railroad will be constructed during the present year than in any other one year in her history, and she is a Democratic state, too. Our Republican friends who are continually howling about old fogies and moss-backs and claiming that nothing but a Republican administration can attract capital into a state, should make a note of this.—Charleston Daily Star.

Rather a funny little episode happened near Philippi last week. A young man went to the clerk of the court and obtained a permit to wed a young lady. On his way home he called at the residence of another young lady, to whom he had been paying some attention, and exhibited to her his license to wed her rival. She, with rather more spirit than her sex usually possesses, getting the paper into her possession, very deliberately preceeded to tear it to pieces, and consign it to the flames, and the young man was compelled to postpone the wedding to another day.—Nicholas Chronicle.

The New York World sees in Mr. Cleveland's conduct, since his retirement from the Presidency, many evidences that he again aspires to become his party's leader in the next National struggle. It sees in Mr. Harrison's disregard of the civil service, and the consequent disgust of the mugwamp element with the President, an opportunity for Mr. Cleveland. It says: "If Mr. Cleveland can and will make himself the exponent and champion of the real ideas and true principals of Reform—reform in politics, reform in administration, reform in legislation, reform in justice—his nomination would be quite possible, and he would have a vigorous supporter in the World."

Is it possible that the World is beginning to arrive at the light at last? It lists a number of reforms which it would have Mr. Cleveland to make himself the champion and exponent of, on condition of its vigorous support. Well could Mr. Cleveland say to this proposition: "All these things have I kept from my youth up." The World knows that it is setting no pattern for Mr. Cleveland. He walked the reformer's path all through his administration, and hence his defeat. No man could have done more than he in the way of the reforms indicated—because no man was ever more honest, or firmer than he. The open opposition of the World to Mr. Cleveland began the very hour of his inauguration, and was fierce, relentless and unjust from that day till now. We are glad to see it ready to acknowledge at last that the man to lead the Democracy to victory in 1892 is Grover Cleveland.—Kanawha Gazette.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 10th.—Harrison made the best appointment that he has yet made when he selected Ex-Gov. Thompson, of South Carolina, as the democratic member of the Civil Service Commission. Gov. Thompson was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Cleveland's administration, and was during the last days of Congress appointed by Mr. Cleveland to the same position he has just received from a Republican President, but the Senate did not act on his nomination.

There is a weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth among the little crowd of late applicants for the position of Public Printer, five of whom are understood to have made a combination, each promising to give the other four appointments in the office if made Public Printer, over the fact that the coveted prize has gone to Ex-Congressman Frank W. Palmer, formerly postmaster at Chicago. Whether Harrison suspected the "combine" which these applicants had entered into I can not say, but it is known that some days ago he told a gentleman that he should not appoint any of the applicants up to that time and asked him to name a good man for the office. Palmer was named, and after further investigation the office was tendered to him, and he accepted it. When the appointment was made public it was really amusing to see the members of the "combine" chasing around trying to find somebody to introduce them to the new Public Printer so they could get in their applications for the "fat" positions under him. It is thought that one of these men-Donath, nominally of Pennsylvania, really of the District of Columbia, may lose his mind so great a shock has the disappointment been at not being made Public Printer. He was so certain that he was to get the appointment that he had already given away several of the most important places in the Government Printing office.

It is evidently the purpose of the the republican politicians to make the census bureau an asylum for their political proteges. The Interior Department has decided that the appointments in this bureau will have next year when it gets regularly to work, over 1500 clerks, besides an army of special agents, and the most of these will be kept for two years or longer. It will be a great convenience to prominent republicans to use these positions to pay off their political debts, and if the appointments were made under civil service rules that would be impossible.

The first of the fifteen contested election cases which are to come before the Fifty-first Congress was opened by the Clerk of the House this week. It was Calmers vs. Morgan, of the second Mississippi District.

Harrison having provided a snug place for his brother is now, so it is said, about to appoint Blaine's brother to one of the most lucrative local offices in Washington Register of Wills.

The new Secretary of Agriculture in order to prove his familiarity with farming implements, and maybe to get solid with the farmers of the country, put in a half an hour cutting grass with a scythe in the grounds surrounding his department, one day this week. Of course he was entirely ignorant of the fact that several newspaper men had their eyes on him during the entire performance.

Republicans are already beginning to compare Harrison with Hays and Arthur, they say that he is timid almost to the extent of cowardice.

It is said that the Post office Department is appointing clerks in the Railway Mail Service and dating their appointments in April in order to avoid compliance with civil service rules under which all such appointments should have been made since May.

Senator Gorman thinks that Calvin S. Brice will be elected chairman of the National democratic committee to succeed the late ex-Senator Barnum. This is taken here to mean that Senator Gorman will not accept the position.

Theodore Roosevelt of N. Y., who has just been appointed as one of the republican Civil Service Commissioners, is a pronounced free trader. Funny isn't it, that a man elected President solely because he was a rigid protectionist should give such a prominent appointment to a free trader.

The newspaper man's luck has not yet deserted him. The new Public Printer is a member of the fraternity.

ANNO[illegible]ENT.

TO THE VOT[illegible] POCAHONTAS COUNTY.

By the re[illegible] many persons from d[illegible] parts of the County, I here[illegible] nce myself a candidate fo[illegible] to the office of Coun[illegible] erintendant. Thanking you [illegible] favors, I again solicit y[illegible] at the coming electio[illegible] 1889.

[illegible] MATHEWS.

MASON[illegible]

HUNTER[illegible] LODGE NO. 65, A. [illegible] A. M.—The time of regular [illegible] of this Lodge is on the [illegible] evening preceding each Full [illegible] unless the Moon falls on Fr[illegible] then on that evening.

J. H. Do[illegible] W. M.,
S. P. Pat[illegible], Sec'ty.

6 31

HOME [illegible] NEWS

—Sheep Sheari[illegible]

—Corn plantin[illegible] is over.

—More new subscribers this week.

—A special term of the County Court met last Tuesday.

—What's the matter with the correspondents this week.

—Geo. W. Siple, of Green Bank was in the city Tuesday.

—Rain and sunshine make grass grow.

—Charley Arbogast was, in town Tuesday.

—Sheriff McNeel was in Huntersville Tuesday.

—L. W. Herold, of Frost was in Huntersville Tuesday.

—Lots of new Subscribers this week. Let more come.

—E. A. Gibbs, of Raph[illegible] Co., is in town.

—Capt. Stofer, who has been on Elk for some time has returned.

—[illegible]ave Jelinko, of Charleston was in town last week.

—A. F. Wickline, of Monroe Co., was in our city last Thursday.

—S. M. Walls of Baltimore, was in town Sunday.

—L. B. Trent, of Huntington was in town last week.

Go to John Warts & Co, Frankford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. may 9 12t

—Andrew Price, and Henry McGlaughlin were in town the first of the week.

Buggy harness and Saddles at $3, $10 and up to $40 at A. P. Leist's Ronceverte, W. Va. 30 2m

—The County Court, Messrs. Moore and Beard, were here Tuesday.

—A Barbour county man is going to put thirty-seven acres of ground in peanuts.

A nice line of ladies hats just received at Herold & Moore's, Frost, W. Va.

—Eli Baker, has been appointed postmaster at Beverly, Randolph Co.

Sewing machines from $25 to $50; warranted, for sale by A. P. Leist, Ronceverte, W. Va. 30 2m.

—They are going to vote for a six months school in the Little Levels.

If you want a good suit of clothes go to Herold & Moore's, Frost, W. Va.

—Lots of fishing going on now. The fellow who catches the biggest fish is usually the biggest liar.

—Don't forget that we are trying to run a good local paper, and want the news and if you know of any thing please report.

NOTICE.

The Final Celebration of Hillsboro Male and Female Academy will take place Thursday and Friday evenings May 23rd and 24th [illegible]. Exercises will begin prompt[illegible] at 7:30 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to the Public to attend.

W. B. L[illegible],
Principal.

—B. Dever, of Knapp's [illegible] was at this place Tuesday.

Go to Herold & Moore's, F[illegible] W. Va., for your dry goods and [illegible]tions. Best styles and lowest pri[illegible]ces.

—The State Press Association of this State meets at Wellsburg, on the 18th of June.

Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made of John Warts & Co., Frankford, W. Va. may 9 12t

—C. E. Hoge, of Christiansburg, Va., was at this place the first of the week.

Call an examine our stock of queensware, we can suit you in both quality and Price. Herold & Moore, Frost, W. Va.

John Warts & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be here during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. may 9 12t

—Messrs. E. H. Moore, Joe. McNeel and R. M. Beard, of Academy, were in to see us Tuesday. Mr. Beard was driving a fine pair of match bay mares.

—Sheriff McNeel and C. E. Beard, brought one Percy Townsend to jail last Tuesday, on a capious for non-payment of fines &c., made at the last term of the Court.

—The Greenbrier Independent says that Mr. John Furgissong, of Lewisburg, died at his home, on Thursday last, the 2nd inst., in his 74th year.

—Don't forget that next Tuesday 21st is school election day. Come to the polls and vote for Mr. M. G. Mathews, for County Superintendent; he is the only candidate in the field.

Herold & Moore, Frost, W. Va., have just returned from the east, and are now receiving the nicest, best and most complete stock of goods they have ever offered the public, which will be sold low down for cash or good produce.

—Messrs. R. C. McCollough, Geo. Grant and C. A. Church, were in this vicinity a part of last week looking after inducements for a branch railroad from the C. & O., from the White Sulphur to this place.

—Don't forget the poor editor when you have a news item, says an eastern exchange. If your wife licks you, let us know it, and we will set it all right before the public. If you have company, tell us, if you are not ashamed of your visitors. If a youngster arrives at your house begging for raiment, buy a lot of cigars and come around, and, if you are a cash subscriber, we will find a name for him or her as the circumstances will permit. And if you have a social gathering of a few of your friends, bring around a big cake, seven or eight pies and a ham not necessarily to eat, but as a guarantee of good faith. You needn't bother about inviting us, for our wardrobe isn't suitable for the occasion. We mention these things because we want the news, and we are bound to have it.

Lou is Dead.

The faithful old nag belonging to Capt. Stofer, passed beyond this world of toil, a few days ago, on Elk. She was 22 years old, and has long since through the Capt's. generosity, been the errand nag of our town, and her death will be regretted by those who depended on her, when they wanted to ride a short distance.

Mill Point Pickings.

Fine weather for planting corn and making garden.

Withrow McClintic and M. F. Gum left last Thursday for Raleigh Co.

The farmers are nearly all done planting corn.

Mr. [illegible] has moved to Hillsboro.

Mr. J. T. [illegible] is quite ill at this writing.

Miss Mary [illegible] is visiting in our neighborhood.

We had a big rain and hail storm last Saturday night.

E. P. G.

[illegible] of Sheriff [illegible] J. McN[illegible] W. Herold was appointed deputy sheriff.

Samuel M. Gay was appointed Superintendant of the roads over which Jas. Gibson, Jr., is toll collector, in the room and stead of Samuel B. Moore, refusing to act as such Superintendent.

The following commissioners of election were appointed for the school election the 21st of May.

Traveler's Repose;

Peter D. Yeager, A. M. V. Arbogast and Lafayette Burner.

Green Bank;

John R. Warwick, J. H. Patterson, and Adam Arbogast.

Dunmore;

Wm. H. Cackley, Ernest M. Moore and George Arbogast.

Frost;

Andrew Herold, I. B. Moore and W. A. T. Sharp.

Huntersville;

D. A. Fisher, S. L. Brown and Sheldon Moore.

Edray;

Geo. K. Gay, Wm. M. Sharp and W. T. Via.

Split Rock;

E. D. King, S. S. Varner and Harman Sharp.

Little Levels;

R. V. Hill, Jno P. Kinnison and C. W. Eskridge.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—A dispatch from Wheeling, W. Va., says a terrible accident is reported from Braxton county. P. H. Harr and family lived in a thinly settled district, and on Sunday last, May 5th, he and his wife and two children started to visit a neighbor. The mountain stream in their path was swollen out of its banks, but Harr attempted to cross in a canoe. Half way over the boat capsized and the whole family were thrown out. The wife and one child immediately sank. Harr, who was an expert swimmer, seized the other child and made desperate efforts to escape. He caught on to the canoe, but was swept down the stream and perished before help could reach him. The bodies have all been recovered.—Ex.

The Suicidal Mania.

The readers of the newspapers recently must have observed that the suicidal mania in this country threatens to become an epidemic. In Chicago there are five sucides a day. Since the first of April there hav[illegible] over a hundred in the coun[illegible] and since the first of January, over six hundred.

What is the matter with the people? Why are they so anxious to shuffle of off this mortal coil? Statistics show that the men who go off and deliberately kill themselves are the very ones who can be of some service to the state and to the country. The Chicago Tribune says that "within the last three months three clergyman, three post-masters, six physicians, twelve well-to-do merchants, seven office-holders, three lawyers, three bankers, four railroad officials, two artists, three mayors, one journalist, one army officer and two capitalists have, for various reasons, voluntarily shuffled off this mortal coil."

Where is the physician who can minister to this form of disease? Where is the sanitarian who is able to prescribe a remedy for this kind of epidemic? It is a very important matter.—Atlanta Constitution.

Gov. Lee, of Virginia, is said to have attracted the most attention at the New York centennial, and Gov. Wilson, of West Virginia, was the only Governor present who did not wear a silk hat. Our own E. Willis generally gets there in some kind of shape. To those doubting this assertion we refer them to Carr and Guff.—Ex.

Orders of Publication.

No. 1.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in May 1889.

Chas L. Austin & als.
vs. } In chy. No 1.
Wm. F. Arbogast & als.

The object of this suit is to have partition or sale of a tract of land containing 6,489 acres, known as the lots No. 7, 8 and 11, lying on the Alleghany mountain in Pocahontas County and the proceeds thereof divided among those entitled thereto according to their respective rights and interests, and it appearing by affidavit filed that Chas. Wade, Anson O. Wade, Paul L. Gay, Helen M. Gay, Signora Warwick, David V. Buckman, Chas. W. Gum, Granville Eastham Trustee; James Arbogast, Virgil S. Sholtz, Amos Gum, Thos. O. Gum, R. Lee Gum, Clara Conrad, S. A. Porter and Lillie his wife, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, that the heirs of Stewart Slaven Sr. and of Annie Shets are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiffs, without effect, to ascertain in what county Margaret Dyer resides. It is ordered that they do appear here within one months after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. H. STEPHENSON, }
C. F. MOORE, } p. q.
may 9th 4t printers fee $11.[illegible]

No 2.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia on the first Monday in May 1889.

[illegible] &c.,
vs. In chy. No. 2.
Wm. F. Arbogast &c.

The object of this suit is to have a sale of a tract of land containing about 1,785 acres, lying on the Alleghany Mountain in Pocahontas County and the proceeds divided among those entitled thereto, according to their respective rights and interests, and it appearing from affidavit filed that Anson O. Wade, Chas. Wade, William, Peter, John and A. M. Hartman, Mary Driscol, Andrew, John, Asgol and Amos Stephenson, John V. B. Wade and Mobola his wife, and Jenetta Groves are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that the heirs of Susan Potts, decd, are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiff without effect, to ascertain in what county, Lorenza Humphries and Jane his wife, Allen Stephenson, Julia Regor, (formally Arnold) reside, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. H. STEPHENSON,
C. F. MOORE, p. q.
may 9th 4 w printers fee $10.16

No. 3

At rules held in the Circuit Court, Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia on the first Monday in May, 1889.

Chas. L. Austin, &c.,
vs. In chy. No. 3.
Wm. F. Arbogast, &c.

The object of this suit is to have a sale of a tract of land containing about 1,876 acres lying on the Alleghany Mountain in Pocahontas county, and the proceeds divided among those entitled thereto according to their respective rights and interests, and it appearing from affidavit filed that Anson O., and Chas. Wade, William, Peter, John and A. M. Hartman Mary Driscol, Andrew, John, Asgol and Amos Stephenson, John V. B. Wade and Mobala his wife and Jenetta Groves are non-residents of the State of west Virginia, and that the heirs of Susan Potts, dec'd are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiffs without effect to ascertain in what county Lorenza Humphries and Jane his wife, Julia Regar (formerly Arnold) and Allen Stephenson reside. It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. H. STEPHENSON,
C. F. MOORE, p. q.
may 9 1 m printers fee $0.97

Order of Publicatio[illegible]

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in May, 1889.

George C. Hill's Admr's,
vs. chy.
Rebecca J. Hill & als.

The object of this suit is to settle the accounts of the administrator of George C. Hill, dec'd. To [illegible] the creditors of said decedent [illegible] the real estate of which [illegible] Hill, dec'd died seized to the pa[illegible] of his debts and to construe the w[illegible] the said Geo. C. Hill, and it appear[illegible] from affidavit filed that Thos [illegible] James F. Hill and Elizabeth J. [illegible] are non-residents of the State [illegible] West Virginia, it is ordered that the[illegible] here within one month after [illegible] of the first publication of th[illegible] and do what is necessary to pro[illegible] their interests in this suit.

Te[illegible] J. BEARD, Cl'k.

C. F. MOORE [illegible] printers fee [illegible]

PRIVATE SALE OF LAND.

I wish to sell at private sale, 193 acres of land lying within one half mile of Greenbier River opposite to the mouth of Stamping Creek, formally known as the [illegible] place. I will sell at a sacrafice. I will remain in the County two weeks, in the vicinity of Little Levels and Huntersville, after that

Address, Jas. E. A. Gum,
Raphine, Va.

CARPET SWEEPERS.

If you want something that will keep every thing as clean as a new pin, and dust from getting over every thing in the house, buy a Carpet Sweeper of Brison Hill, Jacox, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

GOOD FLOUR.

3½ cts pr. pound, meal 75 cts per bushel at H. H. McClintic's mill, also his flour at A. Barlow's Huntersville, and Barlow & Moore's, Edray for 4 cts. mar. 27.

PATENTS.

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Commissioner's Sal[illegible] of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 3rd day of April, 1889, in the chancery cause of
Frederick Burr's Heirs
vs
Frederick Burr's Exr &c.

I, as Special Commissioner appointed in said decree, shall proceed to sell in front of the Court House of said County, at public auction to the highest bidder,

ON THE 17TH DAY OF JUNE 1889

the following real estate, to wit: Two hundred and Twenty-Two acres adjoining lands of [illegible] Friel and others, being lot No. 4 in the partition of the lands of which Frederick Burr Sr. died seized said land is considered valuable for farming purposes, but especially on account of the fine pine timber growing thereon. The title is believed to be clear.

TERMS OF SALE.

Cash in hand sufficient to pay expenses of sale and one third of the costs of suit; and for the residue the purchaser to execute three several bonds, falling due respectively in Nine, Eighteen and Twenty-seven months from day of sale, with interest from date and with good personal security. A lien will also be retained until the balance is paid [illegible].

[illegible],
Spec'l Com'r.

Bond as required by law has been given by the above Commissioner.

Apr. [illegible] JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
¼ column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	13 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 3 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

May 16 1889.

Blackbird and House-Snake.

Forest and Stream.

One bright morning last summer I was walking out in the country near town, looking for anything I could find, and seeing what I could in the bird line, when I was surprised to hear a great noise of birds

... family of the republican party that was elected last November.

All the records smashed. The City of Paris crosses the ocean in 5 days 23 hours and 7 minutes.

The State claims 90,000 population for Richmond, with a suburban populatio of 25,000 more.

THE Parkersburg Journal seems to think that the prospects for the "Black Diamond" railroad are more encourageing.

Had it been Cleveland, it would have been tariff reduction—as it is, Harrison and wage reduction, remarks an observant exchange.

Carter B. Harrison, who was last week appointed marshal of the middle district of Tennessee, is a brother of the President.

Mrs. Louisa Sheffy, of Staunton, is dead. It was just about four weeks after the death of her lamented husband, Judge Sheffy.

The only woman ever convicted of horse stealing in Missouri was a beautiful girl of 18 years, on May 7. The jury gave her two years.

IT is said that they have had to put folding beds into the White House to accommodate the numerous branches of the presidential family.—Ex.

Henry W. Grady, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, is to address the literary societies of the University of Virginia at their final celebration on the 25th of June.

... parents, not feeling able to cope with the enemy, had undoubtedly gone for help. The blackbird was the champion and did all of the fighting, while the other birds did the "talking". This seemed very strange to me. He would attack his foe fiercely until tired, then retire a few feet, and then begin again, thus fighting alone for the young of a bird of an entirely different species. I sat and wondered whether these birds had selected him as their protector, or had he taken the battle upon himself? He certainly fought well.

"Lulu," he said (he was a young man and had great confidence in himself), and he bent toward her tenderly. "I have loved you long and tenderly. Will you name the day?"

"Oh, the day is already named, Mr. Harris," answered the girl, blushing. "George was so pertinacious I finally told him the 3rd of next month. The cards will be out next month."

A boy sixteen years of age, named Albert Parsons, attempted to elope with his step grandmother, Mrs. Mary Mall, aged twenty-two, last Saturday. They were intercepted at Clarksburg and the scheme failed. They were both from Taylor county.—Randolph Enterprise.

Mrs. Henry Yeager, of Greenbank, and Mr. Burner, of Traveler's Repose, with their families, all of Pocahontas county, passed through Monterey on April 24, enroute for Cheyene, Wyoming.—Highland Recorder.

Wonder what the striking and locked out miners of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and those of Indiana and Illinois who have just been forced to suffer and unprecedented cut in their wages think of the success of "protection to American labor.—Register.

A Pointer For Enterprising Citizens.

The Grafton Eagle Sentinel says: The young men are the bone and sinew of the land. If we want to build up our State and bring about greater prosperity, we must keep our young men at home, and in order to do this we must offer them such inducements to remain as will overcome the attractions of other sections. This is a big, wide country of ours, but there is no section ... greater ... the State of West Virginia ... if our young men can ... to remain here and ... energy they can do just better than they could ... ere.

can attr... should m... leston D...

Rather... pened ne... young m... court and... a young ... called at ... young la... paying ... ed to her... al. She... than her... ting the ... very deli... it to piec... flames, ... compelled... to another... cle.

...go Times reporter feign... and was committed to ... County Insane Asylum. ... was to satisfy himself of ... ment of inmates. He re... rible story of cruelty and ... on the part of several of ... dants, the result of which ... death of a patient. The ... expose was verified by ... tem examination of the ... ate, and the attendants ... sted.

...line King, the colored wo... has fasted forty days at ...d Ill., sank down by the ... eight-gallon stone jug ... water, before many spec... prayed the Lord to turn ... into wine. Tears trick... her cheeks as she earnest... he request, but the water ... still.

The Ne... Mr. Clevel... retirement... many evid... pires to be... in the next... sees in Mr... the civil ... quent dis... element wi... portunity ... says: "If... will make... and champi... true princip... in politics... tion, reform... in justice... be quite ... have a vig...

"... ever occur to you," said a man to a New York ...er, the other day, "What ...om John Wanamaker's business must be having? There are some 60,000 postoffices in the country, ...ose that 50,000 of them ...ll country stores. Don't ... that when John Wanamaker's drummer comes round to ... stores he has a pretty good chance of getting an order? I'll bet that there are not a hundred such postmaster storekeepers within a thousand miles of Philadelphia who do not buy all they can at Wanamaker's nowadays, and even in more distant parts of the country the postmasters will stretch a point whenever hey can to send to Philadelphia for their goods. Suppose a man wants to be reappointed, don't you think he will imagine that it will be a good thing for him to be able to refer Postmaster General Wanamaker to Wholesale Merchant Wanamaker for information as to his credit and business standing. Of course, the postmasters in 99 cases out of 100 will be wrong in it, but they have the idea all the same that Wanamaker will know the name of all about every man who buys goods of him, and they will act accordingly. It will be Wanamaker's own fault if he hasn't the largest wholesale business in the country within the next four years."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 10th.—Harrison made the best appointment ... yet made when he se...

A lady who was very talkative but at the same time very silly, complained that she was bothered by people who stayed too long.

"If they don't go why then don't you talk to them?" replied a female friend.

Mistress—"Why, Bridget, what in the world are you doing with my new dress on?" Bridget—"Sure, mum, it's yerself what gave it to me." Mistress—"I gave it to you!" Bridget—"Yis; yez said Oi cud have it as soon as yez had worn it out, an' begorra yez wore it out yestherday afthernoon.—Harper's Bazar.

A maiden from the city tripped lightly 'mid the trees and snuffed the repugnant odor that floated on the breeze. "Oh tell me ancient farmer, with arms so brown and here, what is that wondrous flower that scents the morning air?" Loud laughed the ancient farmer till the tears rolled down his cheek: "Why bless you that's a polecat and I've smelt him for a week."

Philadelphian—You are very fond of society, I see. Do you belong to the exclusive 400?

New Yorker—No, unfortunately there is a dark stain on my social record.

"Indeed!"

"Yes, it's too true. I once walked two squares on Fifth avenue with a very dear friend of mine, an eminent scientist who had on a suit of ready-made clothing."

"Well, Ned, I proposed to Miss Jenkins last night, and she has accepted me."

"Did you, though? Why I never for a moment thought you had the slightest idea of marrying."

"I did't but Miss Jenkins won me so completely by her beautiful tact and delicate forethought."

"In what respect."

"Why, when I called, she walked up to the mantel-piece and stopped the clock."

"Why do you speak in such a low voice?" said a member of a certain church to the pastor.

"Well," he replied, "when I first began to preach they called me a shouter, because I spoke so loud. One Sunday morning, just after I finished the prayer, and while the solemn hush was still upon the congregation, a little fellow broke the silence with the question: 'Ma, is God deaf?' I have never shouted since."

... the Railway ... World ... recom... ing their executions by means of ... order to ... called "thanatelectric... service" that's the use of adding ... unnecessary terrors to the ... made."

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, May., 23, 1889. Terms of Subscription, $1.10 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 44.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
C'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

BUCKLEY MT.

For The Times.

Those mountains cross the river,
So lonely look and dark;
No human sound, no human step,
I ever see or mark.

The seasons come, the seasons go,
White snow flakes gently fall;
The trees take on their fresh green leaves,
But still 'tis silence all!

If I could see a child at play,
Or sturdy manhood's walk,—
Something to break the lonliness,
Something with which to talk.

I gaze until the topmost pines
Gaze darkley down at me,
And summon to my wanted task,
What'er the skies may be.

If sadness reign, or gaiety,
If friends are stern or kind,—
Duty, the bright and guiding star,
United God's rest we find.

MRS. ANNA L. PRICE,
Marlinton, W. Va., May 1889.

In the Throat of A Boa.

BY COL. EDWARD B. TAYLOR

"I can never look upon one of those writhing, slimy things without a shudder," said my friend, Colonel Paul Ballantyne, as we three (his pretty South American wife was of the party) stood in front of the boa constrictor's cage in the serpent-house at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden.

"And yet, dear," interposed Mrs. Ballantyne—and she laid her hand lovingly upon her husband's arm, and looked up into his handsome face with a wealth of love glowing in her lustrious brown eyes—"if it had not been for the serpent you would probably never have met me. But perhaps you regret that!" she added, with a pretty pout.

"Ah, that was the recompense!" said the Colonel, and he eyed her fondly. "But for that, I think I could never have summoned up fortitude enough to again look upon one of the monsters. As it is I cannot repress the shudder, and in fancy I feel myself again being sucked down to death."

"You had an adventure, Colonel?" I ventured.

"Adventure!" he echoed. "Well, I should say so. The most horrible a man ever experienced. But you dine with us to-day, and then I'll tell you the story."

He did, and gave me permission to print it, which I have done without material alteration, and with the substitution of fictitious names for the real actors, who will doubtless read and recognize this history.

Three years ago my friend was sent to Venezuela, as the agent of a firm of mahogany importers, who had purchased some valuable forestry concessions in that country.

The lumber tract lay along the banks of one of the bayous of the Orinoco River, about one hundred and fifty miles above the Isle of Barima.

The Colonel examined the tract, selected a site for a logging camp, and proceeded to La Guayra, purchased supplies, and engaged a native Venezuelan, named Guzman Mendoza, to superintend the logging.

Indian laborers to fell the trees could be engaged in any quantity in the vicinity of the mahogany forest.

Mendoza was a slightly built, surly-faced fellow, with an ungovernable temper, to which he gave way at the slightest provocation. He was accompanied by an Indian servant, named Jose, who was much attached to his master.

Colonel Ballantyne had several wordy quarrels with his forman, on the way up the river, and he began to regret having engaged so uncompanionable an assistant, but Mendoza thoroughly understood his work, and soon convinced his employer that he was worth more than the liberal salary that was paid him.

The camp was established, a corps of native axe-men engaged and preparations were made to get together the material for a big mahogany raft, which would be floated down to the mouth of the bayou, where the precious wood would be loaded in vessels sent out by the firm which employed the Colonel.

Accompanied by Jose, who was familiar with woodcraft, the Colonel made daily excursions into the forest in all directions, to locate and mark the trees.

The tract proved to be a rich one. Mahogany trees were there by the thousand, and the forest was intersected by creeks in all directions, along which timber might readily be floated to the bayou, and thence to the river.

They had been in camp about a week, and the work was progressing satisfactorily, when Mendoza, who had heretofore been kept too busy to quarrel, got into a dispute with his employer, and had it not been for the interference of some of the Indian workmen, one would have shot the other, for both men drew their pistols.

After they had both had time to cool down, the Colonel, who is naturally of the most forgiving disposition, apologized to his antagonist, and requested that the matter be forgotten.

He held out his hand in token of amity, but Mendoza, with a shrug of his shoulders, and a contortion of his dark face, turned on his heel and walked away.

That night he and Jose held a long conversation, which was carried on in a low tone of voice, but although they looked frequently toward the Colonel and exchanged significant glances, he did not dream that they were plotting treachery.

The next morning the Colonel and Jose started, as usual, for a short expedition in the forest.

It was a feast day with the Indians, and they were making merry in the camp.

Jose carried a small hatchet for marking the trees, and over his shoulder was slung a haversack, containing lunch.

The Colonel walked in advance, armed only with a small rifle.

By noon they were ten miles from the camp, and further down the bayou than they had ever been before.

When they stopped for luncheon near a small spring, Jose informed his patron that they were only a few miles distant from the extensive coffee and indigo plantation of General Antonio De Silva, who controlled leagues of forest land in the vicinity, and from whom the American mahogany merchants had purchased the logging right.

After lunch the Colonel lighted his pipe, and leaned his back against a great tree trunk to enjoy an after-dinner smoke.

Near by was a clump of low bushes, bearing a yellowish berry and he asked Jose if they were good to eat.

Jose examined them, and immediately declared that they were excellent.

"I have often eaten them down toward the coast, senor," he said, "but I have never seen any before so far in the interior.

He tasted the berries, pronounced them delicious, but somewhat different in flavor from them growing near the coast, and picked some for the Colonel, of which the latter ate liberally, without any suspicion of evil effects, finding them, as Jose had declared, of a most delicious flavor, and in taste something like the raspberry.

He did notice that Jose ate only a couple, nor did he see the look of cunning exultation on the Indian's face.

Ten minutes after eating the first berry, the Colonel felt strangely exhilerated, and burst out into a rollickly college song with the boisterous hilarity of one intoxicated with absinthe.

His whole nervous system, even to his finger tips, tingled with pleasing excitement. He had a vague recollection of making a resolve to check his indricous outburst; of seeing Jose glide away into the forest with his rifle over his shoulder, and a look of malignant hatred on his swarthy face; of struggling to his feet and calling to the Indian to come back, and then he rolled upon the ground and all became blank.

Not until the following day did consciousness begin to slowly assert itself. He then awoke, with a horrible sensation of helplessness.

The lower half of his body was numbed and paralyzed by a terrible gradually constricting power from all directions.

His limbs appeared dead, and all the blood forced out of them into the upper part of his body. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets; there was a singing in his ears, and he breathed with great difficulty.

His throat was hot and dry, and he was consumed with a raging thirst.

He was lying face downward, and having determined to throw off the stupor, he raised his hands to his head.

Instantly he was dragged backward several feet along the ground.

Horrified and bewildered, he made a frantic effort, raised himself on his elbows and looked about him.

He was half engulfed in the throat of a monster boa-constrictor!

The reptile had begun to swallow him without first crushing him within its coils, as is usually the case.

When the serpent moved, an indescribably sickening odor arose and almost stupefied the imprisoned man.

Maddened at the loathsome prospect, the Colonel gave a horrified scream of agony, and clutching frantically at the ground, struggled to relerse himself from the deadly embrace of the serpent's throat.

But the teeth of his devourer were fastened in his buckskin coat, and held him like a pair of hungry nippers, while the horrible suction pump below was worked with renewed energy.

The Colonel ceased his struggles, and looked about anxiously for Jose.

"What has become of him! Was he, too, being devoured, or was he already destroyed?"

While he was puzzling over these speculations, he suddenly remembered that just before consciousness left him, the Indian had disappeared in the forest, and then, like a flash, he recollected the fellow's conference with Mendoza, and he realized that he had been left to perish.

At the terrible thought, he made another effort to escape.

The movement disturbed the boa, and again it dragged him backward two or three feet, and again the constricting suction from below began.

So long as he kept perfectly quiet the serpent seemed content to let matters take their course, and to remain in a semi comatose condition.

He put down his left hand to feel the taut rim of the boa constrictor's jaws.

They were three inches higher up his body than when he first regained consciousness.

The excitement through which he had passed had exhausted his emotions, but this dire discovery awakened them.

He tried to form some plan of putting an end to his existence, but his brain was no longer equal to the concentration of a definite idea. He was beyond all power of action.

Once he fancied that he heard the cry of some animal or human being near by, but he was too far gone to pay much attention.

At last all seemed to be over with him. It was as though the darkness of night had gradually closed over him, the roaring noise in his ears continued for awhile and then all was silent.

He had sunk into the unconsciousness of complete exhaustion.

"I remembered no more," said the Colonel, "until I came to my senses again, and found myself lying on a luxurious bed, in a cool pleasant room."

"The first face that I saw as I opened my eyes, was that of the lady who afterward became my wife. At the time I thought her an angel from heaven, and—well, she is as near one as a mortal can be.

"I was very weak, and it was several days before I fully recovered. Then she told me the story of my rescue.

She is extremely fond of scientific pursuits, and was botanizing in the forest, accompanied by her maid and two trusty servants, when she suddenly beheld the head and shoulders of a man protruding from the mouth of a monster boa, whose scaly body lay in serpentine length along the ground.

"Taking it for granted that I was dead, and chilled with terror, she uttered the horrified cry that I had dimly heard.

"It brought to her side the servants, who were armed with sharp axes, to cut a path when necessary through the tanggled undergrowth of the forest.

"They boldly attacked the serpent and succeeded in chopping him completely in two just below the bulge in his body caused by my feet and legs. It was necessary, however, to slit open the severed head and neck before I could be released.

"At first they thought me dead, but were soon rejoiced at discovering a lingering spark of life."

Under Miss De Silva's directions the Colonel was taken to her father's house, and there she nursed him back to life and health.

A tender passion, each for the other, was developed during his convalescence, and when he was able to return to the logging camp, she had promised to be his wife.

He then learned from one of the Indian wood-choppers of the cowardly plot against his life.

Jose had seen the gigantic serpent crawling slowly toward the Colonel while the latter lay smoking under the tree, and had determined to assist his master, Mendoza, to a terrible revenge.

Knowing the stupefying effect of the yellow berries, the Indian had induced his companion to partake of them, and then had left him to his horrible fate.

When he returned to camp, he reported that the Colonel had been killed and devoured by an enormous serpent; but when news reached the camp that the supposed dead man was safe at General De Silva's plantation, he and his unscrupulous master, Mendoza, deserted, and were never seen nor heard of afterward.—Saturday Night.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

May 23 1889.

"An Era of Prosperity."

On the fourth of March the Republican legislature of Kansas, after singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," passed a resolution "that we congratulate the nation upon the incoming at this moment of a republican administration, and a consequent era of prosperity and good government." A few days later came the failure of the Reading iron works with liabilities of nearly $2,000,000, and throwing 2,000 men out of employment. Then the failure of the Excelsior pottery of Trenton, N. J., employing 300 hands, followed by the shutting down of the rolling mills at Reading, Naomi and Gibralter, Pa., and the Findlay, O., Iron and Steel company, with liabilities of over $100,000. A few more days passed and then came a lookout at the Fall River, Mass., calico works, in which 6,000, men, women and children were thrown out of employment. Scarcely a day passes without a forcible reminder from somewhere that the "era of prosperity" of which the Kansas solons spoke has dawned upon the country. This is shown by the reduction of wages of mechanics and laborers and a decrease in the price of farm products all over the land. It is probably an "era of prosperity" for somebody and "protection" is doubtless a big thing for somebody, but for whom? Is it for the laborer, the mechanic, the farmer or the producer in any of the branches of manufacture or trade? Not much. Such prosperity is not recognized by the money kings and the gentlemen who now have our government under their control. It may be an "era of prosperity" for them and it doubtless is. If it did not pay them to pursue their present tactics and if it did not pay the millionaire manufacturers to shut down their works they would not do it, would they? Well, it is hardly probable. But what are you going to do about it? "Protection" is the watchword of the administration that will be in power for nearly four years to come and if the people, who are supposed to be the real rulers of the country do not develop more good sense during that time than they showed at the last election, it is likely to remain so for four years longer. The workingman who voted for Harrison and the kind of "protection to American labor by the broad shield of American law," that Gen. Goff talks about, has no right to "kick." He ought to take his medicine like a man. He asked for it, and he has got it, but we imagine that it does not taste as good as he thought it would. Experience is said to be a dear school, and it has doubtless been a dear one to many a Republican who has followed his party wherever it led, without stopping to ask himself what his own interests were. But after all, they may learn something by it, and we hope they will. If not, we had better turn the country into a vast idiot asylum and let "protection" rule the roost until its followers starve to death hugging their idol, which is in reality the most gigantic fraud of the nineteenth century.—Charleston Star.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, May 17th.—Hon. Samuel J. Randall who has been confined to his residence in this city for several weeks past, is now much better, although not yet well enough to get out of doors. He contemplates spending the summer at the seashore.

Solicitor General Jenks, of the Department of Justice, who tendered his resignation at the beginning of the present administration, has been notified of its acceptance by the President to take effect on the 15th inst. Mr. Jenks will continue in the service of the Government as counsel in the telephone cases until they are disposed of. This position was the bone of contention which brought on the recent bitter wrangle between Senators Sherman and Quay. It was privately promised to Sherman's candidate Alphonzo Hart, of Ohio, some weeks ago, but for some unknown cause the appointment has not yet been publicly announced.

Ex-Senator Riddleberger, would be-Congressman Laughton and other anti-Mahone Republicans come to Washington and chin the President all they want to, but so far everything given out in Virginia has gone to a Mahone man.

A big scramble is now taking place daily at the Government Printing office, Palmer the new Public Printer having taken charge of the office Monday, since which time he has hardly been allowed an opportunity to eat or sleep so great is the rush. He has made but few appointments yet, but one of those few-Chief time keeper, was secured by ex-Senator "Billy" Chandler, of New Hampshire, who is one of Palmer's bondsmen, for his private secretary. "Billy's" friends are also likely to be heard from when the contracts for the year's supplies for the office are made next month.

Chief Justice Fuller has gone to Norfolk, and from there he will proceed to South Carolina on his district tour.

Harrison's first negro appointment Rev. James Townsend of Indiana, to be recorder of the General Land Office has created quite a commotion in the Land Office. In the division of which Townsend is to be Chief there are 25 white lady clerks and every one of them is trying to get transferred to some other division in order to escape the negro chief. As one of the ladies puts it; "We naturally have to pay a certain amount of court and deference to our Chief, and it will be very disagreeable for me to treat a negro as my superior, I shall get into some other division if I can; if not I suppose I shall have to stand it, as my bread and butter depends upon it."

Oklahoma does not propose getting left in the great scramble for office. Corporal Tanner has appointed a board of pension examiners for Guthrie, and the Civil Service Commissioners have received a letter asking how soon examinations are to be held in Oklahoma.

It is said that the Sherman and Foraker factions of Ohio republicans have got up a compromise on the Federal officers in Cincinnati, and that ex-Mayor Amor Smith will be surveyor and Col. D. W. McClung collector. The first is a Sherman man and the latter pins his faith to Foraker.

One man has appeared here as a candidate for office that every respectable man in the country should rejoice to see disappointed. I refer to W. E. Haskell, editor of the Minneapolis Tribune, who wants to be minister to Denmark. Haskell is the man who publicly insulted Mrs. Cleveland by a scandalous editorial in the columns of his paper while she and her husband were the quests of his city. It is surprising that he could get anybody to endorse his application.

The Court of Claims has decided that the celebrated Triggs' swords, which have been in the custody of the Treasury department ever since the war should be turned over to Mr. Myers, the executor of the General Triggs' estate.

Ex-Congressman Ochiltree, who spends his time in New York, but for political purposes, claims a residence in Texas, says that Harrison has given him control of all the Federal patronage of Texas. It may be just as Mr. Ochiltree says, but you know Mr. Ochiltree is the champion romancer of the country.

Ex Public Printer Benedict and brother, ex chief clerk of the Government Printing office have been presented with handsome gold-headed canes by the clerical force of that office.

A Mysterious Death.

On Wednesday of last week some fishermen discovered the body of a man lying on the bank of Greenbrier river, about three miles above Alderson, in Fort Spring district, this county. The body had evidently floated down during the recent rise in the river and deposited where found. The authorities of that district were notified, and a jury of inquest went down from Ronceverte to investigate the matter. The body was very much decomposed, and was that of a man 35 years of age and was well dressed, having on a tailor made suit of clothes, worth about $35 or $40. Nothing on his body was found to identify him. The only articles found were a couple of pocket handkerchiefs a money purse, (no money in it,) and a small knife. There were some indications that he might have been foully dealt with, but, no doctor being present at the inquest, this was not positively ascertained. He was evidently above ordinary men in position and circumstances, but who he was and how he met his death are mysteries.—Greenbrier Independent.

In New York.

THE WEST VIRGINIA TROOPS CHEERED FROM ONE OF THE LINE TO THE OTHER

A gentleman who returned from New York, and who saw the great parade there, says the West Virginia delegation showed up in great shape. There were about 150 members of the National Guard in line from this State, being headed by Gov. E. W. Wilson, Gen. E. L. Wood and the Governor's Staff, including Col. A. A. Franzheim of Wheeling. Then came the Governor's Guard and the two companies of 150 men. The boys marched like old-timers and where cheered all along the line.

There were few Governors in the line who received more cheers than Governor Wilson and he was one of the very few who received bouquets. While passing up Fifth avenue an immense bouquet of carnations was thrown to the Governor from one of the mansions on that thoroughfare.

The Governor's Guard band was along and made splendid music, and altogether the turnout was a creditable one for which the men should receive praise, as they all paid their own expenses.—Ronceverte News.

There are fifteen contested Congressional election cases to be settled by the next Congress. Three of them are from West Virginia.

The Illinois house passed the bill appropriating $50,000 for a monument to the late John A. Logan.

The West Virginia soldier boys gets $6,635 as their share of the $400,000 appropriated by the last Congress for distribution among the National Guards of the several States.

THE supreme court has decided that the Scott Chinese exclusion act is constitutional. This must me quite unpleasant to Gen. Harrison and other lovers of the almond-eyed Mongolian.

MASONIC NOTICE.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 65, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—Fine rain last Sunday.

—Read Loury & Doyles new ad. this week.

—Read A. M. McClintic & Co's new ad. this week.

—E. J. Holt, of Academy was in our city last week.

Buggy harness and Saddles at $3, $10 and up to $40 at A. P. Leist's Ronceverte, W. Va. 30-2m

—Charley Arbogast was in town yesterday.

Go to John Wurts & Co, Frankford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. may 9-12t

—W. H. Wallis, of Baltimore, was in our burg the first of the week.

Sewing machines from $25 to $50; warranted, for sale by A. P. Leist, Ronceverte, W. Va. 30 2m.

—Go to Loury & Doyles for all kinds of fine goods.

John Wurts & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be here during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. may 9-12t

—Talk about hard times; you would think they are hard sure enough if you would see how cheap Loury & Doyle are selling goods.

Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made of John Wurts & Co. Frankford, W. Va. may 9 12

—Geo. W. Wagner, has been appointed postmaster at this place and Amos Barlow removed, and W. [illegible] Hannah at Frost.

—I. H. Waugh and son, passed through town Monday, on their way to [illegible] Baths, Va.

Married, on Wednesday May 15 at the residence of the brides parents Mr. [illegible] Sheets, of Green Bank to Miss Mary O. Simmons, of Buckeye.

DIED.—Slaven of pneumonia, at the home of Mr. Hoover, on cheat Mt., May 11th 1889, Prior V. Slaven in the 82nd year of his age. Prior had been a great sufferer for many years, but his end was peace.

W.

Died, Mrs. T. H. McGlaughlin, of Gillespie, this Co., formerally of near this place.

[illegible] Commencement

The second [illegible] commencement of the H. T. School Academy [illegible], will be held Tuesday, June 4th, beginning at 8 p. m. The public are cordially invited to attend.

Miss G. M. SHEAFER,
Principal.

Election returns at this place are as follows: For Co. Supt. M. G. Mathews, 26; C. F. Moore, 1 and Miss Emma Warwick, 1

For Commissioner—P. M. Harper 29; H. W. Hooker 3 and Sheldon Moore 6.

A Letter

Mr. Dilley, P. M. at Dilley's Mill is very much mistaken about the registered package coming up missing at [illegible]. I got the package and it was for me; registered to me from S. L. Myers & Co., N. Y. Sept 13th 1888.

I get registered packages sometimes, without taking other peoples. This report was started to injure me, but I don't think it did.

Respectfully,
C. [illegible]

Gladstone has refused to write twenty five newspaper articles for $25,000 for a New York newspaper syndicate; says he is too old.

Mill Point Pickings.

Fine growing weather.

Lee Cackley, wife and baby and Mrs. Corry and daughter, passed through our town a few days ago on their way to Green Bank.

Trench Sutton who has been visiting relatives at this place has gone home.

Mrs. Luther Auldridge and Miss Mintie Smith are visiting friends and relatives at Edray.

Lien Gibson, of Kansas city, made a short visit here a few days ago.

J. L. Cook, has finished working the turnpike on Droop mountain.

Mathews Ruckman, wears quite a smile. Its a girl.

E. P. G.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Miss Jessie Kinnison, is suffering from an attack of diphtheria.

Mrs. Felix Crummett, is on the sick list.

The Commencement exercises of the Hillsboro Male & Female Academy taught by Prof. Landes will be Thursday and Friday nights a select choir has been picked from the best singers in the Levels and the parts well rehearsed, so a pleasant time is expected.

The Commencement exercises of the Hillsboro Training School will take place the night of the 4th of June. Those who attended the excellent Commencement gotten up by Miss G. M. Shearer, know what to expect and we feel they will not be disappointed.

PRUNELLA

Dunmore Doings.

S. C. Pritchard, is off for Staunton.

M. G. Mathews, got a majority for Co., Supt. at Dunmore and Split Rock to hear from.

Work has commenced on the new church.

Several Drummers stopped at the Wakeman Hotel last week.

I understand from the Co. Court that each district in the county was provided with two road scrapers and the owners should get them and make use of them.

Died, Mrs. Jacob H. Arbogast, at the home of her son-in-law near Traveler's Repose on the 20th inst., at an advanced age.

D. B. McElwee will be appointed P. M. at Dunmore and C. B. Swecker removed.

Quite a number of our people will attend the musical association at Frost.

Subscribe for THE TIMES.

TOM SAWYER.

Notes by the Way.

This is a most pleasant time for jaunts over the country, and your correspondent has never had more exquisite enjoyment, than the past few weeks. One recent morning while reflecting on the beauties of natural scenery, the writer felt that he ought to be very careful to keep the commandments of the Lord his God, to walk in his ways and to fear Him, for God in his providence in permitting him to have a home in Pocahontas, brought him into a good land of water of brooks and of fountains that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley and vines and honey; a land wherein one may eat bread without scarceness; a land whose stones are iron, see Deuteronomy 8, 8 and 11, 11.

It would be hard to find a region that has more points of resemblance to the promised land, than our section of West Virginia.

The flowery spring at thy command
Embalms the air and paints the land.
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

A useful lesson.

Last Sabbath morning, May 12, while on the pleasant way to Huntersville, where a most enjoyable forenoon was to be spent with some of the best people in the world, in Sabbath school and preaching services, my mind for a time was preoccupied with reflections suggested by a little spruce pine tree, near Spice Island.

It is growing upon the decaying branch of a sycamore tree, that overhangs the water.

It is only a question of time when the branch to which it clings will fall away, and then all will be swept down the flood, and it will never be the tree it would have been, had it chosen a more lowly place to live in.

For the present it seems to have the preeminence over its contemporaries, but it will not be so, very long, for its very growth and develepement, but shortens the time of its ruin.

This world like the decaying branches is passing away, and if my immortal nature should have nothing but it to cling to and be nourished by, then its ruin is only a question of fleeting time, when to be swept away by the "dark rolling flood."

GOOD READING.

Some of the best reading accessible to your correspondent, he gets from Lovell's Library. In a recent issue, Farrar's "Seekers after God" much is said of Seneca, the wisest of pagon moralists and the teacher fo Nero, the vilest of pagon rulers. The author points out the mistake Seneca, made in teaching his illustrious pupil. Seneca neglected to take to heart, what Homer tought; "it is better to die than to live in sin." He allowed Nero to indulge in some bad habits, so as to keep him from worse ones, and hence it was an education of compromises. So alike in the studies of Nero's boyhood, and managing him respecting the graver temptations of his manhood, Seneca acted on the [illegible]

"Had the [illegible]
The soil [illegible]
The grain [illegible]

The [illegible] approval [illegible] worst chara[illegible]

All observ[illegible] well as pagan [illegible] "Just as the [illegible] inclines," So it [illegible] proverb.

"The child is fa[illegible]

Seneca seems to [illegible] what Horace wrote [illegible] long retain the odour of [illegible] has once been poured into it, when new." He might have received a hint from Quintilian also, for in describing the depraved influences which surrounded even the infancy of a Roman child he said "From these arise *first familiarity, then nature*."

So christian teaching, and pagon philosophy jointly agree, that *first impressions* are for weal or woe, for time and eternity, in a persons history.

First impressions are always made at home, how all important that our homes should be pure and good, and how can they be pure and good unless the parents be pure and good, to begin with.

Let the source be pure, then will the stream be pure and cleansing wherever it flows. Let the homes be pure, then society will be pure, and government will be pure, and the people happy and prosperous.

Impure homes results in the down fall of Rome, and should the United States come to ruin the historians recording the deplorable disaster will trace the primary cause back to American homes.

In a most impressive sense,
"There is no place like home."

W. T. P.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

The mail hack leaves Frankford for *Huntersville*, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and from Huntersville for Frankford every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. Charges reasonable.

JOEL FLACK, Carrier.

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the Chancery Cause of E. J. Silva vs James P. Ginger and Wm. C. McClure, on the 3rd day of April 1889. I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree shall on the

15th DAY OF JUNE 1889

proceed in front of the Court house door of this County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for Cash, a certain tract of land containing about 30 acres, the property of the defendant James P. Ginger situate on the Waters of Stamping Creek, adjoining the lands of the Heirs of A. D. Grimes and others. This tract of land is fertile and productive and in a fertile State of Cultivation.

L. M. McCLINTIC.
Special Com'r.

I John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, certify that the above Commissioner has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD,
Clk Cir. Ct.

printers fee $8.70 may 23 4w

Orders of Publication.
No. 1.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in May 1889.

Chas L. Austin & als.
vs. } In chy. No 1.
Wm. F. Arbogast & als.

The object of this suit is to have partition or sale of a tract of land containing 6,[illegible] acres, known as the lots No. 7, 8 and 11, lying on the Alleghany mountain in Pocahontas County and the proceeds thereof divided among those entitled thereto according to their respective rights and interests and it appearing by affidavit filed that Chas. Wade, Anson O. Wade, Paul L. Gay, Helen M. Gay, Signora Warwick, David V. Buckman, Chas. W. Gum, Granville Eastham Trustee, James Arbogast, Virgil S. Sholts, Amos Gum, Thos. G. Gum, R. Lee Gum, Clara Conrad, S. A. Porter and Lillie his wife, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, that the heirs of Stewart [illegible] and of Annie Sheets are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiffs, without effect, to ascertain in what county Margaret Dyer resides. It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. H. STEPHENSON, } p. q.
C. F. MOORE,
may 9th 4t printers fee $11.[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Potts, dec.,
due diligence has been [illegible]
of the plaintiff without effect to ascertain in what county, Lorenza Humphries and Jane his wife, Allen Stephenson, Julia Regar, (formerly Arnold) reside, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. H. STEPHENSON, } p. q.
C. F. MOORE,
may 9th 4 w printers fee $10.16

No. 3.

At rules held in the Circuit Court, Clerk's office of Pocahontas county, West Virginia on the first Monday in May, 1889.

Chas. L. Austin, &c.,
vs. : In chy. No. 3.
Wm. F. Arbogast, &c.

The object of this suit is to have a sale of a tract of land containing about 1,576 acres lying on the Alleghany Mountain in Pocahontas county, and the proceeds divided among those entitled thereto according to their respective rights and interests, and it appearing from affidavit filed that Anson O., and Chas. Wade, William, Peter, John and A. M. Hartman, Mary Driscol, Andrew, John, Ascol and Amos Stephenson, John V. B. Ware and Mobala his wife and Jeretta Groves are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that the heirs of Susan [illegible], dec'd are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiffs without effect to ascertain in what county Lorenza Humphries and Jane his wife, Julia Regar (formerly Arnold) and Allen Stephenson reside. It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. H. STEPHENSON, } p. q.
C. F. MOORE,
may 9 1 m printers fee 10.97

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, west Virginia, on the first Monday in May, 1889.

George C. Hill's Admin'r.
vs. : In chy.
Rebecca J. Hill & als.

The object of this suit is to settle the accounts of the administrator of George C. Hill, dec'd. To convene the creditors of said decedent. To subject the real estate of which said Geo. Hill, dec'd died seized to the payment of his debts and to construe the will of the said Geo. C. Hill, and it appearing from affidavit filed that Thos C. Hill, James F. Hill and Elizabeth J. Bruffey are non residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

C. F. MOORE, p. q.
may 9 4t printers fee $9.62

PRIVATE SALE OF LAND.

I wish to sell at private sale, 195 acres of land lying within one half mile of Greenbrier River opposite to the mouth of Stamping Creek, formerly known as the [illegible] place. I will sell at a sacrafice. I will remain in the county two weeks, in the vicinity of Little Levels and Huntersville, after that

Address, Jas. E. A. Gibson,
Baptiste, Pa.

GOOD FLOUR.

[illegible] cts pr. pound, meal 75 cts per bushel at H. H. McClintic's mill, also his flour at A. Barlow's Huntersville, and Barlow & Moore's, Edray for [illegible] cts. mar. 28.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered in the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
[illegible]	$1 00	$2 00	$3 00	$5 00
[illegible]	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
[illegible]	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

May 23 1889.

The True Home Life.

From Good Housekeeping.

What is the central point of the home life? Is not this the question which we should each, as home-builders, ask ourselves? What are the things of all that we do, daily, weekly, or returning in their appointed time, which are only not necessary, but are harmful to the true home life? It may be that the only reason for doing certain things is because the proceeding generation has done the same things, and that, too, in very mechanical ways. A mother holds her first child while it sleeps upon her lap; it becomes accustomed to it. When she grows stronger she must lay it down to do necessary work; it frets and cries and refuses to take its naps. The mother is worn out in her efforts to do the work and quiet the cries; so she carries the child about in her arms. It is slow to walk. She becomes nervous and irritable, toward her baby, even. Her second child is cross and restless. She bears and rears several children. All through these years the mistake pursues and wears her out. The children are not taught to depend upon themselves and to be helpful.

This mother does non-essential things and leaves the essential undone. Her mental growth stopped long ago; alas for the time when the little children find that mother cannot help them in their little studies, and alas for the mother who has let the knowledge of her girlhood slip from her, and has not added to it both for herself and family! What is more beautiful to see than great sons and daughters asking mother's opinion of some point which they are in doubt about, which they bring to her to have settled before they return to school? To have them hasten eagerly to tell her upon their return that their work was right!

Sometimes it is through suffering only that a woman learns that there are many things which need not be done. It is often in these times of forced quiet that she sees most clearly that real living is not a part of her home life. After her experience is gained and she has but little strength, she can then think what she should do with the strength which is still left to her.

Temporal wants and pleasures must be considered, and indeed planned for, but there are many things done in the way of cooking food unwholesome through its richness, which should be made rarely, if at all. Sacrifices which take away rest and sleep to keep up pride in dress or some adornment, should never be made.

Let children be taught that they may have fancy clothes when they can make, iron, and keep them in order. In a home where the work is done by the mother and daughters, the plan is pursued. She found that when her daughters were old enough to iron much ruffled white dresses they preferred plain ones.

Nothing can take the place of neatness and order. These depend much upon good management, for one can always be cleaning, yet never clean, always arranging, yet never in order. Sometimes one's own spirit is restless which is the secret cause of the lack in the divine part of a true home life.

She Thought it Time to Get to Business.

"Oh darling Ethel," said the young man, as he moved nearer to the blushing maiden, "you really do not love me as I do you, or you would not be so cold."

"I am not cold, Herbrt," murmured she.

"Yes you are. Here I have loved you madly for months, and to-night I have told you so, and yet you refuse to let me kiss your sweet lips only once to seal our compact."

"It would not be right, Herbert," she sighed.

"Yes, it would, my darling one. It would not harm you; it would never be told to the cold ear of the world; it would be a token I should never forget. Do you give me one, just one, my affianced bride."

"Well, Hubert," said she, as her liquid eyes beamed love to his, "If I give you this token, will you give me one to keep near my heart?"

"Anything, darling, any token you may wish!"

"Only your name, dearest; your name on a piece of paper, It is only an odd, a romantic, aye perhaps a foolish, girlish idea of mine, but I want your dear name that I may carry it in my bosom, and gaze on it and kiss it when you are away. Just put your name here."

And Herbert did so only too gladly, and she placed the paper in her bosom, and when she reached her room she took it out and gazed on it. And above his name where he didn't happen to see, appeared this legend, which had been written just before he called:—"Evansville March 28, 1889. This night I promised to marry Ethel, and I hereby bind myself to do so at the time we mutually agreed on.—HUBERT MONTRAVERS."

"Yes," she muttered to herself as she sank to rest on her pillow, "I think I've got him foul. There have been too many ducks kissing and slobbering over me for the last five years, and I think it's time to take a tumble and get a sure grip on one."

His Honeymoon.

The following rather singular method of of enjoying a honeymoon may commend itself to impecunious bridegrooms if it does not to their brides. The colored female cook of a family living in Boston came upstairs one afternoon, and, twisting the corners of her apron with embrassment, said to her mistress:

"You see, missus, I thought it mought be bes' to be tellin' you dat I—dat I done got married las' week."

"Ah! and what is your name now, Hannah?"

"Mis' Williams, ma'am. You see, my husban', he am a cook, too. He am a sheft in a hotel."

"A chef, eh? That's very nice. And do you expect to leave us directly?"

"Not d'reckly, mum. I'll stay for de present. You see, my husban', he's done gone to New York an' Washin'ton on his honeymoon, an' it'll be nigh onto six weeks befo' he comes back."

Form in your children the habit of daily reading in the bible. Say to each of them in your own way that which Sir Matthew Hale wrote to his child: "Every morning read seriously and reverently a portion of the Holy Scriptures. It is a book full of light and wisdom, and will make you wise to eternal life."—Rev. E. Heber Newton.

A ship ruled by woman—courtship.

Mrs. Blossom: "What's that? O horrors, the hotel afire." Mr Blossom: "Yes come on; we've no time to lose." Mrs. Blossom: "But here I am in my night dress." Mr. Blossom: "Good enough; I'm glad you got out of your balldress, and into something decent."

As it is the manly man who wins and satisfies a good woman, so it is the womanly woman who pleases and retains the desirable man. She need not be soft or silly, or weak or nervous—she may be streng, vigerous, resolute and brave; but, whatever she is, she must be womanly in order to please.

"Tis said absence conquers love," quoted a husband, in writing home to his wife from whom he had been some time away, "I hope, dear it won't be so in your case." "Oh no," she replied in her next letter, "the longer you stay away the better I shall like you." He had to take it thus ambiguously, as he was afraid to risk asking an explanation.

Sickness in Farmer's Families.

A paper in a Massachusetts health report gives this suggestive summary of the principal cause of sickness in families of farmers:

1. Overwork and exposure; the women being more frequently overworked.
2. Improper and improperly cooked food.
3. Damp location of dwellings.
4. Want of cleanliness about their houses, especially in reference to drains, privies, cellars and proximity to barnyard and hog-pens.
5. Impure drinking-water, largely due to preceding causes.
6. Bedrooms imperfectly ventilated and on the ground floor, with the too general use of feather beds.
7. Insufficient recreation.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, May., 30, 1889. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 45.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. R. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

READY TO BE MARRIED.

I am ready to be married;
I can make a loaf of bread;
I can cook as nice a dinner
As my mother, so she said;
I can keep a room in order,
Sweep the house and make a bed;
Mother says a girl may marry
Who can make a loaf of bread.

I am ready to be married,
I can cut and make a dress;
Mark the linen with the cross stitch;
Mend the lace, that's hardly less
Fine and dainty than a cobweb;
So I dare to tell him, "Yes;"
Mother says a girls may marry
Who can cut and make a dress.

I am ready to be married;
I can knit a stocking well,
I can make and I can darn it,
And a "bargain" I can tell;
I can shop and go to market,
And I'm not a ball-room belle;
Mother says a girl may marry
Who can knit a stocking well.

I am ready to be married;
And I have a lover true,
Just the handsomest and dearest
Lad that ever came to woo;
Never maiden loved her lover
Half so dearly as I do;
Mother says a girl may marry
When she has a lover true.

—Ex.

Did Sun and Moon Dance.

BY F. R. BURTON.

"An, did yer mamma never tell ye of that, Elsie, me darlin? How the sun an' the moon dance togeth er, the bot' of tuim, on Easter morn in? Oh! oh! what a shame it is, it is! Might be she never heard of it, for there be a heap of innicint ignorance in America waitin' to be putt in the shtove an' burnt up like a pack o' peat, so it is. Fait', an' I think the most beautiful t'ings is Irish, so an' I do!"

"But really, Maggie," and little Elsie's blue eyes were wide with wonderment, "really and truly, does the sun dance with the moon on Easter morning?"

"What would I be tellin' ye for if it wasn't so at all? They do in Ireland; just as sure as the blissid sun comes up drippin' out av the say, lavin ould England in the dark, bad luck to her! The moon runs hoppity skip across the sky an' joins hand with the sun, an' they dance a rale Irish jig together."

"That must be dreadfully funny," said Elsie gravely; then, a last doubt lingering in her puzzled thoughts. "Did you ever see them Maggie?"

"See thim, is it? Oh, oh, run away, now, to yer mamma an' shtop axing me bothersome questions. Don't I tell ye it's so? What more do ye want, I dunno?"

Elsie put her little finger in her mouth and walked slowly and with abstracted gaze into the sitting room, where her mother sat sewing and her father was reading the evening paper. She sat down upon a low stool under the mantel and studied the brown and yellow figures of the carpet. In the soft light of the big lamp on the center table the brown seemed darker than it did by daylight, and the yellow was almost white. Elsie wondered vaguely whether the yellow moon would be white during the dance with the sun, for she remembered that whenever it appeared by day it was wofully pale; and would the sun turn his dazzling face aside for just one minute so that she could have a good look at him? and would the moon have feet? and would the sun's legs go right down from the great, hot circle of flame, or would there be a body like papa's? or would both, and this seemed more likely, would both just tilt from side to side and laugh in each other's face before they resumed their regular duties?

It was strangely interesting to the eight-year-old, and in happy reflection she forgot all about the odd figures in the new carpet. The bronze clock above her head began to buzz with immense importance and then uttered a single tiny ring and went on ticking hurriedly, as if in haste to reach the next hour mark, when its buzzing should prelude a more significant announcement. All well regulated clocks are subject to this vanity; they puff out the cheeks of their faces, rattle away as if all their precious insides were falling to pieces; the pendulum is silent, and then the commotion ends with a few silvery strokes; more or less, after which the time piece recovers its modest self-possession and goes on about its useful busines.

"Half-past 8," said Mrs. Durant, glancing up at the clock. "Time little girls were in bed"

"Mamma," exclaimed Elsie, taking a tuck in her dress with her fingers and looking hard at her feet, "mayn't I sit up all night just this once?"

"Mercy on us!" cried Mrs. Durant, laying her sewing down in her lap, "what does the child mean?"

Papa Durant looked inquiringly over the top of his paper.

"I want to see the sun and the moon dance together," replied Elsie "and I can't wake up early enough if I go to bed."

Mamma Durant was too astonished to speak, but papa, with an amused smile, said:

"You would have your trouble for nothing, Elsie; the sun and the moon don't indulge in such antics."

Elsie did not understand her father's words exactly, but she felt the denial and she responded:

"Maggie says they do every Easter morning, when the sun comes out of the sea, and the moon hop, skips and jumps, and they take hands and dance in the sky, at least in Ireland, the both of them, and perhaps, if I just sat up all night, they'd do it for me. Please papa."

Papa laughed.

"If you sat up little one," he said, "you would not be awake in the afternoon to sing with the other children in the Easter festival. You wouldn't like to miss that?"

"I think I'd rather see the dance," responded Elsie.

"Maggie shouldn't put such notions in little girls heads," said mamma, and forthwith Elsie was bundled off to bed. Her lips pouted with something more than affection when she kissed her father good night, and two or three lonesome tears rolled slowly down her face; but she went to her room without a murmur, and when her head was on the pillow she looked out at the stars and wished something would keep her awake. Her father had rearoused her doubts as to the entire truth of Maggie's story; but it would have taken much more than that to convince her, for the event was too interesting not to be believed, and she was more than willing to see herself whether it was so.

As she lay wondering about it all a thought suddenly sprung into her head. Why should she not stay awake and see the dance? Papa and mamma had not said that she must not, and they would not care very much when she told them at breakfast what she had yone. This thought became a fixed determination, and for several minutes she looked at the stars steadily with open eyes. Then she caught herself dozing and she sat up in bed. Even in this attitude her head speedily drooped, and she got out and stood in front of her half open ed window. Across the road a street lamp made fantastic shadows of the trees and houses, and far away a dog barked. From the room below come the clear, high tones of her mother's voice and the deep, somber murmur of her father's replies. Mellow sounds from the top of the little hill back of the house told that the church clock was striking 9. How slowly the time passed for Elsie! She looked up again at the stars and thought how tired the angels must get watching through the dark silence of every night. Then somebody walked rapidly by, and when she could no longer hear his footsteps she wondered if it were nearly 10 o'clock. At last it grew chilly, and she climbed into bed again, just for one minute, to get warm.

The evening had grown old for country folk before Mrs. Durant put aside the work that had lain idle in her lap for many minutes, and followed her husband to their chamber. Her thoughts had gone back to a happier time when her son Willie was with her. Only five years ago, and how long it seemed! He had yielded to a restless disposition and wandered away, where she knew not, except that it was credibly reported that he had shipped aboard an East Indiaman. If he were alive he would be nearly 20 now, but no word from or about him had ever been received. He had been absent a year when his parents sought to overcome the depression that grew upon them by leaving their former home and establishing themselves in a pretty country village where this story finds them.

Mrs. Durant said nothing to her husband of their common grief, and before she slept she had relieved her aching heart by thoughts of Elsie, upon whom she poured forth all of a mother's yearning affection.

Elsie started. There was a flow of soft light in her room, and the stars that had shown so clearly into her window were almost invisible. She sprang from her bed with a great fear at her heart. Was it day? No, there was the moon smiling at her and making the whole night glorious. How had the moon come around the house corner so quickly! Had she been asleep? The street lamp had been put out. It could not be more than a minute since she snuggled her toes under the blankets, and yet—— It must be near morning, and intent on being out in time for the dance she hastened to put on her clothes. She would go up to the church at the top of the hill. There she could see al of the known world except that vague confusion of some far off town where papa used to live.

With care not to awake anybody, Elsie crept down the back stairs, drew back the bolt of the kitchen door, cautiously opened it and stepped out. Everything was wonderfully still, as if the earth was holding its breath in expectancy over the heavenly capers to occur at daybreak. Neither the stillness nor the night itself had terrors for Elsie. She walked quickly across the yard and through the sloping orchard beyond to the low wall that bounded the churchyard. Over this, and presently she stepped upon the the shadow of the steeple. The moon was on the other side of the clock face, or Elsie might have seen that it was but a few minutes past midnight. Entirely satisfied with her adventure thus far, she sat down upon the church steps to wait.

Then for the first time she saw that she had been followed. Noiseless stepping across the grass come Dot, the family cat, who was fast outgrowing the significance of her name. Elsie welcomed Dot and rose to pick her up, whereat Dot scampered away, tail in air.

"Naughty pussy! come here," cried Elsie, and ran after her. In the orchard Dot disappeared, but, hearing a slight noise below, Elsie went softly forward, intent on taking her pet by surprise. Arrived at the gate to the yard she paused ed and looked about. What was her surprise to see a man cutting with a large pocket knife at the sash of the kitchen window! For a moment she looked on in wonderment, but when the man had cut away the fastening and was carefully raising the window, she exclaimed:

"That's my papa's house!"

Like a flash the man turned around and peered across the yard, his hand still on the half raised window.

"Huh! It's a kid," he muttered, and he let the window down and walked over to Elsie.

"What are you doing here, young one?" he asked in a whisper.

"I'm going to see the sun and the moon dance in the morning," replied Elsie, "and you mustn't speak out loud or you'll wake papa and mamma, and they'll make me come in."

The stranger smiled.

"I won't disturb 'em," he said. "I wasn't going to anyway. The fact is, little one, I'm hungry, and all I was going to do in your house was to find something to eat."

"How do you know where the pantry is?" asked Elsie.

"I don't, but p'r'aps I could find it. You know, I suppose? Can't you get me a bit of bread or something?

Elsie thought a moment. She remembered how no beggar ever went hungry from her father's door, and without reflecting further she crept into the house, and as she went in the stranger muttered, "And to think that the door was unlocked all the time!"

When Elsie returned she brought a half loaf of bread and a doughnut, a luxury of which she was especially fond. The stranger fell upon the bread ravenously and Elsie watched him in silence for a moment. Then she asked:

"Where do you live?"

"Nowhere."

This seemed so strange to Elsie that she said nothing more. The hungry man ate every morsel of the food and then put his face in his hands.

"I am much obliged to you," he whispered. "I'm no thief, little one, and I never tried before to break into a house, though I've seen hard times enough."

"Wouldn't you like to see the sun and the moon dance?" asked Elsie. "I think they'll do it this morning, and that'll be pretty soon, won't it? They do in Ireland every Easter morning."

"Who told you so?"

"Maggie."

"Who's she?"

"Papa's hired girl."

"What is your papa's name?"

"Mr. William Durant."

The stranger started, and leaning forward peered earnestly into Elsie's face.

"Say that again! Where did you used to live?" he exclaimed.

"Way off somewhere. I live here now."

"What is your name?"

"Elsie."

The stranger was silent a moment. Then he rose, and, taking

Continued on fourth Page.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

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Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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Huntersville, W. Va.

May 30 1889.

Fourteen lawyers have been president of the United States.

A Cincinnati man, in order to keep peace in the family, has married his mother-in-law.

Governesses are going to the front. Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts was a governess and so was Mrs. Levi P. Morton.

Mr. Gladstone's visit to Italy has improved his health immensely. When he returns to London he will look ten years younger.

Francis D. Daffin, of Brooklyn, a printer, bet $500 on the losing horse at the race, and then settled his grief by committing suicide.

Hon. Thorndike Rice, recently appointed by President Harrison United States Minister to Russia is dead.

Prince Louis de Ligue and Vicomte de Jonghe fought a duel at midnight by torch light in a French forest. Nothing was wounded except trees.

THE Democrats have secured a majority of five in the constitutional convention of Montana. The prospects for the future do not look so dark, after all, do they brethren

Mrs. Oscar Folsom, mother of Mrs. Cleveland, was married on the 20th in Jackson, Mich., to Henry E. Perrine, of Buffalo. He is secretary of Buffalo City Cemetary Association.

Hon. John Wanamaker, distributed $100,000 among his employes last week. It was the result of his profit system adopted in his Philadelphia business house.

Hon. Jno. T. McGraw has resigned as Collector of Internal Revenue. He will be succeeded by A. B. White, editor of the State Journal, a bitter partisan paper at Parkersburg.

The Boston Journal reports that Samuel Cummings of that city while leaning against a rail in his grain-mill, "began sneezing and sneezed so hard that he disolated his shoulder."

Miss Jane Woods, a young lady who lives in Wetzel county, has completed a nice quilt containing 22,140 pieces. She commenced it when seven years old, having worked at it for fourteen years.

A Republican exchange says: "A man who is addicted to drink, is not likely to get anything from Harrison." We can understand now why it was that so many of the brethren who seemed to have every prospect of success failed to get there.

A Clay county preacher has been indicted on four accounts for gambling at cards. The failure of his flock to ante promptly in the Sunday "pot" is, no doubt the cause of the minister's efforts to replenish his purse by a little game of draw.

Old Kanawha did nobly on Tuesday. Cutting down a majority of 1,500 to about 150 is not so bad, even if a full vote was not polled. At the same rate of increase we will be able to carry the county by about 800 majority at the next election.—Charleston Star.

The iron makers of the South are driving the Pennsylvania furnaces out of blast. The Southern mills have been selling pig-iron in New York at $16.50 a ton for a year, while the Pennsylvanians have been compelled to get $18 per ton for theirs, or close their mills. The Tariff will not help Pennsylvania hereafter. Virginia, Tennessee and Alabama are the countries from which Pennsylvania must protect herself, and she can't do that by a tariff.—Charleston Gazette.

The editor of the New York Times, Mr. C. R. Miller, in a closing lecture before the Dartmouth Alumni Tuesday on the "Art of Making a Newspaper," said among other things:

"The art of making a newspaper, like any other art, demands of him who would practice it a special skill and some information. The vulgar error that the newspaper art demand no special training, but may be taken up at a moment's notice and a generous salary by any man or woman temporarily out of work or unacquainted with any kind of work, is traceable to an obvious source. Young men are admitted to the practic of the law, they are graduated in medicine, and they are ordained or appointed ministers of the Gospel, in each case after a fixed term of study has elapsed and an ascertained degree of professional knowledge has been acquired. Of him who asks for work in a newspaper office no degree, license, or certificate is exacted. Yet no contention is that the training which fits one successfully to practice the art of making a newspaper is no less arduous, is usually rather more prolonged, and yields no smaller volume of attainment than the special studies preparatory to the practice of law, of medicine, of engineering, or architecture, or the instruction of ingenous youth."

WASHINGTGN LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, May 24th.—"Harrison has a weak back bone," said a republican Senator, and it is constantly growing weaker. There is every indication that we are to have a repetitiod of the worse features in the Hayes and Arthur administrations." This language was used by a man who is generally regarded as being very friendly to the administration, and there is no doubt that he is, but he was asked by a republican friend his opinion of the President and he gave it without reserve. And the known facts in a number of cases bear the Senators statement as to a weak back bone out. For instance he wants to put his old law partner Attorney General Miller in the Supreme Court bench, but owing to a vigorous protest from the Indiana republicans, who want Judge Woods of that State appointed, he does nothing. Again: In the early days of the administration John Wanamaker selected a business man of Philadelphia to be Postmaster at that city, and Mr. Harrison lacked the nerve to make the appointment. And again: Some time ago John Sherman was promised that Ex-Congressman Hart, of Ohio, should be appointed Solicitor. General, Hart was telegraphed to and told to come on and get the appointment. Quay made a big row accusing Sherman of lying etc., and intimating that the administration might go to jericho, for all he cared. Once more Harrison's back bone went back on him and Hart's appointment has not yet been made out. The cases mentioned are all well known, doubtless there are many similar ones that the public never hears of, but these are sufficient to prove that the Senators indictment is a true one.

Oklahoma can't have a national bank. So says the Attorney General to whom the application was referred by the Treasury department.

Some absurd rumors about the sending of an English man of war to Alaskan waters to prevent the provisions of Harrison's recent proclamation, as to the seizure of all vessels found illegally taking seals, from being carried out, forcibly if necessary, have been floating around here this week but nobody seemed to take any stock in them.

Justice Miller of the Supreme Court, having failed in his purpose of getting ex-Secretary of War McCrary, appointed as his successor, or rather in getting a promise to that effect from Harrison, now says that he has no intention of retiring.

Washington has been the scene of some very heavy fighting among some of the big fellows in the republican party during the present week. Blows have been passed that will be remembered for years and revenged too, if the opportunity comes, and it most always causes strife among the leaders distribution of the patronage. The first skirmish was between Representative Cannon, of Illinois and Senators Cullom and Farwell of the same state. Cannon got one of his constituents appointed collector of Internal revenue without consulting either of the Senators. Cannon has the best of it so far out the Senators swear vengeance. The next engagement was a battle royal that has raged all the week. It is over the Philadelphia Federal appointments. On one side is "Cheap John" Wanamaker, Representative Harry Bingham and Boss McManes, and on the other Senator Quay alone, with all his war paint on. The fight has been carried to the White House nearly every day and poor Harrison has been compelled to act as referee much against his will. This fight is still on, with the result in doubt. Another engagement was caused by a U. S. Marshalship in New York, Senator Evarts dared to oppose the candidate of Senator Hiscock and Boss Tom Platt, and not only to oppose the other candidate but to have one of his own. The three met here this week and indulged in a few rounds. Evarts is believed to have been completely knocked out. It seems to be generally believed by the republicans that Harrison will call an extra session of Congress in October. Of course everybody knows that there is no earthly occasion for an extra session except to give the republicans two months to fight over the organization of the House and to perfect their arrangements to get at least three-fourths of the contested seats.

Blaine, Windom and Proctor deny that they propose resigning, as was rumored.

Many people from Washington, have gone to Alexandria to-day to witness the unveiling of a handsome monument to the Confederate dead.

MASONIC NOTICE.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 63, A. F. & A. M.—The [illegible] of regular meeting of this [illegible]dge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the [m]oon falls on Friday, then on that [ev]ening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

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HOME NEWS

—Geo. W. Siple, of Green Bank, [wa]s in town Friday last.

—Geo. Ginger, of Dunmore was [in] Huntersville last Saturday.

—R. A. Coalter, of Aylmer was [in] to see us last Saturday.

—County Supt. Mathews, was in [th]e city Monday.

—R. K. Burns, of Academy was [in] Huntersville Monday.

—Harry Moore, of Dunmore was [in] town last week.

—J. W. McNeil, of Edray, was [in] to see us Monday.

—Rev. W. T. Price of Marlinton [wa]s in to see us Monday.

—Dr. Mathew Wallace, of Mill [Po]int was in to see us Tuesday.

—Quite a little snow in several [par]ts of the county last Saturday. [Ho]w's that for the 25th of May?

[B]uggy harness and Saddles at $10 and up to $40 at A. P. Leist's [Ron]ceverte, W. Va. 30-2m

—The County Court, Messrs. C. [B]eard, S. B. Hannah and Geo. [M]oore were in town Monday.

[Go] to John Wurts & Co, Frank[for]d, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and [Se]lf Binders. may 9-12t

—The County Court met last [Mo]nday to count the election re[tu]rns.

[S]ewing machines from $25 to $50; [wa]rranted, for sale by A. P. Leist, [Ron]ceverte, W. Va. 30 2m.

—The school election is over and [M]r. Mathews, elected Co. Super[int]endant.

—Guy Slaven who has been at[ten]ding the Hillsboro Academy has re[tu]rned.

—Miss Mary Curry, has returned fro[m] the Hillsboro Academy where sh[e] has been an attendant.

[Jo]hn Wurts & Co., of Frankford, W.Va., will be here during June C[our]t with a lot of Mowers. Don't bu[y] until you see them. may 9-12t

[Is]n't it about time somebody w[as] doing something toward get[tin]g up a big Fourth of July cele[brati]on?

[Bu]y the Deering Mowers and Se[lf] Binders, the best machines th[at] made of John Wurts & Co. Fr[an]kford, W. Va. may 9 12

—One Jess Smith, a logman, is w[ant]ed, for rape, committed on one M[rs.] Perkins, on the river near Hillsboro.

—Mrs. C. A. Damron and family [are] visiting her parents Mr. J. C. Lo[u]ry, at this place. Mr. Damron [ca]me with them but returned Mon[d]ay.

—Quite an enjoyable afternoon w[a]s spent Sunday in singing at this pl[a]ce, led by Profs. S. B. Moore [an]d A. J. Smith, of Edray, and M. A. Friel.

—M. G. Mathews, the only can[d]idate for County Superintendent was elected by a handsome vote. The vote taken at Academy for a six months school was defeated by two.

—Rev. W. E. Miller, of Hillsboro preached at the Methodist Church at this place on Monday night and Tuesday. His sermons were interesting and instructive and very much appreciated by the audience.

—The residence of Bruce and Chumley at Mingo, was destroyed by fire last Sunday. The fire originated from a defective flue. The property destroyed is known as the [illegible] homestead. The loss is estimated at $2,000. No insurance. —Enterprise.

—Dr. C. L. Austin and Maj. J. C. Arbogast, of Green Bank, were in town Tuesday. The Doctor says if a person were to depend upon the United States under the present administration there would be no certainty about getting married. On Friday last he mailed a dollar to the Clerk with the request to send by return mail a marriage license, but no letter nor dollar has yet reached the clerk; so the Doctor had to come to town himself.

—The Pocahontas Musical Association held very pleasant sessions at Frost, May 23-26, under the direction of Prof. S. B. Moore, aided by a corps of Musical teachers, and organists. The attendance was large, and enthusiastic, and the interest in sacred music enhanced. Profs. Swecker, Smith and Ruckman, Capt. Gilmer, from Highland, Rev. G. P. Moore, Profs. A. C. Moore and M. A. Friel, were among the more prominent of the lectures. Rev. O. B. Sharp, was secretary, Misses Ida Herold Nina Herold Ida Smith and Mrs. Laura Herold rendered very efficient service upon the organ, that added much to the success of the convention. Outlines of an address, to be published by request of the convention, may be looked for in our next issue.

—Geo. Marteny, a young man about 17 years old, was instantly killed yesterday, Thursday, near his home, two miles east of Beverly, by the accidental discharge of a gun in his own hands. He had his gun ready to shoot a squirrel on a tree near by, and it is supposed, that forgetting that he had it cocked sat it down on the ground with sufficient force to discharge it, the ball entering his breast and passing through his body lodged just under the skin. He clasped his hands upon the wound and ran about twenty-five yards, when he fell and instantly expired. A younger brother, who saw the accident, immediately informed his parents and the lifeless body was carried to the house near by. He was a quiet, industrious, well-behaved boy, and the tragedy has cast a gloom over the community.—Enterprise.

Church Notes for June

Sacramental meeting at Liberty church, 1st Sabbath of June, 11 o'clock, a. m. Preliminary services Saturday night.

Sacramental services at Marlin's Bottom, 3rd Sabbath of June. Preaching services Saturday morning before, 11. a. m. The aid of Rev. D. S. Sydenstricker is expected.

All day meeting at Mary Gibson's Chapel, on Elk, on the 5th Sabbath of June. Parties will please bring their baskets and spend the day in social singing and religious exercises.

W. T. P.

Split Rock Splinters.

Sunday school was organized at this place Sunday the 19 inst with an enrollment of forty.

Mr. Gibbs who has been visiting friends in this county and Miss Cicie Taliaferro who has been the guest of Col. Gatewood the past two weeks, left for their homes Wednesday morning.

Twenty-three scholars enrolled at the Big Spring school.

Capt. Stofer was over on Elk a few days ago but as he was afraid of snakes he did not stay long. One morning he met two ladies who had started to gather wild flowers. They saw a very large snake and called to Capt Stofer, after he had passed to come back and help to kill it, but he pulled off his hat and ran until he reached Col. Gatewood's. There the ladies found him an hour afterwards sitting in a comfortable arm chair, he thought they killed the snake and when they went in Capt. Stofer jumped up and said: "Wasn't that a monster snake we killed ladies."

S. L.

Hillsboro Happenings

Wm. Cackley and Will McGlaughlin and Misses Mollie Smith and Mary Cackley attended the Commencement exercises of the Hillsboro M. & F. Academy.

Rev. Wm. E. Miller is absent helping Rev. W. E. Balleagee with the Quarterly meeting at Dunmore.

The Quarterly meeting of the M. E. Church will be held here next Saturday and Sunday. Bro. Miller will be assisted by Bro. Kinzer, P. E.

Mrs. Minnie Wissinger, of Ronceverte, passed through town last week on her way to visit her parents on Beaver creek.

Married—the 5th of May at the residence of the bride's parent in Burr's Valley, Miss Caroline Rider to Mr. Geo. Dunbrack, of Novascotia and at the same time by the same minister, Mr. David Dean to Miss Susan Rider. The young ladies were sisters and the one that Mr. Dunbrack married had never been over a mile from home in her life.

PRUNELLA

The Buckhannon papers say they have on exhibition in that town now, a portion of the skeleton of a giant, which, when living measured twenty-eight feet in height. One half of the jaw bone, extending from the point of the chin to the back, measures twenty-eight inches and weighs sixty five pounds. Three front teeth are missing, the balance, four molars, are intact and about the size of a pint cup. The tibia or shin bone, from the knee to the ankle, measures about five feet; a portion of the lower extremity, however, is gone. The rib bone is about thirty-three inches in length. There is also on exhibition the jaw bone and shin bone of an ordinary sized man. The depressions in the one correspond exactly with the other also does the nerves, etc. This skeleton was unearthed by a Mr. Morgan, in the northern part of Louisana, in 1878, and it is estimated to have weighed when living, eight thousand pounds.

Minnesota has a law on the subject of intoxication, the operation of which will be watched with a vast deal of interest. It makes it a crime to be drunk, either in public or in private, and it punishes by fine and imprisonment.

There is, to our mind, something wholesome in this law, and we believe it will accomplish more in the way of reforming the intemperate than any legislation yet devised. It will prevent the frequency of the example, and increase accordingly, the disgrace of the crime.

Make it odious to be intoxicated—as it ought to be—and there will be fewer cases of drunkenness, and less use of intoxicating drinks.—Charleston Gazette.

While Bismark was at college he fought twenty-eight duels.

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the Chancery Cause of E. J. Silva vs James P. Ginger and Wm. C. McClure, on the 3rd day of April 1889 I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree shall on the

17th DAY OF JUNE 1889

proceed in front of the Court house door of this County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for Cash, a certain tract of land containing about 35 acres, the property of the defendant James P. Ginger situate on the waters of Stamping Creek, adjoining the lands of the Heirs of A. D. Grimes and others. This tract of land is fertile and productive and in a partial state of Cultivation.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Special Com'r

I John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, certify that the above Commissioner has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD,
Cl'k Cir. Ct.

printers fee $9.78 mar23 4w

Orders of Publication.

No. 1.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in May 1889.

Chas L. Austin & als.
vs. } In chy. No 1.
Wm. F. Arbogast & als.

The object of this suit is to have partition or sale of a tract of land containing 6,480 acres, known as the lots No. 7, 8 and 11, lying on the Alleghany mountain in Pocahontas County and the proceeds thereof divided among those entitled thereto according to their respective rights and interests, and it appearing by affidavit filed that Chas. Wade, Anson O. Wade, Paul L. Gay, Helen M. Gay, Signora Warwick, David V. Buckman, Chas. W. Gum, Granville Eastham Trustee, James Arbogast, Virgil S. Sholts, Amos Gum, Thos. G. Gum, R. Lee Gum, Clara Conrad, S. A. Porter and Lillie his wife, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, that the heirs of Stewart Slaven Sr. and of Annie Shots are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiffs, without effect, to ascertain in what county Margaret Dyer resides. It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. H. STEPHENSON, }
C. F. MOORE, } p. q.
may 9th 4t printers fee $11.25

Mrs. Harrison has sent to the Art Loan exhibition at Washington two porcelain plates of her own painting.

No 2.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia on the first Monday in May 1889.

Chas. L. Austin &c.,
vs. } In chy, No. 2.
Wm. F. Arbogast &c.

The object of this suit is to have a sale of a tract of land containing about 1,785 acres, lying on the Alleghany Mountain in Pocahontas County and the proceeds divided among those entitled thereto, according to their respective rights and interests, and it appearing from affidavit filed that Anson O. Wade, Chas. Wade, William, Peter, John and A. M. Hartman, Mary Driscol, Andrew, John, Asgol and Amos Stephenson, John V. B. Wade and Mobola his wife, and Janetta Groves are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that the heirs of Susan Potts, decd, are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiff without effect, to ascertain in what county, Lorenza Humphries and Jane his wife, Allen Stephenson, Julia Regor, (formerly Arnold) reside, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. H. STEPHENSON, }
C. F. MOORE, } p. q.
may 9th 4 w printers fee $10.16

No. 3.

At rules held in the Circuit Court, Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia on the first Monday in May, 1889.

Chas. L. Austin, &c.,
vs. } In chy. No. 3.
Wm. F. Arbogast, &c.

The object of this suit is to have a sale of a tract of land containing about 1,376 acres lying on the Alleghany Mountain in Pocahontas county, and the proceeds divided among those entitled thereto according to their respective rights and interests, and it appearing from affidavit filed that Anson O., and Chas. Wade, William, Peter, John and A. M. Hartman, Mary Driscol, Andrew, John, Asgol and Amos Stephenson, John V. B. Wade and Mobola his wife and Jenetta Groves are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that the heirs of Susan Potts, dec'd are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiffs without effect to ascertain in what county Lorenza Humphries and Jane his wife, Julia Regar (formerly Arnold) and Allen Stephenson reside. It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. H. STEPHENSON, }
C. F. MOORE, } p. q.
may9 1 m printers fee 10.97

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in May, 1889.

George C. Hill's Adm'r.
vs. } In chy.
Rebecca J. Hill & als.

The object of this suit is to settle the accounts of the administrator of George C. Hill, dec'd. To convene the creditors of said decedent. To subject the real estate of which said Geo. Hill, dec'd died seized to the payment of his debts and to construe the will of the said Geo. C. Hill, and it appearing from affidavit filed that Thos C. Hill, James F. Hill and Elizabeth J. Bruffey are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

C. F. MOORE, p. q.
may9 4t printers fee $9.82

[Po]cahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

[ED]ITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

[Enter]ed at the Post-office at Hunters-ville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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1 inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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1 col'n	16 00	26 00	36 00	56 00

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Huntersville, W. Va.

May 30 1889.

Continued from first Page.

the child by the hand, walked with her up to the slope through the orchard.

"'Twas up here you was going to see the sun dance, wasn't it?" he asked, and when they were seated together on the church steps he made many inquiries about her, learned that there was in her mind a vague memory of a brother, and that mamma had said he would surely return some time. Presently the bell in the steeple above them struck one, and the stranger tried to persuade the child to her house and bed. She persisted in her desire to see the morning dance of sun and moon, but her eyes were heavy, and before she knew it, she was fast asleep in the stranger's arms. He had taken off his coat to shelter her, and in a corner of the church portico they passed hour after hour of the slow Easter morning.

It was yet some minutes before sunrise when Mrs Durant was startled from her sleep by a violent knocking at her chamber door.

"Mis' Durant! Mis' Durant! Haste ye up! Elsie's gone!"

Maggie, on the way to the earliest of early masses, had glanced into Elsie's room. During the few minutes that followed, confusion and anxiety contended for possession of the household. Then Mr. Durant set out to warn the constable, and Mrs. Durant, painfully agitated at the thought of losing another child, began to search the neighborhood. She went by the road that wound about the hill to the church. As she neared the building she saw a man crouching in the portico, and she determined to ask him if he had seen Elsie. He did not see or hear her. She had come quite near when the sound of his voice made her stop stock still with a fearsome faintness about her heart.

"Wake up, Elsie," he said; "the sun is just getting up."

"Is he dancing?" inquired a small sleepy voice from a bundle in his arms. "Where is the moon?"

"Elsie! Willie! My children!" cried Mrs. Durant, running forward.

The man, a young and not bad looking fellow, albeit haggard and roughened by exposure, rose quickly and said:

"We're here, mother."

And did the sun and the moon really dance that morning? The first rays of the sun fell on a deeply happy group in front of the church, and the fading moon looked on from the other side of the sky. If they did not dance then it is doubtful if they ever have done so since the first Easter.

The government appropriated $[illegible] expenditures for 1889-90.

The Horns Must Go.

It may safely be set down as a fact that Western farmers, at least those who raise cattle mainly for beef, have concluded that the horns must go. A great many dairymen are undecided because of the vehement assertion that dehorning destroys the "butter potency" of bulls and the milking qualities of cows—an unproved theory as yet—but the beef grower has made up his mind. It is now simply a question as to the manner of their going—whether they are to be bred off by the use of polled bulls, or sawed off, or gouged out, or whether they will simply kill the horns as they do weeds when they begin to sprout.

The cattle raising world has been startled in the last three months by the announcement that by the simple and single application of a chemical costing 2 cents per head, the discovery of Mr. John March, of Shullsburg, Wis., the growth of horns can be entirely prevented. We are skeptical at first, but a representative of the Journal visited the farm of Mr. March and made a personal and critcal examination of a number of grade short-horn calves from seven to ten months old dehorned by this method, and came away with firm conviction that the method was a complete success. Probably the most convinicng proof is furnished by the skull of a seven-months-old calf, which our representative examined carefully, and which was semi-dehorned by this method the chemical having been applied to one side and not to the others.

It is not necessary for us to enter into any argument as to the advantages of dehorning beef cattle. We have advocated that from the beginning for all grade cattle. We have commenced taking them off even the thoroughbreds on the Journal farms, and will dehorn this year's calves with the chemical. It is folly to grow horns on cattle when for two cents per head they can be prevented, with scarcely any pain, without danger and without any possible deformity.—Western Farm Journal.

Household Notes.

Fresh milk boiled with cut sugar will soothe a cough when other things fail.

Boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm, salt or gum arabic dissolved.

A strip of flannel or a napkin wrung out of hot water and applied round the neck of a child that has croup will usually bring relief in ten minutes.

To cure toothache, pulverize about equal parts of common salt and alum. Get as much cotton as will fill the tooth, damp it, put in the mixture, and place it in the tooth.

Bath a sprain with arnica diluted with water, and bandage with soft flannel moistened with the same. A sprained wrist thus treated will grow well in a few days.

A tablespoonful of common baking soda to every five gallons of lard, when cooking, will improve the lard. It should be added when the lard is nearly done, and if not carefully watched will boil over.

Old furniture that has a dull, greasy look should be rubbed with turpentine and then polished with some good polish. The improvement in its appearance will repay you for the trouble. White spots on furniture can be removed by wetting a piece of flannel with turpentine and then rubbing the spot hard. It may require several applications of the turpentine and considerable patience.

The biggest circulation ever reached by a newspaper was by the New York World the 7th of November the issue for that date being [illegible] copies. The same day the Boston Globe printed 438,230 papers.

"Three years ago I went into the Board with $25,000, and in less than two years retired."

"With an independent fortune?"

"No; until I could raise a little money to go into something else."

Youth—Can you give me anything to do, sir?

Merchant—What is your line.

Y.—Clerk, sir.

M.—Clerk? Why, clerks are a drug in the labor market just now.

Y.—They are? Well, if that's the case I had better look for a job as a drug clerk.

Mrs. Cahokia—Alfred. I have been reading about the hot air treatment for weak lungs, and I think I should like to try it.

Mr. Cahokia (struck by a happy thought)—All right, Esmeralda. This is April. Next month is May. We'll spend the whole month right here in St. Louis.

Jinks—I called at your boarding-house to-day and saw the table nearly set for dinner, and I must say things looked very neat. I never saw a whiter table cloth in my life.

Blinks—No, she doesn't make her tea, coffee or soups strong enough stain.

A lady in this town recently set a pot of cream in a spring near the house, so that it might keep cool. During the night a frog fell into the cream pot, and his struggle to get out actually churned the cream, so that when the lady visited the pot the next morning she found the frog sitting on a ball of butter, washing his feet in the butter-milk.—Middletown Enterprise.

"John, Mr. Jackson has bought a phonograph."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. You ought to see it. It repeats everything that's told it."

"I don't see how Edison got a patent on it."

"Why not?"

"Because it's no improvement on you women."

Mrs. Elite (in $5,000-a-year flat)—Oh, it's perfectly terrible the way things have gone to-day. That janitor has been just as contrary and disagreeable as it is possible for a human being to be.

Miss Elite—Did you bow to him deferently this morning?

"Indeed I did. I always do. Did you?"

"Yes, ma, I bowed to him most humbly."

"Well, something is the matter. Tomorrow morning try kissing him."

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, June 13, 1889. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 Per Year in Advance. No. 47.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

The Silver Lining.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant
But has bitter with the sweet;
There's never a path so rugged
That bears not the prints of feet;
And we have a helper promised
For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

Love and a Blizzard.

The Post lay bathed in sunshine. The sweet air untainted by the foul breath of the town, blew as it never does east of the Rockies, in regular, rhythmical swells.

Although it was early April, the prairies were green, and covered with the hardy blue and crimson flowers which bloom beneath the snow. It was just the day of all others when confinement within four walls is intolerable, and the joy of mere animal existence demands expression.

On the piazza of her father's quarters Katy Dare was standing, looking at the sky, which was hidden by architectural deformities, undimmed by the smoke of trade.

"Oh, gift of God! Oh, perfect day Where in shall no man work, but —play," she sang softly. "That's just it; we must do something. Think of letting this glorious weather go by without recognition. To-morrow we may be perishing with cold."

Quickly the dainty maiden ran beneath the row of prim cotton-wood trees which looked more than ever like hop-poles in their leafless state, and rapped impatiently at the door of a quaint, old adobe house which stood with its many blinking windows facing the parade ground. Mrs. Rensome, wife of the Captain, who mothered every girl in the garrison, and was a perfect mine of new and delightful special projects, would know just what to do with this June day which some way had slipped into April's calendar.

Seated in the pretty parlor waiting for the busy housewife, Katy Dare made a lovely picture. From the crown of her pretty head to the tip of her tiny shoe, she was simply irresistible. You could no more classify her beauty than analyze the perfume of a violet. There were no standards in her case. She was herself and therefore to be loved. The strongest-minded person well fortified by theories, became her most unreasoning slave. Absolute, unconditional surrender was the fate of all.

The wife of the Chaplain, Mrs. McGroft, who had long since constituted herself the moral policeman of the garrison, had been known to defend the most bare-faced flirtations on Katy's part, and lay all the blame upon the victims of her charms—"those designing young men."

From the gray haired commanding officer to the colored striker of the youngest Lieutenant, she was "queen of hearts." Sweet and gracious was her sway. Even the most [illegible] that there were few [illegible] at the [illegible] since Katy's return from boarding school; and brave indeed was that man who ventured into her presence with his lips tainted with wine. Yet she was far from perfect; a more wilful, arrant little flirt never lived. Her love affairs kept the garrison in a state of breezy excitement. The number of pale, woe-begone young men who periodically asked to be exchanged into far distant regiments was legion. It was darkly hinted that every unmarried man within a radious of one hundred miles had proposed and been rejected.

Major Dare protested that the discipline of the Seventh was being ruined; the men did not half attend to their duties, and then begged Katy to forgive him for his cruelty; and at last the suffering victims of her irresistible ways found themselves to be regarded as presumptuous offenders. Still the army of martyrs grew.

At the time when our story opens a consumptive Episcopal clergyman was softly sighing at her feet. Rev. Jame Little had come to Wyoming Territory in search of health. His cousin, Captain Little, had found him quarters in the town near the Post, and introduced him to the social life of the garrison.

A wonderful change now took place in Katy Dare. Waltzes and operatic songs were banished from her music-stand, and Gregorian chants reined in their stead. Regularly she went to Caldwell, where the enthusiastic churchman had commenced to hold daily services. The surplices for the choir boys were fashioned by her dimpled hands. Demurely seated in the rough, bare room, which did duty as a chapel, she listened attentively to eloquent discourses on love and the domestic virtues, which at this time formed the theme of the rector's sermons.

The round eyed choir boys forgot their notes and nudged each other knowingly. "The parson is sweet on Miss Dare," they whispered.

The contagion spread. Red haired Bob Jackson, who was of a jealous disposition, tried to trip the Rev James during the professional; mysterious packages of strong pepper-mint lozenges were placed in the seat occupied by Katy; Jimmy Brown and Tommy Timmons came to blows in the vestry room; in fact, choir and rector alike were demoralized by the blue-eyed worshipper.

The commanding officer became alarmed. Could it be that his darling had passed so many splendid fellows of "Ours" to take up with the crooked stick, "that one lunged Eastern dude?" he queried, anxiously.

Katy gave no sign. The chants were wailed forth nightly by a thin, quavering tenor. Ecclesiastical embroidery lay on the table. The Major swore fiercely as he stumbled over huge volumes of church history, and led his striker such a life that the poor darky, with the morale of his race, seriously thought of murdering the rector.

The interests of the lookers on grew intense. What was she thinking of? Was it another example of the law of contrasts? Would the Major consent?

Through all the commotion the principal personages of the drama moved serenely. The rector in his immaculate broadcloth escorted Katy to and from the services, carrying a gorgeous prayer-book in his hand. Stepping meekly at his side the lady, her golden bangs pushed demurely back from her pretty brow. Her face was tilted upward with an expression in which respect for the office was deftly blended with admiration for the man.

Whenever Jack Reynolds, the Quartermaster of the regiment, saw this by-play he bit the ends of his moustache savagely. "Of course it is none of my business, but how dare the little cad have such assurance! He walks around talking about his bronchial tubes, and he seems to like it," he groaned. Tall, athletic, with a pleasant, manly face, Jack was the most awkward, bashful member of the Seventh.

Katy had always turned up her saucy little nose at him, and refused to believe the stories which were told of his bravery in scenes of danger. "He is a perfect boor!" she had said more than once, and Jack had friends enough to tell him the little autocrat's verdict. Too proud to show how deeply he was wounded, he went his way, and found excuse after excuse for not attending the hops and parties where he would be likely to meet the Major's daughter.

But while we have been gossiping, Katy has waited impatiently for Mrs. Rensome's appearance in the parlor. That good lady had intended for some time giving Katy Dare a piece of her mind, but when she came within the witching influence of that witching face she kissed her instead, and obediently entered into plans for the day's enjoyment.

"We must have a picnic to Lake de Senet, dear," she said.

"The very thing!" cried Katy, rapturously, and entered into a brisk discussion of ways and means.

At one o'clock a gay cavalcade left the Post. The commanding officer led the way in his drag; then came the ambulance filled with ladies who did not ride; and following that, a long procession of carts, buggies and horse-back riders. An escort wagon, far in the rear, carried the band.

Races frequently occurred. The Major, the finest whip in the service, yielded the lead to no one. His four magnificent horses were as wax in his hands. Poor man! He was desperate. The unscrupulous Katy had seated Rev. James at his side, and the little man chatted complacently about the relative merits of flaxseed and porous plasters, till the Major was blue in the face with suppressed profanity.

Jack Reynolds was not one of the party. His duties as Quartermaster would detain him, he told Mrs. Rensome. Katy had openly given thanks for his absence, remarking pertly that blunderbusses were not pleasant companions. Never had she looked more beautiful. Mounted on her bonny brown nag she rode like the wind, winning every race.

After eight miles traveling over the springy plains they reached Lake de Senet. A more beautiful scene the eye could not rest upon, than this sheet of water lying clasped in solid bowlders. Hidden away in the foot-hills of the Big Horn mountains, sea-gulls flew over its surface, and regular sea breezes blew from its alkali waters. In the little sailboat, party after party went around the lake, exploring its shores. Afterward the band, grouped upon the rocks began to play a waltz, and soon every one except the rector was dancing merrily.

Just at sunset the trumpeter blew the supper call, and a hungry army hastened into the quaint old kitchen of a deserted ranch at the side of the lake. In the huge fire place a mass of burning logs was [illegible] ing merrily. Captain Little, who prided himself on his [illegible] qualities, presided [illegible] over an immense caldron of coffee; the Major dressed the salad, and, of course, the youngest officer [illegible]—How good everything tasted! The ride and exercise in the [illegible] air had sharpened every appetite. For over an hour they sat at the table frolicking as no people in civil life do or can; for after all, it is pleasant to have a fairy god-mother to look after your well being, even if she comes in government form.

Rising from her place at the rector's side, Katy ran to the door and looked out for the moon that was to guide them home. The sky was gray and misty, and keen air cut like a knife.

"No moon to-night," she announced, in a disgusted tone.

"And no dancing, either," cried the Major, as he looked over her sunny head. "Come, good people, we must get back to the Post."

Hastily bundling bag and basket into the ambulance, they started on their homeward journey. The horses ran, as from the approach of an enemy. The Major glanced anxiously at the sky, and hardly told Katy to keep at his side. It grew colder and colder. Soon the air was alive with snow—the blizzard was upon them. The sky, the horses, the ambulance, were swallowed up in the whirling mass. There were no landmarks. The trackless plains surrounded them. The wind was due north and in their faces. The frozen particles cut their skin like razors. Numb hands dropped the reins, and the horses began to plunge madly. Nothing could contend with the awful "Norther and live.

Standing in the drag the Major shouted to the officers to take their sword-belts and fasten the ladies to their saddles, and then "mount—forward—gallop!" They must trust to the instinct of their horses.

What a ride that was! After what seemed like years of misery of when even Katy's heart had failed for fear, they heard above the roaring of the gale the beating of a drum. The escort wagon had been overturned at the door of a cabin in the wilderness. The horses had saved their masters.

The white owner of the cabin and his squaw wife received their half-frozen guests most hospitably. The horses were turned into the corral, and the entire party crowded into the one room of the house. What a relief it was to be sheltered from the icy touch of the blizzard! How beautiful the fire looked blazing upon the hearth! Katy felt that she could kiss the not over clean face of the Indian hostess, she was so happy. Life is sweet at eighteen.

No one slept that night. Grouped about the fire, the officers told story after story of adventure upon the plains. The most romantic chapters of unwritten history are told by soldiers' lips, and few are fortunate enough to hear them.

When morning came the storm showed no signs of abating. The eatibles at the cabin, though coarse, were abundant, and the remnants of the picnic collation were served for breakfast. At noon, the members of the band went to the corral to feed the horses, leaving the bugler stationed in the little cabin, to blow the buggle as a guide to their movements. When at last they came staggering through the storm, they carried the stiff, half frozen body of a man in army blue.

"What's this?" cried the Major in a tone of horror.

"The Quartermaster, sir," replied

(Continued on fourth page.)

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

June 13 1889.

AFTER THE FLOOD.

In the midst of a calamity, or immediately after its occurance, we are very apt to overrate the injury sustained. Ten days ago the Knapp Creek Valley seemed to be an almost total wreck, and those who sustained the greatest loss were disheartened. But no sooner had the waters subsided everybody went to work with renewed energy, till now but few traces of that awful destruction are left. True some damage was done that can never be fully repaired, and some few will feel the effects of the recent flood for years to come; still when we consider our losses along with the losses elsewhere, how insignificant they seem. We might indeed murmur and become disheartened if like the sufferers of Johnstown, Pa. our injuries could not be estimated by dollars and cents, but at the cost of human life. Within the bounds of Pocahontas County we have heard of no one who even lost a home, much less a life. Then let us not go about with long faces because the waters carried away a few hundred rails, or destroyed a few acres of corn or wheat; these may all be replaced; but let us rather be thankful and rejoice that our lives are spared and the lives of our families and friends. Indeed our injuries are not worthy to be mentioned when we compose them with others.

Damage by the recent Floods.

EDITOR TIMES: All over the State, (*except in Pocahontas County,*) the County Courts have been called together to consider and adopt measures necessary to repair the damage done to public property by the recent floods. No precaution on the part of anyone could have prevented the damage we have suffered and since it has been visited on us in common with others, who have suffered much more, it ill becomes us to stand idle until another rise in the waters shall complete what the recent flood began.

It is said that the middle pier in the bridge at Marlin's Bottom is so injured, that another flood will be likely to destroy for us a bridge which cost something over $11,000 whereas if repared at once, at a comparatively small expense, it can be saved to us.

The public roads, along all the streams running through this County are in a terrible condition, and in some places new roads will have to be made. Why should not our County Court meet at once and see to this matter? It is the duty of this Court, and the safety of the traveling public demands that this [illegible] attention at once.

The damage to the bridge across [illegible] Creek [illegible] not so great as [illegible] from [illegible] [illegible] repaired [illegible] will certainly [illegible] lose what money the people have in it, and, I think I know our citizens well enough to say, they will always approve of any necessary expenditure of public money for the public good.

There will necessarily be employed masons, carpenters and those who understand building roads, in this work of repair; and the County Court, as far as possible should favor the workmen of Pocahontas in contracting, that this money may stay among us, and not go to increase the circulating medium of some other County or State.

I know that an increase of the levy to make these repairs will bear heavily upon our citizens at this time, but I belive they have the pluck, and pride to do their duty in repairing any public loss to Pocahontas County, and to cry down the sycophant who undertakes to ride into public favor by denouncing the County Court for doing its duty in laying a proper levy to meet the public need.

Let us hear through your paper from all sections of the County, and if the County Court can assign any good reason for not giving prompt attention to this matter, of so much importance to our citizens, we would be glad to hear also from the gentlemen who compose the Court

Yours &c.

CITIZEN.

Academy W. Va. June 8.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, June 7.—"Cheap John" Wanamaker is treading on dangerous ground. He wants to abolish Sunday work in the post offices, and in order to get some foundation to work on he has sent a circular letter to the postmasters of one hundred of the largest cities asking for suggestions as to how Sunday work may be stopped etc. Of course all good men believe that the Sabbath should be observed in as general a manner as possible, but at the same time all sensible men know that a certain amount of work must be performed by somebody even on that day, and the carrying and rapid handling of the mails is a work too important to be stopped at any time, for any cause. In fact the efficiency of the Post Office department is more in need of being increased than decreased in this very matter of Sunday handling of mails and if Wanamaker isn't very creful he will raise a tempest in the business world that will be strong enough to sweep him out of the office that cost him so much money. And there is another view of the subject that should not be lost sight of. In the more than one hundred years of its existance no attempt has ever been made to have this Government officially recognize any religious denomination or sect, and the precedent would be a dangerous one to estalish. Suppose for instance that Wanamaker, who is a Presbyterian, should succeed in having all work stopped in our post offices on Sundays during his administration of the post office department. So far all right, but now suppose that in the unexpected upheval of politics he should be succeeded by a Hebrew, or a Seven day Adventist, both of which sects regard Saturday as the sabbath day, and that he should insist on having all post office work stopped on his sabbath. Then what a row we should have. Church and State both have important functions to perform in this as well as every other country, but let us keep them separate and distinct, for if history teaches anything it is the utter futility of successfully uniting the two.

Politics have this week been pushed to the wall that "one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." Democrats and republicans have vied with each other to provide succor for the thousands of people made homeless by the great floods in Pennsylvania. Washington has shown the world that however heartless she seems to be in her dealings with political and social doings, she in reality has a great big human heart, throbbing just now in sympathetic accord with her suffering brothers and sisters of the Conemaugh Valley, upon whom such a terrible calamity has fallen. A public meeting was held to provide organized methods of collecting money and clothing; it was attended by an immense crowd and was presided over by the President who made a strong appeal for subscriptions. About $50,000 in cash has been raised besides an enormous quantity of blanbets clothing disenfectants etc. Everybody seemed disposed to give something; poor people who were unable to give money gave a blanket or a cast off garment; bootblacks and news boys handed in their nickles alongside the millionaires thousand dollar checks, and the children emptied the pennies out of their little banks in order to turn them over to the Committee. For the first half of the week nothing was talked about or seemingly thought about but the awful news from Johnstown. Washington's flood had done a damage to property public and private of several millions of dollars but that was entirely forgotten in the face of the great loss of life by the Pennsylvania horror.

Already the republican acting Commissioner of the General Land office has begun to undo the good work of the democratic administration. He has given notice that he intends abolishing the Board of Review and the Division of Contests, both established under Mr. Clevelands administration and both recognizes as being in the interests of the homesteader and against the land-grabber. But as the last named class have for many years, with the exception of from '85 to '89, controlled that offie the change can hardly be surprising.

The Civil Service Commission is busily engaged in discovering "mare's nests." It has just reported a large one in the New York custom house, and is now in Troy, N. Y. hoping to find one in the post office. Next week it is to start west on a grand tour of discovery which will embrace a dozen cities.

It is rather early to begin the naming of choices for 1892, but the following from the Atlanta *Constitution* is worth reproducing:

If the Democratic party fails to make Grover Cleveland its leader in the campaign of 1892, it will repeat the stupendous folly in which it set aside Mr. Tilden in 1880 for General Hancock. * * * * Grover Cleveland is the leader under whom the Democracy can march to triumph in 1892 and he is proving himself more and more worthy of the great work to which he is consecrated—the redeeming of the government from the hands of the Democratic party, which is the party of the people.

Heavy storms of rain and hail at Huejutla, Mexico, have caused the river to inundate that town, drowning many persons and cattle, washing away many houses and destroying crops.

Married persons who have no children are seeking to adopt the children orphaned by the flood. None of these little ones will be allowed to suffer.

A heavy storm has been raging in Hong Kong, China. Immense damage has been done.

MASONIC NOTICE.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 65, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. B. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6 31

HOME NEWS

—Circuit Court convenes next Monday.

—Atty H. S. Rucker was down at Hillsboro last Saturday.

Go to John Wurts & Co, Frankford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. may 9-12t

—C. J. Stalting of Academy, and Mrs. Eli Doyle, of Valley Center, Va., were at Huntersville Hotel last Friday.

Buggy harness and Saddles at $3, $10 and up to $40 at A. P. Leist's Renceverte, W. Va. 30-2m

—Atty C. F. Moore and Mrs. John J. Beard, were down at Hillsboro last Saturday.

John Wurts & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be he e during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. may 9-12t

—The bridal tour of Dr. C. L. Austin was not so extensive as was contemplated. Being brought to a halt at McDowell by the high waters, the party had to be content with visiting that place, Monterey and Top of Alleghany.

—We were pleased to learn that our young friend Clawson McNeil, of Swago, who was a law student at Morgantown, graduates at the head of his class with distinction.

Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made of John Wurts & Co. Frankford, W. Va. may 9-12

—Any one wishing to procure a good calf-shed or sheep-house would do well to attend the next County Court; no doubt the bridge at Huntersville can be bought low. And we do not doubt that the road around the mountain will be given to any one who will haul it away; some pieces of it are left that would answer to patch up mud holes.

Sewing machines from $25 to $50; warranted, for sale by A. P. Leist, Renceverte, W. Va. 30-2m.

Marmot [illegible].

A problem for some of the school boys to solve: "If it takes a letter 20 days to go from Green Bank to Huntersville a distance of 20 miles, how long will it take Andy Hughs to travel around the world at the rate he travels.

Capt E. A. Smith, is up from the ark.

The lumber company did not loose so much as reported at first.

M. J. Moore, brother-in-law of Capt. E. A. Smith is here from near Johnstown, Pa.

Mrs E. A. Smith has two sisters living in Johnstown.

The road overseers have had their hands out up this way, and have fixed up the roads in pretty [illegible]. Let others do likewise.

C. F. [illegible] was up Sunday and gave a very interesting lecture to the Dunmore Sunday school.

Not much sign of war, so says Jake Cury and Phil Edmiston. They are both girls and all doing well.

A. K. Jackson, has returned to Ronceverte.

Registered at Hotel Wakeman last week and this—J. Lowy, of Baltimore, O. Gay, the celebrated French cook, J. H. Jackson, A. H. Jackson, W. J. Pritchard, H. M. Moore, C. P. Tiler, Jas. Siple.

Set out your cabbage plants while the weather is wet.

C. P. Tucker, the comical [illegible] has [illegible] in [illegible] Pocahontas and adjoining counties. Give him a call.

[illegible]

TOM SAWYER.

Marlinton Items.

It is reported some fishermen near Gallilee, toiled all night and caught nothing. A party of Marlins Bottom fishermen toiled part of the night recently and caught one cat fish and sixteen dog fish. The dog fish in make up is pretty much mouth and intestines;like some greedy people in the world. One of the young fishers fell into water, he thinks ten feet deep, upon examining his boot legs however, and finding the boots not full of water, the estimate of deepness may be modified. One thing is true he has been cool as a water melon ever since on the matter of fishing.

Mrs. Florida Price the estimable wife of Calvin Price Esq. of Clover Creek, who has been quite ill is reported better. This is gratifying to a large circle of attached friends.

The casualties of the flood,at this place, while unconvenient, did not occasion very much irreparable damage.

D. H. Garber lost one raft of cherry and walnut lumber. He thinks that most of it can be identified as the sawing was done by a vertical saw.

It looks as if the question of riparion rights, will need attention in the near future. As our lawyers are wise, this word is enough.

H. K. S.

Mail Sub-Contracting.

The mail route between this place and Traveler's Repose, has been sub-contracted for by John F. Wanless and C. O. W. Sharp, at about $800. How's that? a mail 60 miles a day, every day in the year except Sunday, over mountains, streams and everything else for $500.

We can't understand why men that claim to have good judgment will let a man from another State come in here and tell us what we shall work for; and take his mail routes off his hands at about half the actual cost that it will take to run them.

It looks as though some men will have a mail route if they have to pay some one to get it. Why is it? Is it an honor to carry a mail on an old poor horse over mountains, streams and through all sorts of weather and in mud and snow three feet deep and arrive at all hours in the night? If there is any honor in it we fail to see it.

The government don't want the mails carried for nothing; it is able to for it, if you will ask it; and why will you let these infernal star route contractors come in here and shove their contracts at a starving price off on you.

It's none of our business what you work for; but it worries us to have our mails come in, at all hours in the night. It would worry the devil himself.

What we want is good service, and we don't believe any one can give good service on a route as the above for $800

School Commencement.

The second Commencement of Hillsboro Training School took place last Tuesday night June, 4th., in the Pavilion erected for the purpose in the presence of a large audience. Every foot of space was occupied and many forced to stand throughout the exercises which they did good naturally.

The appearance of the stage with the light hearted students arranged in a semicircle presented a pleasing scene. The stage settings were beautiful flowers, and the central piece a horse-shoe formed of roses and mock orange enhanced the beauty of the scene presented to the vast audience. The paintings and drawings of the art pupils were handsomely arranged on the back ground and right of the stage. On the left were well executed specimens of penmanship by the writing class. Among the names of those deserving special mention for their painting and drawing are Misses Helen Clark and Mellie Peters, both of whom did excellent work as could be seen by some lovely paintings and drawings exhibited that night, and proved that they have a talented teacher at the head of this department. Miss Rose Shearer's writing class as well as her art class, show decided improvement in that line. Promptly at 8 o'clock to the strains of a beautiful march the students took their seats upon the stage. Miss G. M. Shearer, Principal, occupied a seat on the right, at the head of the class. On the left was the Motto "Peace Be still" on the right "Vincit qui Patitur" and just back of the Piano, in a half circle the lovely old german word "Wilkommen." As the last strains of the overture died away Miss G. M. Shearer invoked the blessings of the Almighty God upon the students, and the audience. As it would take too much space to make special mention of each piece. We will give the order of the program which was as follows:

Note the Bright Hours only opening chorus by the whole school.

Salutatory—by Edna Clarice Shearer

Bootblack—Illustrated Recitation by Earnest Marshall, John Peters and Forrest Harper.

Trouble your Head with your own Affairs—Recitation by Miss Delia Edgar, which was nicely prepared and well delivered.

Perseverance Polka Trio—by Misses Oneida Shearer, Maggie McNeel and Nettie Callison.

Will no Maiden Marry Me I'll Vocal Solo—by Gus Eskridge which was one of the best things of the evening, Mr. Gus acted the song to perfection as was shown by the hearty applause which followed it.

Ingenuity Essay, by Miss Annie McNeel, which was certainly an excently gotten up essay on this difficult subject, and could only have been written by one possessing this qualification. Her essay abounded in fine thoughts which were expressed in a way that securpd for her, close attention.

Some Day I'll Wander Back again—Vocal Solo and Cho. by Misses Needa and Rose Shearer and Jeanie Clark.

Earnest Marshall 1st orater of the evening.

Parade March—by Misses Needa Shearer and D. Marshall.

The Battle of Bunker Hill—abeautiful recitation by Miss Verdie Clark.

Golden Ringlets.

Selection of Trades—by six boys and one little girl.

Children's Glee Song—by seventeen children.

A short recess was now given while attention was called to the art collection by Miss G. M. Shearer.

Part II

"A Voice From the Waves" Vocal Solo—by Misses Fannie and Rose Shearer.

Gus Eskridge 2nd Orator of the evening subject,Our Honored Dead.

"Drifting With the Tide" Vocal Solo and Cho.—by Misses Rose, Fannie and Needa Shearer.

Miss Duffie Marshall, Historian of the Evening, Class of H. T. School

Cymbeline Galop—by Miss Needa Shearer on the Organ and Misses Annie McNeel Delia and Bessie Edgar on Pianos.

Commonplace Critics Select Reading—by Miss Vertie Marshall.

Huntresses Vocal D[illegible]—by Misses Georgia and Rose Shearer.

Curiosity, Rec.—by Miss D. Marshall. Fan Drill and Wand Exercise.

Valedictory—by Jeanie Clark, Remarks, Distinction cards &c.

"Good Night" Closing Cho.— by school; so ended one of the very best of Commencements. The Fan Drill and Wand Exercise was excellent the young ladies and little girls were attired in blouse costume and the little boys with waists and sashes to match. The whole drill showed good and careful training.

There was in all about 96 movements in the two which were made in perfect time. Destinction cards were awarded to those who had not been tardy at morning worship and were received by Miss Neelie and Master John Peters, Marshall and Virgie Isabel and Cilla and Villa Marshall. Distinction cards were also awarded to those who averaged over 95 per cent. in daily recitations and examinations and were received by Misses Duffie Marshall and Jeanie Clark. The music was especially good and the pieces "A Voice From the Wave" "Drifting With the Tide" "Huntresses" and "Cymbeline Galop" deserve special mention as they were beautiful pieces, in fact pieces that can hardly be surparsed. All acquitted themselves most creditably and show they have teachers at the front who know what they are about. Miss Shearer is one of the best teachers we have ever had in our midst and deserves the patronage of the public. Her training both mental and moral is certainly deserving of the highest praise. Truly conscientious teachers are hard to find,but are certainly to be appreciated when we have them. Decided improvements have been made in the Art and music departments, the past session and we certainly wish her success.

Y.

WOULDN'T ACT AS CHAMBERMAID.—Widow Brown owned a lodging-house in Denver, Colorado. A year ago she became infatuated with J. J. Medley, proposed to him and married him. Medley expected to have a comfortable home and an easy life, but his wife's ardor soon cooled and she compelled him to perform all the offices as chambermaid in the hotel. Last week Medley soaked his humiliation in wisky, bought a revolver and deliberately killed his wife.

The Driver of a hearse at Wilkesbarre Pennsylvania, was startled the other day by a noise in a coffin. He opened the coffin and the supposed dead man scrambled out and asked for a drink of whisky.

When Mr. Randall says that the democratic outlook is bright, the republican organs are idclined to make fun of him. They will laugh in a different way in 1892.

Last week, severe storms prevailed throughout France. The greatest damage has been done in the departments of Seineet-Marine. Aube, Yonne, Haute Soane and Ardennes, where insome places the country is almost devastated.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

The mail hack leaves Frankford for Huntersville, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and from Huntersville for Frankford every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. Charges reasonable.

JOEL FLACK, Carrier.

Order of Publication.

R. S. Turk vs. Geo. W. McDonald } In Chancery.

The object of this suit is to have partition made of three tracts of land containing respectively 1034 304 and 167 acres of land lying on the waters of the Big Spring Branch of Elk River in Pocahontas County West Virginia, between the plaintiff and defendant, and to Enjoin and inhibit the defendant George W. McDonald, and all others from cutting and removing the Merchantable timber from said lands until partition thereof is made.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant Geo. W. McDonald is a non resident of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit. The plaintiff has executed his bond as required by the order granting said injunction.

Teste JOHN J. BEARD C'l'k.

June 6 4t Printers fee $6.82

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the Chancery Cause of E. J. Silva vs James P. Ginger and Wm. C. McClure, on the 3rd day of April 1889 I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree shall on the

17th DAY OF JUNE 1889

proceed in front of the Court house door of this County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for Cash, a certain tract of land containing about 25 acres, the property of the defendant James P. Ginger situate on the waters of Stamping Creek, adjoining the lands of the Heirs of A. D. Grimes and others. This tract of land is fertile and productive and in a partial state of Cultivation.

L. M. MCCLINTIC.
Special Com'r

I John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, certify that the above Commissioner has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD,
Cl'k Cir. Ct.

printers fee $9.70 may23 4w

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

June 13 1889.

(Continued from first page.)

the drummer, sadly; "we found him lying near the corral, almost buried in the snow."

With a cry of utter anguish, which those who heard it never forgot, Katy Dare flung herself upon the floor.

"It's Jack!" she cried, "my Jack! I loved him all the time."

The voice he loved so well pierced the death-like stupor which was fast stealing over him. The warm, clinging lips brought back the breath of life. Slowly his eyes opened and rested upon the bonny tearful face so near his own.

"My darling," he said, "have I won you at last?" Katy clung sobbing to his neck.

"All the world loves a lover."

Even the little squaw smiled sympathetically upon the soldier who had wrung his happiness from the grasp of a "Norther."

The major was delighted, but mystified. He could not understand it.

"Why, she never liked Jack, and was devoted to the rector," he said feebly.

"Just so!" replied the sagacious Mrs. Ransome. "In dealing with a girl, Major, remember it's never Jim but Jack, and if she flirts with a parson, she is pretty sure to marry a soldier." And Katy did.

Letter from Kansas.

EDITOR TIMES: Having recently received from a friend in Pocahontas, a few appreciated copies of THE TIMES and not seeing anything in its interesting columns from the great state of Kansas, I have concluded, with your permission, to pen you a short article for publication, feeling assured that a few thoughts from so fine a country; one abounding in rolling plains and grassy meads can not fail to be appreciated by your many readers.

Kansas is favorably situated in the great Miss. valley, about midway from ocean to ocean and occupies a vast territory, stretching from the border line of Mo., westward four hundred miles to Colorado and two hundred and eight miles from Neb. on the north to the Indian Ty., on the south, thus embracing one of the finest agricultural regions in the world. In addition to this there are important mineral deposits of coal and salt.

The latter is found in various portions of Southern Kan., at a depth of about 800 feet beneath the surface of the earth.

There is a salt factory at Anthony city twelve miles south of Harper where the strata of salt is three hundred feet thick and extensive quantities are manufactured daily.

It may be interesting to some of your readers to know something about the process by which the salt at so great a depth can be readily utilized. This is done by drilling down with a heavy drill then tubing the aperture, and with the same engine pumping fresh water down, dissolving the mineral and the process is completed by evaporation.

The country is finely watered in the central and northern portions of the state by the Kans. river and its numerous tributaries.

The southern by the Arkansas river winding its way like a great silver thread, for hundreds of miles, from the summits of the snowcapped Rockey Mountains of Colorado to the Miss. The country lying along and between these great rivers is interspersed by smiling valleys and rippling streams, whose banks are fringed with grass or clusters of timber thus presenting a grand and beautiful scene.

The soil is alluvial consisting of a dark sandy loam, which produces a luxurant growth of vegetation, such plants as are indigenous to a tropical region.

Corn, wheat and other sereals are extensively cultivated and the prospect for fine crops, the coming harvest flattering in the extreme.

The fruit crop is extensive and abundant, especially apples, peaches, plums, and cherries. In fact the fine rains have brightened the prospect of all crops beyond expectation of the sanguine tiller of the soil.

Society and refinery are steadily and surely gaining the ascendency.

Education is trumphantly waving her golden banner on the broad plains of progress.

There are no momentous questions at present agitating the political mind, such as the negro problem of the South. The presidential cyclone of '88, is long since a thing of the past. The loud "Hurrah for Harrison," in the banner republican state of the Union, have died away and are gently reposing on the calms of Oblivion, and all is peace.

I see I am digressing, so I will bring my letter to a close. Thanking you for space and wishing my many friends in Pocahontas and THE TIMES success, I am very truly yours,

W. B. H. M.

Harper, Harper Co. Kans.

Well handled.—The pump.

Sharp shooters—Aching teeth.

Dining room—An empty stomach.

A droll dog—A wag with a funny tale.

Adversity may be a good teacher, but she brings you down instead of bringing you up.

"Shure, which is the entrance out?" asked an Irishman at a railway station the other day.

Speaking of butter, we may respect its colour, but we do not hesitate to turn up our noses at its rank.

"I thought you took an interest in my welfare," said an unsuccessful lover. "No, sir," only in your farewell."

An eminent artist lately painted a snowstorm so naturally that he caught a bad cold by sitting near it with his coat off.

There is not much future for a young man who has learned how to spend a fortune before he knows how to make one.

What is that which everyone wishes to have, and wich everyone wishes get rid of directly he obtains it? A good appetite.

"This is a sad and bitter world," remarked Sir Boyle Roche. "We never strew flowers on a man's grave until after he is dead."

Customer: "I say, waiter, this venison hasn't been hung." Waiter (new to the business): "Beg, sir? In consequence, sir, I believe it was shot, sir."

"Pitch your voice in a low key," says a writer on etiquette. We presume etiquette can be temporarily dispensed with when trying to wake the children in the morning.

Ladies' high-heeled boots produce hysteria. We have seen a man's squaretoed boot, number 14½, give a strong healthy pedlar about the worst fit of hysterics that ever afflicted mortal man.

Miss Keand to handsome young physician: "Oh, doctor, how do you do? You look killing this evening." Young Physician, quietly: "Thank you, but I'm not; I'm off duty, don't you know."

It is not good to take tea in the middle of the day. The man who tried it in a *cafe* in town, when he thought the waitress was not looking is our authority.

Stern Parent (to a young aspirant for his daughter's hand)—Young man can you support a family?"—Young man (meekly): "I only wanted Sarah."

Philadelphian (in St Louis): "Will you kindly tell me where I can get a drink of water?" Policeman: "Mein frent, I haff been only three months on dis beat"

Every man thinks he is about right himself. An old Quaker said to his wife—"All the world is queer except thee and me, and thee is a little queer."

Tailors are the most playful paradoxes in the world; why, whenever you may want something new, they will recommend you something that is much worn.

The Duke of Wellington was told that his bed was not large enough to turn in. He replied that when a man began to turn in his bed it was time to turn out.

It is said that no one can arrest the flight of time, but who is there who is not able to stop a minute? Bill Sikes adds—Especially if a drink is going to be stood.

"Although unseen, my influence is felt," remarked the lively flea.

"Waiter, take away this beer; it's muddy." The waiter, without stirring—"You are deceived, sir. It is the glass which is dirty; the beer is excellent. Taste it."

An Irishman was recently heard to declare that the present state of affairs in his country was "enough to make a man commit suicide, or perish in the attempt."

Family doctor: "Your wife needs out-door exercise more than anything else." Husband: "But she won't go out. What am I to do?" "Give her plenty of money to shop with."

The Central Criminal Court—Conscience.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, June 20, 1889. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 45.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. B. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

The practical plain, young girl,
Not afraid of the rain young girl,
A poetical posy
A ruddy and rosy,
A helper of self young girl.

A home in her place young girl,
A never will lace young girl,
A toiler serene,
A life pure and clean
A princess of peace young girl.

A wear her own hair young girl,
A free from stare young girl,
Improve every hour,
No sickly sunflower,
A wealth of rare sense young girl.

An early retiring young girl,
An active, aspiring young girl,
A morning ariser,
A dandy despiser
A progressive American girl.

An honestly courting young girl,
A never seen flirting young girl,
A quiet and pure,
A modest, demure,
A fit for a wife young girl.

A sought everywhere young girl,
A future most fair young girl,
An ever discreet.
We too seldom meet,
This queen among queens young girl.

—*Mrs R. E. Woods, in N. Y. World.*

Old Siegel and His Son.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE

Many years ago, while making a tour through that beautiful tract of mountain scenery in the south of Bavaria known as the Saltzgammergut, I stayed for a fortnight at Berchtesgaden. I spent much of my time there in fishing for grayling and in taking to the chamois-hunters, with many of whom I had made acquaintance during a previous visit. I used often to sit for hours listening to their hunting stories, and on one occasion I hunted with them.

The mountains immediately around Berchtesgaden are kept as a royal chamois preserve, and as the King was expected to arrive shortly, none but his Majesty's own jagers were allowed, during the time I was there, to disturb the chamois.

I was, however, very anxious to have at least one day's sport, and arranged with old Siegel and his son Franz, chamois hunters whom I had known for some time, and on whom I could depend, to have a "jagd" on the morrow. Siegel persuaded Gotting, a friend of his, to come with us.

We started early in the morning, and after toiling for several hours up through the dark pine woods which became more scant and scrubby the higher we went, emerged at last on the open snowfields.

We now separated; Franz and Gotting made a long detour to the left, while Siegel and I hastened on to reach some commanding position above, in case any chamois were driven up. After an hour's more climbing, we halted on the top of a precipice, which shaped in the form of a crescent, made a complete cul de sac for any chamois driven up by our friends below.

We had hardly been watching ten minutes when two chamois appeared in sight, bounding up the mountain-side and coming directly toward us. When the foremost had come within range, I fired and missed, as most men would have done, firing as I did at so small an object from a height almost perpendicularly above it.

The beasts turned, and springing with wonderful speed over the sharp rocks, were soon out of sight. I fired a second shot just as they were disappearing, and think I struck one of them, but it contrived to get away, and we never saw it again.

Siegel and I, somewhat crestfallen, trudged on up the mountain, keeping a sharp lookout on all sides, and halting now and then to give the others time to overtake us.

Suddenly we heard, far down below us, a shot, and then all was again silent. We were much surprised, as it is one of the first rules in this kind of hunting never, except when absolutely necessary, even to raise the voice, much less, of course, to fire a rifle, which scares the chamois completely.

We knew that Gotting and Franz, directly below us as they were, could not possibly have seen a chamois, as our shots must have driven them quite out of reach. After a minutes anxious listening, we fancied we heard shouts, and fearing we knew not what, called loudly Franz's name.

We then heard—and this time quiet distinctly—the voice of Gotting saying:

"Come down! come down! It's all over! Franz has shot himself!"

Siegel and I were standing together ankle deep in the snow. I glanced into his face, and I think I shall never forget the look of misingI saw there. Before I knew what he was about, he had seized his rifle, and presented the muzzle to his head, and was feeling with his foot in a frenzied manner for the trigger.

I snatchbd the piece away just in time; he did not try to recover it, but throwing himself on the snow, burst into a most passionate, most eloquent torrent of praise of his son's many virtues. He told me what a good son he had always been to him, anxious to fulfil his slightest wish.

I at length succeeded in partially soothing him, and in rousing him to action. We scrambled down as fast as we could guided by Gotting's shouts.

It was a long time before we reached them; to me it seemed an age. I accused myself of being the author of all this misery, and my anxiety was heightened by the reflection that we were in reality poaching, and we should very likely, in consequence of this misfortune get into trouble on our return.

We found poor Franz lying shot through the back and in great pain among stunted "knie-holz"—a plant something like our whinbush. It appeared that he had, contrary to all jager rules, carried his rifle capped, and that in walking through the knie-holz, he had stumbled and fallen, and his rifle had somehow or other exploded, causing a severe wound,

We stanched the blood as well as we could with our handkerchiefs, and then held a consultation. Gotting said he knew of a chalet some way off to which he thought we might manage to carry Franz.

I lifted him up as carefully as possible, and walked for some way over the abominable knie holz, which threatening to trip one up every moment. I managed, I think, to go about two hundred yards with my burden, and then, exhausted, had to lay him down. His father tried to carry him next, but unnerved and half blinded by his tears, had also soon to give it up.

Gotting was the only one of the party who could carry Franz for any great length of time over the rough ground we were now compelled to traverse; he was a small man but seemed to be wire and muscle.

It was, however, evident that the slow pace we were obliged to go we should never, even if we knew the exact direction—which, by the way, none of us did—get to the chalet before nightfall. [illegible]

Gotting proposed that he should stay with the wounded man, while Siegel and I should go forward and attempt to reach the chalet. Gotting was the only one of the party who had ever been there, and that was years before. He gave us directions how to find it.

We were to pass to the right or left of certain peaks he pointed out to us, and then he said we should see a large field of snow. We were to cross this, and the chalet was in a hollow about half a mile above and to the left.

Well, we started—Siegel and I—leaving all the provisions except a few sandwiches with Franz and Gotting. A weary walk brought us to the peak where, according to Gotting, we were to see the snow field. But there was nothing of the sort there; peak rose upon peak, but there was no great, level snowfield stretching away at our feet, such as he had described.

We looked at each other in dismay. To add to our distress, the weather, which had hitherto been beautiful, began to get overcast. Light wreaths of mist were setting on the highest summits of the mountain, sure signs of a coming storm.

However, there was no use in going back. We should perhaps not be able to find Franz and Gotting again if, bewildered as we now were, we attempted to get back to them. Our only chance was forward.

Tired and dispirited we walked on turning around only to look at the gathering clouds which were now piling themselves dark and threatening behind us. The wind, too began to rise. We determined to go downward; indeed, we were too much exhausted to go any higher, or waste any more time in looking for the chalet.

The ground seemed to get more rough the lower we went, and the tremendous gusts of wind which whistled round us made the decent most dangerous. Great, spattering raindrops now began to fall and we halted on a ledge of rock, utterly worn out.

The storm increased and in a short time was at its height. The rain came down in torrents, completely drenching us. The lightning with blinding flashes played all round, hissing and illumining for an instant the awful grandeur of the scene, while the thunder pealed and crashed overhead, each crag and wall of rock echoing the sound and increasing it and hundredfold.

We had thrown our rifles away, afraid that the lightning would strike them, and stood waiting for the storm to abate. When we resumed our decent we were trembling with cold in every limb. The air, which was warm enough before, was now piercingly cold and the wind drove snow and bits of ice against our faces with blinding force.

I went first, and for a long time neither of us spoke. Only when a particularly dangerous place was crossed I gave the warning "Look to the right!" or "To the left!" as the case might be.

Siegel led the way when I was tired, and thus we proceeded with greatest caution, as a false step would have been almost certain death, till we got to more level ground.

Here we again encountered thickets of knie-holz. We were already congratulating ourselves on having got the worst over, when we were suddenly stopped by a precipice or "Wand," down which it would have been impossible for a goat to go. It was a sheer decent of at least eighty feet.

This was a dreadful disappointment. We walked along the edge for some way, but as far as we could see the Wand extended for miles. I had already thrown myself on the ground and had given up all hopes of life, when a shout from Siegel who had gone on a little way, made me once more spring to my feet.

I hastened to him. He was standing over a narrow hole in the rock almost hidden by bushes of the knie-holz.

"We are saved! we are saved!" he cried. He explained to me how, when I had given up in despair, he suddenly thought that he remembered the place we were in, and had remembered, too, that if it were indeed the part of the mountain he supposed it to be, there was a circular hole in the rock forming the Wand by which the chamois hunters scaled this otherwise inaccessible place. He had gone on, had found the opening, and fearful of losing the spot had stood over it and called till I came.

We slid safely down this chimney like hole, which is not much more than twenty feet in depth, and easily descending the lower part of the Wand, which is here much broken, arrived, famished and half frozen, at 10 o'clock at night, at a woodman's hut Siegel knew of in the valley below. Here we obtained warmth and shelter.

Three of the woodmen immediately started up the mountain and returned in a few hours with poor Franz, who was very much exhausted, not so much from cold—as Gotting had contrived to light a fire, and they had provisions—as from loss of blood.

I once asked Siegel what he would have done if he had not found that opening. "We should," he said, "have struck our alpenstocks into the ground, and have walked round them all the night to keep off sleep, which if it conquered us would, of course, have been fatal. If we lived till day broke we should have tried to find our way back to the others."

Whether we were likely to succeed in so doing, cold, hungry and exhausted as we were, the reader may judge.

As for Franz, he completely recovered from his wound, and I have hunted many a time with him since that memorable day.—Youth's Companion.

"I know that you love me," he said, sentimentally, as he held her to his vest. "I know that you love me," she repeated; "because when I lay my head against your breast your heart beats so loud that I can hear it." "That," gasped the poor fellow as the awful truth dawned upon him. "That is not my heart. That's my Waterbury watch."

Mrs. May R. Bryan gets $3,000 a year for editing Munro's Fashion Bazar.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

June 20 1889.

Jefferson Davis celebrated his eighty first birthday at Beauvoir last Monday. He was in fine health and spirits.

Old Jubal Early's speech at Winchester will be a godsend to the republican papers. The general stuck to it that the confederate cause was right, and was particularly rough on the confederates who have deserted since the war.

Humanity.

To the man gifted with sufficient spiritual strength to enable him to look over the heads of the crowd, humanity is a curious study.

From his perch on the edge of a cloud such a man can look down in wonder and pity on the restless throng—doing and undoing, striving and suffering, sorrowing and sin-stricken. God has given to humanity the earth and the fullness thereof, and, not satisfied with the glorious heritage as it comes from His hand, mortals are forever struggling to make such changes as will adapt its conditions nearer in accordance with their erratic imaginings.

As an illustration, there are the millions of treasure expended and the thousands of lives wasted in the attempt to break the continuity of the western hemisphere and send the blue billows of the Pacific and the wild breakers of the Atlantic dashing away to meet and embrace each other among the hills of Panama. The people of the east and the people of the west have, by much labor and pains, flung a rope of steel across the ocean, and, having caught the secret of the summer lightning, they talk in strange whispers from one side to the other of the world.

To mankind collectively, humanity is tender and charitable. To the individual sinner how unpitying it is. On the field of battle he who destroys most of his fellow creatures is the greatest hero. But he that kills his neighbor in a moment of passion is pursued most unrelentingly, and above his devoted head the hand of the avenger is forever uplifted.

Ah, humanity, humanity! In its strange and unreasoning perversity the gentle voice of the living God is drowned by its uncouth clamorings. The moment that the soul awakes and finds itself an inhabitant of time, begins to plan some mischief to do. Wild and willful, prone to wander, insatiate in its [illegible] desires and strange appetites, cursed by a thousand unexplainable longings.

"Eloi, Eloi Lama Sabachthani!" came the thrilling appeal from the weird and [illegible] gloom of Calvary. Centuries have come and gone and the dust of the earth has passed through myriad transformations. Spring has painted the sky with hues and tints pilfered from the studio of the angels, and rugged winter has coated the [illegible] with the snows of nearly two thousand [illegible] embers since that touching and pitiful cry was wrung from the anguished heart of a suffering God. But its fervor deepens and its passion intensifies as it goes wailing and echoing down the path of the ages, and every day and every hour and every moment—every heart-throb of time—is burdened by that woful refrain: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Some of the Great Floods of History Described.

From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

It becomes interesting to note some of the great floods of history. One of the most notable was that which, according to the old Historian Camden, washed away Earl Godwin's land on the coast of Kent, and left only the Godwin Sands. Holland has furnished many a coast flood. At Dort, in 1446, the sea broke in through the dykes and drowned the people of seventy-two villages, in all 100,000 persons. The dykes failed in 1530 and nearly 400,000 people died. The celebrated Ripon flood in Yorkshire was in 1771, and in 1787 over 2000 persons lost their lives by the sudden torrents from the mountains of Navarra. In 1813 the overflow of the Danube drowned 3000 Turkish soldiers on a small island near Widden, and in Silesia the floods practically ruined the French army under McDonald. The Vistula overflowed and broke its dykes in 1812 and swept away 10,000 cattle and 4000 houses.

Two famous floods in France were those of 1840 and 1846. The former was in the southeast, and upward of 1,000 houses were swept away by the Rhone. The other was in the central and south-western part of France, and destroyed $20,000,000 worth of property, including numerous costly railroad viaducts.

By the bursting of the reservois at Lorca, in Spain, twenty square leagues were devastated, and over 1,000 persons were drowned, April 14, 1802. The property damage was estimated at $7,000,000.

The giving way of the dam of the Bradfield reservoir near Sheffield, England, on March 11, 1864, let loose a flood which swept fourteen miles of valley in two hours and caused a loss of $1,800,000, besides drowning 250 persons. This is the disaster which is made to figure in Charles Read's "Put Yourself in His Place." The area of the Bradford reservoir was seventy-eight acres, and its dam at the highest place was 95 feet high.

The Williamsburg, Mass., disaster was on May 17th, 1864. The dam of a 100-acre reservoir gave way, and $1,000,000 worth of property was ruined. One hundred and fifty persons lost their lives.

The South Fork reservoir accident of Friday night surpasses all simplar casualties in every respect. This reservoir had an area of over 2,800 acres, and its waters, when freed from confinement, devastated an area of hundreds of square miles.

TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSIONAL

The Census Bureau Issues an Important Circular—Mortality Statistics.

The following is received from the Census Bureau:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
CENSUS OFFICE,
WASHINGTON D. C., May 1, 1889

To The Medical Profession:

The various medical associations and the medical profession will be glad to learn that Dr. John S. Billings, Surgeon U. S. Army, has consented to take charge of the Report on the Mortality and Vital Statistics of the United States as returned by the Eleventh Census.

As the United States has no system of registration of vital statistics, such as is relied upon by other civilized nations for the purpose of ascertaining the actual movement of population, our census affords the only opportunity of obtaining near an approximate estimate of the birth and death rates of much the larger part of the country, which is entirely unprovided with any satisfactory system of State and municipal registration.

In view of this, the Census Office, during the month of May this year, will issue to the medical profession throughout the country "Physician's Registers" for the purpose of obtaining more accurate returns of deaths than it is possible for the enumerators to make. It is earnestly hoped that physicians in every part of the country will co-operate with the Census Office in this important work. The record should be kept from June 1, 1889, to May 31, 1890. Nearly 26,000 of these registration books were filled up and returned to the office 1880, and nearly all of them used for statistical purposes. It is hoped that double this number will be obtained for the Eleventh Census.

Physicians not receiving Registers can obtain them by sending their names and addresses to the Census Office, and, with the Register, an official envelope which requires no stamp will be provided for their return to Washington.

If all medical and surgical practitioners throughout the country will lend their aid, the mortality and vital statistics of the Eleventh Census will be more comprehensive and complete than they have ever been. Every physician should take a personal pride in having this report as full and accurate as it is possible to make it.

It is hereby promised that all information obtained through this source shall be held strictly confidential.

ROBERT P. PORTER,
Superintendent of Census.

Administrator's Notice.

All parties holding claims against David McGlaughlin dec'd., are required to present the same at once to his administrator for payment, and all parties indebted to said David McGlaughlin are required to come forward at once and settle up.

Respectfully,
URIAH HEVENER,
Adm'r of David McGlaughlin dec'd.
June20 4-w Green Bank W. Va.

MASONIC NOTICE.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 63, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—We understand their will be a big picnic at Dunmore this year.

—There were a good deal of business done at this term of the Court.

—We will give the full proceedings of the Circuit Court next week.

—Lots of new subscribers this week.

—Thanks to those who paid us cash this week.

—Hon. C. P. Dorr has retired from the Webster Springs Call, and it will be conducted hereafter by Messrs R. S. Wooddell and E. H. Morton. Success to the new managers.

—We return thanks to the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, for invitation to the annual commencement and semi contial celebration to be held there the 4th of July.

—The Greenbrier Independent, one of our very best weekly exchanges has passed its 24th birthday. It is welcomed by its many readers in Pocahontas, and may it long live and prosper.

—The Chancery suit of Frank Farrell vs. Wm. M. McAlister and others was at this term of the Court submitted to special Judge J. W. Arbuckle. The case was argued at length by C. P. Moore, of this place and R. B. Knight, of Charleston for the plaintiff, and C. P. Jones and John W. Stephenson for the defendants. A decree was entered in favor of the plaintiff for $2500 and costs. There has never been a chancery case in this Court that excited more interest on the part of the people, nor one in which the oral argument was more entertaining. It is probable the case will be carried to the Court of Appeals.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION of Huntersville District will meet in Huntersville on Friday, June 21st, 1889, for the purpose of settling with the Sheriff and attending to all other business that may be necessary.

By order of the President.

JAMES W. WARWICK JR.,
Secretary of Board.

Dunmore Doings

R. P. Bloom, was in town last week.

The carding machine is in full blast at Dunmore.

There will be singing at the Cross Roads school house, on Sunday, 23rd, at 2 p. m. Let all attend and bring your books.

L. S. Moore and family were on a visit to Edray last week.

J. W. Moore, will start for Johnstown, Pa., this week for his family.

Mrs. E. A. Smith's sister living at Johnstown, during the flood was saved.

Circuit Court Notes.

Circuit Court convened on Monday 10th; Judge A. N. Campbell presiding.

The lawyers attending Court from a distance were, C. P. Jones and J. W. Stephenson, of Monterey; Wm. M. McAlister and Jno. W. Stephenson of Warm Springs; Jno. W. Arbuckle and Jno. W. Holt, of Lewisburg; Wm. Skeen, of Covington and R. B. Knight, of Charleston.

Quite a large crowd were in attendance Monday.

B. F. Harlow, late proprietor of the Greenbrier Independent was among us.

We will give the proceedings next week.

Notes By the Way.

It is a matter far beyond thanksgiving and praise to witness the cheerful alacrity with which our people hasten to repair the effects of the recent flood.

During the whole spring season, there seemed to be unusual industry all over the county, clearing land repairing fence, and improving roadways.

Taken for everything there is no region on the face of the earth, that surpasses West Virginia, and Pocahontas may be made equal to any county in the state, for all material comforts. Patient industry is sure of its reward in a region like this.

AN INTERESTING SUNDAY SCHOOL.

There is a flourishing Sunday school, at New Hope school house on Brown's Creek, near Huntersville, under the joint management of Mr. James W. Warwick and W. T. Moore.

On a recent Sabbath afternoon the writer witnessed a scene there, not to be met with in any other Sabbath school in the world.

The first Sabbath School even taught in West Virginia, and for that matter, anywhere west of the Alleghanies was conducted by Mrs. Mary Warwick in her old age.

Though she was so infirm, that when seated, she could not arise from her chair without assistance yet she would have her servants to place her on a horse, and she would ride four miles to a log school house located near what is now called the "Jerry Friel cabin" on Jacob Sharp's property, where she met her Sunday School. She was the only teacher, and would open her school at 8 or 9 o'clock and continue teaching until one or two in the afternoon then, she would go to William Sharp's, rest awhile, take dinner and thereupon return to her home at Clover Lick.

One of her favorite scholars was little Lizzie Sharp, now known and much esteemed by many of your readers, as good old Aunt Bettie McGlaughlin verging close to ninety years of age. She was at the Sunday School the afternoon referred to, and seemed interested in all that was going on. Mr. Warwick is a great, grand son, of her old Teacher, and Aunt Betsy says she can see her old Teacher's eye in Jimmy Warwick's head. It was a touching coincidence, that two such persons, should meet in sabbath school, after seventy-five years should have passed away, and is of historic significance in the literature of Sunday school.

AN IMPRESSIVE BURIAL SCENE.

Last week the pleasing information was furnished by one of your correspondents and published, that Mrs. Florida Price, was thought to be better of her serious illness.

It now appears this was but evanescent, for she died Tuesday morning, June 18th, aged 33 years. She was one of five daughters, in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Adam See, near Elkwater, Randolph Co., West Va.

About four years since, she was married to J. Calvin Price, Esq., and soon after they took up their residence on Clover Creek.

Two little boys are left motherless and a wide circle of relatives and attached friends, mourn the decease of a most excellent person.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, June the 12, she was buried from the Clover Lick Chapel followed by one of the largest funeral processions ever seen in our county, anywhere. She was enterred in the historic Clover Lick grave-yard, close to the grave of her great-grand mother Mary Warwick, mentioned in a former note.

Outside of the cities, the writer, has rarely seen a grave more beautifully finished up. It was sodded with freshly cut turf, and adorned with a cross, and tastefully arranged garlands and wreathes of roses and evergreens.

The beautiful testimonies she bore of her confidence in the love and power of Jesus to save, are of the most consoling character.

Thinking of her, one is most touchingly reminded of these lines as beautifully appropriate

"She sleeps in the Valley so sweet,
About her the green willows wave,
We planted the rose at her feet,
To bloom and decay o'er her grave.
She sleeps in the valley so sweet.
No sound e'er disturbs her repose;
So quiet in this calm retreat
She rests safe, secure from life's woes.

How calmly she rested in God;
"To thy arms my Savior I come,"
Come quickly, come quickly, O Lord
And welcome thy wanderer home.
She sleeps in the Valley so sweet,
Her spirit has taken its flight,
Her form is but dust neath our feet,
While she is an angel of light.

W. T. P.

The Heroine of the Flood.

If the valley of Conemaugh has its heroes it also has its heroines.

The story of one woman's sublime courage and unselfishness at a supreme moment of peril makes a bright page in the gloomy record of the Johnstown calamity.

Mrs. Ogle, the manager of the Western Union Telegraph office at Johnstown, stood by her key to the last. She was notified time and again that certain death awaited her if she did not seek safety in flight. But the brave little woman thought of the thousands of people in the valley below and stuck to her post, sending out message after message of warning.

Suddenly a deafening roar filled the air, and a black wave, mountain high, could be seen rolling down upon the doomed city.

The pale-faced woman gave one look and dashed the tears from her eyes.

"This is my last message!" the key ticked out to to the operator at South Fork.

There was no time to ad another word. The mad torrent struck the building and an instant later the lifeless heroine of the flood was washed through the raging waters, onward through the rocky mountain passes, and downward to the smiling plains below.

The bravest are the tenderest, and the tenderest are the bravest.

The Floods of the Future.

The Conemaugh valley disaster must not be viewed simply as a calamity. It is a warning.

When the boats navigate Pennsylvania avenue in Washington, and carp invade the houses of that city, we see the shadows of coming events—something even worse than the Johnstown horror.

We have more than once pointed out in these columns the probable consequences of the floods that will visit this country in future. The destruction of our forests will make the cloud-burst as familiar to us as the tornado is to the dwellers on our western plains. Ven Bebber, in his work on "The Influence of Forest Growth on Climate," says: "The old experience that the destruction of woods accentuates climate extremes, and more especially enhance the danger of floods, has not thus far been contradicted. Nay, it receives calamitous confirmation in the disasters which, in the South Tyrol, for example, recur so frequently, and which it is vainly sought to prevent by artificial works."

We are energetically setting in motion the very machinery that must necessarily increase the area and the destructive power of these tremendous floods.

Warnings we have had in abundance, but we take no thought of the morrow. We read of half a million lives lost by the overflow of Yellow river in China, and smile when the comforting thought occurs to us that it is on the other side of the world. We hear of the cloud-burst in the south of France after that region was stripped of its timber—cloud-bursts which turn cow-paths into ragging torrents and sweep away houses, cattle and human beings. But all this, we say is in France. The awful warning comes nearer and in a deadlier shape, from time to time, until we have its breathless culmination and climax at Johnstown.

The thoughtful observerver who has watched these events, studied their lessons, and looked ahead into the future, can come to but one conclusion. A century hence Macaulay's New Zealander may not be here to shake his wooly head over our ruins, but the scientific and progressive American of that day will have many strange chapters of history to relate. He will tell his children the story of our scores of dead cities that went down in the black night of a mighty deluge. He will describe the destruction of Washington, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and New Orleans. In Georgia and Tennessee he will name the cities of—but this comes too near home to be calmly discussed, and predictions would not be relished by any of us.

It is enough to say that a century hence, when the intelligent American of that day takes a glance backward, he will bitterly denounce our criminal waste and neglect in the matter of forestry, and it will be a mystery in his eyes that we allowed so many warnings to pass unheeded, and rushed on to our doom.
—Atlanta Constitution.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

The mailhack leaves Frankford for Huntersville, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and from Huntersville for Frankford every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. Charges reasonable.

JOEL PLACK, Carrier.

Order of Publication.

R. S. Turk vs. Geo. W. McDonald } In Chancery.

The object of this suit is to have a partition made of three tracts of land containing respectively 1624 264 and 137 acres of land lying on the waters of the Big Spring Branch of Elk River in Pocahontas County West Virginia, between the plaintiff and defendant, and to Enjoin and inhibit the defendant George W. McDonald, and all others from cutting and removing the Merchantable timber from said lands until partition thereof is made.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant Geo. W. McDonald is a non resident of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit. The plaintiff has executed his bond as required by the order granting said injunction.

Teste JOHN J. BEARD Clk.

June 6 4t Printers fee $8.82

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the Chancery Cause of E. J. Silva vs James P. Ginger and Wm. [illegible] McClure, on the 3rd day of April 1889 I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree shall on the

17th DAY OF JUNE 1889

proceed in front of the Court house door of this County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for Cash, a certain tract of land containing about 35 acres, the property of the defendant James P. Ginger situate on the waters of Stamping Creek, adjoining the lands of the Heirs of A. D. Gum and others. This tract of land is fertile and productive and in a partial state of cultivation.

L. M. McCLINTIC
Special Com'r.

I John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, certify that the above Commissioner has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD,
Clk Cir. Ct.

printers fee $9.70 may 23 4w

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

June 20 1889.

Faithful.

Two boys were at work rigging a small sailboat. It lay in an inlet on the New Jersey coast, and had been hired from them for the season by a stranger from New York.

"Come along, Bob," said of the boys. "It's all right now. We'll be too late to see the ball match, if we don't start at once."

Bob had taken down some of the old ropes, and had rigged the boat with new ones. The halyards he had not yet examined.

"They're all right," urged his companion, trying them,—"strong enough to last for years."

"No; I'll put in new halyards. I promised to make a thorough job of it."

"Then you'll miss the game. I'm off!"

Tom ran across the field; Bob hesitated as he looked after him. It was a sharp disappointment to miss the game. The old halyards were worn but they were still stout.

"They'll stand this summer well enough!" muttered Bob.

Then with a quick, decisive movement he cut them, and proceeded to put in new ropes. "I'll make the job thorough," he said.

That very evening the New York gentleman took a party of his friends out for a sail, among them several persons whose lives were especially valuable to the community, and whose death would have been a calamity. When they were a mile from the land, a fierce squall struck the boat. They steered toward the shore. The boat was carrying too much sail for such a wind.

"If your stuff gives way we are gone!" said a physician in the party, in a low voice.

"It all depends on the halyards. They are new. But there's a terrific strain on them."

Every eye in the boat was upon the short knotted ropes. They creaked ominously; but they bore the strain, and in a short time the boat was driven up on the beach. Bob's new bits of new rope had saved the lives of all on board.—Youth's Companion.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Shad Fishing.

The life of a shad fisherman is not a happy one, nethor is it very remunerative. They have to make their money in a short season and they are liable to lose their fine nets, which sometimes get caught in passing vessels. The nets cost several hundred dollars each. The net consists of two rope lines, each about 1000 feet long, with small pieces of lead fastened to one line six feet apart and pieces of egg shaped wood fastened to the other line. A fine linen net with meshes three and a quarter to three and five eight inches in size is strung on the lines, which are placed about twelve feat apart. The fishes are caught by the gills. Their head passes through the meshes, and when they try to retreat they are held prisoners by the silken twine. But if the nets are not lifted at the change of the tide they are liable to make their escape, and then there is mourning among the fishermen.

Two men operate a boat. The boats now used are thirty feet long and flat bottomed. They are cheaper than the keel boats and more stable. They are stout, and yet light and easy to handle. One man rows, and the other tends or throws the net, generally in the shape of a letter "L." When the net is cast, a line is fastened from the boat to the nearest end of the net, and away the party goes, drifting with the tide.

Sometimes the net is liable to catch on an obstruction or on the keel of a steamer or a tugboat, and then the net is damaged $50 or more. After drifting with the tide for a time the man tending the net commences to haul in. Soon there is a splash, and a nice shad is found "gilled." Perhaps this is the only one, and maybe there are ten thirty or a hundred more.

Then the boat is rowed back over the course and the same routine is gone through until the tide changes or the fishermen are thoroughly exhausted. The fishing is done in the night, and when the air is clear and the moon shines out the sight presented by the hundreds of fisherman, with their white lamp lit boats, is a fine one. The fishermen have to suffer many hardships, though, on a foggy or cold night.

In the morning the fishermen carry their nets ashore and clean and mend them. They are then wound on a reel. The speculators that are to be found in every fishing town buy the shad and ship it to this city.

There is great rivalry among the fishermen to see who will catch the first shad. The lucky one receives $10 from the speculators. A fisherman generally averades $3000 for his season's labor.—N. Y. Star.

Farm and Garden Notes.

One of the essentials of soiling is a fertile soil.

Boys and girls are the best crop raised on the farm.

Every farm ought to have its experimental patch.

It is better to dehorn every bull than to have one man killed.

Muriate of potash has proved to be a remedy for the white grub.

The early killed is the easily killed weed, and the weed that robs the crop least.

If you are careful to keep the furrows straight you will do faster and better plowing.

The smaller the field the more fence required and the more land taken from cultivation.

A diversity of crops distributes work, receipts and expenses more evenly through the year and through the years.

The plum curculio is injuring our apples. To prevent this set plums among the apples. Spray the apples once, and the plums three times to destroy the insect.

[illegible]

An attractive paper.—Fly paper.

At the Theatre.—Blobson (rising excitedly): "Down with that red umbrella in the front!" Mrs. Blobson (drawing him back) "For mercy sake hush up! That ain't an umbrella; it's a new spring hat."

Mrs. Jason: "Jekiel was there ever any such person as the fool killer?" Mr. Jason: "What idiotic questions you do ask. How the dickens do I know? I never met him." Mrs. Jason: "Oh I know that."

Diner-out: "Waiter, how's this? I have just discovered a collar button in my soup." Waiter: "Yes, sah, you's de lucky man. We has prize soup on Monday an' Wednesdays. A harnsome gift in every twenttieth plate."

Mendicant: Please help a poor blind man. Kind old lady: Blind? Why bless me, there's a shilling for you. Mendicant: Thank ye, heartily, ma'am. I knowed the minnit I see ye' comin' ye was a kind hearted ole 'oman.

An Irishman being asked on a late trial for a certificate of his marriage, exhibited a huge scar on his head, which looked as though it might have been made with a fire-shovel. The evidence was considered satisfactory.

Judge (to prisoner): "Your wife says you dragged her out of bed by the hair." Prisoner: "I didn't touch her hair, your honour. It was hanging on the back of a chair where she put it the night before." Case dismissed.

We are never weary of reading a good epitaph—one which indicates the work of a lifetime in a few short, crisp words. Here is one, for instance, which needs no explanation. It was inscribed on the tomb of a cannibal: "He loved his fellow-men."

Ragley (sternly): Aurelia, let this thing stop Mr. De Twirliger. Aurelia: Oh; paw, do not forbid Albert the house. Ragley: He may come every night in the week if he pleases, but he shall not bring his dog into my parlor. Last night its howlings kept me awake for an hour. Aurelia: Why paw, that was Albert singing a selection from "Ermine."

Between the Acts.—"How truly rural that scene was." said a husband to his wife as the curtain decended after the first act, and then he went out to see a man. At the close of the play—it was a five act play—he again expressed his admiration for the truly rural scenery, but as he pronounced the "tooly looral" his wife got him home as quickly as possible.

A gentleman who [illegible] another praised the meat very much and inquired who was his butcher. "His name is Addison." "Addison!" echoed the guest; "pray is he any relation to the poet?" "I can't say; but this I know, he is seldom without his steel by his side."

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, June 27, 1889. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 49.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. {C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.}
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

Little Beer.

Gurgle, gurgle, little beer,
In your meek and lowly sphere,
Many a thirsty neck you wet,
Drowning many a vain regret,
In your song there's lots of cheer,
Little beer!

Gurgle, gurgle, little beer,
Place my name on record here,
That all the liquids known,
From temperate to intemperate zone.
Standest thou without a peer,
Little beer!

Gurgle, gurgle, little beer,
I do love thee. Yes, I fear
My affections too intense,
Cling around thee deep and dense,
Loved not wisely, but too dear,
Little beer!

Gurgle, gurgle, little beer,
Stream of amber bright and clear
Do you mind the days that I
Tried to drink the brewery dry?
Oft you got me on my ear,
Little beer!

Gurgle, gurgle little beer,
Ah! How many a bitter tear
Sparkles in thy shining foam—
Many a desolated home—
Many a sorrow, dark and drear,
Little beer!

Gurgle, gurgle, little beer,
You may think it rather queer,
But I feel that I must shun
You or give the job up, one.
No more schooner will I steer.
Little beer!

—M. M. Folsom, in Atlanta Constitution.

Three Marine Mysteries.

I suppose that a hundred ships come and go where one is lost, but when one reflects on the dangers to which they are exposed he must marvel that so many escape. I saw a list of thirty-six missing ships the other day, missing from American English and French ports, and the fate of each was unknown or guessed at. Say that half of them foundered in mid-ocean, five were run down in collision, five more were wrecked on capes or shoals where all hands perished, and what became of the rest? Say that three of the remainder were destroyed by fire and what fate shall we attach to the other five? From the moment a vessel leaves port to begin her voyage she is exposed to danger, and though a sailer may be ever so brave and hardy, he cannot shake off the knowledge that he lives on the verge of the grave. There are gales, and fogs, and collisions, and fire, and hidden rocks, and powerful currents; and so I repeat that it is a marvel more sailing craft are not added to the lonesome list of missing which is recorded year by year.

In the year 1885, as the British bark Lord Oldham, of which I was second mate, was approaching the Canary Islands, and when about 180 miles distant, we were caught in the tail end of a cyclone and badly knocked about. We got out with some slight loss and a great deal of discomfort, and were bearing up again to our course when a great calamity happened. Half an hour before midnight, while the bark was doing her best under a fresh breeze, a sudden and great shock was felt. Her masts went by the board, and, as I reached the deck, a minute after the shock, the hull seemed to split open from stem to stern. I had gone below to get a glass of bitters, leaving the deck only thirty seconds before the shock came. I was knocked down and confused, but it could not have been over sixty seconds before I regained the deck. It was just in time to be carried overboard. I went with a lot of raffle, from the decks, and amid the frightened cries of the men, and a quarter of an hour later, when I had lashed myself in the crosstrees of the mainmast, I could not get an answer to any of my calls to the rest of the crew. How it was that all were lost I never could make out. There was raffle enough to have floated 300 men, and my watch certainly all wide awake at the moment of the collision. The only explanation I can give is that they were somehow caught and crushed. I drifted during the rest of the night, and was picked up in the morning by a vessel bound in. By that time the wreckage had drifted apart until nothing could be found. Nothing whatever was picked up or cast upon any shore, and had I not been saved, the fate of the bark could only have been guessed at.

What did she collide with? The lookouts were on the bow, and alert and the night so clear that a ship could have been seen a mile away. The chart showed clear water for a hundred miles about, and we must have run full tilt upon some vessel which had been dismasted and bilged in the hurricane. If loaded with timber, her decks would have been awash, and she would have been as bad as a rock to collide with. There was only one shock, and the whole bows of the bark were crushed in by it.

Three years later, while off the Banks of Brazil in a small English ship called the White Cloud, another strange thing happened. I was first mate of this ship, and about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the weather being very fine and the wind light, I had all the men on deck setting up the rigging, some of which had slackened away. A man aloft suddenly hailed the deck with the information that a large whale was bearing down on the ship head on. We were a merchant vessel, and the sight of a whale had no interest for us. We went on with our work for three or four minutes, when the man again hailed me with:

"If that fellow holds his course he will be dead on to us. He's a big fellow, and coming like an iron steamer."

I ran forward to get a look, and the sea was so smooth that I had no difficulty in making out the whale. He was still a mile away, coming down at about steamer speed, and holding a course as straight as if somebody aboard of him was steering by compass. I was not a bit alarmed, expecting to see him show flukes every moment but the Captain came on deck and ordered the man at the wheel to break off two or three points. This brought the whale on our port bow. As I told you, I expected to see him sound every moment. It was astonishing that he had not discovered us long before. I could scarcely believe my eyes as he held on, and by and by we had him alongside. I am telling you the truth when I say he actually rubbed us as we passed each other, and the odor of him was so rank that some of the men cried out in disgust. That whale was ninety feet long if he was an inch, and he had a head on him like a brick wall. So far as we could see he was carrying no harpoons and had no fresh wound, but he was moss-grown and barnacled as if he had knocked about for a couple of hundred years. The fact of his holding his own in such a bull-headed way was alarming, and when we were clear of him we fell to congratulating ourselves over the close shave.

We were perhaps a mile apart when the whale slewed around. The moment we discovered what he was doing we knew that he meant to attack. The breeze had now died away until we could not hope to dodge him, and he had not yet fairly turned when we dropped the yawl from the davits and ran her alongside to the bow. Two men were ordered to get water and provisions into her, and as the whale headed up for us we went off before the light breeze to give him all the room we could. Three or four minutes settled the question of whether he was after the ship or sailing his own course. He headed up for her, coming faster and faster, and when he was two cables' length away there was a great white wall of water rolling before him, and his speed was from eighteen to twenty miles an hour. He struck us full on the starboard quarter, and the shock was as if two ships had collided. Planks and ribs gave way before him, and as he recoiled from the blow our ship settled down stern first and was under water within two minutes. Everybody was knocked down by the shock, and everybody got up to rush for the yawl. I was sucked down almost as soon as I reached my feet, and after a struggle, in which I came out first best by a close shave, I was shot to the surface amid a lot of deck raffle. There were two or three men around me at first, and as I was heaved up I caught sight of the yawl with at least two men in her. The whale was still at hand, lying very quiet, but I feared he would soon be aroused and attack us in turn, and I seized the galley door and paddled away to get out of his reach. While doing this a squall came down and hung on for twenty minutes, and when it had passed I could see nothing of boat nor whale.

That afternoon, an hour before sundown, I was picked up by the American whaler Richard Knox. She already had our yawl, which she had found bottom up, but had not seen any of the men nor met with any wreckage. I was again the only one saved, and but for my testimony the fate of the ship would have forever remained a mystery. As to why the whale attacked us was made more clear after my rescue. The Knox had raised and chased him the evening before, and he had been "gallied" or annoyed so often during the month past that he had become ugly. He came for us with the intention of sending the ship to the bottom, and he succeeded only too well in carrying out his purpose.

A third mystery was the case of the Janet Wilcox, an American brig bound for Rio Janeiro. I was second mate of her when the occurrence took place. We had bad weather for a good share of the voyage, but the brig was new and stanch, and was at no time in imminent peril. About 300 miles off Rio, while enjoying a bit of good weather, we one morning raised a longboat full of men dead ahead of us. Indeed, the boat had taken down her sail and was waiting for us to come up. There were nine men aboard of her, and they had plenty of water and provisions. The story they told was that they were a part of the crew of a large British ship which had been burned two days before. They claimed that all had got off in the boats, but that the boats had become separated in the heavy weather. They were a hard-looking lot, composed of all nationalities, and when we had taken them aboard our captain was by no means satisfied with their story. One of them claimed to be second mate, and, as the crew had all got off in two boats, it was a puzzle that the first mate was not in command of one. Other strange things came up, and the story of the crew did not hang together, and so all hands were ordered to keep an eye on the fellows.

We got a good slant of wind and had run down to within fifty or sixty miles of the coast when the fellows showed their hands. They had been allowed to mingle freely with our crew, but had carefully abstained from a remark to indicate that they had an evil purpose in view. Their boat was large and unwieldly, and we had towed it after us rather than to cast it loose or to attempt to hoist it inboard. I was on watch from eight to twelve and nothing suspicious occurred during the first three hours. About 11 o'clock, as I stood near the man at the the wheel, I was hailed from the foremast with:

"Mr. Merlin, will you please step forward and take a look at something we can't make out?"

I afterward recalled that it was not the voice of one of my watch, but I did not heed the matter at the time. I started forward, and had reached the waist of the vessel when two men seized me, lifted me clear of the deck, and before I could recover from my astonishment was flung overboard head first. It was more by instinct than any plan of my own that I swam for the boat towing astern. Had the brig not been sailing close hauled, and therefore sailing at a moderate pace, I should not have reached it. It was a close shave, and as I hung to the gunwale for a moment I heard a great confusion on the brig. It was mutiny, of course, and I was the first victim. My idea was to get aboard again as soon as possible, and the only way was to get in into the yawl, pull her close up, and then shin up the painter. After an effort or two I pulled myself in, and just then there were oaths and cries and pistol shots from the brig, followed by a couple couple of splashes alongside, which meant that two bodies, living or dead, had gone overboard. I had hold of the painter when it was loosened from above, and I drifted rapidly astern. The fight continued as long as was within hearing. I was out of it entirely and could only hope that our crew, who were all good men, would overcome the mutineers in the struggle.

After the brig was out of sight I got sail on the boat, and followed her to the best of my judgment. It was just in the gray of morning that I was picked up by a British ship bound into Rio. It wasn't so very mysterious that we picked up the boat and that her crew attempted our capture, but it certainly was queer that from the hour she left me to this day that brig has never been heard of. But for my escape she would have been rated as lost, and the insurance paid. As it was the insurance company contested payment, and won their case in court. The insurance of that day, at least, did not provide for any such emergency. The naval and merchant service of every power was notified of the circumstance, and for two or three years every sea was under observation, but the brig was never overhauled, nor any of her old crew heard of. My idea is that she foundered within a few days with all hands, but others differ. She certainly did not turn pirate, and she was never heard of as a wreck. There is no such British ship as the men said, nor was any craft burned as they stated. They must have been lying in wait; but it is queer that they would be so far out to sea in such a boat. Taken all in all, it was a strange case, and no one has ever got the right end of the thread to solve the tangle.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

June 27 1889.

Young Men to the Fore.

One thing that is needful on the part of the Democrats in coming political campaigns in this State, is to get new material in the vanguard of the party. The old leaders have been leaders too long. They have grown stilted and dogmatical in their leadership, and are firm set in the belief that they alone must have the front places, and receive most of the spoils of victory. The old leaders of the party have led it most to its doom. They have quarreled among themselves while the enemy has been silently undermining their camp, and yet the danger, though certainly known, does not impel them towards that harmony of action that alone can save the party. It is the case everywhere. Rivalries, jealousies and enmities becomes rife between men who have been leaders too long. The Democratic party of West Virginia needs new men at its head—young men. Men who have toiled in the ranks like Trojans, caring for nothing but the triumph of the principles of the party. To put them there would inject new methods, new fire, new life into the contests, and tend very much to the purification of the party. The hacks who have croaked down their party and themselves should be given the post of observers only, while the forces so long in reserve should be brought to the front.

There should be organization of young men's Democratic Clubs effected all over the State, to which no man over the age of thirty-five years should be admitted. Men under that age are much more in love with principle, much more zealous in the discharge of their duty, and much more ambitious to achieve success for their efforts than the men whose blood time has rendered sluggish, and contact with the sharp points of life made callous to those things which are remote from self-interests. Give us the young men's Clubs. Let the boys take hold with their enthusiasm and dash, and they will pull the wheels out of the mire. There is material enough in this [illegible] district alone for several of the Clubs. They should be organized speedily and thoroughly, and should devote much time to the study and dissemination of the true maxims of Government which are Democratic property, and are indispensible to the success and permanency of a Republic. It is time to be reforming the lines for [illegible]. The tendency of the people's mind now, more than ever is to tariff reform. The evils of the present tariff system are [illegible] upon the energies of the [illegible] more closely every day. The [illegible] are full of complainings, and of the distress which comes from an iniquitous and unjust taxing system that robs the [illegible] of [illegible] toil, and [illegible] for [illegible] laws, would furnish constant work for millions more.

There never was a grander time for the exhibition of the power of young America than the present. The nation is in the grasp of a power more dangerous to its institutions than any enemy which ever confronted it. The power of monopoly cannot be lightly overborne. To defeat it and save the country from dispotism—to save the people their freedom—to save the birthright of the American citizen—the young men of the Republic must buckle on their armor and go forth into the fight against the foes of he Republic.

We want in this State new brains to think, new hearts to dare, and new arms to work. We want honesty of purpose in politics as in other affairs of life. We want men to fight battles for the party, and not for self. We want the Democratic party reformed, rejuvenated, and reclaimed. The young men can do it, if they will. Will they?—*Charleston Gazette.*

The recent address of Gen. Jubal A. Early, at Winchester, Va., has attracted considerable attention. He spoke his honest sentiments, and for this feature, if for no other he has been greatly praised. The following sentiment has been applauded universally: "As I have said on a former occasion, if ever I repudiate, disown, or apoligize for the cause for which Lee fought and Jackson died, may the lightning of heaven blast me and the scorn of all good women and true men be my portion." General Early added:

"And again I say that the Confederate who has deserted since the war, for the former has gone over to the enemy at no personal risk to himself and simply from motives of gain, while the latter took his life in his hands, knowing that he would be shot if captured, and in a number of cases he was tempted to leave the service to go the assistance of his family, which he was induced to believe was starving at home."

The General closed by paying a high tribute to the ladies of Virginia and the South.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, June 21st.—Harrison as a junketer bids fair to be on a par with his republican predecessors. He returned Monday evening from a three day trip down the river and to-day he has gone to Cape May to remain until next Tuesday. If he is overworked now, as he says he is, God help the country if an occasion should arise demanding some real work of its executive. If he is overworked many members of his party would like to know what the nature of the work was; he has done absolutely nothing, so far as the public knows, towards establishing a national policy of any kind and the two hours a day which he gives up to the hungry place seekers is hardly enough to break him down. If he is overworked it is from nursing "Baby McKee" probably the hardest work he has performed since his inaugeration.

Corporal Tanner has just allowed an increase of pension to Senator Manderson of Nebr. that comes along with it $4000 arrearages. It may seem a little strange that the Senator never applied for this increase of pension before but then, perhaps Gen. Black was not as anxious to oblige the Senator as the Corporal is.

Attorney General Miller must be mad because he has not received that appointment to the United States Supreme Court which he so confidently expected a short time ago. He has refused to give an opinion on the question referred to him by the Treasury department as to whether it would be a violation of law for the Catholic University to be located here, to bring over from Europe a corps of instructors. The solicitor of the Treasury has already given his opinion. He says it would be a violation of law. One of the most prominent lawyers of this city the same gentleman is one of the board of trustees of the University says the University will bring over instructors, and he does not believe that any court in the country will sustain the administration in construing the alien contract law so as to exclude them.

A bit of scandal has leaked out about the sudden resignation of the private secretary of Corporal Tanner. It was thought a little strange that he should prefer being a timber agent of the Interior department in the far west to being private secretary to the Commissioner of Pensions. Now that the facts are out it is thought that he was very lucky not to be kicked out of the government service entirely. The trouble with him was the same as with a good many others, he was not satisfied to confine his "mashing" propensities to his wife who would probably appreciated them, but must thrust them upon some other woman, who does not appreciate them. The story is a very short one; the private secretary came in with Tanner and at once became smitten with one of the lady clerks in the Pension office. He persecuted her with attention and wrote her many notes, the last one indecent and threatening her discharge. The lady then went to Secretary Noble, told her story and placed the notes in the Secretary's possession. That gentleman sent for Tanner and told him that Squeers—that's the "mashers" name must go. Tanner agreed easily because he wanted to give the position to his daughter just out of school, but owing to many obligations he had to stick to Squeers, therefore he persuaded Secretary Noble to appoint him a special timber agent.

"Mr. Face-both-ways-at once" is Harrisons new name. His attitude on civil service reform earned the hyphenated cognomen. It seemed a little tough for him that the morning paper, containing the associated press interview with Commissioner Roosevelt which was telegraphed from Indianapolis, stating that the President had instructed the Commissioners to enforce the civil service law in letter and spirit should have printed on the same page a most glaring violation of that same law by Harrison. The violation referred to was the changing of the rule, which says that no person who has been out of the classified service for more than a year can be reinstated without a regular examination, so that an exception is made in favor of veterans of the Union army, who can now be legally reinstated at any time no matter how long since they were discharged, if they have sufficient influence. The fact should be remembered that about seven out of every ten of these men that will be reinstated will cause the discharge of men who obtain the position they now fill through a Civil service examination. The Civil service law does not prevent a clerk being discharged.

MASONIC NOTICE

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE No. [illegible] A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meetings of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—Levi Gay, Esq., was in town Tuesday.

—Some of our townsmen have been catching some nice bass, lately.

—Atty. L. M. McClintic and wife are visiting his parents at Buckeye.

—A little fire has been quite comfortable in the mornings and evenings for the past few days.

Go to John Wurts & Co, Frankford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. may 9-12t

—Good envelopes at THE TIMES office for 15c per 100.

—Dr. Hezekiah McClintic, of Mo., and Geo. McClintic of Covington, were in town last Saturday.

John Wurts & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be here during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. may 9-12t

—Mrs. Joe Smith, and daughter, of Mill Point, passed through town Monday on their way to Green Bank.

Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made of John Wurts & Co. Frankford, W. Va. may 9-12

—Mr. J. B. Curry, of Mill Point, and Miss Birdie Nottingham, of Greenbank, made us a pleasant call Monday.

—The stable of Attorney L. M. McClintic was broken open, and his horse taken out and ridden Tuesday night.

—If you want a history of the Johnstown flood, send to C. B. Swecker, Dunmore, who will furnish you a copy as soon as they are out.

—Atty L. M. McClintic, D. A. Fisher and B. F. White, have gone to William's river, to spend a few days fishing.

—We wish some body would bring us a mess of fish. Here we have to stay all the time, in old newspapers and dirt, up to our ears and work like a dog-on niggar, and can't get a chance to go fishin'.

—We understand that Mr. Sam. Gay, better known as "devil Sam," of near Edray, and Miss Oenna, daughter of Mr. A. N. Taylor, of William's river will be married next Wednesday.

—Wood Stealing is getting to be a common occurrence about town now, and we are afraid wood won't be the only thing stolen during the coming winter. They say we are having hard times since "Mr. Facetious" [illegible] administration.

[illegible]

Work [illegible] while the sun shines, go fishing when it rains and work the [illegible] when you can.

The [illegible] July is coming and we'll [illegible] grounds and [illegible]

Capt. [illegible] is off to Ronceverte.

[illegible] is off to Braxton C. H.

Dr. [illegible] is off to Washington city, with his pet, fence and cattle stall.

[illegible] Taylor and wife are off [illegible]

[illegible] out for Staunton.

Mrs. [illegible] is visiting here.

Mrs. [illegible] and Miss Kittie [illegible] digging at Edray [illegible]

Quite a number of guests at [illegible] Wakeman.

The singing [illegible] school house was [illegible] attended. There will be singing again at the same place on Sunday, the 30th, at 2, p. m.

Part of the lumbermen are getting out raft timber on Greenbrier river.

Dr. Lacy, will preach at Clover Lick on Sunday 30th inst.

Mrs. Boyd Bartlett, of Mill Point, is visiting friends in this section.

Rev. Jasper Sharp and family of Beverly, W. Va., are visiting relatives in this county.

Couldn't some one give us a snake story about a foot long.

Morgan Wakeman has been on the sick list for a few days.

Success to THE TIMES.

TOM SAWYER.

Circuit Court Proceedings.

Court convened on Monday 17th, with Judge A. N. Campbell on the bench:

CHANCERY CASES.

C. L. Austin &c. vs. Wm. F. Arbast &c suit No. 1, decree of partition; No. 2 and 3 decree of sale.

Hugh M. Carpenter's adm'x vs. Margaret M. Carpenter &c., order of reference.

Susan C. Pyles vs Jas. Pyle's Heirs, decree confirming assignment of widows dower.

Allen D Grimes' adm'r vs. Allen D. Grimes' Heirs &c., decree confirming sale.

Geo. C. Hill's Adm'r vs. Rebecca J. Hill &c., order of reference.

Jno. W. McNeel's Adm'r vs. Jno. W. McNeel's Heirs &c., decree confirming sale.

Jno. Sharp's Adm'r vs. Jno. Sharp's Legatees, cause dismissed.

Jas. Pyles' Adm'r Jas. Pyles' Heirs &c., cause dismissed.

Frank Barret vs. Wm. M. McAlister &c., decree entered in favor of Plaintiff.

STATE CASES.

Perry Townsend A. & B. No. 1, judgment on confession, and fined $25; No 2 carrying deadly weapons, found guilty.

Jane Allen, A. & B., nol pros.

Wm. Hill, A. & B., found not guilty.

Sallie Hill, A. & B. found guilty and fined $1.00.

Adam Pulin, No. 4, unlawfully selling liquor, found not guilty.

A. J. Kertner, unlawfully selling liquor, judgment confessed.

J. D. Hamilton A. & B., judgment confessed.

W. L. Taylor, A. & B. found not guilty.

Z. T. Webb, selling deadly weapons to miner, found not guilty.

J. B. Apperson, unlawfully distilling, judgment confessed.

Jno. A. Alderman, misdeamenor, nol pros.

Suicide in Irish Corner.

On last Friday, the 14th, Dr. M. A. Gates was summoned to the scene of a tragical occurence, by which a human soul was hurried into eternity. On that morning Mrs. Mary Mann, wife of Davis J. Mann, farmer, living in Irish Corner, district, about two miles south of Ronceverte, hung herself in a granary, between the hours of 8 and 10 a.m.

On receipt of the intelligence Justice T. H. Adwell summoned a coroner's jury and proceeded to hold an inquest, by which the following facts were developed:

Davis J. Mann, husband of the deceased testified that he had been away that morning to a neighbor's on business. His wife had spent the night at her uncle's, about one mile from home, and returned home about 8 o'clock a. m. He returned about ten a. m., and not finding his wife about the house, began to look for her. Not seeing her, he returned to the house for some tobacco, which he always kept in a particular place in a drawyer. On opening the drawyer he found a note, of which the following is the substance:

"DAVIS: I hope the Lord will bless you, for you have done all you could to get me well, but my head had got in such a fix that I was no satisfaction to you or anybody else. I hope you may see much pleasure, but I wanted to get away where people would not see me. I got in such a fix that I wasn't allowed to live any longer. God bless you in all your troubles. I never thought that I would ever have to take my own dear life. You done all you could."

On reading the note he hurried out to a small out-house (used for a granary) where he found her lying on the floor. She had made a slip noose with a piece of cord about the size of wool twine, put it around her neck, tied the end to a rafter, and lay down. He did not touch her being satisfied she was dead, but ran to a neighbor's and gave the alarm.

Dr. Gates, the family physician, testified that she was of sound mind, but that ill-health had probably destroyed her desire to live. Her death was the result of strangulation, and the character of the surroundings indicated deliberation, as she could easily have saved herself.

A neighbor woman testified that only an hour before the occurence she overheard deceased remark that she was tired of living.

The jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to death by her own hand.

Mrs. Mann was the daughter of Mr. George W. Morgan, and was about 24 years of age. She was buried on Friday in the Morgan graveyard.—Greenbrier Messenger.

What Do they do With It

We know what the young men graduates will do with the book learning, be the same much or little, which lies back of the diploma. They will try to get a living with it; and as their learning has been more or less practical their chances will be better or worse. The young man just from college is expected to find or make a way to apply what he has learned.

What about the young women graduates? What are they going to do with it? What can they do with it? Fewer avenues being open to them, their course of instruction should have been on lines the most practical, the most likely to fit them for usefulness to themselves and society. Little dashes of polite learning not too well learned are but a thin veneer on a very slight foundation.

The day is coming when the girls of America as well as the boys will be educated to do something that will bring them a living. An idle young woman in a family will be no better thought of than an idle young man.—Ex.

The Republic—"Her Mark."

Some of the newspapers are printing a fac simile of the autograph of Abraham Lincoln's mother.

Plain Sarah Lincoln signed a document in a very simple and old-fashioned way. A friendly hand traced her name, with the explanatory words, "Her mark," and Sarah then made the familiar "X."

That one mark is an epitome of the history of the republic. From such crude and simple beginnings have sprung our culture and civilization. Humble Sarah Lincoln gave to the world a son who wrote his name in imperishable letters of light on one of the proudest pages of our annals.

It is the story of the republic—out of the depths to the highest place in the temple of Fame—out of the darkness and into the light!—Atlanta Constitution.

Gov. Lee has issued a requisition upon the Governor of Missouri for Robert Warwick, who was indicted in the County Court of Highland county, Va., in January, 1884, for the murder of E.D. Atchison. Warwick made his escape from jail after the killing of Atchison, and eluded arrest until a few days ago when he was captured in Shelby county, Ind., and lodged in jail.

Ex-Senator Cameron, of Pa., is very ill.

The Prohibition Amendment was defeated in Pennsylvania by 200,000 majority.

A policeman was shot badly but not fatally, in Wheeling, on the 19th, by a man whom he attempted to arrest.

It is said that a cousin of the rich Astor family in New York recently committed suicide to avoid starvation. 'Tis a sad world, after all.

Mrs. Hayes, the wife of ex-President Hayes, was stricken with apoplexy on the 21st inst., at her home in Fremont, O.

In England and France many women dress in men's clothes all the time. They claim that when they pass themselves off for men they get better wages and suffer less annoyance.

Sitting Bull gives indications of remaining a "bad Indian" for a while longer. It was thought that he was about to check his baggage for the happy hunting grounds a few days ago, but he is now reported as recovering. The doughty chieftain may be old, but he seems to still be very tough.

A young man named Joseph Smith, on the 2d, threw a stone at the cars as they were passing Weyer's Cave Station, on the Shenandoah Valley Road, at high speed. It struck the cars, and rebounding struck Smith on the head, killing him instantly.

William Nye has sailed for Europe to interview the queen. But Mr. Nye cannot get an audience with her maj. Court etiquette requires that all persons visiting the queen should comb their hair. Mr. Nye has no hair to comb, and consequently he will be compelled to play in the backyard with the queen's grandchildren and have his dinner sent to him.

GRAND PICNIC.

On July the 4th, there will be a basket picnic near Dunmore. A large platform is erected for dancing. Good music will be in attendance. Refreshments on the ground and flying duchman and other amusements.

Everybody is invited.
By order of Committee.

Pocahontas Times.

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VERY SLIGHT CLEWS.

How Tom Marshall Once Upon a Time Detected a Burglar.

"Tom" Marshall was at one time the favorite hero of the bar in Kentucky. His acumen, his wit, his magnetic power over a jury, whether he happened to be drunk or sober, gave rise to numberless anecdotes about him. One of the least known is the following:

Marshall, after a prolonged holiday, found himself in a little inland town, the center of an admiring circle of newly-made friends who were ignorant of his real position or occupation. Chief among these was a young dentist, a hard-working, frugal fellow, when by dint of strict economy, had saved a few hundred dollars. He was about to be married, and bought a snug little house, and withdrew his money one day from the bank to pay for it.

The bargain was to be completed on the following day. He carried the money to his chamber, a small room back of his shop, and, locking up the roll of bills in his secretary, went to bed.

About midnight he was wakened by the flash of a dark lantern in his face. He sprang up. A man was climbing out of the open window. His desk was open and rifled. He rushed upon the thief, who fired at him twice and escaped. The poor dentist, on the eve of his wedding-day, was left dangerously wounded and penniless.

The country was searched for traces of the thief, but in vain. Marshall took a keen interest in the matter, questioned the policemen closely, and when they gave up in despair, asked permission to visit the dentist's rooms. After a close search, he found upon the floor a small pellet of burned paper, which he carried home. It was the wadding out the thief's pistols. When examined, it proved to be half of a receipt for water tax, signed by John Jones, town clerk.

The date was entire, but the name of the man paying his tax was torn off, excepting two letters, Pe——. Marshall at once searched the records of the town clerk, and found on the given date Peter Scott had paid his water tax. Peter was arrested, and the money was found in his possession.

Marshall soon after left the village, followed by the blessings of the grateful dentist and his bride. Long afterward they discovered that their friend was the famous eccentric lawyer of Kentucky.

Another story which lingers in the gossip about the courts in the same State is of an old lawyer named Hunt, who, in the early part of this century, was known as "the sleuth-hound," so unerring was his pursuit of a criminal. On one occasion he was employed to defend a poor colored porter in a bank, accused of robbing the vaults after the cashier was gaged and tied.

The circumstantial evidence was complete against the negro, but Hunt was convinced of his innocence. The thief, too, had dropped a bit of cloth on the floor, apparently the torn lining of a hat, about which Hunt's keen scent detected a faint, peculiar perfume.

"The man who wore this is a tanner," he said to a detective.

There was but one tannery within forty miles. One of the owners was a dissipated young man. He was watched and soon detected in passing some of the stolen money. Being arrested, he confessed his guilt, and Hunt's client was saved.

The old saying, "Murder will out," is true only when some intellect is acute enough to gather the proof of guilt from trifles which other men neglect.—Youth's Companion.

The World Full of Death Traps.

According to the *American Analyst*, the worst enemies of the human race are the doctors, who try to prolong our miserable existence in a world full of death traps. One medico tells you not to eat or drink too much. Another says that you must only eat what you fancy, because otherwise you will bolt your food without giving to each morsel the thirty-six mastications which are necessary for digestion. You must wear a respirator over your mouth, a pad on your chest, and a swarth of flannel round your loins. If you live in town, you will die of fog; if you go to the country, you will be poisened by bad drainage; if you drink water, you are tempting the typhoid fiend; milk spells scarlatina, and tea cake is sudden death. Do you shun these tempestuous pleasures of the senses and take refuge in the recreations of the mind? Do you borrow a novel from the circulating library? That is to import the germs of disease into a healthy household. The volume in your hands may have been pursued by a person recovering from an infectious illness!

Farm and Garden Notes.

Don't forget the dust bath.

Don't plant corn that will not grow.

Be sure and test your corn before planting.

Don't plow the land when wet or sticky.

One of the essentials of soiling is a fertile soil.

Mix the dry horse manure with the wet cow manure.

Cooked rice, fed cold, is good for diarrhoea in chicks.

Don't breed a draft mare to a trotter or a thoroughbred.

Don't feed sulphur to young chicks—it produces leg weakness.

Hard-boiled eggs and cornmeal makes a good first feed for ducklings.

Don't breed to a mishapen ungainly horse, even if he has a long pedigree.

It is a mistaken idea that a hen's nest ought to do duty a year without renewing.

A gentleman who was driving up Fourth street avenue the other day came to several empty barrels in the street, and he halted and asked of a boy who sat on the curb:

"Say boy, who rolled those barrels out here?"

"Pa did. We are cleaning house," was the answer.

"Whose children are those out there in the street?"

"They are ours. Ma sent 'em out to get rid of them."

"Is that your dog making such a fuss in the back yard?"

"Yes, sir. We are seeing how long he can keep it up."

"And I suppose you lugged that ladder out here?"

"Yes sir—I'm playing with it."

"Well, you seem to be doing about as you want up here?"

"Yes sir except that I can't dig that letter box off the lamp post. Haven't got a crowbar in the buggy, have you? I just want that to be bogue."

Miss De Sweet—"I'll never touch another chew of gum as long as I live."

Proud Mother—"I am glad to hear you say so, my dear; but what has reformed you so suddenly?"

"Last evening Mr. Richfellow proposed to me just at the moment when my jaws got stuck, so couldn't say anything, and he went off."

Flap—"I'm in love, and the only disagreeable thing about it is that the girl is older than I."

Jack—"How old are you now?"

"I'm eighteen."

"And the lady is what?"

"Twenty two."

"Well, make your mind easy. By the time you are twenty-one she'll be only twenty."

Husband (after some words with his wife)—"Well let us drop it. I don't care to say any more about. And, besides I like to talk to a sensible person when I am talking."

Wife (with a sarcastic laugh)—"You don't always do it, then."

H.—"I don't."

W.—"No I sometimes hear you talking to yourself."

Household Hints

Wash out common oil stains in cold water.

The nicest fire to broil with is made of charcoal.

Burnt alum is the best cure for proud flesh in "man or beast."

Pickles may be greened with cabbage leaves. Never use coloring.

When dress silks become wet pat it between the hands to dry quickly.

"William," said Mrs. Trembly, "hear that horrid dog? Isn't it awful?"

"Is that the same dog that kept us awake last night?"

"I think so. It sounds unlucky doesn't it?"

"Didn't you ever hear that the howling of a dog was a sure sign of death in the family."

"No. Whose family?"

"The dog's," said Trembly in a firm voice as stepped out of bed and reached for his revolver.

"Well, sir," said an old gentleman indignantly, "what are doing around here again. I thought the delicate hint I gave you just as you left the front door last night would give you to understand that I don't like you very well." And the speaker looked at his boot in a reminiscent way.

"It did said the young man," as a look of mingled pain and admiration came over his face. "But I though I would come and ask you—"

"Ask me what?"

"If you would like to join our football association."

Chawles—"Who is she?"

Jawdge—"My fiancee."

"Chawles—"Pshaw! I thought you had more taste. I wouldn't marry a girl who wore a red dress with a green back to it."

Jawdge—"It's the greenbacks in her pocketbook I am after, dear boy."

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

Slander.

'Twas but a breath—
And yet the fair good name was wilted,
And friends once fond grew stilted,
And life was worse than death.

One venomed word,
That struck its coward, poisoned blow,
Its craven whispers, hushed and low—
And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whisper—one,
That muttered low for very shame,
The thing the slanderer dare not name
And yet its work was done.

A hint so slight,
And yet so mighty in its power,
A human soul in one short hour
Lies crushed beneath its blight.

Prize Winners.

We played progressive euchre
The livelong winter through,
She was a skillful player,
And I was lucky, too.

Our luck gave rise to envy,
And us together drew,
Whereat—since she was charming—
I murmured not. Would you?

So, when the playing ended,
Each night she took my arm,
And acting as her escort,
I yielded to loves charm.

A year now we've been married,
And, much to our surprise,
Somehow we both keep thinking
We won the booby prize.

Mine or Thine.

"You refuse me, then?"

The tone in which the few words were spoken was low and even, as if they were of no moment, but the face of Philip Lowry contradicted the forced composure. His eyes—large dark eyes full of intellect and character—were fixed upon the face of his companion with an expression of pain, and his lips quivered under his heavy moustache.

Maude Ingersoll looked at him with scorn in her blazing blue eyes, her lips curled contemptuously, and her cheeks flushed with anger.

Always a beautiful woman, her usually cold impassive face was doubly facinating when lighted with passion.

"Refuse you?" she said quickly; "Yes. You do not love me, you do not wish to marry me. You came here in obedience to the wish of my uncle, and you ask me to be your wife because he wishes you to share the wealth he left to me. I will not submit to such arbitrary wishes—to such forced wooing!"

"You mistake," was the reply; and now the voice was eager and full of passion; "I did come here because my friend—my adopted father—desired it; but my resolve was taken before I came. If I could love you, I would obey him if not, I determined never to ask for your hand. Maude, I love you. Were your uncle's wealth to be lost to you to-day, I should still plead for your hand. My whole life shall prove my love, if you will accept it. Darling!" for he saw her blue eyes soften, "you do love me?"

Her face grew hard again, and she said haughtily.

"We have talked too long. I must decline the honor you propose.

And before he could speak again, she swept past him and went to her own room, locking the door that no one might surprise her in the violent fit of weeping she could no longer control.

Love him! How could she help but love him! With a noble face, a tall manly figure, to captivate her fancy, he combined rare powers of intellect to command admiration and a tenderness almost womanly, to win her love. She had resisted each and all, and yet they conquered her.

With her whole heart Maude Ingersoll loved Philip Lowry. But she was proud, a woman accustomed to adulation, and one who fully appreciated the golden bait that was added to her personal charms.

When her uncle, Stephen Ingersoll, had sent for her from the boarding school where she was educated, he had told her that the dearest wish of his heart had been to see her the wife of his adopted son. There had been a life-long friendship between Stepen Ingersoll and Philip Lowry's father, and the boy had been a precious legacy of love. He had been educated at home sent abroad, and studied law as a profession, but his adopted father had left him but four thousand pounds out of his large forturne. There was, however, a sealed letter, and it contained two requests. One was that on his twenty-fifth birthday he should ask Maude to be his wife, and the other that he should go to Mr. Ingersoll's lawyer on the same day, and hear what he had to communicate.

Smarting still under Maude's repulse, yet sure that she loved him, Philip left the house that had been his boyhood's home to fulfil the desire of his benefactor before returning to the city where he had opened a law office.

Conscious that he had not been influenced by Maude's wealth in his wooing, it galled him to think of the avowed cause of her rejection, and it required a long walk to work off his anger before he was sufficiently composed to present himself to Mr. Freyhold, the late Mr. Ingersoll's lawyer.

He was a fussy little man, brimming over with importance, and he shook Philip's hand, and almost pushed him into a chair in his feverish impatience to impart his tidings.

"My late client," he said, after the first interchange of greeting was over, "was, as you are aware, Mr. Lowry, a very peculiar man—a man of force, to be sure, but—well, you may not be aware of the fact, but he was vacillating in some respects—very much so about the final disposal of his property.

"I did not know that certainly," Philip said.

"No! Well, he made fourteen wills in this office; some left every thing to you, some left all to Miss Maude, some divided the property. But the last one—the very last one—which was not to be opened until to-day, leaves Miss Maude four thousand pounds, and leaves you sole heir to all the rest. But Mr. Ingersoll, although he made no such condition in his will, was satisfied that this will would make no material difference to his niece, but simply place the money in her husband's hands. He told me that."

"Can I see the will?"

"Certainly—certainly. It is, you see, quite brief, but plainly expresses his wish."

"And if this one did not exist?"

"Why the money would still be Miss Maude's."

"I see. Mr. Ingersoll, you understand, Mr. Freyhold, wrote this will under a mistaken impression. Miss Maude is not engaged to me."

"Not engaged to you! But I thought you were to see her to-day, before you came here."

"She had a woman's privilege, and she took advantage of it. I did see her, and she rejected me."

"Then she will lose her money. Bless my soul! but that is hard now, isn't it? Perhaps if she understood—"

But here Mr. Freyhold choked himself, seeing the wrath upon the young man's countenance.

"I understand you, sir," Philip said coldly; "but you are quite mistaken. Miss Ingersoll would not marry me to keep her uncle's fortune, even if I gave her the opportunity. But the question need not be discussed. I love her! I tell you this that you may know why I refuse to accept riches that are taken from her. This will being made under a mistaken impression is better—There!"

And as he spoke he tore the document with his strong nervous hands across and across, and tossed the fragments into the waste paper basket.

"Bless my soul!" gasped the little lawyer. "Are you aware that there is half a million of money in the estate?"

"I am quite aware of that fact," was the quiet reply: "and I wish Miss Maude every happiness its possession can give her."

But the wish, sincere as it was, did not bring to Maude Ingersoll either happiness or rest. She had not known the strength of her love till her lover had left her. The hours when she had expected his daily visits dragged heavily, and Mrs. Marsh, the companion who represented propriety in the house of the heiress, wondered uneasily if Miss Ingersoll had, after all, a bad temper. She had been cold and proud, but never snappish before; but her sore heart made her irritable, and Mrs. Marsh certainly was trying in her praises of Mr. Lowry, and openly expressed wonder at his sudden departure.

Society was dull since Philip was no longer Maude's escort; the opera lost its charm when he was not beside her; her admirers all seemed silly and wearisome, comparing their vapid small talk with Philip's vigorous intellect and well chosen conversation.

But two years dragged along, and the wound, self-inflicted had ceased to be an ever present agony. Maude had taken up study, charity, constant occupation of varied kinds, and tried to believe she had quite lived down her heartache. The self-deception asserted itself one morning when business called her to Mr. Freyhold's office. The fussy little man, after the errand had been executed, said regretfully:

"That is sad news from Mr. Lowry. A fine young man."

"I have heard no news of him," Maude said, her heart suddenly hammering at her side with sickening rapidity.

"No? He has been seriously injured in a railway collision. He was on his way here, and was brought on in the next train, and is at the National Hotel. There is but little hope of his recovery, and if his life is spared, his left arm is gone—amputated to-day. Dear, dear! He could not do again what he did two years ago in this office."

"What was that?" Maude asked in a low choking voice.

"He would not have told you, and he may not thank me for doing so; but he, Philip Lowry, in this office, two years ago, tore into a hundred pieces the last will of Stephen Ingersoll, which left him heir to the property that is now yours."

White to her lips, Maude Ingersoll heard this story that contradicted so completely the mercenary motive with which she had charged her lover. It struck her like a blow—this proof of his devotion and generosity, but she rallied presently.

"Thank you for telling me," she said, and was gone, while Mr. Freyhold, listening as her carriage rolled away from his door, rubbed his hands together and said aloud:

"Bless my soul! I do believe I've made that affair all right."

Suffering still from the shock of his injuries, faint from loss of blood, crushed by the loss of his arm, Philip Lowry lay in his room at the National Hotel, almost hoping to die.

He had not gone home to mope over a broken heart, but had manfully borne his lost love. Still, the pain, numbed somewhat, was not dead, and when the physical torture was added, the love of life seemed gone from him.

"As well to die as to live crippled and alone!" he thought drearily, as he lay back weary and faint. "How long, I wonder, must I lie here?"

The nurse was fussing about, the doctor had just gone, and there seemed only an endless blank before him when there came a soft wish of silk across the floor.

Very slowly it approached the bed, until, bending over him, Philip saw Maude's face.

Very low her voice sounded, scarcely above a whisper, but he heard every word as she said:

"Philip, will you forgive me? I love you! I cannot live without your love. Will you let me be your wife now, Philip?"

"But you do not know," he said feebly; "my arm—"

"I know all!" she said, her lips pressing his.

"Oh, my love, do not send me away."

"I cannot!" he whispered.

Mrs. Marsh will never cease to tell of her amazement at the hasty summons to attend a wedding at the National Hotel, for Maude left Philip no more. It was his wife who nursed him back to health, and there is no question of "mine or thine" in their possession of Stephen Ingersoll's wealth.

Good for a Museum.

From the Youth's Companion.

The old lady who never spoke ill of anyone and even intimated that satan himself set some good people an example of perseverance, must have been a relative to the woman who lived in Sussex, England, in the days when the kettle was hung from the cane in an open fireplace. An English clergyman tells the story:

A man whose wife was blessed with a remarkably even temper went over the way to a neighbor one evening and said:

"Neighbor, I should like to see my wife cross for once. I've tried all I know and I can't make her cross no way."

"You can't make your wife cross?" said his neighbor. "I wish I could make mine anything else. But you do just what I tell you, and if that won't act nothing will. You bring her in some night a lot of the crookedest sticks you can get, them as won't lie in no form, and see how she makes out then."

The pieces of wood were accordingly brought in awkward and crooked and contrary as could be found. The man went away early to work and at noon returned to see the results of his experiment. He was greeted with a smile and the general request. "Tom, do bring me in some more of those crooked sticks, if you can find them; they do just fit around the kettle so nicely!"

Frog (to elephant)—How far can you jump, you big lummix?

Elephant—I can't jump at all, froggy woggy.

Frog (hoisting his shoulders)—You're unlucky. When I see an enemy approaching, with a few jumps I am out of danger.

Elephant—When I see an enemy approaching I don't have to jump.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

July 4 1889.

THE FOURTH.

The time is again at hand to celebrate the birth of American liberty. The people of the United States, all ages and sexes, are engaged in commemorating an event in their history that marks the beginning of free institutions.

But the Fourth is not what it was a century ago. Perhaps we make more noise, and enter into the jollification with more eagerness than our forefathers did; but it is not with the same feeling. We celebrate a liberty that is ours by gift and good fortune, but those who assembled one hundred years ago to commemorate the event, celebrated a liberty bought dearly, bought with blood and privation. Never having tasted the bitterness of foreign oppression, it is impossible for us in the evening of the nineteenth century to appreciate fully, the blessing of freedom. It is not to be wondered at that they who fought to release our land from foreign bonds should have entered with all their hearts into the celebration of that day where tyranny was forever banished from American soil. Proud of their victory, they commemorated the event with hearts full of gratitude to the God of battle, who rules the destinies of nations.

But what is the spirit of to-days excitement? It is to be feared that many who are to-day most jubilant never once reflect on the origin of the day. A dance, or a drunk, or a fight, is to some, the most desireable manner in which to commemorate the occasion, with little thought or care for the sacrifices or triumphs of others. Let us not forget what the day means, and take time for at least one grateful thought of our worthy ancestors who secured us the right to rejoice without fear.

Gubernatorial Contest.

GRAFTON, W. Va., June 26th.—Including the alleged returns from Kanawha county, General Nathan Goff had a majority over Judge A. B. Fleming of 110 votes in the November election. In the contest before the legislative committee, votes stricken out increasing this alleged majority by five votes. To-day Messrs. Kee, Sprigg, Lively, Maxwell and Morris were present at the session of the committee. The returns from Brooke county were considered. Fleming challenged 139 votes and Goff challenged 44 votes. Of those challenged by Fleming 84 votes were stricken out. Of those challenged by Goff five votes were stricken out, showing a clear gain of 79 votes in Brooke county and a net gain, so far in the contest, of 74 votes for Judge Fleming. General Goff's apparent majority at the present time, therefore, is reduced from one hundred and ten to thirty-six votes.

How the Republicans howl fraud and declare the votes were disallowed on a "technicality." If only technical objections were necessary to throw out votes, about twice the number would have been thrown out. The contest committee has been entirely impartial in its work thus far. If there has been any partiality shown it has been shown to Goff, almost all of his objections being purely technical as the records show.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, June 28.—Blaine's young man with bangs, William Walter Phelph, of New Jersey, has been appointed Minister to Germany. There is nothing strange about this appointment which was known and discussed in Berlin, where Phelph was with the Samoan Commission, six weeks ago, except the absurd attempt on the part of Blaine, Harrison and Phelphs to make it appear to the public that the latter was very much surprised when tendered the commission as minister, when as a matter of fact the thing has been fully settled ever since shortly after the Senate rejected the nomination of Murat Halstead to the same position. By accident I discovered the cause for this little display. Phelps wants to spend the most of the summer in this country, and it was concluded that if it was given out that the position had been given him unexpectedly, he could plead "private business" as an excuse for not going to Berlin for several months. Verily the tricks of the politicians are many.

Commissioner of Pensions Tanner is supposed to be rather thick-skinned but the charges of favoritism towards a certain firm of pension agents here which were recently made against the Pension office "broke him all up," as the boys say. Before leaving for the west, where he goes to attend several soldiers meetings, he called on the President to assure him that he was innocent of the charges. He also told the President that when he returned from this trip he proposed making a personal investigation in order to ascertain whether there was any basis for the charges.

There is to be a big discharge at the Government printing office tomorrow. I am informed that Public Printer Palmer has instructed the foremen in the several departments that be wanted none but democrats selected for dismissal.

The Indiana republicans that stay at home must be very different from those that come to Washington, or else Representative Owens, of that State, who is just from home, be fibbing when he says, speaking of his constituents: "The people of the State feel that superior to patronage, personal ambition for place, and all that, is the sense that Indiana has a President whose administration they may be proud of." For several reasons I am constrained to believe that Mr. Owens is only giving the man in the White House "taffy" with the hope of "catching on" to something for some of his aforesaid constituents. First, because in the eyes of all the republicans from Indiana that I have ever seen nothing was superior to official patronage. Secondly the administration of the Indiana man has hardly been long enough or its acts important enough to either be proud of or ashamed of.

The traveler who is at present occupying the White House is working the railroads in great shape. He returned from Cape May Monday night and to-day he has gone back there. He will return here the first of the week, bringing his family. Tuesday or Wednesday he is to carry the old lady and the babies to Deer Park where a dead-head cottage has been placed at his disposal for the summer. He is then to go to the Fourth of July celebration at Woodstock. How many drummers do more traveling than this, in the same time.

The Civil Service Commission has returned from its investigating tour. The Commissioners are disappointed and almost discouraged. In only one place did they find the law being strictly carried out—Chicago. The visits of inspection will be kept up and unless the courage of the Commission shall all ooze out the law will be strictly enforced without fear or favor. This treatment, if persisted in, will make the law a permanent thing or it will cause it to be repealed.

Mr. Porter, Superintendent of the Census, proposes to set up a little opposition to the Civil Service Commission. He refuses to take his clerks through the Commission, and has arranged a list of questions which he says all applicants must answer satisfactorily before appointment. The only difference is, if furnished by the Civil Service Commission some of the clerks would be democrats, while Porters plan makes sure of all being republicans.

Special orders have been given collectors of Internal revenue as to watching fruit distillers, during the coming season.

Eight years ago there were only forty cotton seed oil mills in the south with a capital of $3,500,000 Now there are 175 mills, with a capital of $16,000,000.

The Democratic State Convention of Virginia, will be held in Richmond on the 14th, of August when the next governor will be nominated.

The death of Hon. Simon Cameron, has removed a good man and one of the most conspicious figures in American politics. He started in life at the printer's case.

C. P. Huntington is building a ship yard at Newport News which he claims will be the largest establishment of the kind in the United States.

"A little common sense," says the New York World, "is sometimes equal to a whole volume of grammar." It is a pity that this idea cannot be hammered into the heads of pedagogues, grammarians and verbal critics.

MASONIC NOTICE.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 63, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—County Court meets next Tuesday.

—Dr. M. Wallace was in town Tuesday.

—The new mail carriers come in Monday.

—We believe it has rained every day for six weeks.

—Atty. C. F. Moore, went up to Dunmore to-day (Wednesday.)

—Levi Gay, Esq., was in our city Monday.

—Good envelopes at THE TIMES office for 15c per 100.

—Deputy Sheriff L. W. Herold, of Frost was in town Monday.

—Mr. P. M. Harper, of Sunset was in town the 1st of the month.

—Wm. H. Gross, Esq., went to Covington Monday on business.

Go to John Wurts & Co, Frankford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. may 9-12t

—Teacher's Institute will be held at this place, commencing August 26th.

—Mails three times a week from here to Frost and White Sulphur now.

—Some communications were crowded out this week for lack of space that will appear next.

John Wurts & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be be a daring June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. may 9-12t

—Mr. Dan'l. O'Connell, of Anthony's creek was in the city a few days this week.

—French Hull, Esq., went down to Frankford, on a business trip the first of the week.

Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made of John Wurts & Co. Frankford, W. Va. may 9-12

—We failed to call attention last week to the ad of the University of West Virginia in that issue.

—Oats and corn are looking fine, grass is good, and wheat is almost ready to cut.

—The board of education met Monday, for the purpose of settling up and allowing accounts.

—H. P. McGlaughlin, Esq., went to Highland Co., on a pleasure trip last week.

—Jno. A. McNeel, Esq., of Knapp's creek was in Huntersville Monday.

—Remember THE TIMES is $1.00 in advance and $1.25 after six months and $1.50 at the end of the year.

—Mrs. Isaac McNeel, her son Summers and little daughter, of Mill Point were the guests of Mrs. Jno. J. beard, the first of the week.

—Mr. Wm. H. Cackley, wife and little son of Dunmore, were the guests of Atty. C. F. Moore Tuesday.

—Look out there! you'll step on some poor unfortunate democratic fourth class postmaster's head, they are lying promiscuously all over the country.

—If you want a Lock Lever hay and grain rake or any repairs
Call on
H. P. MCGLAUGHLIN agent
Huntersville W. Va.

—We have received the July number of the Cosmopolitan. It is chock full of illustrated reading matter, and those who want a good magazine can do no better than to subscribe for it. Only $2.40 per year, office No. 363, 5th avenue N. Y.

—Rev. W. T. Price, of Pocahontas county, was in Lewisburg Tuesday on his way to Ronceverte to meet his daughter, Miss Susie, who has been attending school in Richmond, Va.—Independent.

—Messrs. A. J. Mires and J. A. Harold, of Pendleton county are in town. These gentlemen are here for the purpose of bidding on the bridge abutments to be replaced under the bridge across Knapp's creek at this place.

—Mr. Jas. W. Warwick Jr., of this place left last week to attend the semi-Centennial and Commencement exercises of the Virginia Military Institute. Mr. Warwick is an old student of the Institute, and we predict for him a good time at the reunion of his old class mates.

Preaching Arrangements.

Sacramental meeting at Huntersville, the second Sabbath of July. Preparatory service, Friday night before, Saturday morning, and Saturday night.

Sacramental meeting at Dunmore the fourth Sabbath of July. Preparatory services Friday night, and Saturday night before.

The assistance of a visiting minister is expected, Bro. Frierson or Wilson. There will be no dinner on the ground, services morning and night on Sabbath.

W. T. P.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Miss Grace Clark is visiting friends and relatives at Marlinton.

Rev. D. S. Sydenstricker has been in poor health for some time. He has labored faithfully for his congregation at this place for years, without any vacation, and we all all think that he richly deserves one now and should spend it in complete rest from his duties.

Mr. H. Nathan and Misses Georgia and Rose Shearer left Saturday morning to visit relatives at William's river.

The following are the officers elected by the Hillsboro Division of the Sons of Temperance, for the coming quarter:

G. R. Curry. Worthy Patriarch; G. W. Clark, Worthy Associate; Recording Scribe Miss G. M. Shearer; Assistant Recording Scribe, Miss Verdie Clark; Financial Scribe, Miss Kate Marshall; Treasurer, Mr. A. R. Smith; Conductor, Mr. Thos. Via; Asst. Con., Mr. Gus Eskridge; Chaplain, Rev. Wm. E. Miller; Inside sentinel Miss M. Curry; Outside sentinel, Mr. Wm. Wiley.

The wedding of Mr. Edward Hill, of Farmington, Washington Ty., to Miss Jennie C. Beard, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Beard was solumnized last Wednesday at the residence of the brides parents. The attendants were Messrs. Joe McNeel, Dick Beard, Sam McNeel and John Hill, and Misses Lou Ligon, Blanche Clark, Kate Beard and Pauline McNeel. The bride was attired in a handsome blue henrietta cloth, trimmed with old gold plush. Her waiters wore lovely walking costumes. The bride received many handsome bridal presents, among which were a silver butter dish by Mr. Dick Beard, silver teaspoons by Mr. Jake Beard, table cloth and napkins by Mrs. Wallace Beard, whisk broom and holder by Miss Annetta Ligon, toilet set by Miss Lou Ligon, and many other handsome and useful presents, too numerous to mention. They were tendered a handsome reception at Mr. Geo. Hill's, father of the groom, on Wednesday evening. The happy couple will leave soon for Washington Ty., where they will make their future home. Miss Jennie was one of our prettiest young ladies, and very popular, and we are sorry to see her leave, but wish both of them all happiness.

PRUNELLA.

Sons of Temperance.

Pocahontas District Division, Sons of Temperance, will meet at Hillsboro, Wednesday, July 17th, 1889, 10 o'clock, a. m. All Sub-divisions will see that they are fully represented.

The Committee on programme, has assigned to the several delegates the following subjects upon which to prepare essays, to be read at meeting of Divisions:

What can be done:—

1st. To add Interest to our Division—Geo. R. Curry.

2nd. For organizing new Divisions—E. H. Moore.

3rd. To Resussitate Dormant and Suspended Divisions—W. S. Anderson.

4th. For organizing Bands of Hope—Miss G. M. Shearer.

5th. For Distributing Temperance Literature—Miss L. M. Overholt.

6th. For Interchanging Fraternal Visits among the Divisions—D. A. Peck.

7th. For Visiting Public and Sunday schools and Addressing the Children—T. A. Bruffey.

8th. For Collecting Funds for our Work—J. H. Weiford and J. O. Hill.

9th. Relation of the Church to the Temperance cause—Rev. W. E. Miller.

10th. Responsibility of the Christian Church foi the Liquor Traffic—J. C. Loury Sr.

11. Woman's Position on the Temperance Qnestion—Mrs. J. J. Beard.

12th. Necessary for Thorough Organization—W. H. Overholt.

All members of the order are cordially invited to attend our sessions.

C. W. ESKRIDGE, D. W. P.
J. C. LOURY Jr., D. S.

A False Christ.

The little town of Rockford, Ill., is the seat of a man who pretends to be Christ returned to the earth.

He has auburn hair and beard and taking advantage of a resemblance to the conventional pictures of Jesus he declares that though his body is new and does not show the wounds into which doubting Thomas thrust his fingers, his countenance is the same. His life, outside of his blasphemous claim to divinity, is said to be blameless and his calm suavity of manner coupled with more than ordinary intelligence gives him a marvelous influence over his followers. His claim was expressed to a correspondent of the New York, Examiner as follows:

"I am the Christ. I am the perfect man. I am God. I possess all of the divine attributes, and am sinless. This is my second advent on earth, and the time is not far off when I shall make such manifestations of my divinity and power as will startle the world, and bring beleivers to me by the thousand and tens of thousands. I have unlimited power. I do not this time often work miracles, for I wish now to convert the world to truth without intervention of the super natural, but I can work them, and have done so for those who believe. (His followers testify that he works miracles.) I shall be here many years, but I am only incarnate; this body is material and must perish. When it becomes corrupt in death I shall enter another body and still live on earth." (Here is the hook for a successor to hang his claim upon.) "Many things in the gospel about my crucifixion and my former life on earth are inaccurate, and I am now writing a new version of the New Testament that will be correct."

This all came about through the holiness craze. Fifteen years ago Mrs. Dora Helen Fletcher Beekman, the wife of a Congregational minister in northern Illinois professed perfection and soon announced that she had the spirit of Christ as no other mortal ever had it. She had a considerable following in Illinois, Michigan Minnesota and Missouri. Among the converts was George Jacob Schweinfurth a young married Methodist minister who now claims divinity.

"When Mrs. Beekman died in 1883 she promised her followers that she would rise from the dead in three days. They waited seven days with unwavering faith and then Mr. Beekman, who had never been humbugged, took the responsibility of burying the corpse which had already become offensive.

Then Schweinfurth came forward. He claimed to have had a vision "through the windows of Dora Beekman's soul," and she had revealed to him that he was Christ, the Holy one. "My spirit passes into thee," she said to him as she left the world, "and thus transforms the whole being. Go forth pure and sinless, the only son of God spiritually begotten of me. Thou shalt bring all nations to worship thee."

The Beekmanities accepted his story, and their numbers increased. He told them that through a gradual transformation of his body he was to become Christ, physicaly as well as spiritually. Not long ago he assembled his followers in Chicago and told them that the transformation was complete and that he was now the Christ.

Schweinfurth's following is remarkable. Already the sect has branches in Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Leavenworth; Louisville, Cincinnati and a number of small towns. His followers are so overcome with this infatuation that they hold their property subject to their idol, and it is stated that not less than $50,000 worth of property around Rockford and $100,000 in Chicago has been deeded to him. An old man named Spencer Weldon has given Schweinfurth a magnificent farm of 800 acres, four miles south of Rockford, and there the pretender lives in princely style. He has put $20,000 worth of improvements on the place and lives in a large, elegantly furnished mansion, surrounded with beautiful lawns, drives, flowers and all the appointments of luxury. His dress is modern, and his clothing is stylish and elegant, and his deportment is that of a gentleman. His language is a careful imitation of Christ's, and he is said to be calm, quiet and polite, with no evidence of insanity in his actions.

His mansion they call heaven, and here all new converts are expected to go and receive instructions with the personal influence of the man they worship. Some of these pilgrims Schweinfurth sends into a field of labor, others to their homes, and on others especially favored he confers the degree of "angel," and takes them into his household. About sixty-five of these angels—fifty women and fifteen men—now live in the mansion with their leader. This state of affairs aroused suspicion, and some Chicago gentlemen, whose families had been broken up by the conversion of their wives and daughters, sent a female member of a Chicago Methodist church to investigate the matter. She was to enter the mansion, ingratiate herself in the pretender's favor, and, if possible, discover grounds for a criminal prosecution. The woman went and was converted, returning to Chicago a zealous believer.

The pretender has taken a remarkable hold upon people of apparent intelligence among them several ministers. A former Congregational minister, who is an alumnus of Yale and Andover, is pastor of the Chicago branch, and the leading spirit in Kansas city is the daughter of a Presbyterian minister. The members are very zealous and bold in proselyting, going into homes, prayer meetings and ministers' meetings where they watch their opportunity to rise up and announce the second coming of Christ. In one case they had to be ejected from a meeting by force.

This recalls the beginning of Mormonism which had its birth in the same region. In some respects Schweinfurth appears to be the superior of Joseph Smith, and his influence over his followers, according to accounts, is not less remarkable.

Such a spectacle in this age of schools shows that education does not relieve the world of fanaticism. This sect grew up in a region of schools, and counts among its adherents many persons of education and apparent intelligence. So far no charge of immoral conduct has been lodged against them, and the "angels" in Schweinfurth's "heaven," so far as the world knows, have done nothing to prove that they are imps. About the only thing that seems to do justice to the case is the remark of Puck in the Midsummer Night's Dream, "What fools these mortals be."

Fiduciary Notice.

The following fiduciary accounts are before me for settlement.

C. L. Austin Adm'r of Florence M. Austin dec'd.

S. B. Hannah Ex'or of Barbora A. Gum.

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Com'r of Accts.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

The mail hack leaves Frankford for Huntersville, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and from Huntersville for Frankford every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. Charges reasonable.

Administrator's Notice.

All parties holding claims against David McGlaughlin dec'd., are required to present the same at once to his administrator for payment, and all parties indebted to said David McGlaughlin are required to come forward at once and settle up.

Respectfully,
[illegible]
Adm'r of David McGlaughlin dec'd.
[illegible]

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. | C. F. Moore, EDITOR. | Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, Jan. 10, 1889. | Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. | No. 25.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, B. V. Hill.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

The Devil.

Men don't believe in a devil now, as
their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest
creed to let his majesty through;
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or
a fiery dart from his bow,
To be found in earth or air to-day, for
the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught
that palsies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year
with ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-
day with the fiery breath of hell,
If the Devil isn't and never was? Won't
somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saints,
and digs the pits for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of
Time wherever God sows His wheat?
The Devil is voted not to be, and of
course the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the
Devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about as a
roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible
for the everlasting row
To be heard in home, in Church and
State, to the earth's remotest bound,
If the devil by a unanimous vote, is no-
where to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forth-
with and make his bow and show
How the frauds and crimes of a single
day spring up? We want to know.
The Devil was fairly voted out, and of
course the Devil is gone;
But simple people would like to know
who carries his business on.

Striking a Light.

In the days before the invention of friction matches the difficulty of procuring fire was so great that all pains were taken to prevent the fire on the hearth from going out. All winter long it was kept by covering the coal and brands with ashes at night. This was one of the domestic cares of our forefathers, and Homer alludes to the practice as common in his day, 3,000 years ago.

But fire could not be kept with comfort in the summer, and there would be times in the winter when the hearth would become cold. Then some coals must be brought from a neighbor's, or a new fire must be kindled in the house.

This latter process was usually accomplished by means of flint and steel. Most readers have no doubt seen a spark of fire struck out from a horse's shoe hitting a stone in the road, or from the shoes of sleigh runner grinding over rocks.

To obtain fire by this method a piece of steel, such as a file or rasp, was struck with a flint or a bit of white quartz from a granite ledge, and the spark was caught in tinder—charred cotton rags. The flint lock musket, with a few grains of powder and some tinder in the pan, was looked upon by our grandmothers as a domestic utensil. Sometimes, on a clear day, a burning glass—a lens for collecting at one point the rays of the sun—was used.

The method of producing fire by rubbing together two dry sticks is known to most boys, but it has not been often adopted by civilized people. It belongs to the ruder conditions of life.

In Thibet Capt. William Gill found practiced a more scientific method than any of these. The natives strike a light by compressed air. The apparatus used consists of a wooden cylinder, two and a half inches long by three-quarters of an inch in diameter. This is closed at one end, the base being about the size of a quill pen; an air tight piston fits into this with a large, flat knob at the top. The other end of the piston is slightly hollowed out and a very small piece of tinder is placed in the cup thus formed.

To use this the cylinder is held in one hand, the piston inserted and pushed about half way down. A very sharp blow is then given with the palm of the hand on the top of the knob. The hand must at the same time close on the kob and instantly withdraw the piston, when the tinder will be found alight. It requires skill to use the apparatus as well as science to invent it.—Youth's Companion.

The Value of Salt.

Now that there is a prospect of salt being admitted duty free, I wish to make a few remarks to the farmer readers of the New York World, says a correspondent, on what I believe to be its incomparable value. I have used it many years in the garden and on the farm in various ways, and believe it to be profitable to all who cultivate the soil. It is needless to speak of its many uses in the household or domestic economy, nor shall I urge the great advantage of supplying it to stock—cattle, sheep, hogs and horses. It is well known to be beneficial to these in keeping up good condition, and in the three last named helps to keep down internal parasites.

Salt, in moderate quantities, is good for the land—improves grass and grain and is good for nearly all vegetable crops. I have found it particularly good for onions, carrots and cabbages. Some seem to think it is only a stimulant; the same is said of lime. Be that as it will both improve the crops. Salt, in some respects, seems to have opposite properties—to be in some measure paradoxical—for, while it preserves animal fibre, it hastens the decay of many vegetable substances, insomuch that sprinkled through leaves or weeds, it helps to decompose them; and, while heavy doses kill weeds and grass, duly distributed and mixed with the soil, it is an excellent fertilizer. This is why many people have an aversion to salting their land.

But what I chiefly wish to shows is its property in destroying insects of almost every kind. Either alone or mixed with other substances it is an insecticide. Before the crop is committed to the ground it should be sown in its purity over the land wherein your insects generate in myriads. This done, one or two weeks before sowing the seed and thoroughly harrowed in through the soil, it will be absorbed thereby and will not evaporate, but remain in the ground to perform a twofold operation. When applied to the growing grain it should be incorporated with lime and distributed evenly over the crop. Worms, maggots, grubs or other insects cannot breed or live in salted earth, and if the gardner or florist, when making up his pile of compost in the spring, would add a good sprinkling of salt all through it he would have little to complain of in the way of grubs or other insects eating the roots of his roses or carnations. There are other things exceptionally good for this purpose but salt will effect the end desired.

As an instance of its immediate power on some insects, take any number of either earthworms or snails, make a pile of them and put a ring of salt around them. They will never cross the fence till they die; or sprinkle a little salt over the pile and see how many minutes they will live. Many people in mowing their lawns are greatly annoyed by the earthworm casts sticking fast to the roller, whereas a very slight sprinkling of salt would prevent this, keep down the worms and be good for the grass.

Bill Nye is now spoken of as William Adjourel, Esq.

Dogs that Learn Trades.

The dog corps, long since established in the French army, has been recently much increased, so efficient have these little soldiers become. At an early stage of the trials they gave satisfaction at advanced posts, scenting or hearing a stranger approaching even in the darkness, and quickly learning the difference between a friendly and a foreign uniform. The latest trick the military dog has learned is that of carrying dispatches between distant sections of an army or reliefs or reenforcements presumably advancing through hostile country. The system is an offshoot of the dog smugler system, which is described in the current number of Blackwood's and the steps by which the animals are taught to understand what is wanted of them are best shown by reference to that article.

The smuggler in broad day walks across the frontier, his dog by his side, leaving the latter at the house of his accomplice and returning without him. When night falls, the dog is given a beating and turned loose to find his way home. Next he has a small packet fastened to his collar, and gradually the burden is increased. Then half a dozen or more are employed at the some time; the most intelligent being given no burden, that he may the more readily act as a scout for the others. He goes ahead, they keeping well back, till he gives them the signal that the coast is clear. The customs dog from its earliest years is made to play hide and seek with bags of coffee, rolls of lace, packages of tobacco, and the like. They do not bark, being taught to sit silently in ambush and give a low growl or simply cock up their ears and point the true direction of the advancing pack.

The French army dogs, mastiffs, like the smugglers' dogs, though first they must be taken from point to point to find them again, when they get to understand the idea, and what is wanted of them, will find a distant column or command with little difficulty if given the general direction, unless it be at too great a distance, and carry messages to and fro with commendable zeal.—Scientific American.

Expensive Needles.

From an article entitled "Hard Times in the Confederacy" in the *Century* we quote the following: "In August, 1864, a private citizen's coat and vest, made of five yards of coarse homespun cloth, cost two hundred and thirty dollars exclusive of the price paid for the making. The trimmings consisted of old cravats; and for the cutting and putting together, a country tailor charged fifty dollars. It is safe to say that the private citizen looked a veritable guy in his new suit, in spite of its heavy drain upon his pocket book.

"In January, 1865, the material for a lady's dress which before the war would have cost ten dollars could not be bought for less than five hundred. The masculine mind is unequal to the task of guessing how great a sum might have been had for bonnets 'brought through the lines;' for in spite of patient self-sacrifice and unfaltering devotion at the bedside of the wounded in the hospital, or in ministering to the needs of relatives and dependents at home, the Southern women of those days are credited with as keen an interest in the fashions as women everywhere in civilized lands are apt to be in times of peace. It was natural that they should be so interested, even though that interest could in the main not reach beyond theory. Without it they often would have had a charm the less and a pang the more. Any feminine garment in the shape of cloak or bonnet or dress which chanced to come from the North was readily awarded its meed of praise, and reproduced by sharp-eyed observers, so far as the scarcity of materials would admit.

"But fashion's rules were necessarily much relaxed in the Southern Confederacy so far as practice went when even such articles as pins brought through the blockade sold for twelve dollars a paper, and needles for ten, with not enough of either."

Pedal Adaptability.

The Eskimo dog has the snow-shoe foot, the water dog the paddle foot, while the greyhound, for example, has a foot formed on the model best adapted too speed, that is to say, it is small, light and hard. But this modification of a foot to suit land, water or snow is to common an occurrence to cause the surprise it otherwise would, although there happens now and then a failure to adapt, which serves to emphasize the fact—as in the case of the deer, which, instead of being so modified that it can bear itself up as if on snowshoes, is obliged to let skill step in where modification fails to come. When the snow is soft it sinks helplessly in and flounders about as clumsily as any other animal less used to the feathery material; but when there is crust on the snow, as there generally is in the northern regions, even though that crust would sink under the same weight of horse flesh, the deer knows how to glide over it in safety. How much of an art this is can be best appreciated by watching how the light-footed cat will come to grief on the glistening surface of crusted snow. In spite of its sharp claws it will slip this way and that, and finally break through, where five times the weight of reindeer or moose flesh would have skimmed along with ease, speed and safety.—Scientific American.

Slightly coiled woolen articles, knitted or crocheted, may be made to look as well as new if they are carefully rubbed in flour. Cover them with flour and rub gently, as if washing, until the flour becomes dark. Take out the article and rub in clean flour until all soil is removed. Shake well and hang in the wind until no atom of flour remains in the wool. Of course one would not care to clean in this way articles that are worn next to the body but for shawls, capes and head-coverings flour answers admirably.—Boston budget.

Gladstone Has Written 365 Books.

"I had the curiosity the other day," says a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette, "in turning over a volume of the British Museum Catalogue, to examine the literary entries under the name of 'Gladstone (Right Hon. William Ewart).' The total number of them, exclusive of 'other editions' and 'other copies,' is 365. Of these, eight are in Italian, seven in French, five in German, two in Greek, two in Russian, two in Dutch, two in Welsh, one in Danish and one in Spanish. The diversity in subject is not less remarkable, but it is characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's pursuits that at least half the entries are on theological subjects."

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,
PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Jan. 10, 1889.

THE NAME OF OUR STATE.

The Wheeling *Intelligencer*, anxious to take the lead in some new movement, has for several weeks been earnestly advocating a change of the name of our State from West Virginia to Kanawha. So far as we are concerned, and we believe it to be the sentiment of the people of Pocahontas county, our answer is, let it alone; and if anybody don't like the name let him go to Texas. We are opposed to the change, first because there is no reason for it, and, second, because there are many reasons against it. In the history of the individual but two occasions can arise when a change of name is needful, one is marriage and the other commission of crime. The same rule applies to States. Now, our State is too young to get married; and if she were old enough, it would not be lawful to wed one so closely related as Kanawha. As to the other ground, if, as the *Intelligencer* contends, the State has gone republican, we can understand how a democrat might feel that the second occasion mentioned has arisen; but we can't see how the *Intelligencer* can consistently admit that West Virginia did something mean at the last election. Thus it is clear there is no good reason why the change should be made. Now let us note a few of the many reasons why it should not be made. When our State was born she was given the name of her mother; to change it now would be a virtual admission that the child is illegitimate; but we are not willing to admit anything of the kind. West Virginia's conception and birth were the most honorable. But there are better reasons than this why the name should not be changed. We are recorded in history, painted on canvass, written in verse, and chanted in song as West Virginia. To change our name would be to lose our identity: A thousand traditions legends and associations would forever be meaningless.

Then think of the great inconvenience and confusion that would necessarily follow the change suggested by brother Hart. We are laid down on the maps as West Virginia, our public records and documents recognize us as West Virginia, and our tongues are trained to speak it so. Change the name and we would be continually making blunders, just as we do when we write 1888 meaning 1889.

Beside all this change is not practicable. The law may call us what it pleases, but we'll call ourselves West Virginia as long as we live. The present generation will have to pass away before the people would recognize the change. But if a change were necessary, it would not be proper to call the State for any county in it. We have a Kanawha county and a Kanawha river. Now think how it would sound to say "Charleston is the Copital of Kanawha situated on the Kanawha in Kanawha!" or how would a news item of this kind read! "The steamer Kanawha, running on the Kanawha, was sunk at Kanawha Falls, Kanawha Co., Kanawha." Or this! "In passing through the Kanawha Valley, down the Kanawha, don't stop for dinner at Kanawha Falls, Kanawha Co., Kanawha, unless you *Kanawha* roasting ear and be satisfied."

Think too of the confusion in our mails; persons who have been accustomed to addressing their letters to W. Va. have no time nor inclination to write Kanawha instead; so as to make it short they would simply put it down Kan., and our letters would all go to Kansas.

Perhaps the terms East and West are not classical enough for the *Intelligencer*. If not, we will permit brother Hart to say Oriental Virginia and Occidental Virginia.

In conclusion the change would ruin the meter of one of our most popular songs:—

"Oh! the West Virginia hills,
How majestic and how grand:
With their summits bathed in glory,
Like our Prince Immanuel's land,"

Now try to sing it,

"Oh! the Kanawha hills,"

and you'll break down on the first line.

No, let the name alone. West Virginia doesn't need a change of name so much as the *Intelligencer* needs a change of *Hart*.

Marriage and Divorce Laws.

Among the many sensible and practical suggestions in Gov. Hill's message is one in reference to securing uniformity throughout the country in its marriage and divorce laws. He proposes that the New York Legislature take steps during the present session to arrange a conference between representatives from the different States, such representatives to be "able jurists, each especially qualified by education and experience" for the work mentioned.

We doubt not that if Gov. Hill and the New York Legislature take the initiative in this commendable undertaking they will meet with the hearty approval and co-opperation of the Legislatures and Executives of every State in the Union. Gov. Hill very truthfully says that under existing laws and decisions very different rules prevail as to what constitutes a marriage, and, while a certain divorced person may legally marry in some States, to do so in others, perhaps adjoining, would be a crime, even though no criminal intent existed.

It is a humiliating confession to make that such a condition exists in a country of the moral and educational advancement of this, and it is astonishing that there has not been some concerted attempt to remedy the evil long ago.

There is no institution of organized society in the United States about which there is so vague an idea as to its legal status as the institution of marriage, for what constitutes marriage in one State does not necessarily constitute it in another, and what would be cause for severing the marriage tie in one State might not be a cause in another.

The churches have their own and separate rules and customs as to both marriage and divorce, all of them, however, except the Catholic Church, leaving the actual annullment of marriage to the civil law. The churches could never agree to its adoption. The State assumes that marriage is a civil contract, must not only be made, but unmade under statutory regulations.

The first thought that naturally arises is that if the State is consistent with itself as well as mindful of the happiness and social decorum of its citizens, it should be uniform in its requirements so that what is made a fact under the law for one would be a fact for all.

It is to be hoped that Gov. Hill will not stop with simply making a proposition for a conference on this subject, but that he will follow it up with real and practical effort and have the moral support of every well-wisher for the good of society in the country.—Washington Post.

Gen. Harrison has added $10,000 to his life insurance. He sees trouble ahead.

The West Virginia Legislature will convene on Wednesday, January 9th.

One-half, or nearly one-half, of the Congressmen in the House will rise to their feet if some one suddenly calls out "Mr. Speaker."

The newspapers are giving themselves a great deal of trouble on account of Chief Justice Fuller's wearing a moustache. But it is all for nothing. He goes ahead in his usual way, and doesn't seem in the least disturbed by the cry.

The railroads of the United States represent a capital of five billion dollars, they have 150,000 miles of railway, their gross annual earnings are over $900,000,000, and they employ over three quarters of a million men.

Harrison is in a "straight betwixt the two." If he puts Blaine in the Cabinet, there will be trouble, and if he don't put him in, there will be trouble. The question for him to decide is which would be the greater trouble. Mr. Harrison has our sympathies, and if there is anything we can do to help him out of the difficulty our services are at his disposal.

Inasmuch as recently Uncle Sam's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of war, there may be interest in information as to the number of his boys he could muster were they needed to help in the battle. Besides the regular army there are over 8,000,000 men available for duty, and more than 100,000 of these already enrolled in he militia service. New York could furnish 650,000 men, Pennsylvania 580,000 Ohio and Illinois a round million together. But there is no danger of all these brave boys being called out.

We clip the following from the Indianapolis Sentinel.

Probably no Republican pilgrims ever left the city more disgusted with themselves than the West Virginia delegation was after calling on Gen. Harrison yesterday afternoon.

This delegation, composed of Chas. Burdett Hart, editor of the Wheeling Intelligencer; W. J. W. Cowden, Chairman of the Republican State Executive Committee; Charles E. Dana, a large coal operator and leading Republican of the Kanawha valley, and N. B. Scott, of Wheeling, member of the National Republican Committee for West Virginia, arrived late Wednesday night and waited impatiently till late yesterday afternoon before securing an audience with Gen. Harrison. The General, having discontinued his afternoon receptions, visitors can only see him by appointment. They were very reluctant to talk politics until they found out that they would have to wait nearly eighteen hours after their arrival before being allowed to meet Gen. Harrison.

When Gen. Harrison finally opened his door to the West Virginians they told him that the Republicans of West Virginia preferred to have their wishes made known to him by Republicans than by a Democrat like ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, and if he cared to hear them they would address him in behalf of Nathan Goff for the Cabinet. Gen. Harrison assented and dismissed them after listening impatiently for fifteen minutes.

PREACHING.—Rev. J. Laster Henderson will preach for the year at the following places as stated:

1st Sunday,		Huntersville,	11 A. M.
"	"	Mt. Pleasant,	4 P. M.
2nd	"	Sunset,	11 A. M.
"	"	Bethel,	3 P. M.
3rd	"	Huntersville,	11 A. M.
"	"	Mt. Pleasant,	4 P. M.
4th	"	Bethel,	11 A. M.
"	"	Sunset,	3 P. M.

HOME NEWS

—Well, there it is again!
I thought I had it fine;
But down I wrote it 88,
Instead of 89.

—The County Court meets again to morrow to attend to unfinished business.

—Miss Mary Curry, of this place has gone to the Levels to attend the Academy.

—The child of Jas. Harris, (Col.) aged about five months, died last Friday night.

—The snow storm set for the first week in Jan. by the prophets has been postponed on account of the weather.

—In this issue will be seen a card announcing a change to take place in the firm of J. C. Loury & Son, on the 15th day of Jany.

—Peter L. Cleek, Esq. of Knapp's Creek, has been right sick for some time. He is now said to be improving slowly.

—Mrs. Margaret Jackson, wife of Jas. H. Jackson, Esq., died at her home on Elk last Saturday night, of dropsy of the heart.

—Capt. Stofer, who has just returned from Elk, reports that two Mr. Gibsons, from Indiana, are visiting at Mr. Wm. Gibsons.

—The wife of W. W. Arbogast made him a New Year's present of a fine boy baby. Very appropriate indeed.

—During the last two weeks we have received so many monthly school reports for publication that it is impossible to give place to them all, so we have concluded to make no distinctions and omit all. Hope this explanation will be sufficient to satisfy those who have sent in reports.

—Literature, an illustrated weekly magazine, published by John B. Alden, 393 Pearl st., N. Y., at 50 cents a year, is one of the best and cheapest literary productions of the age. The extremely low figures at which Alden's books are sold is wonderful. The reading public owes him a liberal patronage on account of the revolution he has brought about in book making.

—A few of the Huntersville boys are in the habit of using the new bridge across Knapp's Creek for a shooting gallery. Now that the bridge is open for travel this practice should cease as there is great danger of frightening horses. We are satisfied it is done thoughtlessly and no harm is intended, and believe all the boys need is to have their attention called to the matter.

—We see from the Valley Messenger that Daniel O'Connell, Esq., who has been in charge of the lumber camps on Anthony's Creek, was very badly, if not seriously hurt last week while attempting to cross the Creek on a jam of logs. It seems that the logs broke loose, and coming down suddenly caught and crushed him, injuring him internally. The same paper also says that Mr. George Shires, Boom boss of the St. Lawrence Boom and Mfg. Co., had his leg broken, while at work on the Boom.

—Various and conflicting reports concerning Nelson Moore are being circulated. Of the last we have heard, one is that he was killed and his body burned in a steam engine, and another that he was shipped to the depot safe and sound in a goods box marked, "Poultry." If the first report be true it was foul play; and if the second be correct it was still *fowl play.*

—A sea monster of enormous proportions was seen by Capt. Stofer last week in the Greenbrier river. The Capt. think it was an *Elephanoceross.* When seen it was going up the river towards Galford's mill parting the water and ice like a snow-plow.

LATER: A muskrat was seen in the river near Levi Gay's, at 17 minutes past 2 this morning. Excitement intense.

—In this issue will be seen an account of the entertainment given by the Hillsboro Training school. This should have appeared in last weeks issue but was omitted by accident. The Misses Shearer, who are in charge of this school, have good cause to be proud of their success. The school is very much larger this year than it was last, and is patronized by some of our very best citizens, all of whom, so far as we have heard, are well pleased. There is no reason why it should not continue to grow and widen its influence.

Douthard's Creek Items.

Xmas and holidays are gone accompanied by Leap year. We are sorry we have to give the boys possession of the next four pears.

Miss Bertha Sharp who has been sick for sometime is improving.

Messers Albert and Gilbert Sharp and Perry Jackson, who spent holidays visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity returned to their work near Hillsboro last week.

The Literary and Debating Society which met at Lonely Dale school house last Friday night was largely attended.

Jan. 7. PHIL. O. SOPHER.

Edray Notes.

Miss Sarah Sharp, who has been critically ill with Pneumonia, is improving slowly.

N. G. Barlow has been quite ill, but is now better.

J. C. Warwick is off for Charleston this week.

Black-leg has made its appearance among the calves in this neighborhood. A full half pint of Spirits Turpentine given in sweet milk to a calf when first attacked will save it, as your correspondent can attist from experience.

Jan. 8. X.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Mr. E. I. Holt is off on a business trip to Randolph. He was accompanied by his aunt, Mrs. Mary Darst, who will visit Mr. S. W. Holt of Mingo Flats.

Mrs. John Peters has been visiting her children at the H. T. Schol the past few days.

The Division of the Sons of Temperance at this place, are doing good work. Every week new members are aded. We had the pleasure of attending a public meeting, given by them, on Saturday night. The exercises were very interesting. It consisted of Public installation of the officers. J. H. Weiford gave his experience as one who had realized the dreadful effects of whiskey. W. H. Overholt made an excellent speech on intemperance. The exercises closed with music and the reading of the Temperace Journal. This band of workers are engaged in a good cause, and we hope to see every lady and gentleman a member of this Division.

VIVIAN.

Hillsboro Training School Entertainment.

The following is a programme of the entertainment given by the girls of H. T. School on Dec. 24th, 1888:

Long before the time for opening a large audience assembled at the public school building. There was not one vacant seat when the exercises opened.

PART I.

SALUTORY:
Christmas is here—Chorus.
Bell of H. T. School—Tableau.
Nellie Brown—Vocal Trio.
Infancy—Charade, one word, three sylables, three acts.
PANTOMIME:
I want to be somebody's darling—Vocal Solo.
Recollections of childhood—Tableau.
Bridle scene—Tableau.

PART II.

O! Thou Enfinite Jehovah—Quartette.
Rock of Ages—Cantata five scenes.
Ring out the Bells—Chorus.
Longfellow—Charade, one word, three sylables, one act.
Rock Me to Sleep—Illustrated Recitation.
Sleeping Beauty—Tableau.
In the Starlight—Vocal Trio.
Virginia as it was and as it is—Tableau.
Son, sit on the Rind—Tableau.
Waiting and and Watching for Three—Vocal Duet.
Prayer.

V.

The County Court

The County Court convened on the 1st day of January. The first day was mostly consumed in the installation of the new County officers.

Levi Gay was allowed $22.00 for services rendered in cases of lunacy during his term of office.

Randolph Harris was allowed $20.00 for making road to the bridge near Huntersville.

A settlement was made with Sheriff J. C. Arbogast and ordered to be recorded.

It was ordered that R. V. Hill appear before the Court on Friday, January 11th and show that he is eligable to qualify as Sheriff of Pocahontas County.

A rule was awarded against Levi Gay, late Sheriff of the County, returnable on January 11th, to show cause why he should not be proceeded against by the County for failure to make settlement as required by law.

H. S. Rucker and F. J. Snyder were appointed to examine the Clerk's office and make report to a future term of the Court.

The following official salaries were fixed for the term beginning January 1, 1889:

Sheriff, $175.00; Jailor, $75.00; Assessor, $325.00; Prosecuting Attorney, $350.00

Wm. H. Auldridge was appointed Superintendent of the Marlington and Lewisburg Turnpike on the sections now in charge of J. L. Cleek.

Amos Barlow was appointed Superintendent of the Knapp's Creek Bridge near Huntersville, with authority to keep same in repair.

The land owners along the Greenbrier river and Thorney creek road, and the Swago and Ratliff road, are summoned by the Court to appear before it on the first day of the next regular term to show cause why said roads should not be established.

Court adjourned till the 11th day of January, at 11 o'clock.

James McMillan, of Detroit Mich., has been selected to succeed Senator Palmer in the U. S. Senate. McMillan is a millionaire manufacturer of Detroit.

Judge Flemming's Attorneys have served notice of contrest on Gen. Goff. They claim to be able to establish beyond doubt that 1040 illegal votes were cast for Goff. This makes work for the Legislature.

Some of the leading colored politicians are clamoring for Cabinet recognition. They say it is time the republican party should give some such substantial evidence of its professed love for the brother in black. The colored man has yet to learn that he is not wanted in the republican party for any purpose but to cast his vote.

NOTICE.

On and after the 15th of January 1889, the firm of J. C. Loury & Son will have dissolved. By that date the accounts due the firm will be ready for settlement when we hope all who know themselves indebted to it will come forward and pay at least a part of their indebtedness. We need money badly to meet our obligations. J. H. Doyle will be received into the co-partnership—the style of the firm being Loury & Doyle; the business to be under the management of Joe Loury, Jr. and J. H. Doyle, who will sell goods at rock bottom prices for cash or trade. Please do not ask for goods on credit.

J. C. LOURY, Sr.,
J. C. LOURY, Jr.,
J. H. DOYLE.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas, at the Court-House thereof on the 1st day of January 1889.

It is ordered that all persons having business to transact with the Court hereafter, shall either present it to the Court in person from the bar or by their attorney, and that the Court will not hear any matter unless presented in the foregoing manner.

A copy, Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.
jan 10 4-t Printers fee $4.62.

Commissioner,s Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered on the 16th day of October, 1888, in the chancery cause of John W. McNeel's adm'r.

vs.

John W. McNeel's Heirs, et als.

I, as Special Commissioner appointed in said decree, shall proceed, in front of the Court House of said County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to the dower of the widow therein, on the

8TH DAY OF MARCH, 1889,

the following real estate, situate in said County, to-wit: A certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro on the Hill's Creek Road; and also, another certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying above the first mentioned lot, in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro. Both of said lots were bought by J. W. McNeel from James Griffy. They are valuable lots, and the title is believed to be clear.

TERMS OF SALE:

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue of purchase money the purchaser will be required to give bonds, with good and approved personal security, bearing interest from day of sale, falling due in Six and Twelve months respectively from date, and a lien will be retained as ultimate security.

H. S. RUCKER, Spec'l Com'r.

Bond, as required by law has been given by the above Special Commissioner.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.
jan, 10 4-t Printers fee $8.78.

Notice to Lein Holders.

To all persons holding liens by Judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of John F. Wanless.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County made in the a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said John F. Wanless to the satisfaction of the liens thereon you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said John F. Wanless, which are leins on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office, in the town of Huntersville, on or before the

8TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1889.

Given under my hand this the 8th day of Jan., 1889.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.
jan. 10 4-t Printers fee $5.25.

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 3 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	3 50	4 00	6 00	10 00
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Half col'n	6 10	13 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Jan. 10, 1889.

White House Pets.

Nellie Arthur had a spotted Indian pony for the apple of her eye.

Mrs. Pierce was very fond of the black nag that her husband rode.

Mrs. Monroe brought the first white rabbit to the National premises.

Harriet Lane had a large staghound that was presented to her in England.

"Dolly" Madison's particular pet was a fine saddle nag. At Montpelier she had a pet sheep.

Mrs. Adams had a great goldfish and one of a bluish tint, sent her by a New England sea Captain.

Mrs. Hayes had a magnificent imported Japanese cat that was presented to her by a naval officer.

Martha Washington's chief pet was a beautiful green parrot. Mrs. Washington was also very fond of a fallow deer.

Mrs. Grant had a "strawberry roan" cow that was a superb milker and supplied her table with milk and cream.

Mrs. Bliss, President Taylor's daughter, who presided over the White House until her father's death, had a splendid white owl.

Miss Cleveland's pet while at White House was a beautiful rose which she found in the conservatory and which now bears her name.

An eagle occupied a cage at the mansion for a part of President Filmore's term, a gift from a political admirer, and the noble bird was often fed by Mrs. Filmore.

Mrs. Jackson never presided at the White House, but a large black and white coon that had been caught when young and trained by one of her faithful slaves had the run of the household.—N. Y. Graphic.

The Limit of a Horse's Speed.

Professor Brewer said, in a recent speech before the National Academy of Sciences: The English thoroughbred is a finished breed, and it has undoubtedly arrived at the summit of its excellence. There has been practically no new blood in this breed since 1780. This breed has been finished and completed in two senses: First, as to its grade, heredity, blood and character, and, secondly, as to its speed, in which the limit has been undoubtedly reached. We have faster horses than our grandfathers, but it is not likely that our grandchildren will have a faster breed than we have now.

In the case of trotters there has been a steady increase of speed. The fastest record is 2.08¾. Less than a dozen horses have ever trotted in less than 2.14.

The best record in running was made in Louisville, the time being 39¾.

The speaker showed a table, on which were the number of horses in the last few years which had made a record within five seconds of this time.

The nearest that any horse has come to this record is 1.40, which was done last year. A very large number of horses have made their record but once. There are many that have made as fast time as those that have records, but in not winning the race they got no record. The record as it now stands may be lowered. When I said that speed had reached its maximum I didn't think but that better time would be made. I think about 1.39 will be the speed of runners. Hereafter breeders will be expected to keep up this high standard of excellence rather than to making better time. I believe the thoroughbred has finished his evolution — Washington Star.

The Heroes Are Not All Dead.

It is generally believed in these prosaic days that heroism and chivalry are dead, that the material of which martyrs were made has all been exhausted, and that men are now controlled almost entirely by selfish motives.

This is the common talk of the day—we hear it on the street corners and read it in our newspapers and novels; in fact we can not go anywhere without hearing some cynical expression of disbelief in the nobility of human nature.

We do not believe that the heroes are all dead. We do not believe that James Givens who died the other day, was the last of his race. This man, Givens, was a common deck hand on the ill-fated steamer John H. Hanna. When the pilot house was on fire, the pilot unable to stand the heat of the flames, abandoned his post. At this supreme moment Givens took his place, and steered the vessel to the bank at the cost of his life.

This humble deck hand had no special incentive to urge him on. He did not rush to his death to save wife, children or sweetheart. He was simply a poor, ignorant fellow who loved his kind, and his great heart would not allow him to seek his own safety when he saw the lives of hundreds in danger. Blinded by the flame and smoke, he held on until the boat struck the shore. He was willing to die in order that others might live.

From time to time we hear of such men as Givens, and they will be heard from again. God will not let such heroes perish entirely from the face of the earth. Their shining examples blaze like beacon lights, and when they lay down their lives for their fellows there will always be others to take their places. Men are not all selfish and heartless. In the higher walks of life we have our "Chinese" Gordons; in the middle classe our Stanleys, and among the humble poor such men as James Givens, the deck hand of the steamer Hanna. While these names are on every lip it will not do to say that our heroes are all dead.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Southern Immigation Convention has adopted resolutions requesting the Legislature of Southern States to take co-opperative measures in the general plan to induce immigration Southward. The tide of immigration Westward is ebbing and the South is the coming great section of the country.

We have greater natural advantages than any other portion of the continent. Our soil is richer, our mines inexhaustible. Our climate for salubrity is unequaled; our scenery is renowned, and, political falsehoods to the contrary notwithstanding, our people are among the most genial, generous, hospitable and law abiding to be found on the globe.

All the South lacks is capital and population to develop her unequaled resources to make her commercially, socially and politically what she is naturally, the grandest portion of our country.

To this end the Southern Inter-State Immigration bureau has been established by the Montgomery Convention. It asks the aid of the Legislature of the States to be benefited.

The Legislature of West Virginia should and will examine into the subject carefully. West Virginia is probably the richest in natural advantages of all the Southern States, and has most to gain by incoming capital, population and the other advantages proposed by the Montgomery Convention, whose proceedings we commend to the attention of each individual member of the next Legislature.—Register.

An Odd Postal Regulation.

It is rather an odd thing that if you paste a printed slip on a postal card the Government will charge the receiver letter postage, while if the same matter is printed directly on the card nothing extra is demanded. The same slip which if pasted on a postal card would be charged extra for, may be put into an unsealed envelope and it will then go at printed matter rates, or the whole paper from which the clipping is taken may be sent, containing the article marked, at a much less rate than the Government would charge for the same article attached to the card. That is, the Government would rather carry four ounces for a cent than the four-fifths of an ounce for the same money.—Detroit Free Press.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. | C. F. Moore, Editor. | Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, Jan. 17, 1889. | Terms of Subscription, $1.00 per year in advance. | No. 26.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, R. V. Hill.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

The Rosary of My Years.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Some reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art,
But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,
And their life by the moans of their heart.
The dials of earth may show
The length, not the depth, of years;
Few or many may come, few or many may go;
But our time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray
That creeps through the sunny hair,
And not by the scenes we pass on our way—
And not by the furrows the finger of care
On forehead and face have made;
Not so do we count our years;
Not by the sun of the earth—but the shade
Of our souls—and the fall of our tears.

For the young are oftimes old,
Though their brow be bright and fair,
While their blood beats warm their hearts lie cold—
O'er them the spring time—but winter is there—
And the old are oftimes young,
When their hair is thin and white;
And they sing in age as in youth they sung,
And they laugh, for their cross was light.

But bead by bead I tell
The rosary of my years,
From a cross to a crown they lead—'tis well!
And they are blessed with a blessing of tears.
Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of a long stream of life
The tempest and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam
On the billows of all the years;
But never the foam brings the brave bark home—
It reaches the heaven through tears.

A Meeting.

At a meeting of the citizens of the Little Levels, held Thursday, Dec. 20th, 1889; Isaac McNeel being made Chairman, and W. H. Overholt, Secretary. A committee of three being appointed, consisting of C. J. Stulting, Dr. J. A. Larue and W. H. Overholt to draft resolutions expressive of the objects of this meeting. The following resolutions were reported and unanimously adopted:

Resolved—That as citizens of the Little Levels we are proud of the name and character which our people have acquired as a community, as a temperate peaceful and law abiding people. That we recognize that the prosperity which has been vouchsafed, our community has been the result of good morals and good conduct of our people under the blessing of God. Therefore, desiring to preserve unimpaired the blessings we have so long enjoyed, and learning that there is an effort being made by persons who in disregard and open violation of our laws would introduce into our midst for sale and barter intoxicating drinks, in disregard of every interest which is dear to the citizens of this community.

Resolved—That we desire to express publicly our indignation at the promoters and abettors of such an enterprise and earnestly request the co-operation of every good citizen in an effort to maintain the laws in their spirit as well as letter and to bring to punishment any one who would attempt to destroy the peace, prosperity and happiness of our people by selling intoxicating drinks in in our midst.

Resolved—That we urge upon all persons who may be in any way connected with this nefarious business the wisdom and necessity of abandoning it at once. We entreat them by all that may yet remain sacred to them. In the name of our homes, our wives, our children. In the name of our young men, who are the light of our eyes and the hope of our country, as well as the pride and support of our age; contaminate them not with your foul and unholy business. Desist now from efforts which if successful can only involve you with others in ruin for be sure as God, lives your sin will find you out.

Resolved—That we warn all persons against engaging in anyway in the sale or distribution of ardent spirits in our community and earnestly pledge our united support to every lawful effort which may be made to wipe out this foul blot upon the good name of our citizens and in opposition to those who in disregard of the spirit of the law and the known sentiments of every large majority of the citizens of this community, would introduce spirituous liquors in our midst; we will stand for our homes our families our good names our property, and we warn them that we will find means to enforce our wishes, and in self defense use such means as God has given us to eradicate this evil.

Resolved—That after obtaining the signatures of the citizens of this community to these resolutions, that two copies of the same be posted at suitable places, and that a copy of these proceedings be forwarded to the Pocahontas TIMES with a request that they be published.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

ISAAC MCNEEL, Chairman.
W. H. OVERHOLT, Secretary.

A Letter to the Public

To the Public I would like to say that my school has already succeeded beyond anything that I expected. Despite the most excellent Public school with its highly accomplished and energetic faculty my school has grown until now it numbers 30 on roll. I still appeal to the citizens of Pocahontas and adjoining counties for help in building up a school for them. No enterprise of any consequence is without opposition: Therefore, with brave heart, fixed purpose, your help, and a firm trust in God I may make my coming among you a success. Last week appeared in The TIMES a program of an entertainment given by my girls and boys 24th Dec. The pith and humor were only to illustrate the frivolous side of life and the joyousness of the approaching season; while the more solid and serious parts were to characterize the thoughts which should sometimes enter the deepest recess of every heart.

I am well aware that much has been said about the entertainment and against it. Be that as it may, one thing is true, I have given it twice before in different sections of countries and before intelligent people, and nothing of fault was ever made of it before. It is reported too that Rev. Mr. Sydenstricker stopped his children from my school because of the grand failure of the entertainment. I will give you the direct language of Mr. Sydenstricker to myself. "Miss Georgie, owing to some chage to be made in the school over here, and because they lose so many recitations while attending your school. I will not send them any more, not that I have any objections to your teaching." Mr. Sydenstricker's children only took Latin from me and were necessarily absent a while from the other school. He also told me that he had heard no one object to my teaching. And in the course of conversation he told me that he was as much my friend as ever.

I am fully satisfied that the entertainment was all that it promised to be and that nothing of sin was committed, as some say. I wish my neighbor school will and earnestly trust that the efficient faculty may do much to implant and ground thorough principles in those entrusted to their care; for it is indeed a responsible position to be master of a school. Hoping to receive your aid I am yours Respectfully,

G. M. SHEARER.
Principal H. T. School.

Polled vs. Horned Cattle.

Academy, W. Va.,
Jan. 8th, 1889.

ED. TIMES: I venture this letter (if you will allow the space it will occupy) not for the sake of notoriety, nor to see my name in print, but with the hope that it may be of some interest to your readers, and thereby cause better writers to contribute of their views and opinions on matters more interesting, and that will add subscribers to your paper. It appears to me that our business men, in fact all our citizens should give your paper every available aid, both by patronizing it and by contributing to its columns. Our people lack neither the intelligence nor the time necessary to furnish you one page of good readable matter each week. Some two years ago Col. Gatewood, of Big Spring contributed a very interesting article on the subject of Silos and Ensilage. I would suggest to the Col. that another article on the same subject would be in order, as with two years experience he could give us facts demonstrated.

I am now very much interested in the subject of polled vs horned cattle, with my mind fully made up in favor of the farmer. I think there can be no question of doubt that horns will have to go: but the process of change will of necessity be slow. Every reason demands their expulsion, with none for retaining them, viz: safety to mankind as well as to the brutes themselves; comfort to the cattle and their owners in pens, barns and especially in shipping; by not being afraid of each other they will fatten faster; grown animals become like calves, lie down close together, will eat together and as many water from the same trough as can get to it.

The most human way to get rid of horns is to breed them off; and there are several species of hornless cattle that are very fine. I believe the polled Angus to be as fine a breed animal as the Durham or Hereford and quite as good or better for milk; and much hardier than either; especially adapted to our mountain ranges.

But for one I cannot wait for the slow process of breeding off the horns, so I have already dehorned 10 cows and a three year old bull about two months ago.
They are now well over it, and are really improved in appearance. I shall finish up my cows and yearlings about the 1st of April, some 30 head beside those already dehorned. I shall close by saying that on a trip last spring to and through Kansas. I know a great many dehorned cattle of all ages, and met with a gentleman (a farmer and stock raiser who was a Pocahontas boy—Dick Edmiston, son of Jas. Edmiston, dec'd.) He emigrated to Kan. directly after the war, and has been in the dehorning business for a length of time. From him I learned the process, and I am indebted to him for his interest in my welfare while his guest.

Respectfully,
F. A. RENICK.

Rely on Yourself.

For the TIMES.

Rely on yourself, and do not be satisfied with following the beaten track of others. Strike out new paths. Aim at higher attainments.

Only the indolent are satisfied with walking in the steps of others.

On early education, depends the intellectual efforts of children.

Take the child that is surrounded with everything that the young heart desires, and there is nothing left for the exercise of his own powers; nothing to expand the mind, and they never acquire that strength of mind which is necessary for extensive usefulness.

On the other hand take the child that has no luxuries. Give him a few articles and he will add others by his own invention.

The child derives his highest pleasure from doing something for himself—and the forming of self commences, with the first buddings of reason and imagination. The heart and moral affections must be cultivated, as well as the intellect, to form a noble character. Man is the maker of his own mind. God has so constituted the human intellect that it can only grow by its own action. So the childish intellect rises by its own efforts, and becomes an ornament to society, and and a blessing to the world.

BELLA F. CLARK,
Academy, W. Va.

Beecher's Adios.

Henry Ward Beecher in one of his latest sermons said: "To all the young that are coming into the church I say be young be gay, be hopeful, be mirthful. If God has given you a sparkling disposition, thank God and cultivate it. While it may not be the object of your life to have the joy that comes from these qualities, it is the privilege of your life to perform all your duties under its influence, and they can be performed in no other way so well. The world needs just such a development of Christianity. The world is full of sorrow it needs cheer. It is full of despondency; it needs hope. It is full of cowardice; it needs courage. It travails in pain; it wants a healthful atmosphere; sweet and balmy and radiant. It wants a singing Christianity. It wants the messenger of Christ to be a light-bearer, and no man has the right to make a dark lantern, to go home and open the light to himself and family alone. They that carry a burdensome, a woe-smitten face, dishonor God. It is contrary to his word. It is saying substancially to the world that all hope, all the promise of the divine presence, all the love which is poured like an atmosphere around about us every day from the bosom of Jesus Christ, is false and wrong. The man that carries a doubting, weary, saddened face misinterprets the religion of Jesus Christ."

Candidate's Pictures.

Foreman (great daily)—"Here's an order from down stairs to print a cut of Bilfkins, the People's candidate for Mayor. We haven't any cuts of him.

Able Editor—"How much did he pay for it?"

"Five dollars."

"Only $5. Scratch a beard on Lydia Pinkham and run that in.—Philadelphia Record.

A man in a Western town hauled 500 cart loads of dirt in one month, and the booming editor published it as "500 transfers of real estate for the month."

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE

LOURY & MOORE,
PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Jan. 17, 1889.

From The Capital City.

CHARLESTON, Jan. 8.—To-day has been a lively day among the candidates for positions in the coming session of the W. Va. Legislature. Men of note from all parts of the mountain state graced the streets of this city to-day, coming principally to see how "the ball" would open up. Among those present were Judge Campbell, of Monroe, Hon. Jno. E. Kenna, Judge Fleming, Jno. D. Alderson, Esq., Col. B. Lucas and many others who have figured prominently in West Virginia politics, together with numerous applicants for pageship, clerks etc.

At 2 p. m. the Democrats held rather a conferee, but did not go into a caucus until 8 p.m. Everything worked nicely and nominations were made for the various positions to be filled to-morrow upon the convening of the House: Jos. J. Wood, Esq., from Ohio was elected Speaker of the House over Hon. Jos. Sprigg, of Hardy. J. M. Hamilton, Esq., was elected Chief Clerk over Col. J. B. Peyton, of Wheeling; W. B. Gibbs, of Roane, was elected Sergt-at-Arms over three other gentlemen.

Everything passed off as smoothly as could be in the Democratic House, but when we turn to the Republican Senate we find much dissension upon various points and up to this writing they have not brought out a man for the Pres. of that body, and as to how matters will turn out with them remains to be seen.

The Legislature will convene at 12 m. to-morrow. The Democrats will organize the House and it is probable that Col. Carr, the Union Labor Legislator may get the Presidency of the Senate since harmony doesn't reign in the Republican camps. The committees and committee clerks will be appointed Thursday morning.

Jan. 9.—The full Democratic ticket was elected in the house to-day; all by a majority of four.

The Senate stands 12 Dem., 13 Rep. and one Union Labor, (R. S. Carr). The Democrats nominated Mr. Carr for the Presidency of that body, and it has been balloting all day on the Presidency, each ballot standing a tie. So everything is at a stand-still and the Senate unorganized.

No business of importance was transacted in the House to-day.

W.

The Legislature.

The West Virginia Legislature met in Charleston on Jany. 9th. The House organized with but little difficulty, selecting Hon. J. J. Wood, of Ohio County, Speaker, J. M. Hamilton, of Calhoun County, Clerk, and W. B. Gibbs of Roane County, Sergeant-at-arms.

Since then the whole matter ended and from present indications may stay ended for some time. The republicans in the Senate seem determined that no organization of that body shall be effected; so from day to day the honorable Senators ballot for President, all to no purpose except that the fun is being had at the expense of the State, to the tune of about $500 a day.

The democrats first cast their votes for Col. Robt. Carr, of Kanawha County, but after several tie votes had been cast they agreed to support anyone the republicans might designate, rather than tie up business by a continued dead lock. No sooner, however, had the democrats gone over to the republican candidate than the republicans deserted him and scattered their vote in such a way as to make an election impossible.

What they hope to gain by this manner of conduct is not evident, unless it is that they hope by this means to prevent an investigation by the Legislature of the alleged election frauds, fearing such investigation might unearth things they prefer should remain buried.

There is certainly no excuse for such conduct, and it by no means argues well for those who indulge in it.

A Man and His Work.

Napoleon used to say that it did not matter what a man's trade was—if he was the best workman in his line he was a very superior man, deserving as much honor as anyone in the empire.

Young men just starting in life with a prejudice against manuel labor would do well to get this idea into their heads. When a man is determined to do his best work he will improve his methods, and his increasing brain-power and skill will be so apparent that the lowest honest occupation will be ennobled, and the toiler will have the respect of all good men.

We have in our mind as we write a man who might easly have made a reputation in literature, journalism or law, but he deliberately chose the occupation of a canvasser for a large publishing house. He knew that his education, abilities and tastes fitted him for a high place in some learned profession, but he was also conscious of the fact that he was born with a certain tact and magnetism which never failed to win men and bend them to his will. He was poor and wanted money, plenty of it, and quick returns for his work. He found that the prejudice against canvassing was so great that heavy commissions were offered to first-class men. So he made a contract with the publishing house, not to sell books, but to secure subscriptions for something in the art line. In fifteen years he accumulated a fortune. Last year his commissions amounted to $17,500, and he has several times refused a salary of $10,000 a year. This man feels a pride in his work. He knew that the only way to make his occupation pleasant and profitable was to go to the very top, and he went there. Men joke and sneer when they speak of book agents canvassers, but they become very thoughtful when this master of his business takes them in hand. They recognize in him great talent, an earnest purpose, and all the points that make a gentleman.

Now, there are hundreds of other occupations less popular, and involving more distasteful work than this business of canvassing, that can be elevated and made remunerative by the right men. When we say right men we mean men who will train every brain cell in their heads and every nerve and muscle in their bodies to aid them in doing absolutely perfect work.

Does all this require an exceptionally gifted person? By no means. It is utterly impossible to work intelligently with one's powers concentrated upon a definite object without achieving a marked degree of success, and the average man will find that this constant application and concentration will take the place of genius. The farmer, mechanic or clerk who will train himself mentally and physically for the best work that is possible in his field may make more or less than the canvasser whose story we have told for their encouragement, but one thing is certain—their measure of success and the development of their faculties will win admiring recognition, and they will take their place among the superior men of the community in which they live. There is more in the man than there is in the occupation.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Hood's Sarsaparilly Calendar for 1889 is one of the neatest and prettiest we have seen. If the medicine is half so geed it is well worth taking.

The Baltimore Sun says: "The Senate tariff bill has been getting along swimmingly until now by deferring consideration of items upon which the Republican Senators are not well agreed. Strange to say, sugar is the cause of most of the bitterness that is said to exist. Senators Plumb, Ingalls and Stanford oppose the proposal to cut down the duty on sugar 50 per cent. This opposition might be met by a bounty of 1 cent per pound on all sugar produced in Kansas and elsewhere in this country, but a bounty, too, might develop opposition. There are other features of the bill that are not wholly satisfactory. For a bill that is not to pass it has a great deal of work upon it. A worse tariff bill has never been proposed. No pretense is made now of protecting labor; the object is to "check imports."

Minister Phelps expects to return to the U. S. by March 4th, so that President Harrison can send a new minister to England without delay.

The County Commissioners of Kanawha county have torn down their old Court House, which they will replace by a new one costing over $100,000

The Delineator for February lately received is unusually good. This periodical is a general favorite with the ladies, and is well worth all it costs. Published by the Butterick Publishing Co., New York.

If the Legislature is as long about electing a United States Senator as it is organizing, there is danger of Kenna's term expiring before a successor is chosen.

The "kicking" element of the last Legislature seems to hava fallen into line very gratefully. The trouble is now on the other side of the house.

A very distructive cyclone swept over the country last week; paying special attention to portions of Pennsylvania. Great damage was kone to property and many lives lost at both Pittsburg and Reading.

President-elect Harrison has been persuaded to go this far with brother Blaine—he will tender him the Secretaryship of State, provided a solemn promise is made by brother Blaine that he will not take it.—Charleston Star.

Justice Barrett, of New York, has decided that by entering the sugar trust the North River Sugar Refining Company has violated its charter and forfeited its right to corporate existence. A righteous decision.

Nothing remains of the famous English settlement of Jamestown, Va., begun in 1607, save the ruins of a church tower, and this is crumbling year by year. Tree roots have cracked the monumental slabs in the church yard, and thus one of the few localities recalling the first years of American history is slowly losing its distinctive features.

Not long ago 3,000 tons of pig iron were sent from Birmingham, Ala., to Pittsburg. Since 1879 the iron production of Alabama has increased from forty tons to 282,500 tons a year. Alabama is fourth in rank—after Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois—as an iron-producing state. Tennessee holds the fifth place.

The biennial message of Gov. E. W. Wilson to the Legislature of West Virginia is now before the people. We regard it as about the ablest State paper the Governor has given us during his administration. He pays special attention to election laws and their abuses, and make what we deem wise and wholesomes suggestions to our law makers. Gov. Wilson doesn't hesitate to say what he thinks, nor to call a spade by its right name.

PREACHING.—Rev. J. Lester Henderson will preach during the year at the following places:

1st Sunday,	Huntersville,	11 A. M.	
" "	[illegible]	4 P. M.	
2nd "	[illegible]	11 A. M.	
" "	Bethel,	3 P. M.	
3rd "	[illegible]	11 A. M.	
" "	Mt. Pleasant,	4 P. M.	
4th "	Bethel,	11 A. M.	
" "	Sunset,	3 P. M.	

HOME NEWS

—L. M. McClintic made a visit to Bath Co., Va., this week.

—A W. Moore, Esq., was in town Tuesday.

—Constable Jas. H. Buzzard was down at Hillsboro this week on official business.

—S. B. Moore and J. K. Gay, of Edray were in Huntersville Tuesdoy.

—Mrs. J. T. Rogers, of Mill Point was at the Huntersville Hotel Sunday.

—Call at Jacob Boner, if you want "cheap goods." "Say Yeah."

—Guy Slavens, who has been in Nebraska for some time, came home this week.

—J. W. Milligan and family are for the present stopping with H. M. Lockridge, Esq., on Knapp's creek.

—We are glad to learn that Quincy W. Poage is improving, and is now thought to be out of immediate danger.

—Those who send communications to the TIMES will please do so no later than by Monday's mail. It sometimes puts us to no little inconvenience to have them later.

—Geo. W. Wagoner took charge of Hotel Pocahontas last Tuesday. Mr. Wagoner is full of energy and push and will no doubt make a successful landlord.

—Mr. Lanty Lockridge, who has been stopping for sometime at Hotel Pocahontas, has taken up quarters at the residence of his nephew, H. M. Lockridge; but, as we promised not to put his name in the paper, we are unable to make mention of the fact.

—Justice Shrader held his first Court at this place last Thursday and will hold his next term beginning on the 24th. Between the County Court and the District Court Huntersville is well supplied with Courts.

—The January number of Babyhood, lately received, is fully up to past issues. This is a most interesting and instructive magazine. No mother should be without it. Published by Babyhood Pub. Co., 5 Beekman St., N. Y.

—Mrs. Wm L. Brown and Mrs J. H. Patterson of Green Bank, were down a few days ago to see their brother Jno. B. Slavens, who is quite ill at the Huntersville Hotel.

—The account of the meeting of the Citizens at Hillsboro which appears on the first page of this issue, was signed by seventy-nine of the citizens of that vicinity, but to save space we omitted all but the Chairman and Secretary.

—F. Lee Dever, Esq., was in town Monday. He informed us that he would start back to Duluth, Minn. this week. The Northwest seems to have used him well and he has no notion of leaving that section soon.

—Mr. H. M. Lockridge, who has been severely afflicted with rheumatism for some months, is now able to walk about on crutches. He was at church last Sunday for the first time since his recovery.

—Jas. H. Doyle is actively engaged in remodeling the ice house at the Huntersville Hotel. The ice crop just now is not very promising; but, if he should succeed in filling his new house, there will be no lack of the cooling refreshment at his Hotel next summer.

—We are in receipt of the Gordonsville Gazette, published by J. B. Canfield. Mr. Canfield seems to be making a good beginning in his new field. We hope he may succeed beyond his expectations.

—Our friend C. O. Arbogast returned from Charleston last Saturday. Charlie was an applicant for Sergeant-at-arms of the House of Delegates, and we are informed by those who ought to know that he would have gotten the place, had he been fairly dealt with.

—We hope the County Court will insist on the public respecting the order requiring all persons to address the Court from the bar. It is extremely undignified in a full grown man to spit on his hands, climb up the railing around the bench, whisper to the Court t'ill out of breath and then let go his hold and slide down.

—The Cosmopolitan, for January an illustrated monthly Magazine, published by John B. Walker, 363 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.—is before us. This number in point of excellence is fully up, the standard. We regard the Cosmopolitan as one of the very best periodical of thes day. Its pages are filled with choice illustrations and the writings of our very best English authors.

—On the first page of this issue appears an interesting letter from F. A. Renick, Esq., of Academy. We hope that many of our readers will respond to the suggestion of Mr. Renick by writing us an occasional letter on some timely topic. The contribution he asks for from Col. Gatewood would be very acceptable, and Mr. Renick must not make this his last.

Dunmore Doings.

Fine weather mixed with mud Every thing looks like spring. The birds are singing, and the hens laying.

Mr. J. B. White begins his subscription school at this place today.

But little sickness in this neighborhood.

Cattle are wintering well, and consuming a small amount of feed.

Robt. McGlaughlin is now thought to be out of danger, and will soon be himself again if he doesn't take a relapse. The child is also doing well.

Jan. 13th. TOM SAWYER.

Edray Notes.

Joe. Gibson, who has been dangerously ill for some time, is better.

A. Patterson Poage left last week for Indiana on a visit to relatives.

Geo. Palser, of Neb., in visiting friends and settling up some business in this neighborhood; he has sold his land on Buck's mountain to Mrs. Mary E. Lange.

Isaac Sharps is getting out a fine lot of cherry lumber at this place. Gay and Moore are also getting out a nice lot of cherry at their mill on crooked fork of Elk.

Esq. Barlow is full of business already; merchants and late sheriffs, as well as other are filling up the docket.

Your editorial of last week on changing the name of the State meets with hearty endorsement on the part of the people of this District. We don't want to be compelled to know a bone, or stop singing "West Virginia Hills."

X.

GUN FOR SALE.—Call on Z. T. Webb, at this place if you want a first class Winchester rifle and reloading tools for $12.00 cash.

NOTICE.

A reward of $10 will be paid to any one who may give information leading to the recovery of any of our tools, etc. that have been stolen from the woods or along the railroad.

ST. LAWRENCE BOOM & MF'G CO.,
Dunmore, W. Va.

jan 14 4 t

The County Court.

The Court met, persuant to adjournment, last Friday morning, and continued its sitting until Saturday afternoon. The time was occupied principally in making settlements with the present sheriff and his immediate predecessor, and in deciding who shall fill that office for the next term.

The Court at last declared the office vacant and appointed Geo. W. Callison to act for the term of two years, beginning Jany. 1, 1889.

Mr. Callison, however, declined to accept the office, and the Court proceeded to appoint I. B. Moore.

Mr. Moore not being present at the time, it is not known whether he will accept; so the matter is not settled beyond a doubt yet.

The Court adjourned to meet on Monday, Jany. 21, at which time Mr. Moore will either qualify or resign and give some one else the opportunity to decline the honor.

If the office is to fall into the hands of anyone who was not regularly elected, we don't think it could be placed in charge of a better or more deserving man than I. B. Moore. He is qualified to do the work in an acceptable manner, and we feel sure he would make a good officer.

It is, of course, to be regretted that the office could not be filled by the one chosen at the polls by so handsome a majority.

A Family of Coincidences.

On Glade mountain, this State resides the most peculiar family in the country. It is a family of coincidences. The father and mother were married on the 14th day of October, they have had nine children, all of whom were born on the 14th of October; five of the children are dead, and all of them ceased to breathe on the 14th day of October. The name of the head of the family is Joshua Franklin. He says that he was a confederate soldier; that he was captured twice by the Yankees, and that he had lost two brothers in the war, and that all four of the mishaps or misfortunes of war occurred on the memorable 14th of October. In the neighborhood the Franklin family is regarded with superstition and not a human being can be prevailed upon to stay either in the house or on the premises on either day or night of the 14th of October.—Fayette Democrat.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN has long held the first rank among the leading publications regarding practical information about art, sciences, mechanics, chemistry inventions, and manufactures. No one who wishes to keep acquainted with the rapid advancement alodg these lines can dispense with it. Munn & Co., 361 Broadway, New York. Price, $3.00 a year. Copies of the paper may be seen at this office, and subscriptions received.

Simmons Liver Regulator produces no unpleasant effect upon the stomach no matter how long it is taken. A little taken at night insures refreshing sleep and a natural evacuation of the bowels. A little taken in the morning sharpens the appetite, cleanses the stomach and sweetens the breath.

"I never recommend a medicine unless I know it to be good. In a ministry of twenty-five years I have often felt the need of such a medicine, and when I found it I exclaimed 'Eureka!'"—Rev. J. P. PARKER, Proprietor "Christian Visitor," Smithfield, N. C.

A PROFITABLE BUSINESS.

Those who take an agency for a reliable enterprising house, learn their business and stick to it, "get on" in the world. People who have any idea of engaging in any canvassing business will do well to write George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine—the great art and general publishers. They offer the most exceptional advantages to those who are sufficiently enterprising to be willing to make a push in order to better their condition. It costs nothing to try. Women make successful canvassers, as well as men. Full particulars will be sent to those who address the firm; their full address is given above.

The West Virginia Freeman, Prohibition organ published at Parkersburg, has suspended publication.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas, at the Court-House thereof on the 1st day of January 1889.

It is ordered that all persons having business to transact with the Court hereafter, shall either present it to the Court in person from the bar or by their attorney, and that the Court will not hear any matter unless presented in the foregoing manner.

A copy, Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

jan 16 4-t Printers fee $4.00.

Commissioner,s Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered on the 16th day of October, 1888, in the chancery cause of John W. McNeel's adm'r.

vs.

John W. McNeel's Heirs, et als,

I, as Special Commissioner appointed in said decree, shall proceed, in front of the Court House of said County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to the dower of the widow therein, on the

8TH DAY OF MARCH, 1889,

the following real estate, situate in said County, to wit: A certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro on the Hill s Creek Road, and also, another certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying above the first mentioned lot, in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro. Both of said lots were bought by J. W. McNeel from James Griffy. They are valuable lots, and the title is believed to be clear.

TERMS OF SALE:

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue of purchase money the purchaser will be required to give bonds, with good and approved personal security, bearing interest from day of sale, falling due in Six and Twelve months respectively from date, and a lien will be retained as ultimate security.

H. S. RUCKER, Spec'l Com'r.

Bond, as required by law has been given by the above special Commissioner.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

jan. 10 4 t Printers fee $8.75.

Notice to Lein Holders.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of John F. Wanless.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County made in the a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said John F. Wanless to the satisfaction of the liens thereon you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said John F. Wanless, which are leins on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office, in the town of Huntersville, on or before the

8TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1889.

Given under my hand this the 8th day of Jan., 1889.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

jan. 10 4-t Printers fee $6.[illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

Entered in the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Jan. 17, 1889.

THE COST OF WAR.

A Washington correspondent has been comparing the statistics of the loss by death of Union soldiers during the rebellion, with the mortality of other wars. Reports show that the northern and southern armies met in more than 2,000 skirmishes and battles. In 148 of these conflicts the loss on the Federal side was more than 500 men, and in at least 10 battles more than 10,000 men were reported lost on each side. The appended table shows that the combined losses of the Federal and Confederate forces, in killed, wounded and missing, in the following engagements were: Shiloh, 24,000; Antietam, 38,000; Stone river, 38,000; Chancellorsville, 28,000; Gettysburg, 54,000; Chickamauga, 33,000; McClellan's peninsular campaign, 180,000, and Sherman's campaign, 125,000.

Waterloo was one of the most desperate and bloody fields chronicled in European history, and yet Wellington's casualties were less than 12 per cent., his losses being 4,212 killed and 958 wounded out of over 100,000 men, while at Shiloh one side lost in killed and wounded 9,730 out of 34,000, while their opponents report their killed and wounded at 9,616, making the casualties about 30 per cent. At the great battle of Wagram Napoleon lost but about 5 per cent. At Wurzburg the French lost but 3 1-2 per cent., and yet the army gave up the field and retreated to the Rhine. At Rocour Marshal Saxe lost but 2 1-2 per cent. At Zurich Massena lost but 8 per cent. At Legnitz Frederick lost but 6 1-2 per cent. At Malplaquet Marlborough lost but 10 per cent., and at Ramillies the same intrepid commander lost but 6 per cent. At Contras Henry of Navarre was reported as cut to pieces, yet his loss was less than 10 per cent. At Lodi Napoleon lost 1 1-4 per cent. At Valmy Frederick William lost but 3 per cent., and at the great battles of Marengo and Austerlitz, sanguinary as they were, Napoleon lost an average of less than 14 1-2 per cent.

At Magenta and Solferino, in 1859, the average loss of both armies was less than 9 per cent. At Koniggratz, in 1866, it was 6 per cent. At Woerth, Spicheren, Mars la Tour, Gravelotte and Sedan, in 1870, the average loss was 12 per cent., while at Linden Gen. Moreau lost but 4 per cent., and the Archduke John lost but 7 per cent in killed and wounded. Americans would scarcely call this a lively skirmish. At Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Atlanta, Gettysburg, Mission Ridge, the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, the loss frequently reached, and sometimes exceeded, 40 per cent. Official statistics show that of the 2,000,000 men enlisted, there were killed in battle, 44,238; died of wounds, 49,205; died of disease, 186,216; died of unknown causes, 25,184; total, 303,843. This includes only those whose death while in the army had been actually proved. To this number should be added, first 26,000 men who are known to have died while in the hands of the enemy as prisoners of war, and many others in the same manner whose deaths are unrecorded; second, a fair percentage of the 205,795 men who are put down on the official reports as deserters and missing in action for those who participated in the war know that men frequently disappeared who, it was certain had not deserted, yet could not be otherwise officially accounted for; third, thousands who are buried in private cemeteries all over the north, who died while home on furlough. The nation's dead are buried in seventy-three national cemeteries, of which only twelve are in the northern states.

The proportion of deaths from all causes in the troops of each state was as follows: Maine, 1 in 7; New Hampshire, 1 in 7; Vermont, 1 in 6; Massachusetts, 1 in 9; Rhode Island, 1 in 11; Connecticut, 1 in 10; New York, 1 in 12; New Jersey, 1 12; Pennsylvania, 1 in 12; Delaware, 1 in 20; Maryland, 1 in 26; Ohio, 1 9; Indiana, 1 in 8; Illinois, 1 in 7; Michigan 1 in 6; Wisconsin, 1 in 7; Minnesota, 1 in 8; Iowa, 1 in 5 (nearly 6); Kansas, 1 in 5; California, 1 in 20; West Virginia, 1 in 9; Kentucky, 1 in 19; Missouri, 1 in 9.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Eating by the Alphabet.

"Have you got anything here beginning with 'k' that's good to eat?" inquired a new customer in a well-known local delicacy market last Tuesday. "How will pickled kidneys answer?" replied the clerk, after a moment's thought. "First rate. Give me a dozen cans. The kitten's life is saved," exclaimed the strange patron with enthusiasm. "I told my wife," he continued, "that if I failed to send home a kangaroo, dead or alive, before 2 o'clock I should expect to find the kitten served up for supper in the latest Chinese style. But your happy thought saved her. You see we all got tired of eating the same things day after day, and so last month we agreed that during December we would begin and eat up (or rather down) the alphabet, taking one letter a day, with bread, potatoes, tea and coffee thrown in as staples. So December 1 we inaugurated the dietary system with a bill of fare consisting of apples in many forms, apricots pickled, asparagus, almonds, and the staples. The next day's menu was beef, beets, beans, biscuits, buttermilk, bacon, and bon-bons. The following day we feasted on chicken, codfish balls, clams, celery, cucumbers (fifty cents each), crabs, cheese, cake, crackers, crullers, carrots, canned currants, canned cherries citrons, cider catsup and candy. And so it has gone on. The fifth day would have been a fast day had it not been for eggs, but we made an Easter of it. Yesterday we dined, breakfasted and supped chiefly on jellies. To-day your kidney suggestion saves us from starvation, while to-morrow we will grow fat on liver, lamb, lobster, lettuce, etc. A queer thing about our new food departure is the number of things it has led us to put in our mouths which we never thought of before."—Buffalo Express.

Charles Sumner and His Friends

Sumner was very careful of the feelings of his personal friends, many of whom disagreed emphatically with him on political subjects. Some of them were not of the same party with himself; some were not of the same wing of the party. After president Grant and his cabinet became estranged from the senator, certain of his friends failed to follow him. Among them was the journalist, Maj. Ben. Perley Poore who, in his letters and telegrams, took strong ground for the president and against the senator. The contest at the time was exceedingly bitter, and "Perley's" dispatches reflected the degree of acerbity felt by the president's friends.

Sumner's friends were inclined to take issue with the journalists, holding that the tone of his letters was incompatible with his personal relations toward the senator and brought them to Sumners attention. He would hear just enough of them to know what was being spoken of, and then, if the paper had been handed him, would throw it into the waste basket, exclaiming "I like him too well to read his letters." He was once asked, "How can you like him when he speaks of you in such terms?" and his reply was: "I like the person, not the writer; I do my duty as I see it; let him do his as he sees it. Why should we quarrel?"—Arnold Burges Johnson, in the Cosmopolitan.

Henry Watterson's Father.

One of the pleasant old young men of Washington, says the New York Tribune, is the Hon. Harvey M. Waterson, the father of Henry Watterson. Imagine to yourself a tall and slightly-built man, with a large head of gray hair, a white beard falling over his chest, and a pair of the brightest and kindest blue eyes you will find anywhere. Imagine this man to be seventy-five years old, but at the same time to move about with as firm a step as though he was but thirty-five. Listen to his voice, and it comes forth in strong chest tones. Talk to him and he will tell you that he feels younger as the years grow older and that he hopes to last for many years yet.

Said Mr. Watterson once to me in response to a question:

The first sign of a man's failing faculties is seen in his voice. I can go on the street and speak in such tones as can be heard 300 yards away. I spend my winters in Washington and my summers in Louisville, and while there I look over the exchanges in the newspaper office and scan about fifty papers a day. I am glad that I am alive and I feel that my good health at this age is due to temperance and in not allowing myself to be worried about anything. I am very careful of my eating and I have not had three unhappy hours from worry in my whole life. When I have stubbed my toe I have not cursed the universe because of my carelessness, but thanked the Lord I did not break my neck."

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. | C. F. Moore, Editor. | Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, Jan. 31, 1889. | Terms of Subscription, $1.00 per year in advance. | No. 28.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,
Deputy Sheriff,
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard,
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. {C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

DOES ANY ONE KNOW?

Does any one know what's in your heart and mine,
The sorrow and song,
The demon of sin and the angel divine,
The right and the wrong;
The dread of the darkness, the love of the day,
The ebb and the flow
Of hope and of doubt for ever and aye,
Does any one know?

Does any one dream of the love that is yours,
The heart that is mine;
The depth and the width of the cup which each pours
Of richest red wine;
Of the hate that is dark as the midnight of grief,
The anguish and woe,
The doubt clouds of halting and blind unbelief,
Does any one know?

Does any one see what we have in the heart
To love and to hate;
Of life's every motive an intricate part,
Of chance and of fate;
The memory of kisses, of starlight, of songs,
Of roses and snow,
Of women's sweet eyes, of prayers and of wrongs,
Does any know?

Does any one hearken to music of bells,
And the sigh of the sea,
And the whisper of woodlands that mystically swells
For you and for me;
The sound of the fond voices that ever respond,
In tones soft and low,
To the prayer we are breathing into the beyond,
Does any one know?

—[N. Waterman in New York Mercury.

Forest Preservation.

The series of articles by Professor Shaler in Scribner's has ably presented the topic of tree preservation, a topic the American people must positively give heed to. No nation under the sun was in times of peace ever so wasteful as our own. The increasing ease of securing a supply of food has tended for some hundreds of years, if not thousands, to render human beings less economical of means and careful of methods. The older races, like the Chinese, never waste; to them everything has its use. But we have destroyed as much as we have produced. Forests that nature raised by the labor of a thousand years we have burned up in a day. Civilization has invented the phrase clearing up, which means wanton removal of all things that stand in the way of our immediate needs. Where vast stretches of oaks covered millions of acres it is difficult to find a single grove or a single tree; but how inestimable such remains are when found! It is not wholly from the utilitarian standpoint that we look, but the æsthetic. These are like their surroundings. If it be undesirable to dwell in the forest, it is still more undesirable to dwell without the companionship of trees. But as a matter of economy and physical necessity we are compelled to have sympathy for and with the vegetable world. Our destiny, in common with the whole animal kingdom, is identified with the plant kingdom. In the struggle for existance, from the outset, there has been a mutual interdependence of all living things. If we destroy the trees we injure our own progress and prospects. In the present economy of nature protoplasm, or the bais of life, can only be created by the plant kingdom; from it we receive the same at second hand. But our existence is dependent on trees and plants in many other ways, and always has been. The earliest human races were littoral, or shore dwellers. They had no tools to work their way through forests, nor weapons to cope with the denizens of the forest. But with increase of the art of making tools human beings left the shore and roamed the forests as hunters. To the hunting races the destruction of trees was the destruction of their means of existence. The North American Indian saw only starvation in the white man's unsparing ax.

Civilization has brought us into even closer relation to trees, and dependence on vegetation. The equilibrium of the air, adjusting the proportions of carbon gases for our healthy existence, depends on trees. Malaria is not caused, but prevented, by a judicious proportion of forest land. Professor Shaler takes up the case with great energy to show that the most serious result following the destruction of our forests will be the consequent loss of soil, turning vast areas into deserts. "Already a large part of many fertile regions has been sterilized in this fashion; and each year a larger portion of our infinitely precious heritage of soil slips into rivers and finds its way to the sea, because we have deprived it of the protecting coating of vegetation." We have also to consider the immense vegetation deposit which is yearly added to the soil where forests abound. Our own culture takes from the soil, on the contrary, more than it gives. So the waste from the rain is greater in tilled soil than in wooded lands. In forests the soil is ever deepening; in open lands ever decreasing. This evil we must endure, but should be careful not to aggravate. The amount of soil now swept away annually is actually clogging the large rivers, compelling them constantly to change channels. The argument of Professor Shaler is pressed to show that no man has such a right in soil that he may be wasteful of it, or use it for the disadvantage of his neighbors. Gorvernment, he holds, should interfere to prevent waste of forests.

The question of forest preservation has been more or less considered by several of the states, but, in fact, apart from the encouragement of tree planting, little has been done in a systematic manner to regulate the use or prevent the waste of trees. Our relation to the vegetable kingdom grows even more intricate, and our serious dependence more emphasized constanly since the demands of civilization for timber and fuel increase, and must increase.

At present the greatest loss in the way of forest destruction is from fires caused by locomotives, malice or carlessness. Some of the railroads have already taken action to prevent the recurrence of the evil from locomotive sparks. The plan adopted is to clear away all timber growth for 100 feet on each side of the track. A furrow is then run along the outer edge of this space, and the whole kept mowed and clean. The loss from timber fires is not less than an average of $2,000,000 per state annually. This is wholly preventable.

The work of Professor Shaler is notable in this respect, that it makes the subject, which has been rather held to be local, to be a continental matter. He has enlarged the subject, and shown that it vitally touches the very possibility of human existence.—Globe-Democrat.

Royal Salaries in Europe.

A table recently prepared shows the royal salaries paid in Europe, and it forms interesting reading for those who have an idea that our own government is conducted on a wasteful and extravagant plan.

The emperor of Russia receives $8,250,000 per annum; the sultan of Turkey, $6,000,000; the emperor of Austria, $4,000,000; the king of Prussia, $3,000,000; the king of Italy, $2,400,000; the queen of England, $2,200,000; the queen of Spain, $1,800,000, and the king of Belgium, $500,000.

What a sermon against monarchical government this brief table contains. Eight persons, men and women—for kings and queens are nothing more—receive each year in the aggregate $28,150,000 for doing what? For doing nothing that hundreds—maybe thousands—of their subjects could not do just as well and possibly much better. Some of these monarchs get their salaries for really doing nothing. Queen Victoria, for example, has absolutely no function to perform except to represent in her royal person the idea of dominion and sovereignty. She has no part in the government of the country. The most irrepressible Irish member of parliament does more and has more to say about ruling the empire than Victoria has; and yet because she is what she is, the mere eidolon of a bygone autocracy, her loving subjects pay her over $2,000,000 every year for her own use and benefit.

The king of Prussia receives $3,000,000 a year as compensation for his arduous royal duties; and when it is considered that he is the emperor of Germany, that he is a man over 90 years of age, and that the reins of government have been for years in the hands of Bismarck, it must be admitted that, judged by republican standards, he does not earn his salary.

Probably the czar of Russia performs as much or more actual labor than any reigning sovereign in Europe. The form of goverument of Russia being a despotism, the czar must necessarily center all authority in himself and be, in fact as well as name, the fountain and source of all authority. But even for his duties, irksome, multifarious and difficult though they may be, $8,250,000 is more than they are worth, especially in view of the financial condition of Russia and the immense drain upon her resources.

The people of the United States thought they were doing a wonderful thing when they increased the president's salary from $25,000 a year to $50,000; and yet the larger amount is only a trifle over two days' salary of the emperor of Russia, while at the same time the United States is really better able to pay the president the czar's salary than Russia is to pay the czar the president's salary.

Royalty is simply an enormously expensive luxury, with nothing to recommend it except tradition and precedent, and the only wonder is that it can keep its hold so long on intelligent and progressive nations in this age of the world.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Shipping Gold to Europe.

When one recalls the millions upon millions of dollars in gold that annually seek Europe to provide for the necessities of our import trade, the question of how gold is shipped to Europe becomes a curious and interesting one. The Bank of America is the largest single shipper of gold abroad. Shipments are made in stout kegs, very like the ordinary beer kegs. Every one contains $50,000 in coin or in bar gold. The latter is the favorite for these shipments, since the government has permitted the sub-treasury to exchange bar for gold coin, as coin in $1,000,000 shipment is liable to a loss by abrasion of from eight to twenty ounces, of from $128 to $320, and the bars only lose about three-fourths of that amount. Where coin is sent double eagles are preferred. They are put in stout canvas bags, each bag containing 125 double eagles, or $5,000 and ten bags fill each keg.

About the only precaution taken against tampering with kegs is a treatment of the keg ends, technically known as "red taping." Four holes are bored at equal intervals in the projecting rim of the staves above the head. Red tape is run through these, crossing on the keg's head, the ends meeting at the center, where they are sealed to the head by the hardest of wax and stamped with the consignor's name. The average insurance is about $1,500 per $1,000,000. Then there is an expense of $2 a keg for packing and cartage aboard ship, or $200 for the same sum; and the inevitable loss by abrasion, whatever it may prove to be. There are great Wall street firms shipping from $25,000,000 to $40,000,000 annually. Some of these have for years insured themselves, and assert that the saving has been sufficient to replace a loss of $1,000,000. These are large figures. But this has become a country of large figures and affairs.—Edgar L. Wakeman in Globe-Democrat.

Left Handed Writing.

"It looks like copperplate," remarked a prominent teacher of penmanship to a reporter, as he exhibited a handsome specimen of chirography from among the many specimens in his large collection.

"It couldn't have been written very rapidly," suggested the reporter.

"It was, though—as rapidly as the writer could make his fingers move."

"Probably he is a professional penman; bookkeeper or teacher likely?"

"Neither, and he only learned to write four years ago. He was a soldier. During the war he lost his right arm. After the war he became a traveling salesman. Five years ago he lost a leg in a railroad accident, and then took up penmanship. He had to learn it all over again. But by perseverance you see how much he has accomplished. He is the secretary of a mining company down town and draws $10,000 a year salary. One odd thing about this is that he never was a good penman when he had both arms. But in learning to use his left hand he acquired the art of making all of his characters plainly. He made them slowly at first, and now he can't write badly, no matter how rapidly he works."

"Did you ever know of a man's learning to use both hands equally well?"

"There are a few instances on record. I heard of a man once who not only wrote with both hands, but wrote with them at the same time and a different sentence with each hand. He was the wonder of the profession, but he was more of a freak than anything else. Ambidexterity is a great accomplishment, but such experiences as that are not valuable, save as curiosities."—New York Mail and Express.

Mrs. Jay Gould died at her home in New York last week.

Senator Frye, of Maine has been re-elected; and Senator Isham G. Harris, of Tenn. has also been returned.

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE

LOURY & MOORE,
PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville; W. Va.

Jan. 31, 1889.

POST MORTEM REBUKE.

The New York World, and a few other newspapers of less importance, have lately made themselves very busy in condemning Grover Cleveland and charging him with the defeat of the democratic party. A recent editorial of the World is very pronounced and bitter in its charges, and in our opinion inconsistent and unwise.

We do not pretend to say that Cleveland made no mistakes, nor do we doubt that he indirectly contributed to the result of November the 6th; yet we believe his blunders were committed in an honest and brave effort to redeem the pledges of his party and to secure for the people good and pure government. His mistakes consisted not in the end aimed at, but in the means he adopted to reach it.

No doubt his memorable message to Congress, which merged all other questions into the one great issue of tariff reform, was the beginning of our defeat. Not because the recommendations of that message were wrong, but because they were untimely, and resulted in arousing the opposition to such active energy as terminated in a suppression of the will of the people by political craftiness.

In this action Grover Cleveland was only aiming to do what the platform of his party had promised to do, and was urged on by his party leaders of no mean standing nor limited experience, in whom he had reason to place confidence: and among the many voices clamoring for tariff reform could be distinctly heard the deep-toned, persistent cry of the New York World. On the strength of these appeals the issue was made up, the battle fought and the cause lost, though not forever. How inconsistent and unfair it is for those who helped to make the issue, hoping to justify themselves, now to charge the failure entirely to that one man who was brave enough to lead the fight and who never wavered. Granting that to Cleveland only our defeat is chargeable, and that the New York World opposed his policy, it would now be extremely ungracious to make such an assault, since all admit that Cleveland endeavored to give the people a fair and upright administration; but as it is, when the World condemns Cleveland it condemns itself. Cleveland is the same man now that he was before the election and our opinion of him is unchanged. Let us not heap upon him the bitterness of our disappointment, but as we stood with him in triumph, let us now stand with him in defeat, nor abandon the cause we all believe to be just, because once defeated.

Judge A. C. Snyder has been elected President of the Supreme Court. Judge Snyder has made a most enviable reputation since he has been on the bench.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The dead lock in the West Virginia Legislature was broken on the 31st, after about two weeks had been consumed in doing nothing. Col. R. S. Carr, of Kanawha county was elected President of the Senate on the 126th ballot, receiving ten votes from the democrats and six from the republicans; so that neither side can claim any great victory in the result.

Col. Carr is a union labor man, and it is not known certainly how he will vote when it comes to the election of a United States Senator. He is a man of consideral ability and is said to possess in a large measure the qualities of a good presiding officer. But whether the selection be wise or not, it is a great relief to the people to have the affair ended.

Since the organization several ballots have been taken for U. S. Senator, in which the republicans have voted pretty solidly for Goff and the democrats scattering, with Kenna in the lead. These ballots, however, have but little significance, as the democrats have not been anxious to effect an election. The Constitution provides that balloting for U. S. Senator shall begin the second Tuesday after organization, but as one branch of the Legislature did not organize until a late day, the democrats think it wise to post-pone an election until the second Tuesday after the organization of the Senate. The democrats held a caucus, adopting the two-thirds rule, and agreeing to stand by the caucus nominee. Jno. E. Kenna lacked but one delegate was absent whom it is conceded is a Kenna man. So the defeat of Senator Kenna is not so certain after all. Gen. Goff can no doubt get the full vote of his party whenever he desires it; but it is estimated that he would still lack two votes, giving him the benefit of all the doubtful ones. To be sure, nothing is yet certain as to the outcome.

Nothing of importance has been done aside from political dodging.

The Democratic Party and the Future.

The editorial of the New York World, denouncing President Cleveland for the overthrow of the democratic party, was, as we have before shown, cowardly and unjust.

Here is the one undisputed fact of the late campaign: there was not a cloud in the democratic sky when President Cleveland wrote his message. Had that message not been written we should have had a walk-over. Even after it was written had the democratic convention reaffirmed the platform of 1884, on which it had already carried the country, it would still have been victorious. It made Cleveland's message the platform, and it not only thereby postponed the very tariff reform it was fighting for, but it sacrificed the weighter and more precious principles which it was carrying and which it must carry to the end of time!

President Cleveland is not to be blamed for this. He obeyed the pressing demand of the leaders to whom he had given his confidence —and his loyalty to them, meant loyalty to the party. Nor are these leaders to be blamed. They advised as they thought best.

We have no fear of party harmony in the future. What is best will be agreed on, and every democrat will support it. It is possible that the issue has been already made so aggressively that the democratic party is committed for the future to a fight for tariff reform in the same terms as those on which we have just been defeated. If so, all right. We shall do our part of the work in love and earnestness. It may be that Brother Watterson's "voice of agitation" with which he hoped to "arrest the attention" of the country (and succeeded) will be lowered and the voice of reason substituted therefor. If so, all the better and we shall fight with equal earnestness and more hope. Until the issues for 1892 are made up and their exact terms agreed on their should be the fullest discussion among democrats as to what is best. The policy of one democrat denouncing or suspecting every other democrat who differs with him, is not only unwise but unpatriotic.

When the issues are made up and the platform adopted every democrat must then sink his personal views and fall into ranks. Until then let us keep cool and study the situation seriously. Let us pocket pride and prejudice and put democratic success above every personal consideration. If every democrat will but do this we shall triumph again in 1892 in spite of the admission of republican territories and the apportionment of the new census.—Atlanta Constitution.

Amend the Electoral Law.

The error in the returns of the Presidential electors of Texas, even if not amended, would be immaterial as affecting the general result. It would simply reduce by thirteen Mr. Cleveland's vote in the electoral colleges, and leave Mr. Harrison's vote unchanged.

But the fact that such an error was committed and that the counting of the vote of Texas is thereby endangered suggests the very serious consequences that might ensue where the throwing out of the vote of a sovereign State would give the election to a defeated candidate.

It is necessary of course to have so solemn an act as the choice of a President performed by safe and systematic methods, that no question may arise as to the legitimacy of the election, but it would be well to relieve the law in some way of technicalities that, by misconstruction or oversight, might wholly revolutionize the declared will of the people at the polls.

It is known, beyond all quibble or per-adventure, that the people of Texas chose Cleveland electors at the last election—as well known as it is that the people of Maine chose Harrison electors, and a blunder of the electors in not signing their names in the proper place would never disabuse the minds of the people of the consciousness, amounting to positive knowledge, that the electors were duly and lawfully chosen.

Under no circumstances, short of an absolute failure or refusal of a State to send in its returns, should it be possible to count out the vote. It is not a small matter. It is a matter enough with changed conditions to precipitate the Republic into another civil war. The law must be so amended as to make such a catastrophe impossible.—Washington Post.

The $30,000,000 mortgage of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad was recorded at Richmond, Va., on Tuesday of last week, and is being recorded in every county on the lines of that railroad. The mortgage is made to the Central Mortgage Company of New York, and it is on the property of the road from a point on James river below Richmond, Va., to Huntington, W. Va., thence to a point of connection with the Elizabeth, Lexington & Big Sandy Road. It is also on the extension from Richmond, Va., to Newport News and thence to Phoebus, near Norfolk, Va., and also upon the line from Ashland, Ky., to Covington, Ky., and on the bridge between Covington, Ky., and Cincinnati.

SENATORS RE-ELECTED.

Illinois re-elects Senator Cullom, New Jersey re-elects Senator McPherson, Texas re-elects Senator Coke, Oregon re-elects Senator Dolphin, and North Carolina re-elects Senator Ransom. West Virginia ——!

A GOOD MOVE

Mr. Oates' bill on the subject of naturalization, if it should pass Congress, would go a long way toward reducing some of the evil which the country is undergoing from its lax methods of making citizens of aliens.

The provisions of the bill briefly stated, are requirement that an alien must reside five years in the United States before he can become a citizen; that at the expiration of that time he must appear in court and prove his residence, a good moral character and fitness for citizenship. If the case is in the United States Court, notice of his application for naturalization must be served on the representative of the United States, and likewise in the case of a State Court, the representative of the State Government must be notified and attend the hearing. The bill proposes to dispense with the present requirement of a declaration of intention.

The bill has made a favorable impression, and the indications for its becoming a law are good.—Charleston Star.

The electors who cast the vote of Texas for Mr. Cleveland omitted a material part of the statutory requirement in the business, and the President of the Senate directed the returns to be taken back to Texas for rectification. This will necessitate the re-convening of the electors at the Capitol of the State and the re-transmission of the vote to Washington. It is gravely doubted if this can be done in time to have the vote of Texas counted. It is astonishing that intelligent people will make such blunders in such serious matters. What a condition of excitement would now prevail if Cleveland had carried New York, and this Texas blunder should threaten to nullify his election!—Charleston Gazette.

It seems odd to read that a Governor's message in this country, should be printed in a foreign language at all but still stranger that more copies should be ordered printed in other languages than in English. The Texas Senate adopted a resolution to print 5,000 copies of Governor Ross' message in English, 3,000 in German, 2,000 in Bohemian and 2,000 in Spanish.

The Presidential electors for the State of Texas, in making their returns failed to endorse the envelope containing the vote, which makes it doubtful whether the vote of the Lone Star State will be counted. As the matter stands now it makes but little difference, but, if Cleveland had carried New York, it might have been a fatal mistake.

PREACHING.—Rev. J. Lester Henderson will preach for the year at the following places as stated:

1st Sunday,	Huntersville,	11 A. M.
"	"	Mt. Pleasant,	4 P. M.
2nd	"	Bethel,	11 A. M.
"	"	Dunmore,	3 P. M.
3rd	"	Huntersville,	11 A. M.
"	"	Mt. Pleasant,	4 P. M.
4th	"	Bethel,	11 A. M.
"	"	Bethel,	7 P. M.

HOME NEWS

—Locals and eggs are scarce at this season of the year.

—Henry Overholt, Esq., of Hillsboro, was in town yesterday.

—We are indebted to Hon. C. P. Dorr for the Journal of the Legislature and other public documents.

—Huntersville looks lonesome this week. No session of the County Court.

—Geo. W. Wagner, went up to Traveler's Repose last Saturday to look after his log drive on the river.

—Several drummers have recently visited our town with a line of Spring goods.

—Five or six communications that should have appeared this week are omitted because they were not communicated.

—Mrs. Pattie Yeager, who lives with her son, Peter D. Yeager, at Traveller's Repose, was so unfortunate as to fall and break both legs last Tuesday.

—A recent letter from Hon. H. A. Yeager announces that he is well pleased with his surroundings and hard at work for Uncle Sam. His address is Cheyene, Wyoming Territory.

—There will be no mail from Huntersville to Dunmore Saturday, Feb. 2d, unless it should be a cloudy day. We have prevailed on Andy Hughes to stay in doors if there's any danger of seeing his shadow.

—We have received the first number of the Clipper, a weekly independent newspaper published at Addison, W. Va. As a rule we don't have much use for so-called independent papers; hope, however, this may be an exception.

$100 REWARD.—Mitchell D. McGlaughlin offers the above reward to any one who can show a finer boy than the one born at his house on the 24th of Jany. Mitchell to be the Judge himself and the amount to be paid in Confederate money. Trot out your boys.

—The Housekeeper, a Semi Monthly periodical, devoted to domestic interests, published at Minneapolis, Minn., is among the most valuable exchanges we receive. The issue for Jany. 15, is exceedingly good. Every housekeeper ought to have it.

—The December number of Womans Work, a monthly household paper, published at Athens, Ga., is before us. This is a comparatively new periodical, but has in its short life gained an enviable reputation and has become quite a favorite with the ladies.

—We have just received Vick's Floral Guide for 1889. It is exceptionally well gotten up; even ahead of what it has been in the past, and everybody knows that it has always been good. This Guide is issued by one of the oldest and most reliable houses in the United States. If you want to deal with a thoroughly honest and responsible seedsman, send your orders to James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. John H. Weymouth will be at Mingo Flats, Feb. 4th and remain 4 days; Edray, Feb. 9th, 8 days; Mill Point, Feb. 20th, 3 days; Huntersville, Feb. 23rd, 2 days, and will be prepared to attend to all operations in Dentistry. Teeth extracted by the use of Cocaine. Gold fillings inserted in artificial teeth, which add very much to their natural appearance.

jan 24 4-t

Your worthy contemporary the Pocahontas Times has changed hands, and under the new management has become too funny for anything. It tells the Wheeling Intelligencer that a change of diet is more needed for it than a change of name is needed by West Virginia. Time would fail to repeat all the funny squibbs that have appeared. There is some speculation as to who the squibobist can be. The surmises most rife seem pretty equally divided between "Bill Arp" of Georgia, and "Billy Coles" of Brown's Mountain. Your correspondent ventures the conjecture that a member of the Huntersville bar could tell us something that would settle the question, if properly interviewed. Who will do it, is the question.—Pocahontas Correspondent, in Ronceverte News.

Yes, you can find out which Bill it is by consulting a Huntersville attorney. In all probability you will make his acquaintance and find his name to be *Fee Bill*, and not so funny after all. Try it.

Dunmore Doings.

The lumbermen are busy, getting in shape to move out.

Capt. Smith is done cutting logs and will move to the ark on Greenbrier river this week.

It is to be hoped the fording of the creek at this place will be kept free from logs in the future. A good deal of inconvenience has been occasioned for the last two or three weeks by logs in the ford.

Our people have not laid in a supply of ice yet, and it doesn't look now as if they would.

C. F. Moore, Esq., of Huntersville, was up on a flying business trip last week.

Col. Pritchard is doing a considerable logging business this season.

Street Items.

Snow and rain.

Look out for ground-hog day, and stay in your dens.

J. C. Harper is back from a trip to Hinton.

Miss Sallie Hamilton has gone to the Levels to attend School.

Robert Pritchard, Esq., of Healing Springs, Va., was in this section last week. Bob is a business man, but wears a smile when on Knapp's Creek not common among drummers.

Miss Edmonia Gum, of Hillsboro, and Otie Rimel, of Stribling Springs, Va., are visiting friends and relatives in this neighborhood

Mrs. Emma Harper, who has been dangerously ill for some time, is now improving.

We wold like to hear something more on the subject of dehorning cattle; it is a matter of interest. Can't somebody tell us how to denose hogs, and deheel mules. Success to you.

DICK.

The Philadelphia Times hears that Gen. Harrison had almost decided that it would seem too much like a public acknowledgement of the money influence in politics to give a Cabinet place to Mr. Wanamaker, who was creditdd with contributing $100,000 and raising an additional $300,000 for the campaign fund. Then Col. Quay came along and said that Mr. Wanamaker gave only $10,000.

"Was the dog fat?" asked the buyer of pelts in the old story.

"Fat!" exclaimed the man who wanted to sell the dogskin. "That dog was so——fat that——"

"Don't want it," interrupted the dealer. "Skins of fat dogs are no good."

"Oh, but he wasn't one of those —— ——fat dogs, you know," replied the man, with the stress on the first word.—N. Y. Sun.

Millionaire Washburne, of Minnesota, will succeed Millionaire Sabin of the same State in the United States Senate on March 3d, next.

AN EXCELLENT PRECEDENT.

There will be general appreciation on the part of public of the delicacy of the President and Mrs. Cleveland in their refusal to encourage the scheme for having a portrait of the present mistress of the White House painted for preservation in that house. This feeling of satisfaction will arise, not because the public would not be pleased to see Mrs. Cleveland's portrait thus conspicuously displayed, but because of gratitude that she has had the good taste, as well as the good sense, to discourage any such attempt at publicity.

If the Executive Mansion could contain, in some retired room set off mainly for this purpose, a complete collection of the portraits of all the estimable ladies who have ever graced the house, and if this could be provided at public expense the result thus obtained would be pleasing to the average American citizen. But this policy has not been persued, so that only an insignificant proportion of such portraits are so displayed, and the art of these few is not such as to encourage their increase or multiplication.

This last remark applies not only to the White House, but to the great mass of portraits in the various departments and in the Capitol. The art is not encouraging and nothing is more certain than that this will continue to be the case until the selection of fourth or fifth rate artists is taken from the subjects to be represented and lodged in some authoritative commission composed largely of artists who have made their careers and who are no longer competing for a work of this character.—Washington Post.

A large corporation for the mining of coal and the manufacture of coke has just been organized under the name of the Davis Coal and Coke Co. The company consists of Hons. H. G. Davis and Stephen B. Elkins, Col. T. B. Davis, Maj. Wm. Armstrong and Harry G. Buxton, Esq. The company's properties are located 50 miles south of Piedmont, on the line of the West Virginia Central Railroad near Thomas Station. Active operations and development of said properties commence at once. This is considered one of the finest coking coals in the country, being absolutely free from all impurities. The company will furnish work for quite a number of men in the near future.

A law in Massachusetts defines intoxicating liquor as any beverage containing more than 3 per cent. of alcohol by volume, at 60 Fahrenheit In a recent case before a jury, the State assayer testified that Jamaica ginger contained over 69 per cent. of alcohol, 8 per cent. of pure Jamaica ginger extract, and 28 per cent. of water. As ordinary whisky conthins only about 50 per cent. of alcohol, it follows that Jamaica ginger must be a pretty lively sort of temperance drink.

A St. Louis doctor has removed the brains from a dozen different frogs and healed the wound and let them go. They went off as if nothing had happened out of the usual, and it was plain that they had lost nothing of value. A frog which depended on his brains instead of his legs would stand a mighty poor show in a puddle near a school house.

General Harrison made the following remark the other day: "I have offered no Cabinet place to any man. I have not yet selected any man in my mind. No person shall be forced on me. I shall not disclose whom I will put into the Cabinet till after I am inaugurated and send their names into the Senate for confirmation." Would-be Cabinet makers can now take a rest.

PUBLIC SALE.

I will sell at public auction on the 1st day of March, 1889, the following property 225 Sheep mostly ewes 27 two-year-old Cattle, 4 Cows and 1 two-year old bull, 4 horses, one buggy and harness, one cane mill and household and kitchen furniture.

Terms of sale made known on day of sale. Sale will commence at 10 o'clock, a. m.

JACOB McGLAUGHLIN.

At a County Court held for the county of Pocahontas, at the Court-House thereof on the 1st day of January 1889.

It is ordered that all persons having business to transact with the Court hereafter, shall either present it to the Court in person from the bar or by their attorney, and that the Court will not hear any matter unless presented in the foregoing manner.

A copy, Teste, JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

jan 10 4-t Printers fee $4.62.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered on the 9th day of October, 188[illegible], in the chancery cause of John W. McNeel's adm'r.

vs.

John W. McNeel's Heirs, et als.

I, as Special Commissioner appointed in said decree, shall proceed, in front of the Court House of said County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to the dower of the widow therein, on the

8TH DAY OF MARCH, 1889,

the following real estate, situate in said County, to-wit: A certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro on the Hill's Creek Road; and also, another certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying above the first mentioned lot, in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro. Both of said lots were bought by J. W. McNeel from James Griffy. They are valuable lots, and the title is believed to be clear.

TERMS OF SALE:

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue of purchase money the purchaser will be required to give bonds, with good and approved personal security, bearing interest from day of sale, falling due in Six and Twelve months respectively from date, and a lien will be retained as ultimate security.

H. S. RUCKER, Spec'l Com'r.

Bond as required by law has been given by the above Special Commissioner. JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

jan. 10 4-t Printers fee $8.75.

Notice to Lein Holders.

To all persons holding liens by Judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of John F. Wanless.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County made in the a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said John F. Wanless to the satisfaction of the liens thereon you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said John F. Wanless, which are leins on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office, in the town of Huntersville, on or before the

8TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1889.

Given under my hand this the 5th day of Jan., 1889.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

jan. 10 4-t Printers fee $6.26.

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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One col'n	10.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

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One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

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Huntersville, W. Va.

Jan. 31, 1889.

A colored brother in the Alexandria valley, down in Georgia sent the following request for a minister to his bishop: "Send us a bishop to preach. If you can't send us a bishop send us a sliding elder; if you can't send us a slididg elder, send us a stationary preacher; if you can't send him, send us a circus rider; if you can't spare him, send us a locus preacher; if you can't spare a locus preacher, send us an exhorter." That settled it and he got a preacher.—Lincoln Journal.

The following curious story serves as an illustration: "A soldier in the time of William and Mary was tried by a court martial on a charge of having fallen asleep at midnight when on duty upon the terrace at Windsor. He denied the charge, and solemnly declared (as a proof of his having been awake at the time) that he heard St. Paul's clock strike thirteen. While under sentence of death affidavits were made by several persons that the clock actually did strike thirteen instead of twelve; whereupon he received his majesty's pardon." This statement was engraved upon the coffin plate of the old soldier.—Magazine of American History.

The Trouble of Writing.

One reason why women do not write more is because they have no really handy place into which to slip where they can pick up pen and paper. They have to spend as much time gathering materials together as it takes to write the first page; and, in that case, the thinking about writing and making up the mind to it are the worst part of the work. Business men have no such trials. But the farmer who comes in at night tired with the day's tasks finds it very hard indeed to write, even to absent children, unless there is a writing desk ready to almost manufacture a letter. It will do it with a few pen scratches. It is essential to every real home that such a writing place be provided; for no home has selfishness enough to live entirely to itself. The people who write the most welcome letters are those who write all of the little happenings of each day, and who feel that whatever interests them will interest the correspondent, in short, those who sit down and "talk" with the pen until the head is so full of what they want to say that the mind simply outruns the fingers.

[illegible] Americans.

An Englishman sends to an English newspaper the following remarks on [illegible] international question: "An American says 'sir' five hundred times where an Englishman says it once. Why? This is an Americanism so far as peculiar to Americans, and really, nothing more than a survival of old fashioned English courtesy. Dr. Johnson, even in addressing his intimate 'Bozzy,' continually repeated 'sir.' Here, Americans are more polite than English people. It is surely better to err on the right side through excess of courtesy than to address our acquaintances like dogs. We owe gratitude to Americans for setting us a good example, here, at least, as some compensation for the havoc played with our language in other respects." This observation is not only acute but accurate. Educated Englishmen in the last century addressed their friends and equals as "sir," nearly if not quite as often as Americans do to-day. In England this form of address is now seldom used except toward superiors, seniors, or total strangers, or else in an ironical sense toward one regarded as an inferior who has incurred the speaker's displeasure.—San Francisco Argonaut.

One Cent.

It is almost impossible to attach any importance to one cent, but at the same time it is very important coin at times.

It will take a circular to California and it will make you madder than a hatter and a March hare combined when you go to pay your fare on a horse-car and find that you have but four cents and a ten dollar bill. Especially when you see the conductor fold your ten dollar bill, and stow it carefully in his vest pocket, and then begin to deal you out a lot of change that looks as though it had been in circulation since the revolutionary war.

One cent is very small when presented to the organ grinder's monkey but when it is added to the rate of interest you receive on a stock, it possesses a stern magnificent grandeur that carries you away like a strain of music.

The penny, it seems, was made to put on church plates; and although a man may say it amounts to nothing, he will strike matches and lift mats and crawl about in the straw on a horse car, to find the one he drops. It is so small a coin that you have to take off your glove to take hold of it in your pocket, and yet it is so large when the baby swallows it, the chances of the baby's living are sometimes not worth a cent.

When a man speaks of a quail he will sarcastically call it a little bit of of a thing about the size of a cent; and he will speak of a girl's freckles, sarcastically, as being great big freckles, the size of a cent.

Although one cent is less than ten cents, yet one cent is a great deal larger than a dime. Many a man has gone thirsty all day with four cents in his pocket. For the want of that one cent the four was as useless as the eleven men on a jury who are held out against by one.

Gray Horses.

Experience, I think, will prove that, while "a good horse may be of any color," gray horses are strongest, healthiest, hardiest and most valuable. The crack regiment of the British army has always been one of calvalry, consisting of gray horses only. This regiment of Scot Grays made a charge at the battle of Waterloo which decided the fate of the great Napoleon, as the unfortunate Emperor afterward declared. The French stage horses are nearly all gray. This is the prevailing color of the horses of La Perche in that country, known as Percherons; also of the gigantic horses of Normandy which formed the cavalry of William the Norman, who subdued England 800 years ago by the aid of these stout horses. Gray horses are rarely unsound in feet or joints. The omnibus (or stage) horses of Paris are mostly of this color, and endure the constant travel over the stone paved streets of that city for an average period of ten years.

There is an old adage that "the gray mare is the better horse," and although this has been distorted in its meaning into an insinuation that the woman overpowers the man and makes of him her slave, this is only a modern misuse of the proverb, which is like most of such sayings the result of common experience.—New York Tribune.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. C. F. Moore, Editor. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, Feb. 7, 1889. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 per year in advance. No. 29.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. {C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

Notes by the Way.

Since the deep snow that fell upon the 25th of January, visiting varmints have been making things lively about Marlin's Bottom.

By the way Mr. Editor, the writer regrets you were not on hands to oppose and prevent the change in the name of this historic place, as you did so handsomely and effectively when objecting to any change in the name of West Virginia.

But to return from the digression; Sunday night a large Bear, came near Mr. Hughes house and lunched heartily on the remains of a calf, then retired to the spruce and laurel of Buckley mountain to sleep it off. He could not be found, however, by the party; headed by Andy McGlaughlin; so he must have covered his retreat very skilfully. Two or three nights afterwards, three or four wildcats patrolled the premises near Mr. McGlaughlin's who went in pursuit of them with, Messrs. Hughes and Tuke. Their dogs came upon a coon trial which was more to their liking and followed the same to a tree. By the time this interesting animal was done for, the hounds seemed to have lost all relish for wild cat operations or speculations and the chase closed abruptly.

> When languor and disease invade
> This trembling house of clay,
> 'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
> And long to fly away.
>
> Sweet to look inward and attend
> The whispers of his ove
> Sweet to look upward, to the place
> Where Jesus pleads above.

A recent visit to a home on Knapp's creek recalled these words to the writer's mind. He missed the presence of an afflicted lady, whose case had interested him very much the past two or three years. When a mere child, Miss Mary Ann Ruckman became a helpless invalid, and for thirty years required constant attention, as she could not walk nor see and had but little use of her hands. It has not been long since she died at the age of thirty-five years. She opened her mind confidingly to a ministerial friend, during his visits. The last time he met her, she tearfully said: "My afflictions have been great, but all my sufferings are sweetened by my Heavenly Father's love." Her mind was naturally of a superior order, her memory very retentive, and well stored with favorite passages of the scriptures, and portions of hymns. The 14th of John was one of her favorites, and among the snatches of spiritual song; nothing semed more precious to her than this:

> Dear Savior be my constant guide,
> And when the word is given
> Bid the cold waves of death divide
> And land me safe in Heaven.

Monday, January, 28, will be a memorable day in the writer's history, for he passed over the new road now in course of construction around the McGlaughlin fording.

Viewed from this road, Huntersville looks like a "thing of beauty," and may this pleasant village ever be a joy to our great and interesting county. In the writer's opinion Huntersville is just as good as she is pretty, and that is saying a great deal.

It was a pleasure to meet Billy Moore, of Brown's mountain, with his crowbar, punching the old mountain in the ribs, to tickle her just a little bit, and if I would just wait I would hear her giggle a few. He has a taste for what is amusing, and it will be a gloomy day when he fails to see the bright side of things. Long may he move lightly his horse up a flight of stony stairs, was a novel experience to the writer but it was successfully done, and a few rods more and the old road was reached.

W. T. P.

False Contentment.

With all that is justly said about the virtue of contentment, there is one species of it that lies like a worm at the core of all human progress. It is that which renders a man satisfied with his own achievements, content to remain where he is in the different spheres of activity or thought or usefulness, instead of ascending into others which are open to him and for which he may be fitted. Some men it is true, are too eager to press on beyond their powers, and become victims of "vaulting ambition which o'er-leaps itself," but others, for various reasons, shrink from new tasks, new duties and new responsibilities, and thus greatly retard their own development and lesson their value to humanity.

There is certainly a great temptation to a certain class of minds to holding back, in the fact in every forward step, though a real gain be made, there is always an apparent loss. In the school, each, promotion in a higher class brings with it a certain sense of inferiority. The boy who was even with or superior to his fellows now finds himself behind many of them. His work was easy before, and he was conscious of doing it well; now it is difficult, and he stumbles and perhaps often fails. So when he completes his course and enters college or begins a business life, he who was at the top, and looked down upon others, is now at the bottom, and is looked down upon by others. Last year he easily excelled and felt victorious; this year he has everything to learn and feels inferior. Yet it has been a long step awards, and having taken it he would not willingly go back. His present stumbling efforts are better than his past triumphs.

Life is full of such changes. As fast as one succeeds in any enterprise another opens up before him. He has grown accustomed to the first, and is conscious of doing fairly well in it. The next is yet untried, and involves not only fresh exertion and energy but a fair certainty of many mistakes and failures. The feeling of power will be replaced by the feeling of weakness, and the pleasure of success will be exchanged for the disappointment of short-coming. Many shrink from these painful sensations and remain satisfied with the peaceful and quiet discharge of the duties to which they have become habituated. They have, perhaps, succeeded well in their business and their domestic life. Every one respects the industry, energy, and fidelity which they have put into their work, and they, too, are satisfied. But in someway they are invited to new and untried paths. Some needed reform claims their activity and judgment, or some political crisis calls upon them to arise and espouse with all their might a cause which they have hitherto held but languidly. Or humanity, in some of its many forms of suffering, demands of them more practical aid than it has ever occurred to them to bestow. Or some truth, to which they have given only a passive assent, now needs the active endeavors of every one of its adherents to promulgate and uphold it. But they hesitate to obey the call, whatever it may be, and find plausible reasons for not responding. It is all new to them, and they doubt their powers; some one else, they think, can be found better fitted than they; their present duties claim all their time; they are contented as they are, and have no ambition to extend their sphere or multiply their obligations. Now, this kind of contentment is the one which works harm instead of good. To be content with the condition of life in which we are placed, and the circumstances which surround us, is a wholesome state of mind; but to be contented with our achievements as to be unwilling to attempt others—to be so satisfied with the height we have gained that we refuse to ascend further, to be so well pleased with our small successes that we decline to risk our reputation in further endeavors—this is an apathy which will crush all advancements and prevent the healthy growth of human power.

There is another practice which grows out of this indolent self-complacency and is the source of much cruel injustice. Such persons very often criticise in a cold and unfeeling manner those who are trying to do the very things which they have themselves refused to attempt. They seem to imagine that, because they will not touch a burden that is to be borne, they are absolved from all obligation concerning it, and that those who do try manfully to carry it are expected neither to faint nor to falter. They willl look coolly on while some brave reformer or generous philanthropist is struggling to help his fellow men, and criticise his methods or his manner, and declare how differently they would conduct the affair if they attempted it. They do not see that, with all the blunders and failures he can make, he is far nobler than they, who, assuming to know better, yet refuse, through indolence or pride, to put forth a single effort in the matter. His feeblest attempts ought rather to fill them with shame and humiliation that they have fallen so far behind him.

No past success or perfectness can be any excuse for such remissness. It only affords more reason why men should press on to further efforts. As fast as any new duty is revealed to a man, or any great need of humanity appeals to his heart, or any truth or principle requires his assistance, an obligation is at once created which he can by no means repudiate or reason away. It stands there, either to welcome him to a higher life in its fulfillment than he has ever known before, or to reproach him for neglecting its rightful claims.

> "Unless above himself he can
> Erect himself, how poor a thing is man."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Vanderbilt Marriages.

A quiet citizen, worth his half million or more, said to me: "I always had some respect for the late William Vanderbilt and his wife when I saw how indifferent they were in the marriage of their children to money consideration. In most cases they let their children marry persons of respectability and good parentage, but without fortunes. That has been almost uniformly the case. William K. Vanderbilt, who built the $2,000,000 house, married a Virginia woman who could hardly keep her wardrobe, I have understood, from going to sale. And yet," said he, "in nearly every case they appear to be happy folks who go together. How much better it is than this everlasting greed to make love itself administer to avarice."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Senator Vance Loses an Eye.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—The intimate friends of Senator Vance of North Carolina were exceedingly anxious about him today as they knew that he was undergoing a painful surgical operation. It was successfully accomplished this afternoon, word coming to the Senate at 4 o'clock that the jolly Senator had suffered the loss of an eye, which was removed to prevent the spread of a very painful disease. It is a fact not generally known among the colleagues of Senator Vance that he has been blind in one eye for more than a year, owing to a painful affliction something akin to erysipelas. All during the prolonged tariff debate, just closed, Senator Vance, who took a leading part in upholding the Democratic side of the argument, has experienced great torture, which finally became so unbearable and threatening that treatment became necessary. A few days ago the oculists told the Senator that it would be necessary to remove the blind eye to avoid the loss of sight in the other one. With his characteristic humor Senator Vance replied that as his right eye offended him they might pluck it out, and they did so to-day.

Mr. Vance is one of the most popular men in the Senate—genial, witty, and good-hearted. He is an inimitable mimic and story teller, and is on good terms with Republicans and Democrats. Every man in the Senate was deeply pained to hear of his misfortune and sent many anxious inquiries to his house to-day. When they learned that he had borne the painful operation pluckily, and that he will be in his seat in the Senate again in a few days as well as ever, they were greatly gratified. When Mr. Vance returns to the chamber he will wear an artificial eye, which will answer some purposes, but which will fail to twinkle when its owner relates his quaint anecdotes.—N. Y. Sun.

Conscience Money.

One phase in business life which is not an uncommon one, and which shows that the world wags not as badly as it is said to do, is the returning to the merchants of "conscience money." It very often comes under our notice. The last occasion I observed was the other day at Barr's when a well known Catholic clergyman came up to Mr. Franklin, by whom I was standing, and handed him $30, which a penitent of his had asked him to restore to Barr's. Whether the amount the repentant creature returned had been taken in money or goods of course no one knew, and equally so of course only the priest knew the name of the person making restitution. Not very long ago a widow who had been very wealthy, but had been robbed of everything was surprised by a visit of a gentleman who had formerly known her husband. He handed her $200, which he said had just come to him directed to his care to be delivered to her, simply labeled "Conscience money." You have heard the story of the man who sent $20 anonymously to a shop keeper, with this laconic note: "Here is $20 of money, which I stole from you. I send because my conscience 'naws;' when it 'naws' again I will send the 'other $20.'" This philosopher, illiterate, penitent is a fair sample of the kind we run across.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Pocahontas Times.

S. C. LOURY. C. F. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Feb. 7, 1889.

THE LEGISLATURE.

When it was announced some some days ago that the dead-lock had at last been broken and the organization of the Senate effected, the disgusted public indulged the hope that such folly was ended, at least for this session. It was generally believed that, inasmuch as the democrats held the power to elect a United States Senator by so small a majority, they would certainly be too wise to cast anything but a unanimous vote. But, alas! we find ourselves mistaken. History is repeating itself, and the scenes of 1887 are being re-enacted.

The feature we most regret, however, is that the tie-up is partly occasioned by the conduct of our own representative, Mr. C. P. Dorr; which is as much a matter of of surprise as it is of regret. When we recall the fact that Mr. Dorr was nominated by a convention and earnestly supported by many because he was the party's nominee and for no other reason, it seem exceedingly inconsistent for him now to place himself in the attitude of a bolter.

If we properly understand it, Jno. E. Kenna was nominated in caucus by more than a two-thirds vote, thus proving him to be the decided favorite. Furthermore we believe Kenna to be the choice of nine-tenths of Mr. Dorr's constitnents, Then we are totally unable to see how Mr. Dorr can fail to support Kenna and at the same time be true to his constituency, true to his party, and true to his pledges virtually made, if not explicitly.

He may have reasons sufficient to satisfy himself that his stand is justly taken: if so, the people have a right to know those reasons. Mr. Dorr has sense enough to know that nothing in the nature of a personal difference or prejudice should keep him from supporting the nominee of the democratic caucus; and he will later discover that nothing of that character will suffice to justify his action in the eyes of those who entrusted to him the right to represent them.

We sincerely hope he will no longer persist in delaying an election, but will at once fall into line and, though it be late, still show us that our confidence was not misplaced when we cast our votes for him on the 6th of Nov. last.

Hon Anthony Higgins is the first Republican to represent Delaware in the United States Senate. Another remarkable thing is that for thirty six years, more than the life time of a generation, either a Bayard or a Saulsbury has occupied that distinguished position.

Congressman Springer, of Illinois, has introduced a resolution in the House, making the Presidential term six years and ineligibility for a second term.

Stand by the Caucus.

From the outset the Gazette has tied itself to no man's interest in the Senatorial contest. It has expressed no preference; it has not decried any gentleman's claims to the support of the democratic majority for the office of Senator. It has expressed itself with genuine sincerity in favor of whomever the democrats should, in the wisdom of the majority, select for its honors, and has remained neutral as to all. It has pleaded with earnestness for harmony; for the laying down of all motives, and the burying of all prejudices that could by possibility interfere with the attainment of that condition of organization necessary to the very preservation of the democratic party. We have asked nothing else and we have desired nothing else.

There is not the shadow of a doubt that our position is in full accord with and has the hearty sympathy of every true democrat of the State. And there is no doubt that to-day, more than ever before, the democrats are fearfully and anxiously looking to the action of the democratic majority in the State Legislature to put an end to the fights and feuds that have demoralized the party, and delivered it almost to absolute defeat, and, by concert of action, repair the damage that it has already suffered.

But what is the spectacle that now presents itself? A democratic caucus by two-thirds vote nominates Mr. Kenna for the office of United States Senator, and yet, when the ballot is taken in the Joint Assembly, the sense of the democratic party, fully and rightfully and fairly expressed by the highest and only authority in the party, is disregarded from motives that form no excuse for disobedience, and that should not be entertained by anyone who occupies his position by virtue of democrotic votes.

This is not a question to be determined by any man's personal whims, or by any man's ideas for what is best or worst, expedient or inexpedient for the party. The party judges of all these matters for itself, and in this case it has judged wisely or unwisely, no matter. Mr. Kenna is the regular, legitimately nominated candidate of the democratic party for the United States Senator. It is the duty of the democratic members of the Legislature to elect him.

It is a shame, it is wrong, it is dangerous in the highest degree to defy all the laws and precedents of the party, and risk its only chance of salvation as is being done now.

This is our position on the matter as it now stands, and it would be our position no matter who stood in Mr. Kenna's shoes.

The first principle of democracy is obedience to the will of the majority.—Charleston Gazette.

An appeal is made to the people of this city in behalf of the National Home for Maimed Confederate Veterians at Austin, Texas. We trust that there will be a generous response to it on the part of our fellow citizens, including the Union veterans of the war. It is agreeable to hear that many of the members of the Grand Army of the Republic have already taken an interest in it. A goodly sum has recently been added to the fund by the people of Boston, and an attempt to raise contributions is to be made in other Northern cities. The institution that has been established at Austin for the past two years, is wholly inadequate to meet the demands upon it, and the desire of its managers is to raise means for the erection of a structure to replace the small wooden building which is now the Confederate Home. We trust that they may very soon be able to do this, and that New York will assist them in the philanthropic undertaking.—N. Y. Sun.

A Reservoir Runs Away.

The reservoir at Roanoke, Va., mysteriously sank during a recent night. There were 2,500,000 gallons of water in the reservoir in the morning. Now there is nothing but a water abyss to be seen. The hole in the bottom of the basin is about fifteen feet in diameter, and there are large cracks in the earth extending in very direction. The water disappeared within five minutes. The Roanoke Waterworks Company's reservoir is located on Mill Mountain, about two miles south of the city. Two immense basins were only completed in the latter part of the past summer at a cost of $50,000. They are immense holes dug in the mountain's side, large enough to hold 1,500,000 gallons of water each. They were tamped with white clay and lined with brick laid with cement, after which a heavy coat of the best cement that could be procured was worked over the inside of the brick wall. The work was superintended by Howard Murphy, of Philadelphia, a hydraulic engineer of long and successful experience.

Vice President Trout when asked what he thought was the cause, said it was evidently due to caverns in that section.—Philadelphia Times.

Just what the Samoan trouble will end in is yet unknown. It is not likely that the United States and Germany will go to war; yet such a thing is among the probabilities. While the bone of contention is of little intrinsic value, the principle involved is one of great importance, and our government should act with firmness. The conduct of Secretary Bayard in the matter is highly satisfactory and commendable. Latest advices indicate that Bismark, the Dutchman, is beginning to weaken at the knees. While we are not so well prepared for naval warfare as we should be, still with the recent additions to our navy we could make it lively for the boys.

The House of Delegates unanimously adopted a resolution yerterday, refusing to consider any question connected with West Virginia's supposed share of the indebtedness of Old Virginia. To put the matter beyond all fear of recurring to vex their deliberations during this session, a motion was made to reconsider the vote adopting the resolution, and the motion to reconsider was laid on the table,

This to our mind, was a very wise disposition of the matter. There is no sense in vexing our State with this question until the action of Virginia shall create some basis for it.—Charleston Gazette.

New York city has been having considerable trouble with the employees of her street car lines. About 5,000 men have been on a strike for several days, not only refusing to work but endeavoring to keep others from taking their places. All cars that have been run for the last week have been under police protection. The mob has repeatedly undertaken to terrorize the city authorities, but have been checked in their attempts with but little difficulty. The trouble is not yet ended, but gradually dying out.

General Lawton, of Georgia, the American Minister to Austria, has forwarded his resignation, to take effect on the 5th of March, and will return to this country early in the summer. He is a man of sense and a gentleman, and has filled a diplomatic position in which there was little or nothing to do, as a man of sense and a gentleman should.

West Virginia's share of the money to be returned under the Direct Tax bill will be $181,306.

St. Louis has no less than 78 Chinese laundries, and pays out over $100,000 annually to Mongolians to have its washing done.

It is stated with a good deal of certainty by the leading newspapers that Senator Allison has declined a Cabinet position. A rare man he is, if that be true.

The latest news from Charleston is that one of the kickers has fallen into line and voted for Kenna. Dorr, however, is still unaccountably standing off. He is gaining considerable notoriety by his conduct, but not of a kind to be envied.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—The president has notified congress that Count Arco-Valley, the Germay minister, has informed the state department that Germay troops would be withdrawn from Samoa and the neutrality of Samoa preservad.—Charleston Star.

At last China has a railroad. It is eighty one miles in length and cost, so the directors say, $9000 per mile, which is regarded as the cheapest road in the world, considering the number of bridges and the length of the embankments.

It is reported that the Republican senate would probably confirm Hon. Joseph S. Miller, of this state, as civil service commissioner, if President Cleveland should see fit to appoint him. It is stated that Gen. Goff will use his influence to this end. This is a high compliment to Mr. Miller, who is a sterling Democrat, and one of the most energetic and capable men in the country.—Charleston Star.

It is said that there is only one Democratic member of the Kansas state senate. We regret that such is the case, but there is one advantage in it after all. A caucus held by him cannot fail of being harmonious and there is no danger of his failing to support the caucus nominee.—Charleston Star.

He may fail to support the caucus nominee, if as likely to change his mind as some politicians are.

Fiduciary Notice.

The following is a list of Fiduciaries whose accounts are before me for settlement.

John Ligon, Ex'r of R. D. McCutcheon dec'd.

JAMES W. WARWICK, JR.,
Com'r of acc'ts for Pocahontas county.

HOME NEWS

—Miss Minnie Gammon is spending this week on Beaver creek.

—S. B. Moore, Esq., of Edray was in town Monday.

—Miss Mattie Haynes, of Alderson is visiting Misses Minnie and Mary Beard, on Beaver creek.

—[illegible] McLaughlin, Esq., wife, and little son have returned from visiting relatives and friends in Highland county.

—We understand that M. J. McNeel, Esq., of Mill Point, has made application to the County Court for the appointment as Sheriff of Pocahontas County.

—Last week we stated that Mrs. Bettie Yeager, of Traveler's Repose had fallen and broken both legs. Since we have learned that but one leg was broken, and that she is doing well.

—Let everybody rest easy; we don't think there is any immediate danger of war with Germany. If anything of the kind should occur we promise to let our readers know in time to load their carbines.

—One of our most welcome visitors is Jno. B. Aldens illustrated "Literature," published at 393 Pearl St. N. Y. for 50 cents a year. Subscribe for it.

—The Housekeeper, published at Minneapolis, Minn., 16,18&20 North Fourth St., Semi Monthly, still visits us regularly. This paper is very deservedly popular with housekeepers.

—The ladies Home Journal, Published Monthly at 435 Arch Street Philadelphia is one of the very largest and best ladies papers we receive. Terms 50 cents a year. You cannot do better than to subscribe for it.

—Babyhood, a monthly periodical published at No. 5 Beekman Street, N. Y., at $1.50 per year for the month of February is exceptionally good. The contribution by Dr. Wm. H. Flint on "Common or Winter Colds" deserves special attention.

—We have received the February number of the Cosmopolitan, published by John B. Walker, 361 Fifth Ave. N. Y. Mr. Walker has recently taken charge of this magazine, and will no doubt keep it up to its usual excellence, if we may judge by his past labors.

$20 REWARD.—I shall pay the above amount to any one giving information that will lead to the discovery of the person who has been stealing my wood.

H. S. RUCKER.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. John H. Weymouth will be at Mingo Flats, Feb. 4th and remain 4 days; Edray, Feb. 9th, 8 days; Mill Point, Feb. 20th, 3 days; Huntersville, Feb. 23rd, 3 days, and will be prepared to attend to all operations in Dentistry. Teeth extracted by the use of Cocaine, Gold fillings inserted in artificial teeth, which add very much to their natural appearance.

jan 24 4-t

A Card of Thanks.

On last Saturday night, a large crowd of our friends from this and adjacent neighborhoods came to the Parsonage and gave us a good "pounding". They "pounded" us with a great variety of weapons in the shape of beef, pork, corn, cabbage, clothing, groceries, &c., &c., and also with the hard cash. We recovered however, from the shock sufficiently to thank them for their liberal donation, but we desire to express our heartfelt thanks to all of our friends through the columns of the TIMES. Special thanks are due to Misses Minnie and Mary Beard for getting up the donation. We also tender our thanks to friends in Huntersville who donated to us, but were not present.

M. M. EVERLY,
Pastor.

—Mr. McGuire, of Addison, the present assessor of Webster county, was at Huntersville this week. His business was to obtain signers to a petition requesting the Hon. C. P. Dorr to abandon his present tactics, fall into line and be one of his party. No Democrat who was approached with the paper hesitated to add his name.

Accidental Shooting.

Mr. George Haliday, a young Englishmen who for some time past has been boarding at the home of H. M. Lockridge, Esq., on Knapp's Creek, was accidentally shot last Thursday. He was at Dr. J. B. Lockridge's at the time the shooting occurred. It seems that he and one Dick Jordan, (Col.) were carelessly handling a pistol when Dick in his effort to "show off" pointed the pistol at Haliday and discharged it. The ball entered Haliday's right side just below his vest and ranged backward, lodging somewhere in the region of the Spine behind the hip bone.

He was attended by Drs. Lockridge, Ligon and McClintic. He is doing as well, perhaps as could be expected; but must, of course be in a right critical condition.

Haliday is about seventeen years of age. Dick, the colored boy, about sixteen, but very much of a man in his own opinion.

A Row in Town.

Our usually quiet town was the scene of some very disorderly conduct on last Saturday night. One Edward Martin who had for some time time been boarding at Hotel Pocahontas left a few days ago and took up quarters at the Huntersville Hotel. Saturday night, while under the excitement of little much snake medicine, he concluded to go back to Hotel Pocahontas and "paint it red." Several times he was asked by the proprietor, Mr. Geo. W. Wagner, to leave the house, but Martin refused to obey, saying he would not leave. At last when he found he would be put on het began a promiscuous assult on the inmates of the Hotel. In the difficulty he seized a large iron-stone pitcher that happened to be in the office and threw it across the room striking one Daniel Murry, a boarder, on the right eye, smashing the pitcher and inflicting a very ugly and dangerous wound on Mr. Murry's face. Martin was finally expelled from the office with two black eyes.

Dr. S. P. Patterson was called in to see both Murry and Martin.

On Tuesday morning a warrant for Martin was issued by Justice R. C. Shrader and put into the hands of Constable J. H. Buzzard, who executed the same by arresting said Martin and bringing him before said justice Shrader for preliminary examination. A number of witnesses were examined at length, when the Court decided that Mr. Martin should give bond in the penalty of $500, to appear before the next grand jury; in default of which said Martin was committed to jail.

Mr. Murry was at the time paying a short visit to his friend Mr. Coughlan, a boarder at Hotel Pocahontas.

He seems to be a very quiet, gentlemanly young man, and everybody regrets exceedingly his misfortune.

It is not known as yet how his wound may terminate; at present his condition is somewhat discouraging and it is thought that even if he gets well, he will lose the sight of his eye.

Illinois courts are vexed over a question of ownership. A lottery ticket stolen from the mails and sold to an innocent third party, drew a $1,000 prize. The party to whom the letter was addressed claims the prize. There is no precedent to establish the nature of such property as prizes in a lottery; therefore the Judges tear their wigs.

Dunmore Doings.

Not much news since the logs have gone out of the ford.

Wm. H. Cackley, of the firm of Cackley & Co., has sold his interest in the Dunmore Store to R. L. Nottingham.

Misses Sallie and Mary Wakeman, arrived here last week from Warren Co., Va. They are first class dressmakers and milliners.

Rev. W. T. Price preached at this place Sunday night.

The ladies about Green Bank and Frost have been making war on the foxes; they have caught seven.

Several schools in this district have closed.

Wm. H. Hull of Green Bank shipped eighteen whole deer to Staunton this winter.

J. P. Wooddell and Geo. C. Cooper have built new houses ar Green Bank.

Feb. 4th. 1889.

What a War Would do for Us.

If our government is in the humor to adopt a vigorous foreign policy the Samoan affair offers a very inviting opening.

Without reviewing the causes of the strained relations now existing between this country and Germany, it will be of interest to consider some of the advantages and disadvantages of a foreign war, so far as this country is concerned.

A war of any magnitude, lasting a year or so, with such a power as Germany would keep us busily occupied. The probability is that it would not be altogether a naval warfare. There would be fighting on land and sea, and our weak coast defenses would tempt the enemy to attack our seaboard cities.

Hundreds of thousands of men would be withdeawn from their peaceful occupations, and scarcity of labor and higher wages would necessarily follow. Large army contracts for food, clothing and munitions of war would keep our industries booming. The government would again flood the country with greenbacks, making flush times and stimulating speculation. Everything would be unsettled, and fortunes would be lost and made in a hurry.

Unexpected events would occur. Germany would make a desperate attempt to extend her colonizing policy to this hemisphere. France would be certain to take advantage of the situation by occupying and fortifying the isthmus of Panama. The war, beginning with a squabble over far-off Samoa, would perhaps extend the scope of its operations until it circled the globe. The example of France on the isthmus would be followed by the British in Venezuela, and there would be an odor of gunpowder in every direction.

That the United States would finally come out with flying colors is a safe prediction to make, but it would be a costly triumph in blood and treasure. Then would follow long years of taxation to pay off the increased national debt, years of currency contraction, and last, but not least, a flood of new pension bills.

There are other things to be considered. A foreign war would make the American people bury their sectional differences, but it would also bring with it widespread demoralization. It would build up and it would destroy. It would enrich, and it would impoverish. It would make our flag feared and respected, but it might excite a warlike spirit that would not rest satisfied for a generation to come.

In view of the past policy of our government, it is not likely that the Samoan trouble will lead to a war with Germany, but it can do no harm to take a long look ahead and estimate the results of such a conflict.—Atlanta Constitution.

There is a movement to revive the old half cent and add it to the currency.

NOTICE.

A reward of $10 will be paid to any one who may give information leading to the recovery of any of our tools, etc. that have been stolen from the woods or along the railroad.

ST. LAWRENCE BOOM & MF'G CO.,
Dunmore, W. Va.

jan 14 4-t

SALESMEN

Wanted for our complete line of Nursery Stock. All new, choice and Fast-selling Specialties. I can furnish PAYING POSITIONS to workers. My large experience in the business enables me to offer special advantages to beginners. I CAN MAKE A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN of any one who will follow my instructions. Permanent employment. Wages paid each week. Outfit free. Apply at once, and secure choice of territory.

EDWARD P. SNELL,
Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

jan. 31 13t.

Simmons Liver Regulator produces no unpleasant effect upon the stomach no matter how long it is taken. A little taken at night insures refreshing sleep and a natural evacuation of the bowels. A little taken in the morning sharpens the appetite, cleanses the stomach and sweetens the breath.

"I never reccommend a medicine unless I know it to be good. In a ministry of twentp-five years I have often felt the need of such a medicine, and when I found it I exclaimed: 'Eureka!'"—Rev. J. P. PARKER, Proprietor "Christian Visitor," Smithfield, N. C. 17 4t

PUBLIC SALE.

I will sell at public auction on the
1st day of March, 1889,
the following property
225 Sheep mostly ewes
27 two-year old Cattle,
4 Cows and 1 two-year old bull, 4 horses, one buggy and harness, one cane mill and household and kitchen furniture.

Terms of sale made known on day of sale.

Sale will commence at 10 o'clock, a. m.

JACOB McGLAUGHLIN.

SHOEMAKER'S SHOP,
at
Huntersville, W. Va.

I am prepared to make in the best style and order, Boots and Shoes of all kinds, also repairing done in neat style.

J. C. THOMPSON.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas, at the Court-House thereof on the 1st day of January 1889.

It is ordered that all persons having business to transact with the Court hereafter, shall either present it to the Court in person from the bar or by their attorney, and that the Court will not hear any matter unless presented in the foregoing manner.

A copy, Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

jan 10 4-t Printers fee $4.63.

→JACOB BONER←

—(HAS THE)—

CHEAPEST STORE

IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY, and the BEST goods.

He has received a fine lot of DRESS GOODS NOTIONS, GROCERIES &c. &c., and will sell you 25 per cent. cheaper than any other store in the county, and exchange goods for produce.

Come and see for yourselves, at Huntersville, W. Va.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered on the 16th day of October, 1888, in the chancery cause of John W. McNeel's adm'r.

vs.

John W. McNeel's Heirs, et als.

I, as Special Commissioner appointed in said decree, shall proceed, in front of the Court House of said County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to the dower of the widow therein, on the

5TH DAY OF MARCH, 1889,

the following real estate, situate in said County, to-wit: A certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro on the Hill's Creek Road; and also, another certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying above the first mentioned lot, in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro. Both of said lots were bought by J. W. McNeel from James Griffy. They are valuable lots, and the title is believed to be clear.

TERMS OF SALE:

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue of purchase money the purchaser will be required to give bonds, with good and approved personal security, bearing interest from day of sale, falling due in Six and Twelve months respectively from date, and a lien will be retained as ultimate security.

H. S. RUCKER, Spec'l Com'r.

Bond, as required, by law has been given by the above Special Commissioner.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

jan. 10 4-t Printers fee $8.75.

Notice to Lein Holders.

To all persons holding liens by Judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of John F. Wanless.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County made in the a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said John F. Wanless to the satisfaction of the liens thereon you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said John F. Wanless, which are leins on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office, in the town of Huntersville, on or before the

8TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1889.

Given under my hand this the 8th day of Jan., 1889.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

jan. 10 4-t Printers fee $6.36.

IF YOU WANT

Letter Heads,

Envelopes,

Business Cards,

Official Blanks,

Posters,

or

Anything

In That Line,

REMEMBER

AT

THE TIMES Office

They may be procured

at

Lowest Rates

and of

Best Style

and

QUALITY.

TRY US

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE
LOURY & MOORE,
PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Qr. column	5 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	11 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50.
These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Feb. 7, 1889.

When to Cut Timber.

Timber for most purposes is cut in the winter, not for the reason that it is better and will keep longer, but there is more leisure from other occupations. And the woods in midsummer are usually too hot for the active work of cutting timber. And yet the superior quality of timber for posts, ties, carriages, wagons, agricultural implements, etc., is sufficient to change the time of cutting. We are aware scientists and skilled workmen differ as to the exact condition of timber when it should be cut, and some even dispute the superiority of summer over winter cut timber. A civil engineer who claims to have verified his statements by thirty years' experience, who knows his skill and whereof he writes, gives the time to cut and the reasons for it in the *Farmers' Review*.

When the growth commenced in the spring is completed there is a period of rest before the storage of nutrition in the roots begins. Between these two periods if timber of any deciduous trees is cut off the stump the sap will not ferment and worms will never get in the wood. It will season hard and the wood if oak will have a horny toughness and great durability. Wood cut during that period is mature, having completed its growth for the year. This period varies in length, being short in the North and longer in the South, and is varied again by the character of the season, which if wet is shorter and longer if dry. In the North, in Northern Illinois or Wisconsin, it may be four or six weeks; in Southern Illinois from six to ten weeks, and one season of prolonged drouth I have known it twelve weeks. Timber cut from the stump in this period need not be worked up for a year and will take no harm lying in the woods. If railroad ties were cut from the stump and worked out during the balance of the year they would last from three to five times as long as those cut in the winter, and yet I have seen specifications requiring them to be cut in the winter from a mistaken idea of improving their durability. A bent fellow manufacturer in New Jersey called my attention to this fact thirty years ago, and said he had for sixteen years thus followed the practice of requiring in his contracts for timber that it be felled during a period of six weeks from the 1st of August to the middle of September. Any time in a year afterward they might cut up the logs.

Legal Holidays.

It may be interesting to know just what days are legal holidays in the various states, and how they came to be so. While every other day is not holiday, as is said to be the case in Mexico, still the citizens of this great Republic cannot complain at the lack of days of recreation.

Independence Day or Fourth of July as it is more generally called; Christmas Day which falls on December 25, together with Thanksgiving Day, which is appointed by the President of the United States and comes usually on the last Thursday in November, as well as Fast Days that are appointed by the Chief Executive of the country are legal holidays in all the States. New Year's Day, or January 1, is a holiday in all States but Arkansas, Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Rhode Island and South Carolina. February 22, or Washington's Birthday, is a holiday in all States except Alabama, Arkansas, Floriday, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Missouri, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Tennessee and Texas.

Election Day generally the Tuesday after the First Monday in November, is a holiday in California, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont and Wisconsin. Florida Louisiana, Minnesota and Pennsylvania observe Good Friday, while Shrove Tuesday is a holiday in Louisiana, and also the cities of Mobile, Montgomery and Selma, Alabama. Memorial Day, April 26, is observed in Georgia, while Louisiana has made the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, which falls on January 8; Lincoln's Birthday on February 12 and Fireman's Anniversary, of March 4, legal holidays. March 8, which is the anniversary of Texan Independence, and April 21, that of the Battle of San Jacinto, are holidays in Texas.

Labor Day, the first Monday in September, is a comparative new holiday that is celebrated in this State and Massachusetts. Every Saturday, after twelve o'clock, is also a holiday, or rather half-holiday, in this State.—New York Telegram.

A 40,000 Acre Farm.

The Grandin wheat farm of Dakota consists of more land than any one man can cultivate cleverly and feel at home on. It comprises 40,000 acres, of which 13,000 are now under cultivation. Forty five double gang plows and harrows are used, sixty-five self-binding harvesting machines and steam threshers. The threshers which are very large ones, will each knock out 2,000 bushels of wheat a day. In the use of mule and steam power machinery every effort is made to economize as much as possible in the employment of men. There is no poetry or domestic bliss in such farming. It is some satisfaction to know that as regions grow older in settlement this big scale kind of farming declines.

A lawyer of Temple Court was looking over some papers his German client had brought, and every signature had a menance to it as it stood:

"A. Schwindler."

"Mr. Schwindler, why don't you write your name some other way; write out your first name, or something! I don't want people to think you are a swindler."

"Vell, my Got, sir, how much better you dink that looks!" and he wrote—

"Adam Schwindler."

The combined wealth of the Vanderbilt family to-day is $274,000,000. It is divided by millions as follows:— Cornelius Vanderbilt, 100; Wm. K. Vanderbilt, 55; Frederick W. Vanderbilt, 16; Geo. W. Vanderbilt, 12; Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, 12; Mrs. Wm. D. Sloane, 12; Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly, 12; and Mrs. W. Seward Webb, 12. Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, the widow, has no fortune, but has an annuity of $200,000.

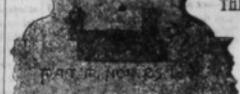
TIMES $1.00.

Tramp—"Please, mum, I just arrived from Dakota. I'm a blizzard sufferer, mum."

Housekeeper—"See here, it ain't three weeks since you told me you just arrived from Florida and were a yellow fever sufferer."

"True, mum. I hurried right on to Dakota to get shut of yelow fever, and I got caught in a blizzard, mum."—N. Y. Weekly.

There are now in Chicago about 100 school buildings, which are filled by about 90,000 of the city's children, under the care of 1600 teachers. Of these teachers about 1530 are women.



POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. | C. F. Moore, Editor. | Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, Feb. 14, 1889. | Terms of Subscription: $1.00 per year, in advance. | No. 30.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
[illegible]
Deputy Sheriff, [illegible]
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. F. Moore.
Assessor, [illegible]
[illegible] C. B. Beard, Pres.
[illegible]
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

A Little Hand

Perhaps there are tenderer, sweeter things,
Somewhere in this sun-bright land;
But I thank the Lord for his blessings,
And the clasp of a little hand.

A little hand that softly stole
Into my own that day,
When I needed the touch that I love so much,
To strengthen me on the way.

Softer it seemed than the softest down
On the breast of the gentlest dove;
But its timid press and its faint caress
Were strong in the strength of love.

It seemed to say in a strange sweet way:
"I love you and understand;"
And calmed my fears as my hot, heart tears
Fell over that little hand.

* * * * * * *

Perhaps there are tenderer, sweeter things
Somewhere in this sun-bright land;
But I thank the lord for his blessings,
And the clasp of a little hand.

—F. L. STANTON.

The Moon and the Weather.

Adam Forepaugh sat on a nail keg on the elevated seats. "Chicago?" said he, "why Chicago is the greatest show town in the world; and then the moon—why, we've got another week of the moon before the change."

"What's that got to do with it?" the reporter asked.

"A good deal," he answered. "It's a dry moon. Whenever you see a moon lie on its back it never rains."

The above conversation took place one afternoon, and within thirty-six hours thereafter the first rain in several weeks was falling.

Of all surviving pseudo-superstitions, that of the influence of the moon on the weather dies the hardest; and the belief that the (so called) "changes" of the moon are accompanied or followed by changes in the condition of the terrestrial atmosphere is still to be found among a very large number indeed of otherwise educated and enlighted people. A recent writer in The English Mechanic has examined the grounds of this belief and attributes it to the weather predictions in the almanacs of the early part of the century.

As to the moon "changing," one would imagine, to hear the majority of people talk, that a "change" of the moon is in some sense cognate with a conjuring trick, in which the performer, after showing that he has nothing in his hand, instantaneously produces an egg, an orange, or a ball from it. Now nothing could well be farther from the truth than this, the fact being that the moon is always changing—10 seconds after it she is waxing, and so throughout her monthly path. When her (celestial) longitude is identical with that of the sun she is said in the almanac to be "new;" when such longitude differs 90 degrees from the sun's toward the east she is in her "first quarter;" when they are separated by 180 degrees the moon is "full," and when she has traveled to that point in her orbit in which she is 90 degrees to the west of the sun she is said to be in her "last quarter;" in each case it being assumed that she is viewed from the earth's center. The use of the word "change," then, in connection with her position in these four points of her orbit, is a solecism, pure and simple.

"But," people are heard to say, "as the moon influences the tides, why should it not affect the atmosphere too?" To which the immediately obvious reply is that the tides are a semi-diurnal phenomenon, so that, on this principle, the weather ought to change twice a day also—a supposition too absurd to be entertained. Nevertheless the moon does influence the atmosphere by causing the production in it of tides so minute as under ordinary circumstances to be masked by other fluctuations. The existence of these atmospheric tides was first definitely established by the observations of the late Professor Daniell, but if these minute tides influenced the weather in the slightest degree it must change twice a day—a supposition too ridiculous to merit notice.

The "moon on her back," as a weather sign would appear to be a good deal like the old woman's indigo test—if the dye was pure "twould either sink or swim, she disremembered which." Mr. Forepaugh says it's a "dry moon," but in many parts of the country, and uniformly in England, the belief prevails that when the young moon is "lying on her back"—in other words, when the line joining her cusps is nearly or quite parallel to the horizon she is "holding water," and rain will certainly follow. How either belief arose it would be idle to speculate, but the explanation of the phenomenon itself is sufficiently simple. In the outset the moon is never much more than 5 degs. either to the north or south of the ecliptic, or apparent annual path of the sun through the heavens. Now the line adjoining her cusps (the sharp points of her crescent) is always square to a great circle passing through the sun and the moon. Two minutes' study of a celestial globe will show how variable is the inclination or the ecliptic to the horizon, and consequently that of the line joining the cusps of the moon also.

Finally, the most elaborate comparisons of meteorological records made in France and in England (where the Greenwich observations for forty years were carefully collated with the moon's phases during that period) have sufficed to show that no connection whatever exists between them. The solitary observable effect of the moon upon our atmosphere was believed by Sir John Herchel to be exhibited in the tendency to disappearance of cloud under the full moon, and this he attributed to the heat radiated from her surface.—Chicago News.

Preserve the Forests.

One of the most important questions with which our national and state legislatures have to deal, and yet one that is too generally neglected, is that of the preservation of our forests. Independent of the fact that they add to the wealth of the nation at the rate of $700,000,000 annually, or ten times more than the output of all of our gold and silver mines—which alone ought to secure for them proper care—the significant conclusions reached by scientific men, to the effect that they determine, to a great extent, the climatic and the hygienic conditions of our country, and regulate the distribution of moisture and the character of both our great and small water ways, certainly place the preservation of our timbered lands among the subjects that should receive the early, constant and careful consideration of our legislators.

It is estimated by experts who have devoted much time and thought to the inquiry that at least 10 per cent. of the entire agricultural region of any country should remain permanently in forests. Twenty years ago it was asserted that the annual clearance of woodland throughout the United States amounted to 10,000,000 of acres, and that at this rate individual owners would ultimately be entirely stripped of their holdings. But it is not only the ax that is destructive to forests. Browsing animals and fires are quite as detrimental.

To these injurious agencies must be added the enterprising and conscienceless railroad contractor, who annually destroys 30,000,000 vigorous young trees in his quest for ties. Taking these and other enemies of our forests into account, it will be seen that but for the energetic action of our national and state governments the terrible calamity of the entire sweeping away of the natural covering of the soil would be among the possible events of the future—a disaster that would, in half a century, reduce the greater part of the continent to the condition of a desert incapable of supporting man or beast.

Nor is this a mere flight of the imagination. It may seem to the superficial observer to verge on the extravagant to talk of a possible timber famine in a country so new as ours, and one that was so lately reclaimed from the "forest primeval;" but it is an undeniable fact that we are cutting down our trees far more rapidly than we are planting them, and although our inheritance of timber has been great, such a policy steadfastly adhered to in the future can lead to but one result. To bring about a better state of things, an intelligent public sentiment ought to be created, and landowners and farmers should be informed how intimately their prosperity is bound up with the preservation of the wooded land.

They should be made to understand that by the effect of the forests on the water courses the entire navigation, and much of the transportation, system of the country is regulated. Manufacturers are also largely dependent for the water supply for their factories and mills on the wisdom that protects the timber lands where these streams take their rise and through which they flow. No profitable milling could be done where the water course was a torrent during one-fourth of the year and a dry bed for the remainder of the season.

It is encouraging to note that the subject is now receiving practical consideration in many localities, and especially in this state and in Pennsylvania. The report of the New York forestry commission, presented to the legislature, contains many interesting facts and valuable suggestions; while the Agricultural society of Pennsylvania is actively engaged in spreading the facts before the people. The establishment of "schools of forestry," in accordance with the plan that has worked so admirably in Germany, is earnestly recommended, together with other measures all tending to further the end in view. On one point all authorities seem agreed—that it is unwise to hand the timber resources of a country over to private parties, leaving them independent of all government control. At one time this state owned every acre of the Adirondack region, but this noble domain was given away with a recklessness that is scarcely credible, and what it now possesses it has gained through tax sales, while its title is of the most precarious character, the land speculators being engaged in a constant struggle to procure a cancellation of the sale. The wholesale purchase of forest lands from individual owners is urged by the commission, to remedy this state of things, and to prevent the stock of timber in the state from being too largely depleted.—Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

Another Desert Disappearing.

The Australian desert which was once supposed to cover the larger part of the interior of that continent is going the way of all the other deserts that have failed to stand the test of exploration. Just as the early explorers of the African coasts filled all the regions that had not been visited with uninhabitable wastes, so a great part of inner Australia has been represented as utterly valueless to man. The faith in this illimitable desert was somewhat shaken in 1872, when Giles found Amadeus Lake, 250 miles long, at its geographical centre; and the few explorers who have since visited inner Australia have whittled off great sections of the desert and put forests and streams where only sand was supposed to be.

Sir Samuel Davenport, in an address at Adelaide a short time ago, said that the recent travels of Messrs. Lindsay and Tietkens had proven that inner Australia was by no means a Saharan waste, and, though now uninhabited, it was capable of supporting a large population. They found not only wide regions covered with luxuriant grass, but also mineral deposits that are certain to attract attention. Almost in the geographical centre of the continent Tietkens found several large rivers whose head waters were on the northern slopes of mountain ranges. The rivers flowed north, and as far as he traced them he found a great deal of large and valuable timber along their banks.

Lindsay's investigation between 18° and 24° south latitude resulted in some surprising discoveries. In the McDonnell range of mountains he found garnets and rubies and abundant indications that mining in this region for precious stones will be highly profitable. On Tennant's Creek he found gold-bearing quartz in abundance, and he brought home stories of almost boundless pasture lands, of water in abundance, and of deep, blue lakes, one of which, some 300 miles north of Amadeus Lake, is of large and as yet unknown extent. His explorations covered a region, extending several hundred miles north and south, and both east and west of his route stretches a vast and wholly unknown region that gives promise of being equally inviting.

The great railroad which is to extend across the continent from north to south, through the eastern part of the country once supposed to be a desert, will much facilitate the work of exploration; and although inner Australia has been sadly neglected by travelers, it will not be many years before the last of her geographical secrets is revealed. This railroad is now in operation for 600 miles north of Adelaide. Track-laying is pushing steadily on and the line is growing southward also from Port Darwin, its northern terminus. An exploring party has just been sent out by the Geographical society of Australasia to more fully explore the region, of which our first accounts have been so unexpectedly gratifying.—N. Y. Sun.

Not so Favorable.—Deacon Williams—Brudder Jones, how did yer son come outen de trial?

Brother Jones. De Judge done give 'im two munfs in de jayel.

"Pears ter me like as if yer oughter be pow'ful thankful. He got off mighty light, ter did."

"Twarn't so light 's yer seem ter think. Dey's a gwine' hang 'im when de two munfs is up."

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. P. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. P. MOORE, Editor.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

Feb. 14, 1889.

DORR.

Mr. C. P. Dorr, we presume is now one of the best advertised men in the country. For the last few weeks he has been discussed in private and in public, by friend and by foe. For sometime we have been waiting for Mr. Dorr to explain his position on the Senatorial question; at last he has attempted to do this, but to us his explanation is as inconsistent and unsatisfactory as his conduct.

He endeavors to excuse the stand he has taken against Senator Kenna on the alleged ground that Kenna is responsible for the apparent democratic loss in this State and should therefore be retired. But he goes on to say that he would vote for Kenna, if he knew he could be elected which he says is impossible, as he knows that several persons are voting for him who would not if they thought it would elect him.

Now look at the fallacy of his reasoning.

In the first place Mr. Dorr has given us no proof to support his allegation that Mr. Kenna has proven a failure as a leader, nor that he is at all responsible for the decline of democracy in this State. It is a mere assertion of Mr. Dorr's opinion, while on the other hand numbers of our public men with as much political experience and insight as Mr. Dorr strenuously repudiate the charge. But if we grant that the charge is true, still is his explanation grossly inconsistent. He claims to oppose Kenna because Kenna would destroy the democratic party, and yet says he would support him if he knew he could be elected. In other words, he is patriotic enough to defend his party against the destructive rule of John E. Kenna so long as it is not in his power to put him in a position to rule, but, if it were possible for him by his vote to elect this man, Kenna, who he declares to have been so destructive to the interests of the democratic party, then he would vote for him. Mr. Dorr should first of all respect the wish of his constituency, which is almost unanimous for John E. Kenna; but failing to do that, if he opposes Kenna on the ground of unfitness, then he should oppose him consistently and not only at such times as he knows it is impossible to elect him.

Again, if it be true as Dorr asserts, that some are voting for Kenna who would not if they believed he could be elected, the only proper way for Mr. Dorr to clear his skirts is to vote with his party and put the responsibility where it belongs. Let him show the people who these deceivers are by casting his vote for Kenna and thus make it necessary that an election be effected or that these pretended friends of Kenna show themselves.

It would seem too that Mr. Dorr has but recently made the discovery that Kenna is a failure and a fraud, or else has but recently been convinced that a failure is not a good thing; for it can be shown that during the campaign when he was asking for votes he more than once declared himself in favor of Kenna, and upon that very ground many did vote for him; while the impression was made on all who supported him that he would certainly vote with his party.

The truth is Mr. Dorr has for some unknown reason heeded neither the desires of those who elected him nor the usages of the party that has elevated him, and no amount of explanation can ever suffice to gain for his course the approval of the democratic party, particularly that portion of the democratic party that lives and ever shall live in Pocahontas county.

A Degradation of the Cabinet.

According to the latest news on the subject from Washington, it seems probable that both branches of Congress will agree to add a new member to the Cabinet, to be known as the Secretary of Agriculture.

Such an addition will have a tendency to lower the whole Cabinet as a body in the estimation of the people. Other things being equal an increase in the number of the President's advisers lessens the honor and distinction belonging to a place in the Cabinet. Furthermore, the new post will be of so little importance as compared with that of each of the other heads of departments that it is certain to be regarded as inferior.

The country does not need a Secretary of Agriculture any more than the President needs an eighth adviser. The Constitution of the U. S. does not invest Congress with any power over agricultural affairs or impose upon it any duties with reference to agriculture. It was doubtless the intent of the great men who founded our Government to leave these matters to the management of the several States; and we believe that so far as the great mass of the farmers in the Union are concerned, they would prefer to have the general Government let the farming interests alone. At all events, there has been no general demand on their part for any such representation in the Cabinet as is now proposed.

For many years, however, there has been at Washington an officer known as the Commissioner of Agriculture, whose principal function has been the distribution of seeds to people who do not want them. Why the Federal Government should distribute seeds to farmers any more than chocolate to children, we have never been able to understand. As a rule, the Commissioners Agricultural knowledge was not their most prominent characteristic, but they have furnished more or less amusement to the country as objects of satire on the part of the press. We doubt whether the new Secretary will serve any more useful purpose.

Some of our readers may possibly be aware that we have not always regarded the system of civil service examinations with enthusiastic favor. It strikes us, however, that if there is any place for such examinations under our form of government, it would be in reference to such an office as that of the new Secretary of Agriculture. If we must have this new office, let us have a farmer from Farmersville to fill it, and let his fitness be ascertained by an Examining Board consisting exclusively of practical farmers who have held the plough and know the difference between a silo and a scythe.

If we must have a Secretary of Agriculture we want a man who knows more about the wheat crop of the country than he does about the Presidential vote of the several States at the last election.—N. Y. Sun.

The following extract from the Charleston Star gives a fair specimen of the disgraceful scenes being enacted at the State Capital. No good citizen, whatever his politics may be, can fail to be heartily ashamed of the present legislators. We are glad to see President Carr is a man and trying to do his duty.

"After the dissolution of the Joint Assembly last night, the Senate repaired to their Chamber and the President resumed the Chair. It being found that a quorum of the Senate was not present, Mr. Oxley introduced the following resolution, which, the rules being suspended, was immediately considered and agreed to:

Resolved, That the doors of the Senate be closed, and that the following members appearing to be absent, to-wit: Messrs. Campbell, Davis, Furbee, Lowther, Maxwell, Morris, Scott, Minear, Worley, Morrison and Woodward, be brought forthwith before the Senate.

Whereupon, the President appointed the following assistant Sergeant-at-Arms: Messrs. ——— Boss, Jno. B. White, Percy Laidley, F. H. Scott, Charles Bryden, A. A. Franzheim, J. E. Watson and Clarence Moore, who were immediately started out, each armed with a copy of the resolution, in search of the recreant Senators. After various experiences and many vain searches through the hotels and boarding houses, Mr. Minear was at last brought before the Senate. Seizing the first opportunity, Mr. Minear managed to escape through the transom of the water closet and ran like a deer for his liberty. Whereupon, on motion of Mr. Pritchard, action on the case of Mr. Minear was temporarily postponed. The hands of the town clock had in the meantime kept pace with the Sergeants-at-Arms until they now registered nearly five o'clock, when the Sergeants having battered down a door at the Hotel Ruffner and met with many other adventures, finally bagged part of their game and appeared before the bar of the Senate with several of the Senators. Then the trial began and "they all with one accord began to make excuse." Many and varied were the excuses offered, but the general verdict on motion of some Senator was "six dollars and cost—next." Mr. Worley (it being known by many present that he was actually sick) was on motion excused. Mr. Davis who also proved that he was sick was excused, but the following viz: Messrs. Maxwell, Campbell, Lowther, Furbee, Minear and Morrison were fined, $6 and costs each.

President Carr is determined as far as lies in his power to compel the Senators to be present on certain occasions even if they will not work.

The Monroe county Watchman is still the official organ of the Kickers, freely volunteering to defend any one who defies the will of his party.

Some of the animals of the Charleston menagerie are becoming unmanageable and dangerous. Morris, and four or five others broke their chains a few days ago and were recaptured with great difficulty. Dorr has also shown signs of madness, and it may become necessary to adopt Forepaugh's plan and strangle him, for the safety of the other animals.

We presume that no man can say with certainty who shall constitute the next Cabinet; unless it be President Harrison himself, and we have every reason to believe he has not fully made up his mind. Indications seem, however, to point to Jas. G. Blaine for Secretary of State, Jno. C. New for Secretary of the Treasury and John Wanamaker for Postmaster General. It is thought Mahone will be left out. Thanks to Mr. Harrison for that.

A Washington correspondent says that General Mahone will be offered a Foreign Mission. This will be acceptable news to General Mahone's fellow citizens of both parties, for while it will relieve the Southern Democrats of the odious presence of the King of Scalawags, it will also save the Republican party from the political abuses of these Southern policy, that solidified the decent people of Virginia even under the mismanagement of the Democratic party.

In accrediting Billy Capricornus to a foreign nation the new President will have the satisfaction of illustrating the dignity of the American people officially in the same high manner that Bill Chandler did it for the navy of jobs. But the question is, to which country shall Billy be sent, and though it is not our business to advise a Republican administration beforehand still as General Mahone is a Virginia man, we take leave to suggest that this State would feel under obligations if President Harrison would so far recognize the genius of her pet abomination as to send him as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the King of Congo, his Majesty Bibassy, whose color would match the General's politics, and who could be relied on not to cook and eat such a lean specimen as long as there are other monkeys in the native trees. —Richmond Times.

There is a dog employed in the Postal Service in the office at Allentown, Pa.—N. Y. Sun.

We are glad to know that but one dog was employed in the postal service during the term of President Cleveland. Perhaps, they will be more plentiful after the 4th of March.

After March 4th, we will have four Governors, Fleming will claim it, and Goff will claim it, Wilson will claim that until the Contest is settled he is entitled to hold over, and President Robt. Carr will claim that as there is a vacancy the office is really his. Governors will be as plentiful as Constables.

Fiduciary Notice.

The following is a list of Fiduciaries whose accounts are before me for settlement.

John Ligon, Ex'r of B. D. McCutcheon dec'd.

JAMES W. WARWICK, JR.,
Com'r of acc'ts for Pocahontas county.

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOWRY. C. F. MOORE.

LOWRY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

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Worth Telling Again.

Waverly Magazine: Twenty years have passed since a certain Bath sea captain, entering the port of New York, telegraphed his wife at Bath to join him at the metropolis prepared for a sea voyage. Accordingly a day or two after the arrival of the message saw the wife embarked upon the through train from Bath to Boston, accompanied by an infant child scarcely two years old.

This car was coupled on to the end of the Portland train at Brunswick, and, leaving the child asleep, the Captain's wife seized the opportunity to fill the baby's bottle with milk in the depot restaurant. While the mother was intent upon her errand the train slipped quietly out of the station, and when the mother emerged from the restaurant door it was fast disappearing under the Spring-street bridge. Eagerly she explained the situation to the sympathizing group of railroad men who gathered around. Baby and purse, containing all her money and ticket, were in the fast disappearing train. A hurried council followed, and a plan was instantly formed.

Old No. 23, "The Brunswick," was sidetracked, waiting the passage of the train just gone. Uncle Thompson, the station baggage master at that time, ran hastily to this engine and asked her aid to overtake the flying train. The genial Charles, ever ready to aid the case of any female in distress, volunteered to catch the robber. Hastily filling the firebox with wood from the tender, while Thompson was assisting the woman to mount the engine, with a command to the switchman to "give us the main line," with hand upon the throttle, No. 23 flew quickly over the switches and commenced her run.

An empty engine chasing a heavy train up "Oak Hill grade," which extends four miles straight away from Brunswick has an easy task, and before they had covered more than half of that distance they could see the object of their pursuit.

To sound his whistle, calling the attention of the train men to the chase, and thereby stop the train, was not part of the programme, fearing that he might run over them should they suddenly stop. So quietly running along the roar of the train deadening the pursuit, he is soon immediately behind them. Then his tender—for they are running backward—rubs against the rear platform of the train, and while the engineer holds her there Thompson assists the woman over the tender, down upon the platform of the car containing the baby, still fast asleep, the mother clasping tightly the bottle of milk.

The Prohibition question is to have another test in Pennsylvania at a special election to be held next June.

Fixing the Responsibility.

Blundering men, instead of admitting their responsibility, try to excuse themselves by throwing the blame on others. A Single story illustrates this tendency of human nature, and also the French proverb: "He accuses who excuses himself." On night thieves broke into a rich man's house and carried off all his valuables. On being arrested, they excused their crime by saying that "they were blameless, as the walls of the house were so badly built as to tempt them to break through. The mason was therefore to blame for the robbery. The mason was brought before the magistrate. "The fault is not mine," said he, "but that of the coolie who made the mortar badly." The coolie laid the blame upon the potter who had sold him a cracked vessel in which he could not carry sufficient water to mix the mortar properly. The potter explained that the blame could not be laid upon him but upon a pretty woman, who, passing while he was making the vessel, so riveted his attention that he forgot about his work. The woman protested that the goldsmith was at fault. He had failed to send home her earrings and she passed the potter's shop on her way to get them. The goldsmith, not being able to offer an excuse for his neglect, was sentenced to be hanged. His friends begged the judge to spare him, as he was sick and ill favored and would not make a pretty spectacle. "But somebody must be hanged," said the judge. His attention was thereupon called to a fat Moor in a shop opposite, and the judge ordered him to be hanged in the goldsmith's stead.—Argonaut.

In Hindoostan, where three varieties of sacred monkeys enjoy the freedom of every town, those fur banded pensioners often assist the police in enforcing the riot laws by charging enmasse for the scene of every dog fight and schoolboy scuffle. They will rescue worried cats and, for greater security, deposit them on the next roof, or suppress rowdyism in general; the stout Rhesus baboon for instance, being physically as well as morally qualified to quell the aggressive disposition of the fiercest cur. On the platform of a public warehouse the British residents of Agra, a few years ago, witnessed a scene which put the character trait in even a stronger light.

A little street Arab had spread his pallet in the shade of a stack of country produce, and had just dropped asleep, when the proprietor of the Planters' hotel strolled up with a pet leopard that had learned to accompany him in all his rambles. A troop of tramp monkeys had taken post on the opposite end of the shed, and, like the beggar boy, seemed to enjoy a comfortable siesta, but at sight of the speckled intruder the whole gang charged along the platform like a squadron of spahis and, instantly forming a semicircle about the little sleeper, faced the leopard with bristling manes, evidently resolved to defeat the purpose of his visit.—Popular Science Monthly.

Collector: I have called six times, sir, for the amount of this bill already.

Citizen: Wha-at, six times? Is it possible you have been put to all that annoyance? Now, I'll tell you what I'll do: when I feel like paying the amount I will call on you myself. It's outrageous to give a man the trouble I have unconsciously given you.—Life.

Her grandmother was so sick that the report got out that she was dead. A sympathetic old gentleman met the child on the street.

"And when is your grandmother to be buried, my dear?" he asked her.

"Not till she's dead, sir."

—The House Wife for February published at Greenfield, Mass., is a most excellent number of this popular household periodical. It is well worth all it costs, 50 cents per year.

During Jan. there was a net increase of $6,750,000 in money and bullion in the Treasury, and yet you can't borrow a dollar from Sam, no matter how hard up you are.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. B. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

[illegible] Beard, in the 79th year of his age.

In the death of Joseph Beard Pocahontas county loses one of her oldest and most respected citizens, whose long and eventful life is honorably and inseprably identified with the history of the county. He was born in Greenbrier county, W. Va. on the 20th day of Sept., 1810, and removed to Pocahontas county in the year 1857. Early in life he was united in marriage to Mattie Jordan, daughter of John Jordan, Esq., with whom he happily lived till the day of his death, and who now survives him, an aged and lonely widow. As the issue of this marriage were born three children; one son, John J. Beard, the present Clerk of the Courts of Pocahontas county, and two daughters, Mrs. Isaac McNeel, and Mrs. Wm. L. McNeel, now deceased.

In the year 1833 Mr. Beard made a profession of religion and connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1844 when the division came, Joseph Beard without hesitation cast his lot with the M. E. Church, South.

His life was marked with unusual energy and activity, but in no enterprise was this more manifest than in his labors for his Church. He was not a religious enthusiast, nor specially demonstrative, but unceasingly gave those better and more substantial evidences of a firm and abiding faith in Christ and his church. In the prosecution of church work of every kind, he was always ready to do his part, and never slow to suggest to others their duty when the occasion demanded. He was a man of firm convictions and decided opinions, yet ever maintained a liberal respect for the belief of others. There never lived a more sincere man; deceit had no place in the make up of his character. Indeed his habit of telling the truth plainly, and his outspoken candor in commending the good and reproving evil sometimes falsely led those who were not well acquainted with him to think him in some matters a harsh man, but he was not so; underneath the surface of solid belief and rigid candor was hidden a heart as tender as the heart of a child, the sympathies of which responded to the gentlest touch. His generosity and hospitality were proverbial, the friend and the stranger were ever his welcome guests, nor did he ever weary sharing the comforts of his home with as many as chose to partake of them. He was possessed of a peculiarly happy nature; disappointment nor calamity could never abdue for any time his cheerful spirit. It was his rule to always do his best and to be satisfied with the result.

He will long and widely be missed. He was affectionate and indulgent toward his kindred, and true in his friendship. He was a good and useful citizen, ever ready to contribute in any manner to the good of society and of his country. But most of all will be missed by his church, whose interests were first in his heart. His life is ended, but

Dehorning Cattle.

My former article on the above subject seems to have excited one writer to, not only notice it, but to suggest two more very important improvements in the [illegible] safety and good appearance of other domestic animals. Such as the despaying of hogs and dehorning mules. Nothing can be plainer than the duty, if not the obligation of the proposer of these two improvements to enlighten the world by making a practical proof on his own case of these highly desired improvements. The genius that prompted the suggestion ought to be equal to the execution or invention of plan of operation. I am still in favor of dehorning cattle and have practical proofs to show its merits every day. I have just learned from a reliable source that my friend Dick Edmonson, of Kansas has removed the horns from 3,000 cattle last fall. I am running in some boundary, horses, cows and bulls, with perfect safety, and now, after two months test, my animals look well in order, better in appearance and decidedly more comfortable to themselves and me. So as far as I am interested, horns will have to go. The present hard times and dullness of the cattle market, demands a thoughtful consideration of every economical device or plan by which our farmers and stockmen may reduce their expenses and handle their stock to better advantage. I think this one step in that direction. I will now suggest one or two more, and would be very happy to have other and wiser heads to make an expression of their views and opinions thereby benefitting their fellow men and making the TIMES, a necessity to every family in the county.

But few farmers in this locality that do not use fertilizers and believe that they pay; notwithstanding the heavy tax they are subject to. What tax? Profits of the middle men, perhaps the largest. Then excessive freight. To illustrate—none of our middlemen will handle and sell for less than a five dollar profit per ton, (often more,) then they secure another profit by charging their customers rates of freight per 100 lbs when they get reduced rates per car-load of 10 tons. If you pay $30.00 per ton at the railroad to an agent, you can very readily see that you are paying $5.00 to $7.00 for agents profits and high freight then if you buy on time, 10 per cent. to add on cost. The remedy is this, let our farmers pool their orders, select one of their number to get manufactors to make bids for the order, and by paying spot cash, get their fertilizers $10.00 to $12.00 per ton less. We all have ourselves to blame for a great deal unnecessary tax. A co-operative style of buying salt and groceries, if nothing else would run down the expense of the farmer very materially, every year. Salt now by car-load will only cost $1.30 per sack instead of $1.75 or $1.80.

F. A. RENICK.

Alderson vs. County Commissioners.

Now that the fourth of March is rapidly drawing near, by which time the law requires that the governor shall issue his certificates to the congressmen elect from this state, and in view of the fact that our Republican friends are claiming that McGinnis will undoubtedly represent this district in congress for the next four years, it may perhaps be well to review this somewhat celebrated case. In the beginning, when the recount was demanded by Mr. Alderson, the county commissioners refused to allow him to appear by counsel, to introduce witnesses or to cross-examine witnesses introduced by the Republicans, and refused to sign bills of exceptions until the supreme court, by a mandamus, required them to make a record. When Mr. Alderson procured an injunction restraining the county court from certifying the result of the recount, as they ascertained it, until he could have their action reviewed by *certiorari* proceedings, the commissioners violated the injunction and certified the returns to the governor. That injunction is still in force. Judge Guthrie dissolved it, but Mr. Alderson took an appeal to the supreme court, where the case is still pending. As soon as possible after the bills of exceptions were signed, Alderson appealed to Judge Guthrie for a writ of *certiorari*, which he awarded, and the clerk of his court, who by the way, is a Republican, was directed to issue a writ to the county commissioners, directing them to send up their record for review. The writ was not issued until about ten days after it was awarded. The record of the county court was copied and compared with the original, and the copy furnished to the commissioners to certify. The Star has it from a reliable source that the commissioners kept the copy in their hands for ten days before delivering it to the clerk of the circuit court. Alderson's counsel demanded an immediate hearing of the case, but the court at the instance of counsel for McGinnis, postponed the case until February 1st. When that time arrived, McGinnis' counsel asked further delay, they well knowing that Judge Guthrie had to go to Mason county to hold court there, on the following Monday. The case was argued for Alderson, and Judge Guthrie took the papers stating that the other side would be allowed to argue, and that the case would probably be decided when the term of court in Mason, was over. No reflection is intended by the Star, upon Judge Guthrie, but everything goes to show that there has been a desire on the part of McGinnis' counsel to delay the proceedings as much as possible, in order to prevent Mr. Alderson from having Judge Guthrie's decision, should it be averse to him, reviewed by the supreme court, before the 4th of March. Mr. McGinnis' counsel and friends think their case in the best shape possible, and they are afraid of the superior court, well knowing that the partisan action of the county court, must be reversed. The certificate now is the hands of the governor, from this county, is certainly void, and we feel sure that Governor Wilson will do what he conscienciously believes to be right in the premises. We would not presume to even suggest what he should do, but we can see but one course open, and that is, to issue a certificate before the fourth of March disregarding the certificate of the Kanawha county commissioners, or regarding the result of the recount made by them. Mr. Alderson is elected by a majority of sixteen, to give him the benefit of the recount. The bill of exceptions shows this to be true, and it seems to us that the recount is better evidence of the true result than a certificate made void by an injunction and *certiorari* proceedings.—Charleston Star.

Now they say we'll have to fight Portugal. Well if nothing else will do, Uncle Sam can slap her out of existence some morning before breakfast.

The chance for war with Germany seems to be decreasing. We are not afraid of Germany, but peace is more to be desired than war.

Several persons are said to have frozen to death in Dakota during the big storm last week. The picnic season in the Territory is over for this winter.—Washington Post.

National Library at Washington.

The National library contains many rare and curious works. It has some of the most valuable books ever published in America, and among these is the first American Bible printed in the European tongue in this country. It is a German Bible, which was printed at Germantown in 1743 and which Mr. Spofford bought at a book auction about two years ago. It is kept in a box like case in one of the alcoves of the ground floor, and is truly a curiosity. Though not as thick as Webster's Dictionary, it weighs about as much, and though printed over 120 years ago, it is still in good condition. It is about six inches thick and eight inches wide, by ten or twelve inches long. It is bound in oak boards, covered with a rich brown leather, and on its corners there are heavy brass bosses, with little heads jutting out of them to keep the leather from resting on the table. Its clasps are of leather, with brass fasteners, and its paper now yellow with age, is printed in queer old German type. The first page is in colors and on the fly leaves there are several genealogical records. It was originally owned by a German, but in 1798 it was bought by Enoch Rittenhouse, a member, I doubt not, of the old Rittenhouse family of Philadelphia.

Another Bible that the library has is that printed for the Indians by John Eliot in 1663. This is the first Bible printed in America. It was printed in Cambridge, and in the Indian tongue. The library has a chapter devoted to Bibles, and the chapter of theological works is the largest one in the library. I looked at this big bookcase of Bibles the other day; they are of all sizes and shapes, from the little vest pocket edition to one big enough almost for a mounting block for horses. They are in all dialects and languages, and the Chinese Bibles look like so many bunches of manilla wrapping paper. The print of these Bibles is as queer as the languages in which they are printed, and they have every style of types, from the illuminated script of the monks of the middle ages to the common print of to day.

The manuscripts of the National library include many valuable autographs. Among them are two autograph journals of George Washington, one of which was made during Braddock's expedition and one in 1787, at Mt. Vernon. Here is a private journal of Arthur Lee while he was minister to France, at the breaking out of the revolution, and there are two volumes of an original military journal of Maj Gen. Greene, written now over 100 years ago.

The National library was founded about 1801, and the first installment of books was carted to Washington in trunks. They were ordered from London, and they cost altogether $[illegible].—Frank G. Carpenter in the Cosmopolitan.

The grand jury in Birmingham, Ala., has declined to indict Sheriff Smith, or any of his posse, for the killing of the persons who, with others, attacked the jail in that place on the night of the 8th of December last. The grand jury was three weeks investigating the matter and examined over two hundred witnesses. This is doubtless the end of the prosecutions against the Sheriff and his assistants.

The New York street car strike is at last ended, with an advantage gained by the strikers.

Pocahontas Times.

S. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,

PROPRIETORS.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

Feb. 21, 1889.

THE SITUATION.

The latest from Charleston shows that C. P. Dorr, of Webster county is solely responsible for all further delay in settling the Senatorial question.

On the last two ballots taken the three labor delegates, who had previously been voting for men of their own party divided their votes between Kenna and Goff; Carr and Merrell voting for Goff and Harr for Kenna.

Of the 85 votes cast Goff received 42 and Kenna 42, leaving the matter to be decided by Dorr, who threw away the opportunity by voting for W. T. Ice.

When the democratic majority is so meager and the danger in delay so obvious, there could be no explanation made of Mr. Dorr's conduct that would satisfy his constituency or the party at large. His action is a gross and shameful betrayal of political faith. Whatever his motive may be, persistency in his present course must subject him to suspicions not to be envied.

When we remember that the strongest appeal made to the people who elected him was that he was the nominee of his party, and that his large following was due to the very same reason; it is exceedingly difficult to understand how Mr. Dorr, in the face of these things, can presume to set himself up in opposition the party's nominee for the Senate, and in opposition to the voice of the democratic party of the state. No amount of explanation or excuse can suffice to justify him in the opinion of the public.

It is greatly to be deplored that the power to decide between Goff and Kenna has fallen into the hands of a man who so lightly regards his pledges virtually and absolutely made to the people who were the means of his elevation.

Mr. Dorr may talk of Kenna's destroying the party, but in our opinion the recent conduct of Mr. Dorr has done the democracy of Pocahontas county more harm in a day than Kenna has done in his entire life time.

Ex-United States Senator Camden of this State, has just completed the formation of two companies to further develop the coal fields of the State. One is the Monongahela Railroad Company and the other the Upper Monongahela Coal and Coke Company. The capital stock of $2,000,000 has been all subscribed. Traffic arrangements have been made with the Baltimore & Ohio which it is expected will prove of mutual benefit.

General Stephen D. Lee is nominated for Governor of Mississippi. The old soldiers remember this brilliant soldier, who was a corps commander in Johnson's army after having made a splendid record in the Army of Northern Virginia.

History of the Samoan Troubles.

Troubles have existed among the Samoans since 1830. In that year the German Commercial and Plantation Society at Apia, or, rather, its predecessor, the firm of Godefroy, of Hamburg, stood on the side of Malietoa, a chief belonging to one of the most distinguished families of Samoa. Throughout the succeeding twenty years the foreigners who settled in Samoa—Americans, Englishmen and Germans—sought, by taking sides with or against Malietoa, to strengthen respect for their respective nations, and thereby increase their commerce. In 1878 the United States, which had previously obtained a concession of a magnificent harbor in the Samoa Islands and established a coaling station there, made a treaty with Samoa. The local government in in 1879 being a state of great confusion, Sir Arthur Gordon, as Queen Victoria's commissioner in the Western Pacific, established King Malietoa firmly on the throne and issued a proclamation. This proclamation was followed by a treaty with Malietoa, dated August 18. 1878. In the same year Germany also made a treaty with Malietoa. The treaties entered into between the United States, Great Britian, Germany and Samoa were teraties of friendship and reciprocity, agreed to for the purpose of promoting the trade which American, English and German merchants had gone to the remote Samoan Islands to establish. It was understood and agreed upon among the treaty powers that the independence and neutrality of these islands should be forever preserved. While America and England have remained consistent to the treaty obligations and have recoguized Malietoa as the legitimate ruler, the policy of the Germans has been a wavering one. At one time they would reeognize Malietoa as King, at another they would take sides with the opposing King. In 1884 King Malietoa was coerced into an agreement with the German Government and sent a protest about it to the German Emperor. Following the protest there was sent a petition to the English Queen, signed by nearly all the Samoan chiefs, praying for annexation to Great Britain on the ground, among others, that they were afraid of being forcibly annexed by the Germans. In 1885 and again in 1886 further attempts were made by Germany to seize the sovereignty of the Samoan Islands, but each time the attempt was successfully resisted by the British and American representatives.

In the autumn of 1886 a German named Brandeis appeared in Apia. The public was given to understand that he was in the service of the German Commercial and Plantation Society Among the employes of this firm, however, it was known that he had been selected to be the Minister of Malietoa's rival, Tamasese, Brandeis at once be an to study local conditions, and worked at times at the German Consulate, made himself familiar with the business and social relations of Apia, and then went to the home of Tamasese, in the immediate vicinity of the great cotton and cocoa plantation of the German Commercial and Plantation Society. There a house was built and furnished by this society for Brandeis, and there he stayed, without it being publicly known, as the adviser of Tamasese and perfecting himself in the Samoan language. Tamasese and his adherents were then amply supplied with arms and munitions. At the beginning of 1887, within a brief period, hundreds of muskets were sent through the German Commercial and Plantation Society and through Brandeis to Tamasese's party. A little later a German fleet of four or five ships was at anchor in the harbor of Apia. Four days later the German Consul wrote to Malietoa complaining that German settlers had been attacked by the natives on March 22 of that year, and that from time to time during the previous four years the German plantations had been damaged to the amount of thousands of dollars a year. A heavy demand for compensation was made for the damage to the plantations, without a single item of particulars being given to the Samoan King. The monstrous demand was made that the sum claimed for compensation should be paid the next day—a demand which; in such a country, it was practically impossible to meet. The King wrote, promising an answer in three days, and the reply given by the German commander was the landing on the next day of seven hundred troops from his squadron, and the issuing of a proclamation in the name of the Government of Germany, declaring Tamasese King of Samoa. At the same time Malietoa was deported, first to Hamburg, then to Bremerhaven, was lodged and boarded under police supervision at Lehr, a suburb of Bremerhaven, and then was taken to Australia on board the steamship Neckar, by a German naval officer.

The native opposition to Tamasese, or to the Brandeir-Tamasese Government, as it is called, reachep its climax on September 9, 1888, on which date they crowned Mataafa, a legitimate successor to Malietoa, King of Samoa, with the title of Malietoa, Tooa Mataafa. Notices of the event were at once sent to the American English and German Consuls, the French priest, and to Tamasese. Mataafa is still at the head of the Government and is doing all in his power to keep it out of the hands of Tamasese and his German allies. The position of the United States to-day is contained in the following instructions which Secretary Whitdey telegraphed to Admiral Kimberly at Panama on January 11:

"You will proceed at once to Samoa and extend full protection to American interests, citizens and property. You will consult with the American Vice-Consul, examine his archives and otherwise inform yourself as to the situation and all recent occurrences. You will protest against the subjugation of the native Samoan Government by Germany as in violation of positive agreement and understanding between the treaty powers, but inform the representatives of the British and German Governments of your readiness to co-opperate in causing all treaty rights to be respected, and in restoring peace and order on the basis of recognition of Samoan rights to independence; endeavor to prevent extreme measures against the Samoans."

The coprah trade of Samoa seems to be the cause of all the present trouble. Coprah, the dried kernel of the cocoanut, is the staple commodity of the Samoan Islands, as it is of all the islands of the Western Pacific. In 1885 the exports of this article for German account were estimated at the value of $222,742. The competition of four American houses has greatly irritated the German traders, their profits being thereby much decreased.

President Cleveland has appointed Col. John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, as Inspector General of the United States army, with rank of brigadier general, and the appointment has been confirmed by the senate.

A. E. Stevenson, at present holding the position of First Assistant Postmaster General, has been appointed to the place upon the Bench of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia made vacant by the death of Judge Merrick.

Dorr Says he doesn't call himself a "Kicker." Neither does a mule.

There is one thing left to console us; they can't call him Dorr of Pocahontas, but he must be spoken of as Dorr of Webster.

On the last ballot for U. S. Senator Mr. Dorr, Webster County, voted [illegible]

he is [illegible]

HOME NEWS

—Dr. G. L. Austin, of Green Bank, was in town Monday night.

—On Monday there was a considerable rise in the waters in this section. The lumbermen were busily engaged driving logs.

—Messrs. John J. Beard and C. F. Moore, with their families, were down at Hillsboro last week attending the funeral of Mr. Joseph Beard.

—James Grimes and Mrs. Jacob Cockley, living near Mill Point, are both on the sick list. Dr. Mathew Wallace in attendance.

—Geo. R. Curry, Esq., of Hillsboro, steps higher than ever and won't speak to common people. Another big boy at his house.

—Mr. Peck, President of the Beaver Lick Lumber Company, was in Huntersville Monday looking after the interests of his company.

—Mr. John R. Slaven, who has been sick at the Huntersville Hotel for some time died just a few minutes before the paper for this week went to press—Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 2:30 p. m.

—We are informed that H. M. Lockridge, Esq., has for some days been suffering from a renewal of his old trouble, rheumatism.

—N. J. Brown, Esq., Mill Point's enterprising merchant, is keeping up well with the times. He has a full line of spring goods already displayed in his store.

—George Haliday, the young man who was accidentally shot some two weeks ago is said to be doing as well as could be expected.

—Daniel O,Connell, Esq., who is associated with the Cumberland Lumber Company, spent several days in Huntersville last week. Before a great while he contemplates locating in this vicinity and says he intends to run one of the best Buck wheat Mills in the Country.

—Our efficient Constable, Jas. H. Buzzard, while crossing Thorny creek last Monday, narrowly escaped being drowned. His mule stumbled and fell, throwing Mr. Buzzard into the water. Fortunately he was thrown near a fence, by means of which he succeeded in getting ashore.

—The Delineator for March is fully up to its usual excellence. The publishers of this magazine spare no pains nor expense to make their publication what the ladies demand. It's one of the very best illustrated periodicals in the country. Price $1.00 per year. Published by The Butteric Publishing Co., 7, 9 & 11 West Thirteenth St., N. Y.

A CARD OF THANKS.—I desire to express my thanks to the people of Huntersville, and others, for the kindness shown me during my recent affliction at Hotel Pocahontas. I shall ever remember it with sincere gratitude.

DANIEL MURRY.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Heavy rains and plenty of mud.

Mr. E. I. Holt is off on a trip to Mingo Flats.

Miss Doshia Sharp, of Douthard's creek, entered last week as a pupil of the H. M. and F. Academy.

Messrs. John Hill, of Kansas and Winters Beard, of Missouri, are visiting friends and relatives at this place.

Miss Lena Hill, of Jacox, entered this morning as a pupil of the H. M. and F. Academy.

We had four trials in town last Saturday. I tell you a man has to walk straight while he stays in town now.

The Hillsboro division of the sons of Temperance are gaining ground every day, and doing an excellent work at this place.

Died, on last Thursday morning Mr. Joseph Beard, of Rheumatism in the throat. Mr. Beard was an aged and respected citizen and a devout member of the M. E. Church, South. All deeply sympathize with his sorrowing relatives, but we feel that his home is now with the Blest.

PRUNELLA.

Died.

At his home in Hillsboro, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on the 14th day of Feb. 1889, Joseph Beard, in the 79th year of his age.

In the death of Joseph Beard Pocahontas county loses one of her oldest and most respected citizens, whose long and eventful life is honorably and inseprubly identified with the history of the county. He was born in Greenbrier county, W. Va. on the 20th day of Sept., 1810, and removed to Pocahontas county in the year 1857. Early in life he was united in marriage to Mattie Jordan, daughter of John Jordan, Esq., with whom he happily lived till the day of his death, and who now survives him, an aged and lonely widow. As the issue of this marriage were born three children; one son, John J. Beard, the present Clerk of the Courts of Pocahontas county, and two daughters, Mrs. Isaac McNeel, and Mrs. Wm. L. McNeel, now deceased.

In the year 1883 Mr. Beard made a profession of religion and connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1844 when the division came, Joseph Beard without hesitation cast his lot with the M. E. Church, South.

His life was marked with unusual energy and activity, but in no enterprise was this more manifest than in his labors for his Church. He was not a religious enthusiast, nor specially demonstrative, but unceasingly gave those better and more substantial evidences of a firm and abiding faith in Christ and his church. In the prosecution of church work of every kind, he was always ready to do his part, and never slow to suggest to others their duty when the occasion demanded. He was a man of firm convictions and decided opinions, yet ever maintained a liberal respect for the belief of others. There never lived a more sincere man; deceit had no place in the make up of his character. Indeed his habit of telling the truth plainly, and his outspoken candor in commending the good and reproving evil sometimes falsely led those who were not well acquainted with him to think him in some matters a harsh man, but he was not so; underneath the surface of solid belief and rigid candor was hidden a heart as tender as the heart of a child, the sympathies of which responded to the gentlest touch. His generosity and hospitality were proverbial, the friend and the stranger were ever his welcome guests, nor did he ever weary in sharing the comforts of his home with as many as chose to partake of them. He was possessed of a peculiarly happy nature; disappointment nor calamity could never subdue for any time his cheerful spirit. It was his rule to always do his best and to be satisfied with the result.

He will long and widely be missed. He was affectionate and indulgent toward his kindred, and true in his friendship. He was a good and useful citizen, ever ready to contribute in any manner to the good of society and of his country. But most of all will be missed by his church, whose interests were first in his heart. His life is ended, but its influence will still be felt, and truly may it be said of him that "being dead he yet speaketh."

DIED.—At the home of his parents on Knapp's Creek in Pocahontas County, on the 15th day of Feb., 1889. Pryne Herold, youngest son of Andrew Herold, Esq.

The immediate cause of his death we are informed was diabetes. He had been sick a very short while, and when it was announced that he was dead his many friends were greatly surprised and shocked. Pryne was a bright, promising boy, highly esteemed by all who knew him. His premature death is a grievous stroke to his family and friends, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy in their bereavement.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA.

Volume XI. carries this work from Debt to Dominie. The 640 pages are packed with information of just the kind which the vast majority of reading people desire to obtain. Like its predecessors it is truly manifold in its character. In a single volume it gives an unabridged dictionary, and a cyclopedia of information which is ample for practical use, is fully reliable, and is brought down to the present year. Among the articles treated at some length we notice that Debt, with its various sub-heads, has over 7 pages; while kindred topics, as Debtor and Creditor, occupy over 6 pages more. Delaware has about 5 pages; Delirium Tremens, 4 pages; Democracy, nearly 7 pages; Denmark, about 10 pages; Dentistry, about 6 pages; Descent of Man, 6 pages; Development, 11 pages; Diet, 8 pages; Digestion, 23 pages; Diphtheria, 5 pages. There are, also, a large number of really helpful illustrations. The form of the book is most convenient; the paper, printing, and binding are all very good. This is emphatically the Cyclopedia for the people, and the extremely low price—onlp 50 cents a volume in cloth, or 65 cents in holf Morocco—brings it within the reach of all. A specimen volume may be ordered and returned if not satisfactory. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Atlanta, and San Francisco.

The New Cabinet Officer.

NORMAN J. COLMAN,

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

Presidents Clevelands appointment of Norman J. Colman as Secretary of Agriculture, the new Cabinet office, is universally approved. During the administration about to close this distinguished man has been Commissioner of the Department of Agriculture. As head of a department comprising Seed, Entomological, Horticultural, Pomological and Propagating, Statistical, Chemical, Forestry and Veterinary divisions, he has been eminently successful in carrying out the intention of the law of May 15, 1862, which established the Department of Agriculture.

The new Cabinet officer is a New Yorker by birth and a Missourian by adoption. He was born at Richfield Springs, in 1827. From the age of sixteen up to twenty-eight he was a teacher in New York State, and Louisville Kentucky. While at Louisville he studied law and took the degree of LL. B. He subsequently formed a partnership with M. C. Kerr, afterward Speaker at Washington, and began practice at New Albany, Indiana. Mr. Colman became District Attorney. In 1885 he removed to St. Louis and bought out an agricultural paper. Mr. Colman is the suggestor and originator of the Missouri Horticultural Society, the State Board of Agriculture. He was a member of the Legislature during the exciting political contest of 1865-66 which passed the Drake Constitution, and was a leader of his party. In 1868 he was nominated for Lieutenant Governor but was defeated. He was unanimously nominated for Lieutenant-Governor and elected in 1874. During the war he was a Union man and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifteenth Regiment of enrolled Missouri militia. Secretary Colman is a power in his command of information pertaining to agriculture and kindred subjects.

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the 20th day of January, 1888, and on the 16th day of October, 1888, in the Chancery cause of N. J. Brown vs. E. N. Grant Jr. and others, the undersigned Special Commissioner will proceed to sell on

SATURDAY, MARCH THE 23rd, 1889

in front of N. J. Brown's store at Mill Point, Pocahontas County, W. Va., at public auction to the highest bidder 16½ acres of land, the property of the defendant, E. N. Grant, Jr. Said land is situate near Greenbrier river, about one mile from Mill Point in this County, is fertile and in a fine state of cultivation and has a comfortable dwelling house and out buildings upon it.

TERMS OF SALE: Enough cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale and the residue upon a credit of 6, 12 and 18 months, the purchaser giving bonds with approved security for the deferred payments, bearing interest from date and a lein to be retained until all the purchase money is paid.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Social Commissioner.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD,
Cl'k Cir. Ct.

feb 21 4t Printers fee $8.23.

Fiduciary Notice.

The following Fiduciary accounts are before me for settlement.

George W. Callison Adm'r of Martha E. Dorsey, dec'd.

Charles Lightner, Ex'r of William Lightner, dec'd.

I. B. Moore, Adm'r of Margaret Moore, dec'd.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Com'r Accts.

FIDUCIARY 2.

The following fiduciary accounts are before me for settlement.

L. M. McClintic and C. F. Moore, Adm'rs of Jacob Bible, dec'd.

JAMES W. WARWICK,
Com'r Acc'ts.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered on the 16th day of October, 1888, in the chancery cause of John W. McNeel's adm'r.

vs.

John W. McNeel's Heirs, et als.

I, as Special Commissioner appointed in said decree, shall proceed, in front of the Court House of said County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to the dower of the widow therein, on the

5TH DAY OF MARCH, 1889,

the following real estate, situate in said County, to-wit: A certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro on the Hill's Creek Road; and also, another certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying above the first mentioned lot, in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro. Both of said lots were bought by J. W. McNeel from James Griffy. They are valuable lots, and the title is believed to be clear.

TERMS OF SALE:

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue of purchase money the purchaser will be required to give bonds, with good and approved personal security, bearing interest from day of sale, falling due in Six and Twelve months respectively from date, and a lien will be retained as ultimate security.

H. S. RUCKER, Spec'l Com'r.

Bond, as required by law has been given by the above Special Commissioner.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

jan. 10 4t Printers fee $6,75.

Pocahontas Times.

B. B. LOURY. C. F. MOORE.

LOURY & MOORE,

Proprietors.

C. F. MOORE, Editor.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

Feb. 21, 1889.

Weather and Common Sense.

It does not always require that a man should be a prophet to make a shrewd guess as to what the weather will be some months in advance. There are probabilities, we will not say certainties, regarding times and seasons that are obvious to every one who knows the difference between storm and calm, heat and cold. We know, for instance, that one extreme is likely to follow another. If one winter is extremely cold it is highly probable it will be followed by another correspondingly moderate. An unusually cold wave so called, will generally be succeeded by a spell of weather of great mildness for the season. To a very dry season, or a succession of dry seasons, there is sure to succeed a period of weather to make up the deficiency of rainfall. If any particular spring is cold and wet and late, we may generally expect that the succeeding autumn will be warm and pleasant, and that winter will be slow in coming. If the entire year should be bad on account of the excessive cold or unseasonable storms, the compensation may not come till the next year, but that it will come in time is as sure as that the sun will continue to rise and set. It is one of the first laws of nature that rain shall alternate with sunshine, storm with calm and heat with cold, and it is by studying these movements of the elements more closely than the rest of mankind that some pretended weather prophets have occasionally succeeded in coming somewhere near the truth in their predictions.—San Francisco Chronicle.

That Meeting.

Pursuant to a call, the Democrats of this country, met at the Court-house, to take action, and pass resolutions in regard to the conduct of Hon. C. P. Dorr, delegate of this county, in not giving his support to Hon John E. Kenna, for re-nomination and re-election to the U. S. Senate.

T. B Horan called the House to order, stating the object of the meeting, and on his motion W. H. Hoover was made chairman, and B.D.Hutchison secretary. The chair appointed T. B. Horan, P. W. Bruffy and E. H. Morton, who reported Resolutions which were unanimously adopted. The Resolutions set forth the fact that the democracy of the Delegate District, and who are Mr. Dorr's constituents desire Mr. Kenna's re-election and to instruct our Hon. delegate to vote to that end, etc., etc.

On motion of T. B. Horan a copy of the Resolutions were sent to Hon. John E. Kenna, and on motion of the secretary, a copy also be sent to Hon. C. P. Dorr.

After speeches by Hon. C. Mac Dodrill, Horan and Hutchison, the meeting adjourned.—Addison Clipper.

The Horses Were Spared.

When Mr. Cole, a well know circus proprietor in the south, sold his stock in New Orleans, three dun ring horses that he had owned for years went with the others by mistake. Mr. Cole at once bought them back, saying he would never consent to have the horses become the property of any one who would make them work, and he had decided to put them to a painless death. He proposed to bleed them to death, but W. B. Leonard, a liveryman, suggested that the use of chloroform would be a little better and less painful mode. This was finally decided upon, and a reliable man procured, who was to have performed the operation.

They were all collected in the circus tent. There was Cole, Leonard, the riders and the clowns, the ringmaster, the tumblers and the leapers and the three pet duns. Calling the little mare by name, he told her to kiss them all good-by. The intelligent animal, stretching forward her head, kissed each one. This was more than they could stand, and the sacrifice was put off. Cole had no place to take them to, so Mr. Leonard promised to find some one who would assume charge of them, under a guarantee never to work them, but to keep them in good order until death should claim them for the grave.—St. Louis Republic.

Good Humor and Good Discipline.

Several years ago the convicts in a large penitentiary conspired together and made an unsuccessful attempt to escape. In the struggle the leader of the prisoners and one of the keepers were killed. The men were secured, but they remained in a gloomy and vindictive temper for months afterward.

Stricter discipline was enforced, and then after sometime, kindness was tried to conciliate them. Their rations improved in quality and several new privileges were granted them, but it was all in vain.

"We are sleeping on a volcano," the warden reported, "They are in a murderous humor."

He then recommended the appointment of a certain Dan Pickerell as assistant warden, the man who held that office being a grim, sarcastic fellow, especially disliked by the prisoners. Dan was inexorably firm as an officer, but he was a fat jolly embodiment of good humor. He exacted every jot and tittle of service from the convicts; but, that rendered, he took an interest in them, in their rheumatism their toothaches, their children, their plans for life after discharge.

They were human beings to him, not numbered beasts in cages; he was not afraid to joke and laugh with them. In two weeks' time the men were quiet and contented. Good humor had done its work The revolt was over.

"Good humor," says a German writer, "is one of the rank and file of human virtues, which we are apt to overlook; but it wins more battles in life than do a mighty intellect or lofty imagination."—Youth's Companion.

Leather Shoes for Horses.

The day will come when the present mode of protecting the foot of the horse will be discovered to be a mistake. Its horny substance was never intended to be pierced by nails. No wonder that so many horses fall lame and are perpetually ruined. We were recently shown a horse shod in leather. It struck us as an excellent idea and worthy of adoption. We should not be surprised that leather shoes had superseded shoes of iron. If, however, iron be a necessity, let it be nailed on the leather shoe. Now, shoemakers, please get up a neat set, and show them to all your horsey friends. Don't take "no" for an answer; stick to them till you have overcome their prejudices.

When you have succeeded apply to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for a medal and if they decline to give you one be content to know that you have done more good than the society in question with all its wealth.—Scotch Paper.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, May., 16, 1889. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 43.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

THE FAR PASTURE.

There are water-cress, and Brindle and Bess,
And Brownie and Bonnie Kate—
Though I am to mind her,
Nowhere can I find her—
And now it is growing late.

Over the meadows and through the shadows,
I have sought her long and well—
At last I have found her,
Tall grasses around her,
Led by the sound of the bell.

She had gone astray, and had lost her way
In the clover blossoms white,
The cool, sweet clover,
Tempted her over
To the pasture far, tonight.

I tenderly led her, through valley and meadow,
To lead and not drive, seemed but right,
'Twas the sweet rank clover,
That tempted her over—
And who of us always does right?

And the strangest feeling is o'er me stealing,
And seems through the shadows to come:
As beneath the wide bars,
And the silver stars,
"Bonnie Katie" and I go home.

The damp dew is falling,
And voices are calling,
I too have strayed off from the right—
And the sweet red clover, has tempted me over,

But oh! will he blame me; or seek to reclaim me?
If I call to Him now, will He come?
And over the meadows, and
Through all the shadows,
Lead his poor wanderer home?

—M. E. NOBLE.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

The small but thriving and enterprising town of Seedville, in the State of Ohio, was plentifully posted with bills bearing the above title, lavishly printed in all the hues of the rainbow. How the manager of the Seedville Academy of Music ever succeeded in securing so great a star of the dramatic firmament as Charles Cheriton was a matter of much speculation and wonder to all but Seedville citizens; but then Seedville always was smart for a small place and managed to keep abreast of the great cities of the country in everything, from natural gas to natural actors. And if the lively manager was enable to furnish high-class entertainment for the play-goers of Seedville, the said play-goers were not mean enough to pass by the opportunity with unappreciative indifference. They read the show-bills, bought their tickets and on every evening thronged the seats of the really pretty theatre.

The piece was what is technically known as a high-class comedy, but it was a comedy in which was displayed a good deal of the tragedy of mental suffering, of misunderstandings, of cross purposes and bitterness of heart; though, from the fact that all the pain and sorrow was finally turned into gladness and joy through the instrumentality of a little child, men termed it a comedy.

The drama gave the principal actor, Charles Cheriton, a fine opportunity for displaying his power of acting, and many a time had this man moved great audiences almost to tears in his representations of the deep passions of human nature.

On the particular evening which concerns our story, Cheriton was at his best. With the rare modulations of his deep, far-reaching voice, with his expressive features and gesticulations he swayed the feelings of the throng before him as the autumn winds bend the topmost boughs of the forest trees.

Toward the end of the second act the large audience noticed that the actor did not do his part justice, and not during the rest of the evening did he rise to his usual standard of excellency. No one knew the cause, for, in the intense interest felt in the play, no one had perceived a little wee baby figure steal quietly down the extreme left aisle of the balcony. No one but Cheriton. He was in the midst of his delivery of some most pathetic lines and his eyes were raised upward, so that they rested precisely on the balcony aisle to the left of the stage. He saw the tiny but graceful form of a child—a little girl—not five years old, clad in a quaint, but rich and dainty, dress of black velvet with ruffled sleeves and white lace edging at the wrists and neck; he noticed the broad-brimmed hat trimmed with a narrow but exquisite wreath of simple meadow daisies, and above all he beheld, beneath the hat, the cluster of sunny, golden hair and the clear blue eyes of the childish, angel face.

The baby, with baby grace and abandon, stole softly down to the balcony rail, upon which she rested her little arms, and with her chin nestling in her dimpled hands (like one of Ralphael's cherrubs) silently watched the play. Cheriton felt absolutely certain that the baby was the child of—well, a woman he once knew. He was positive of it, and would have backed his opinion with every thing he possessed.

He was no longer in the Seedville Academy of Music. Mechanically he proceeded with his part in the performance, but he saw none of the people before him, save the baby—and even the baby only served to remind him of another face, long since lost to him—while his thoughts and memory were afar off in a city of the sunny South.

He remembered how in the City of Mexico, exactly six years before, he had loved with a mad and irresistible passion just such a fair sweet face as was the baby's in the balcony; he recollected the faultless form, the natural grace of movement and the bewitching smile; he called to mind the sunny hair and the quaint dresses of velvet and old lace—yes, it all came back to him with the baby leaning there over the balcony rail. How he tried to forget it all, on the stage and off! How he had sought to bury it far out of his sight and memory! He had traveled East, West and North (never South) only at last to find the past as fresh as ever, in the little theatre of quiet Seedville.

Naught saw he of the footlights or the orchestra, of the stage or the house—he was away on a vine-covered veranda in the outskirts of the City of Mexico. He was telling a fair young girl of his love and adoration, and ringing in his ears was her cold, hard reply: "It is impossible, to-morrow I am to be married."

The second act of the play came to an end. When the curtain rose for the third and last act, the baby had disappeared.

The performance was almost concluded when through that terror stricken assemblage rang the alarm of "Fire!"

Aroused from his reveries and dreams of the past Cheriton became aware that smoke was issuing from the left wings. He was quickly alive to the situation, and stepping to the edge of the stage, in a loud and commanding voice he directed the movements of the affrighted men, women and children.

The fire quickly gained on the building, and before the one fire engine of Seedville could get to work the theatre was doomed.

Cheriton was one of the last to leave the stage, and when he did so the danger to the audience was over, for all had reached the street. When the alarm of fire was given Cheriton was attired for the play as a laboring man, without coat and vest; so dressed he appeared on the street.

Standing with the crowd watching the flames was a beautiful woman, perhaps twenty-five or twenty six years old. As Cheriton emerged from the building he was cheered by the crowd, and casting his eyes (from force of habit acquired on the stage) along the throng of faces, it rested on this woman.

He was seized with an inspiration, and rushing hastily to her, he grasped her arm tightly and almost rudely.

'Were you in the theatre to-night?'

'Yes.'

'Alone?'

'No; with my mother.'

'No one else—positively, no one else?'

'No one.'

'Ah,' thought Cheriton, as he hastened away, 'the child was left at home and, doubtless, knowing where her mother had gone, followed her to the theatre.'

By this time the fire was all over the house and the auditorium was filled with a dense mass of smoke. But heedless of the scorching heat, the blinding and suffocating smoke, and deaf to the warning cries of the firemen, Charley Cheriton rushed into the ill-fated building. He made his way to the left aisle of the balcony which was standing yet, and there, near the railing fast asleep *or dead*, he found the fair-haired baby girl. He grabbed a shawl which some one had left in the hurry to escape, and dashing again through the smoke and flames emerged once more on to the street.

A loud hurrah and deafening hand clapping greeted him, but he walked straight to the lady whom he had before addressed.

'Here is your little girl, madam. I noticed her in the balcony this evening. Do not be afraid; I just felt her move and heard her try to speak. If you will show me your house I will carry her home for you.'

The lady was too much affected to speak. Silently they walked a short distance until they reached a pleasant home not far from the theatre.

When they entered the parlor the mother took her child and mentioned Cheriton a seat.

In a few minutes the lady returned.

'My baby is not hurt at all, and is now sleeping as if nothing had happened. Mr. Cheriton, how can I thank you?'

'I am thanked sufficiently already,' he replied.

Then there was silence. It was a strange meeting; the actor in his stage costume, his sleeves rolled up, his hair and moustache singed and his face blackened by the smoke, while near him sat a beautiful woman scarce able to restrain her tears.

He waited until she regained some composure, and then he rose as if to go.

'Good-bye,' he said. 'I am glad to have been able to give you your little girl. I suppose you have nothing more to say to me, so good-bye.' He held out his hand as he spoke and she took it in both of hers.

'Yes, I have something more to say, and I will say it whatever you think of me for doing so.

'Listen. Six years ago you thought me heartless and cruel because I told you that it was impossible to marry you, though you thought I had given you to understand that I loved you. Well, I did love you. Perhaps it is unwomanly to say it but I did love you. The man I married—the father of my little girl—died before the baby was born. He was a good man, a good husband, but I did not love him. I loved you all the time and sacrificed love and happiness for what I thought to be duty. Charley, I love you still; you have saved my little girl—will you save me? Save me from a lonely, unhappy future and from all the misery of bitter memories? Will you, Charley?'

Well, every thing had seemed very strange to Charley Cheriton that New Year's Eve—the place, the baby, the fire, this meeting—but somehow it did not seem at all strange when he passed his large bare and blackened arm around the slender waist, while the well-rounded head with its fair hair rested upon the smoke-begrimmed shirt which covered his broad shoulder, And he thought of the title of his play—"A little child shall lead them."

Two gentleman were walking on F street yesterday when one said:

"Let's cross the street. There comes a man to whom I owe some money, and I don't want to meet him."

"Does he dun you?"

"No; that's the worst of it. He never speaks of it."

After they had crossed over the debtor walked on some distance in thoughtful silence. Then he said, seriously:

"I wish that man would get mad about it and go at me with a club. I can't pay him the money, and I wish he would thrash me like fury and settle the matter so that I wouldn't ever be afraid again to meet him."

There is a bit of good, clean human nature in that reflection.

The minister was dining with the family, and Bobby thus spoke out:

"Ma, what's an adjective?"

His mother explained the meaning of the word, and then foolishly asked him why he wanted to know.

"Because I heard pa say that the sermon this morning was a dayvilish poor one; and when I asked to tell me what 'dayvilish' was he said it was an adjective."

Stranger—Where is the county seat?

Kansas (as "dark, funnel-shaped cloud" approaches)—Wal, it's yere if that thar cyclone goes slaunchwise towards Hemecker's. If it don't the location uv the county-seat is liable to be sorter indefinite an' promiscuous like, to speak.

A well-known scientist announces that he is about to write a book which shall go a long way "towards bridging the psychological distance which separates the gorilla from the gentleman." He has set himself a hard task. Had he substituted the word "monkey" for "gorilla," and "dude" for "gentleman" he would be sure of success.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

May 16 1889.

The town of Staford, Kan., was wiped out by a cyclone last week.

There is going on in Richmond, Va. a tremendous religious upheavel among the negroes.

Two young men in Summerset, Pa., hanged their father to get their inheritance.

Was it the Harrison family or the republican party that was elected last November.

All the records smashed. The City of Paris crosses the ocean in 5 days 23 hours and 7 minutes.

The State claims 90,000 population for Richmond, with a suburban populatio of 25,000 more.

The Parkersburg Journal seems to think that the prospects for the "Black Diamond" railroad are more encourageing.

Had it been Cleveland, it would have been tariff reduction—as it is, Harrison and wage reduction, remarks an observant exchange.

Carter B. Harrison, who was last week appointed marshal of the middle district of Tennessee, is a brother of the President.

Mrs. Louisa Sheffy, of Staunton, is dead. It was just about four weeks after the death of her lamented husband, Judge Sheffy.

The only woman ever convicted of horse stealing in Missouri was a beautiful girl of 18 years, on May 7. The jury gave her two years.

It is said that they have had to put folding beds into the White House to accommodate the numerous branches of the presidential family.—Ex.

Henry W. Grady, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, is to address the literary societies of the University of Virginia at their final celebration on the 25th of June.

It is intimated the President will spend a portion of the heated term in the mountains of West Virginia, near Davis, on the new West Virginia Central Railroad.

It is conceded by republicans as well as democrats that the best all round speech at the New York centennial was delivered by ex-President Cleveland in response to the toast, "Our country."

Frank W. Palmer, of Illinois, has been appointed Public Printer. The newspapers offices along the railways leading out of Washington will now prepare for a deluge of tramp printers.—Ex.

Where is the increase in the price of wool that the republican orators told you about so positively last fall if a republican President was elected? In fact where is anything true that they told you?

Eleven fourth class postmasters were removed in Pocahontas county last week. Clarkson is getting in his work pretty fast.—Braxton Democrat.

Mr. Democrat we haven't heard of them as yet.

There are five banks and six newspapers and an average daily sale of fifty dollars worth of postage stamps in Guthrie, Oklahoma, a town which did not exist prior to April 22nd. In a few days more we may expect to hear it boasting, with the rest of its occidental contemporaries of "the finest opera house west of the Mississippi."

Where is the protection to American labor that you republicans talk about? We don't know where it is! but there is one thing we do know, that there are thousands of working men, working for whatever compensation they can get, and thousands upon thousands who are out of employment altogether, and have large families in a starving condition.

West Virginia is talking a phenomenal boom. More miles of railroad will be constructed during the present year than in any other one year in her history, and she is a Democratic state, too. Our Republican friends who are continually howling about old fogies and mossbacks and claiming that nothing but a Republican administration can attract capital into a state, should make a note of this.—Charleston Daily Star.

Rather a funny little episode happened near Philippi last week. A young man went to the clerk of the court and obtained a permit to wed a young lady. On his way home he called at the residence of another young lady, to whom he had been paying some attention, and exhibited to her his license to wed her rival. She, with rather more spirit than her sex usually possesses, getting the paper into her possession, very deliberately preceeded to tear it to pieces, and consign it to the flames, and the young man was compelled to postpone the wedding to another day.—Nicholas Chronicle.

The New York World sees in Mr. Cleveland's conduct, since his retirement from the Presidency, many evidences that he again aspires to become his party's leader in the next National struggle. It sees in Mr. Harrison's disregard of the civil service, and the consequent disgust of the mugwamp element with the President, an opportunity for Mr. Cleveland. It says: "If Mr. Cleveland can and will make himself the expouent and champion of the real ideas and true principals of Reform—reform in politics, reform in administration, reform in legislation, reform in justice—his nomination would be quite possible, and he would have a vigorous supporter in the World."

Is it possible that the World is beginning to arrive at the light at last? It lists a number of reforms which it would have Mr. Cleveland to make himself the champion and exponent of, on condition of its vigorous support. Well could Mr. Cleveland say to this proposition: "All these things have I kept from my youth up." The World knows that it is setting no pattern for Mr. Cleveland. He walked the reformer's path all through his administration, and hence his defeat. No man could have done more than he in the way of the reforms indicated—because no man was ever more honest, or firmer than he. The open opposition of the World to Mr. Cleveland began the very hour of his inauguration, and was fierce, relentless and unjust from that day till now. We are glad to see it ready to acknowledge at last that the man to lead the Democracy to victory in 1892 is Grover Cleveland.—Kanawha Gazette.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

Washington, May 10th.—Harrison made the best appointment that he has yet made when he selected Ex.Gov. Thompson, of South Carolina, as the democratic member of the Civil Service Commission. Gov. Thompson was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Cleveland's administration, and was during the last days of Congress appointed by Mr. Cleveland to the same position he has just received from a Republican President, but the Senate did not act on his nomination.

There is a weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth among the little crowd of late applicants for the position of Public Printer, five of whom are understood to have made a combination, each promising to give the other four appointments in the office if made Public Printer, over the fact that the coveted prize has gone to Ex-Congressman Frank W. Palmer, formerly postmaster at Chicago. Whether Harrison suspected the "combine" which these applicants had entered into I can not say, but it is known that some days ago he told a gentleman that he should not appoint any of the applicants up to that time and asked him to name a good man for the office. Palmer was named, and after further investigation the office was tendered to him, and he accepted it. When the appointment was made public it was really amusing to see the members of the "combine" chasing around trying to find somebody to introduce them to the new Public Printer so they could get in their applications for the "fat" positions under him. It is thought that one of these men-Donath, nominally of Pennsylvania, really of the District of Columbia, may lose his mind so great a shock has the disappointment been at not being made Public Printer. He was so certain that he was to get the appointment that he had already given away several of the most important places in the Government Printing office.

It is evidently the purpose of the the republican politicians to make the census bureau an asylum for their political proteges. The Interior Department has decided that the appointments in this bureau will have next year when it gets regularly to work, over 1500 clerks, besides an army of special agents, and the most of these will be kept for two years or longer. It will be a great convenience to prominent republicans to use these positions to pay off their political debts, and if the appointments were made under civil service rules that would be impossible.

The first of the fifteen contested election cases which are to come before the Fifty-first Congress was opened by the Clerk of the House this week. It was Calmers vs. Morgan, of the second Mississippi District.

Harrison having provided a snug place for his brother is now, so it is said, about to appoint Blaine's brother to one of the most lucrative local offices in Washington Register of Wills.

The new Secretary of Agriculture in order to prove his familiarity with farming implements, and maybe to get solid with the farmers of the country, put in a half an hour cutting grass with a scythe in the grounds surrounding his department, one day this week. Of course he was entirely ignorant of the fact that several newspaper men had their eyes on him during the entire performance.

Republicans are already beginning to compare Harrison with Hays and Arthur, they say that he is timid almost to the extent of cowardice.

It is said that the Post office Department is appointing clerks in the Railway Mail Service and dating their appointments in April in order to avoid compliance with civil service rules under which all such appointments should have been made since May.

Senator Gorman thinks that Calvin S. Brice will be elected chairman of the National democratic committee to succeed the late ex-Senator Barnum. This is taken here to mean that Senator Gorman will not accept the position.

Theodore Roosevelt of N. Y., who has just been appointed as one of the republican Civil Service Commissioners, is a pronounced free trader. Funny isn't it, that a man elected President solely because he was a rigid protectionist should give such a prominent appointment to a free trader.

The newspayer man's luck has not yet deserted him. The new Public Printer is a member of the fraternity.

ANN[illegible]

TO THE V[illegible] COUNTY [illegible]OCAHONTAS

[illegible] per[illegible] from [illegible] of the County, I here[illegible] myself a candidate [illegible] the of[illegible] Superintendent. Thanking you [illegible] years, I again solicit [illegible] the coming election [illegible] May 21st 1889.

[illegible] M. G. MATHEWS.

MASONIC [illegible]

HUNTERS[illegible] LODGE NO. 65, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the [illegible] evening preceding each Full [illegible] unless the Moon falls on Fri[illegible] then on that evening.

J. H. Do[illegible], W. M.
S. P. Pat[illegible], Sec'ty.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—Sheep Shear[illegible].

—Corn planting is over.

—[illegible] new subscribers this week.

—A special term of the County Court met last Tuesday.

—What's the matter with the correspondents this week.

—Geo. W. Siple, of Green Bank was in the city Tuesday.

—Rain and sunshine make grass grow.

—Charley Arbogast was, in town Tuesday.

—Sheriff McNeel was in Huntersville Tuesday.

—L. W. Herold, of Frost was in Huntersville Tuesday.

—Lots of new Subscribers this week. Let more come.

—E. A. Gibbs, of Raphine, Va., is in town.

—Capt. Stofer, who has been on Elk for some time has returned.

—[illegible] Jelinko, of Charleston was in town last week.

—A. F. Wickline, of Monroe Co., was in our city last Thursday.

—S. M. Walls of Baltimore, was in town Sunday.

—L. B. Trent, of Huntington was in town last week.

Go to John Wurts & Co. Frankford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. may 9-12t

—Andrew Price, and Henry McGlaughlin were in town the first of the week.

Buggy harness and Saddles at $3.50 and up to $40 at A. P. Leist's Renoverte, W. Va. 30-2m

—The County Court, Messrs. Moore and Beard, were here Tuesday.

—A Barbour county man is going to put thirty-seven acres of ground in peanuts.

A nice line of ladies hats just received at Herold & Moore's, Frost, W. Va.

—Eli Baker, has been appointed postmaster at Beverly, Randolph Co.

Sewing machines from $25 to $50; warranted, for sale by A. P. Leist, Renoverte, W. Va. 30-2m.

—They are going to vote for a six months school in the Little Levels.

If you want a good suit of clothes go to Herold & Moore's, Frost, W. Va.

—Lots of fishing going on now. The fellow who catches the biggest fish is usually the biggest liar.

—Don't forget that we are trying to run a good local paper, and want the news and if you know of any thing please report.

NOTICE.

The Final Celebration of Hillsboro Male and Female Academy will take place Thursday and Friday evenings May 23rd and 24th [illegible]. Exercises will begin promptly at 7:30 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to the Public to attend.

W. B. LAWSON,
Principal.

—H. Dever, of Knapp's [illegible] was at this place Tuesday.

Go to Herold & Moore's, F[rost], W. Va., for your dry goods and [no]tions. Best styles and lowest pri[ces].

—The State Press Association of this State meets at Wellsburg, on the 18th of June.

Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made of John Wurts & Co., Frankford, W. Va. may 9-12t

—C. E. Hoge, of Christiansburg, Va., was at this place the first of the week.

Call an examine our stock of queensware, we can suit you in both quality and Price. Herold & Moore, Frost, W. Va.

John Wurts & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be here during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. may 9-12t

—Messrs. E. H. Moore, Joe. McNeel and R. M. Beard, of Academy, were in to see us Tuesday. Mr. Beard was driving a fine pair of match bay mares.

—Sheriff McNeel and C. E. Beard, brought one Perry Townsend to jail last Tuesday, on a capious for non payment of fines &c., made at the last term of the Court.

—The Greenbrier Independent says that Mr. John Furgiesong, of Lewisburg, died at his home, on Thursday last, the 2nd inst., in his 74th year.

—Don't forget that next Tuesday 21st is school election day. Come to the polls and vote for Mr. M. G. Mathews, for County Superintendent; he is the only candidate in the field.

Herold & Moore, Frost, W. Va., have just returned from the east, and are now receiving the nicest, best and most complete stock of goods they have ever offered the public, which will be sold low down for cash or good produce.

—Messrs. B. C. McCullough, Geo. Grant and C. A. Church, were in this vicinity a part of last week looking after inducements for a branch railroad from the C. & O., from the White Sulphur to this place.

—Don't forget the poor editor when you have a news item, says an eastern exchange. If your wife licks you, let us know it, and we will set it all right before the public. If you have company, tell us, if you are not ashamed of your visitors. If a youngster arrives at your house begging for raiment, buy a lot of cigars and come around, and, if you are a cash subscriber, we will find a name for him or her as the circumstances will permit. And if you have a social gathering of a few of your friends, bring around a big cake, seven or eight pies and a ham not necessarily to eat, but as a guarantee of good faith. You needn't bother about inviting us, for our wardrobe isn't suitable for the occasion. We mention these things because we want the news, and we are bound to have it.

Lew is Dead.

The faithful old nag belonging to Capt. Stofer, passed beyond this world of toil, a few days ago, on Elk. She was 22 years old, and has long since through the Capt's. generosity, been the errand nag of our town, and her death will be regretted by those who depended on her, when they wanted to ride a short distance.

[illegible] Point Pickings.

Fine weather for planting corn and making garden.

Withrow McClintic and M. F. Gum left last Thursday for Raleigh Co.

The farmers are nearly all done planting corn.

Mr. Hindgarner has moved to Hillsboro.

Mr. J. T. Hogsett is quite ill at this writing.

Miss Mary Hacker is visiting in our neighborhood.

We had a big rain and hail storm last Saturday night.

E. P. G.

[illegible] of Sheriff [illegible] J. Mc[Neel], [illegible] W. Herold was appointed deputy sheriff.

Samuel M. Gay was appointed Superintendent of the roads over which Jas. Gibson, Jr., is toll collector, in the room and stead of Samuel B. Moore, refusing to act as such Superintendent.

The following commissioners of election were appointed for the school election the 21st of May.

Traveler's Repose;

Peter D. Yeager, A. M. V. Arbogast and Lafayette Burner.

Green Bank;

John R. Warwick, J. H. Patterson, and Adam Arbogast.

Dunmore;

Wm. H. Cackley, Ernest M. Moore and George Arbogast.

Frost;

Andrew Herold, I. B. Moore and W. A. T. Sharp.

Huntersville;

D. A. Fisher, S. L. Brown and Sheldon Moore.

Edray;

Geo. K. Gay, Wm. M. Sharp and W. T. Via.

Split Rock;

E. D. King, S. S. Varner and Harman Sharp.

Little Levels;

R. V. Hill, Jno. P. Kinnison and C. W. Eskridge.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—A dispatch from Wheeling, W. Va., says a terrible accident is reported from Braxton county. P. H. Harr and family lived in a thinly settled district, and on Sunday last, May 5th, he and his wife and two children started to visit a neighbor. The mountain stream in their path was swollen out of its banks, but Harr attempted to cross in a canoe. Half way over the boat capsized and the whole family were thrown out. The wife and one child immediately sank. Harr, who was an expert swimmer, seized the other child and made desperate efforts to escape. He caught on to the canoe, but was swept down the stream and perished before help could reach him. The bodies have all been recovered.—Ex.

The Suicidal Mania.

The readers of the newspapers recently must have observed that the suicidal mania in this country threatens to become an epidemic. In Chicago there are five sucides a day. Since the first of April there hav[e been] over a hundred in the coun[ty], and since the first of January, over six hundred.

What is the matter with the people? Why are they so anxious to shuffle of off this mortal coil? Statistics show that the men who go off and deliberately kill themselves are the very ones who can be of some service to the state and to the country. The Chicago Tribune says that "within the last three months three clergymen, three post-masters, six physicians, twelve well-to-do merchants, seven office-holders, three lawyers, three bankers, four railroad officials, two artists, three mayors, one journalist, one army officer and two capitalists have, for various reasons, voluntarily shuffled off this mortal coil."

Where is the physician who can minister to this form of disease? Where is the sanitarian who is able to prescribe a remedy for this kind of epidemic? It is a very important matter.—Atlanta Constitution.

Gov. Lee, of Virginia, is said to have attracted the most attention at the New York centennial, and Gov. Wilson, of West Virginia, was the only Governor present who did not wear a silk hat. Our own E. Willis generally gets there in some kind of shape. To those doubting this assertion we refer them to Carr and Goff.—Ex.

Orders of Publication.

No. 1.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in May 1889.

Chas L. Austin & als.
vs. } In chy. No 1.
Wm. F. Arbogast & als.

The object of this suit is to have partition or sale of a tract of land containing [illegible] acres, known as the lots No. 7, 8 and 11, lying on the Alleghany Mountain in Pocahontas County and the proceeds thereof divided among those entitled thereto according to their respective rights and interests, and it appearing by affidavit filed that Chas. Wade, Anson O. Wade, Paul L. Gay, Helen M. Gay, Signora Warwick, David V. Buckman, Chas. W. Gum, Granville Eastham Trustee; James Arbogast, Virgil S. Sholts, Amos Gum, Thos. G. Gum, R. Lee Gum, Clara Conrad, S. A. Porter and Lillie his wife, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, that the heirs of Stewart Slaven Sr. and of Annie Sheta are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiffs, without effect, to ascertain in what county Margaret Dyer resides. It is ordered that they do appear here within one months after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. H. STEPHENSON, }
C. F. MOORE, } p. q.
may 9th 4t printers fee $11.28

No 2.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia on the first Monday in May 1889.

[illegible] &c.,
vs. } In chy. No. 2.
Wm. F. Arbogast &c.

The object of this suit is to have a sale of a tract of land containing about 1,735 acres, lying on the Alleghany Mountain in Pocahontas County and the proceeds divided among those entitled thereto, according to their respective rights and interests, and it appearing from affidavit filed that Anson O. Wade, Chas. Wade, William, Peter, John and A. M. Hartman, Mary Driscol, Andrew, John, Angol and Amos Stephenson, John V. B. Wade and Mobola his wife, and Junetta Groves are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that the heirs of Susan Potts, decd, are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiff without effect, to ascertain in what county, Lorenza Humphries and Jane his wife, Allen Stephenson, Julia Regor, (formally Arnold) reside, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. H. STEPHENSON, }
C. F. MOORE, } p. q.
may 9th 4 w printers fee $10.16

No. 3.

At rules held in the Circuit Court, Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia on the first Monday in May, 1889.

Chas. L. Austin, &c.,
vs. } In chy. No. 3.
Wm. F. Arbogast, &c.

The object of this suit is to have a sale of a tract of land containing about 1,576 acres lying on the Alleghany Mountain in Pocahontas county, and the proceeds divided among those entitled thereto according to their respective rights and interests, and it appearing from affidavit filed that Anson O., and Chas. Wade, William, Peter, John and A. M. Hartman Mary Driscol, Andrew, John, Angol and Amos Stephenson, John V. B. Wade and Mobola his wife and Jenetta Groves are non-residents of the State of west Virginia, and that the heirs of Susan Patta, dec'd are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiffs without effect to ascertain in what county Lorenza Humphries and Jane his wife, Julia Regar (formerly Arnold) and Allen Stephenson reside. It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. H. STEPHENSON, }
C. F. MOORE, } p. q.
may 9 4 w printers fee 10.97

Order of Publicatio[n].

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in May, 1889.

George C. Hill's Adm'r,
vs. } In chy.
Rebecca J. Hill & als.

The object of this suit is to settle the accounts of the administrator of George C. Hill, dec'd. To convene the creditors of said decedent. To subject the real estate of which said Geo. Hill, dec'd died seized to the payment of his debts and to construe the will of the said Geo. C. Hill, and it appearing from affidavit filed that Thos. C. Hill, James F. Hill and Elizabeth J. H[ill] are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
[John] J. BEARD, Cl'k.

C. F. MOORE, p. q.
may 9 [illegible] printers fee [illegible]

PRIVATE SALE OF LAND.

I wish to sell at private sale, 100 acres of land lying within one half mile of Greenbrier River opposite to the mouth of Stamping Creek, formerly known as the [illegible] place. I will sell at a sacrafice. I will remain in the County two weeks, in the vicinity of Little Levels and Huntersville, after that

Address, Jas. E. A. Gum,
Raphine, Va.

CARPET SWEEPERS.

If you want something that will keep every thing as clean as a new pin, and dust from getting over every thing in the house, buy a Carpet Sweeper of Brison Hill, Jacox, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

GOOD FLOUR.

[illegible] cts pr. pound, meal 75 cts per bushel at H. H. McClintic's mill, also his flour at A. Barlow's Huntersville, and Barlow & Moore's, Edray tur [illegible] cts. mar. 25.

PATENTS.

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

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C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 3rd day of April, 1889, in the chancery cause of

Frederick Burr's Heirs
vs
Frederick Burr's Exr &c.

I, as Special Commissioner appointed in said decree, shall proceed to sell in front of the Court House of said County, at public auction to the highest bidder,

ON THE 17TH DAY OF JUNE 1889

the following real estate, to wit: Two hundred and Twenty-Two acres adjoining lands of [illegible] Frist and others, being lot No. 8 in the partition of the lands of which Frederick Burr Sr. died seized. Said land is considered valuable for farming purposes, but especially on account of the fine pine timber growing thereon. The title is believed to be clear.

TERMS OF SALE.

Cash in hand sufficient to pay expenses of sale and one third of the costs of suit; and for the residue, the purchaser to execute three several bonds, falling due respectively in Nine, Eighteen and Twenty-seven months from day of sale, with interest from date and with good personal security. A lien will also be retained until the future order of the court.

[illegible]
Spec'l. Com'r.

Bond as required by law has been given by the above Commissioner.

Apr. [illegible] JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k
[illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

May 16 1889.

Blackbird and House-Snake.

Forest and Stream.

One bright morning last summer I was walking out in the country near town, looking for anything I could find, and seeing what I could in the bird line, when I was surprised to hear a great noise of birds

[illegible] parents, [illegible] to cope with the enemy, had undoubtedly gone for help. The blackbird was the champion and did all of the fighting, while the other birds did the "talking". This seemed very strange to me. He would attack his foe fiercely until tired, then retire a few feet, and then begin again, thus fighting alone for the young of a bird of an entirely different species. I sat and wondered whether these birds had selected him as their protector, or had he taken the battle upon himself? He certainly fought well.

"Lulu," he said (he was a young man and had great confidence in himself), and he bent toward her tenderly. "I have loved you long and tenderly. Will you name the day?"

"Oh, the day is already named, Mr. [illegible]," answered the girl, [illegible]

* * *

Was it the Harrison family or the republican party that was elected last November.

All the records smashed. The City of Paris crosses the ocean in 5 days 23 hours and 7 minutes.

The State claims 90,000 population for Richmond, with a suburban population of 25,000 more.

The Parkersburg Journal seems to think that the prospects for the "Black Diamond" railroad are more encouraging.

Had it been Cleveland, it would have been tariff reduction—as it is, Harrison and wage reduction, remarks an observant exchange.

Carter B. Harrison, who was last week appointed marshal of the middle district of Tennessee, is a brother of the President.

Mrs. Louisa Sheffy, of Staunton, is dead. It was just about four weeks after the death of her lamented husband, Judge Sheffy.

The only woman ever convicted of horse stealing in Missouri was a beautiful girl of 18 years, on May 7. The jury gave her two years.

It is said that they have had to put folding beds into the White House to accommodate the numerous branches of the presidential family.—Ex.

Henry W. Grady, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, is to address the literary societies of the University of Virginia at their final celebration on the 29th of June.

A boy sixteen years of age, named Albert Parsons, attempted to elope with his step grandmother, Mrs. Mary Mall, aged twenty-two, last Saturday. They were intercepted at Clarksburg and the scheme failed. They were both from Taylor county.—Randolph Enterprise.

Mrs. Henry Yeager, of Greenbank, and Mr. Burner, of Traveler's Repose, with their families, all of Pocahontas county, passed through Monterey on April 24, enroute for Cheyene, Wyoming.—Highland Recorder.

Wonder what the striking and locked out miners of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and those of Indiana and Illinois who have just been forced to suffer and unprecedented cut in their wages think of the success of "protection to American labor.—Register.

A Pointer For Enterprising Citizens.

The Grafton Eagle Sentinel says: The young men are the bone and sinew of the land. If we want to build up our State and bring about greater prosperity, we must keep our young men at home, and in order to do this we must offer them such inducements to remain as will overcome the attractions of other sections. This is a big, wide country of ours, but there is no section [illegible] possesses greater advantages [illegible] the State of West Virginia [illegible] if our young men can [illegible] to remain here and exert the energy they can do just [illegible] better than they could [illegible] elsewhere.

Rather [illegible] pened [illegible] young [illegible] court and [illegible] a young [illegible] called at [illegible] young la[illegible] paying [illegible] ed to her [illegible] al. She, [illegible] than her [illegible] ting the [illegible] very deli[illegible] it to piec[illegible] flames, [illegible] compelled [illegible] to another [illegible] cle.

[illegible] go Times reporter feigned [illegible] and was committed to [illegible] County Insane Asylum. [illegible] was to satisfy himself of [illegible] ment of inmates. He re[illegible] rible story of cruelty and [illegible] on the part of several of [illegible] dants, the result of which [illegible] death of a patient. The [illegible] expose was verified by [illegible] tem examination of the [illegible] ate, and the attendants [illegible] ated.

[illegible] line King, the colored wo[illegible] has fasted forty days at [illegible] Ill., sank down by the [illegible] eight-gallon stone jug [illegible] water, before many spec[illegible] prayed the Lord to turn [illegible] into wine. Tears trick[illegible] her cheeks as she earnest[illegible] the request, but the water [illegible] still.

The N[illegible] Mr. Clevel[illegible] retirement [illegible] many evid[illegible] pires to be [illegible] in the next [illegible] sees in Mr. [illegible] the civil [illegible] quent dis[illegible] element w[illegible] portunity [illegible] says: "I[illegible] will make [illegible] and champ[illegible] true princ[illegible] in politic[illegible] tion, refor[illegible] in justice [illegible] be quite [illegible] have a [illegible]

[illegible] ever occur to you," said [illegible] a man to a New York [illegible] er, the other day, "What [illegible] om John Wanamaker's business must be having? There are some 60,000 postoffices in the country, [illegible] ose that 50,000 of them [illegible] ll country stores. Don't [illegible] that when John Wanamaker's drummer comes round to [illegible] se stores he has a pretty good chance of getting an order? I'll bet that there are not a hundred such postmaster storekeepers within a thousand miles of Philadelphia who do not buy all they can at Wanamaker's nowadays, and even in more distant parts of the country the postmasters will stretch a point whenever they can to send to Philadelphia for their goods. Suppose a man wants to be reappointed, don't you think he will imagine that it will be a good thing for him to be able to refer Postmaster General Wanamaker to Wholesale Merchant Wanamaker for information as to his credit and business standing. Of course, the postmasters in 99 cases out of 100 will be wrong in it, but they have the idea all the same that Wanamaker will know the name of all about every man who buys goods of him, and they will act accordingly. It will be Wanamaker's own fault if he hasn't the largest wholesale business in the country within the next four years."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, May 10th.—Harrison made the best appointment [illegible] yet made when he se[illegible]

A lady who was very talkative but at the same time very silly, complained that she was bothered by people who stayed too long.

"If they don't go why then don't you talk to them?" replied a female friend.

Mistress—"Why, Bridget, what in the world are you doing with my new dress on?" Bridget—"Sure, mum, it's yerself what gave it to me." Mistress—"I gave it to you!" Bridget—"Yis; yez said Oi cud have it as soon as yez had worn it out, an' begorra yez wore it out yestherday afthernoon.—Harper's Bazar.

A maiden from the city tripped lightly 'mid the trees and snuffed the repuglant odor that floated on the breeze. "Oh tell me ancient farmer, with arms so brown and bare, what is that wondrous flower that scents the morning air?" Loud laughed the ancient farmer till the tears rolled down his cheek: "Why bless you that's a polecat and I've smelt him for a week."

Philadelphian—You are very fond of society, I see. Do you belong to the exclusive set?

New Yorker—No, unfortunately there is a dark stain on my social record.

"Indeed!"

"Yes, it's too true. I once walked two squares on Fifth avenue with a very dear friend of mine, an eminent scientist who had on a suit of ready-made clothing."

"Well, Ned, I proposed to Miss Jenkins last night, and she has accepted me."

"Did you, though? Why I never for a moment thought you had the slightest idea of marrying."

"I didn't but Miss Jenkins won me so completely by her beautiful tact and delicate forethought."

"In what respect."

"Why, when I called, she walked up to the mantel-piece and stopped the clock."

"Why do you speak in such a low voice?" said a member of a certain church to the pastor.

"Well," he replied, "when I first began to preach they called me a shouter, because I spoke so loud. One Sunday morning, just after I finished the prayer, and while the solemn hush was still upon the congregation, a little fellow broke the silence with the question: 'Ma, is God deaf?' I have never shouted since."

[illegible] the Railway [illegible] World recommending their [illegible] executions by means of order to so-called "thanatelectrical service [illegible] that's the use of adding appointments [illegible] necessary terrors to the made [illegible]

MY FIRST WORD IS

Bargains!

To all comers, I offer the opportunity of the season in

Dry Goods,
Hats, Clothing,
Notions, Groceries,
Hardware Queensware, Tinware,
Trunks, Valises
&c.

I will sell as low as could be bought in the city.

JACOB BONER,
Huntersville, W. Va.

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Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Drug Envelopes, Tags, Business Cards, Official Blanks, Blank Bonds, Posters, Briefs for the Court of Appeals etc.

GET THEM AT "THE TIMES"

JOB OFFICE,

FOR THE BLOOD, Weakness, Malaria, Indigestion and Biliousness, take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It cures quickly. For sale by all dealers in medicine. Get the genuine.

DIRECT TO CONSUMER
Saving 25 to 40 Per Ct.
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Pioneer Buggy Co.
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FOR DYSPEPSIA
Use Brown's Iron Bitters.
Physicians recommend it.
All dealers keep it. $1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
Almost as Palatable as Milk.

So disguised that it can be taken, digested, and assimilated by the most sensitive stomach, when the plain oil cannot be tolerated; and by the combination of the oil with the hypophosphites is much more efficacious.

Remarkable as a flesh producer.
Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is acknowledged by Physicians to be the Finest and Best preparation in the world for the relief and cure of
CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES, EMACIATION, COLDS and CHRONIC COUGHS.
The great remedy for Consumption, and Wasting in Children. Sold by all Druggists.

Shoemaker—Is not this the 5th time I have half-soled these boots?
Customer—Yes! Since I have used WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING my boots wear longer than before and are always bright and clean.

Wolff's ACME Blacking

Is the Blacking for Men, Women and Children.
The RICHEST BLACK POLISH.
Making Leather Waterproof and Durable.
No Brush. A Shine Lasts a Week.
Can be washed with water, same as Oil-cloth.
The Finest Dressing for Harness.

Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, and retailers generally.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

OUR $1 A WEEK Club System while as convenient to the buyer as any installment system, is a wholesale spot cash system to us. [illegible]

The Keystone Watch Club Co.
[illegible]
904 WALNUT ST., PHILADA., PA.
Agents Wanted.
Ajax Watch Insulator, $1.00
[illegible]

Dobbins' Electric Soap

THE BEST FAMILY SOAP
IN THE WORLD.

It is Strictly Pure. Uniform in Quality.

THE original formula for which we paid $50,000 twenty years ago has never been modified or changed in the slightest. This soap is identical in quality to-day with that made twenty years ago.

IT contains nothing that can injure the finest fabric. It brightens colors and bleaches whites.

IT washes flannels and blankets as no other soap in the world does—without shrinking—leaving them soft and white and like new.

READ THIS TWICE

THERE is a great saving of time, of labor, of soap, of fuel, and of the fabric, where Dobbins' Electric Soap is used according to directions.

ONE trial will demonstrate its great merit. It will pay you to make that trial.

LIKE all best things, it is extensively imitated and counterfeited.

Beware of Imitations.

INSIST upon Dobbins' Electric. Don't take Magnetic, Electro-Magic, Philadelphia Electric, or any other fraud, simply because it is cheap. They will ruin clothes, and are dear at any price. Ask for

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC

and take no other. Nearly every grocer from Maine to Mexico keeps it in stock. If yours hasn't it, he will order from his nearest wholesale grocer.

READ carefully the inside wrapper around each bar, and be careful to follow directions on each outside wrapper. You cannot afford to wait longer before trying for yourself this old, reliable, and truly wonderful

Dobbins' Electric Soap.

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

BLUINE
THE MOST
EXTENSIVELY ADVERTISED
LAUNDRY BLUE IN THE WORLD.

NO FREEZE, Glass or Dust. NEVER SETTLES, SPILLS OR WASTES. 10 per cent. cheaper [illegible]
[illegible] other than any other bluing in the world.
BLUINE is more convenient than any other bluing.
BLUINE is more economical, because you can put in just the exact amount and no more.
BLUINE is clean and neat, no dust, no spattering or soiling.
BLUINE is in small sheets, packed in a handsome package, and would be an ornament on any table.
BLUINE is the cheapest, because it is the best.
Twenty-Four Washings for Ten Cents.
[illegible]
BLUINE M'F'G CO., West Acton, Mass.

THE FAVORITE CARRIAGE CO.,
WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE VEHICLES FOR THE TRADE.
Write for Catalogue. CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.

Pocahontas Times.

Vol. VI. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, May., 23, 1889. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 44.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, Pres't. / S. B. Hannah. / G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

BUCKLEY MT.

For The Times.

Those mountains cross the river,
So lonely look and dark;
No human sound, no human step,
I ever see or mark.

The seasons come, the seasons go,
White snow flakes gently fall;
The trees take on their fresh green leaves,
But still 'tis silence all!

If I could see a child at play,
Or sturdy manhood's walk,—
Something to break the lonliness,
Something with which to talk.

I gaze until the topmost pines
Gaze darkley down at me,
And summon to my wanted task,
What'er the skies may be.

If sadness reign, or gaisty,
If friends are stern or kind,—
Duty, the bright and guiding star,
United God's rest we find.

MRS. ANNA L. PRICE.
Marlinton, W. Va., May 1889.

In the Throat of A Boa.

BY COL. EDWARD B. TAYLOR

"I can never look upon one of those writhing, slimy things without a shudder," said my friend, Colonel Paul Ballantyne, as we three (his pretty South American wife was of the party) stood in front of the boa constrictor's cage in the serpent-house at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden.

"And yet, dear," interposed Mrs. Ballantyne—and she laid her hand lovingly upon her husband's arm, and looked up into his handsome face with a wealth of love glowing in her lustrous brown eyes—"if it had not been for the serpent you would probably never have met me. But perhaps you regret that!" she added, with a pretty pout.

"Ah, that was the recompense!" said the Colonel, and he eyed her fondly. "But for that, I think I could never have summoned up fortitude enough to again look upon one of the monsters. As it is I cannot repress the shudder, and in fancy I feel myself again being sucked down to death."

"You had an adventure, Colonel?" I ventured.

"Adventure!" he echoed. "Well, I should say so. The most horrible a man ever experienced. But you dine with us to-day, and then I'll tell you the story."

He did, and gave me permission to print it, which I have done without material alteration, and with the substitution of fictitious names for the real actors, who will doubtless read and recognize this history.

Three years ago my friend was sent to Venezuela, as the agent of a firm of mahogany importers, who had purchased some valuable forestry concessions in that country.

The lumber tract lay along the banks of one of the bayous of the Orinoco River, about one hundred and fifty miles above the Isle of Barima.

The Colonel examined the tract, selected a site for a logging camp, and proceeded to La Guayra, purchased supplies, and engaged a native Venezuelan, named Guzman Mendo a, to superintend the logging.

Indian laborers to fell the trees could be engaged in any quantity in the vicinity of the mahogany forest.

Mendoza was a slightly built, surly-faced fellow, with an ungovernable temper, to which he gave way at the slightest provocation. He was accompanied by an Indian servant, named Jose, who was much attached to his master.

Colonel Ballantyne had several wordy quarrels with his forman, on the way up the river, and he began to regret having engaged so uncompanionable an assistant, but Mendoza thoroughly understood his work, and soon convinced his employer that he was worth more than the liberal salary that was paid him.

The camp was established, a corps of native axe-men engaged and preparations were made to get together the material for a big mahogany raft, which would be floated down to the mouth of the bayou, where the precious wood would be loaded in vessels sent out by the firm which employed the Colonel.

Accompanied by Jose, who was familiar with woodcraft, the Colonel made daily excursions into the forest in all directions, to locate and mark the trees.

The tract proved to be a rich one. Mahogany trees were there by the thousand, and the forest was intersected by creeks in all directions, along which timber might readily be floated to the bayou, and thence to the river.

They had been in camp about a week, and the work was progressing satisfactorily, when Mendoza, who had heretofore been kept too busy to quarrel, got into a dispute with his employer, and had it not been for the interference of some of the Indian workmen, one would have shot the other, for both men drew their pistols.

After they had both had time to cool down, the Colonel, who is naturally of the most forgiving disposition, apologized to his antagonist, and requested that the matter be forgotten.

He held out his hand in token of amity, but Mendoza, with a shrug of his shoulders, and a contortion of his dark face, turned on his heel and walked away.

That night he and Jose held a long conversation, which was carried on in a low tone of voice, but although they looked frequently toward the Colonel and exchanged significant [illegible], he did not dream that they were plotting treachery.

The next morning the Colonel and Jose started, as usual, for a short expedition in the forest.

It was a feast day with the Indians, and they were making merry in the camp.

Jose carried a small hatchet for marking the trees, and over his shoulder was slung a haversack, containing lunch.

The Colonel walked in advance, armed only with a small rifle.

By noon they were ten miles from the camp, and further down the bayou than they had ever been before.

When they stopped for luncheon near a small spring, Jose informed his patron that they were only a few miles distant from the extensive coffee and indigo plantation of General Antonio De Silva, who controlled leagues of forest land in the vicinity, and from whom the American mahogany merchants had purchased the logging right.

After lunch the Colonel lighted his pipe, and leaned his back against a great tree-trunk to enjoy an after-dinner smoke.

Near by was a clump of low bushes, bearing a yellowish berry and he asked Jose if they were good to eat.

Jose examined them, and immediately declared that they were excellent.

"I have often eaten them down toward the coast, senor," he said, "but I have never seen any before so far in the interior.

He tasted the berries, pronounced them delicious, but somewhat different in flavor from them growing near the coast, and picked some for the Colonel, of which the latter ate liberally, without any suspicion of evil effects, finding them, as Jose had declared, of a most delicious flavor, and in taste something like the raspberry.

He did notice that Jose ate only a couple, nor did he see the look of cunning exultation on the Indian's face.

Ten minutes after eating the first berry, the Colonel felt strangely exhilerated, and burst out into a rollickly college song with the boisterous hilarity of one intoxicated with absinthe.

His whole nervous system, even to his finger tips, tingled with pleasing exeitement. He had a vague recollection of making a resolve to check his ludricous outburst; of seeing Jose glide away into the forest with his rifle over his shoulder, and a look of malignant hatred on his swarthy face; of struggling to his feet and calling to the Indian to come back, and then he rolled upon the ground and all became blank.

Not until the following day did consciousness begin to slowly assert itself. He then awoke, with a horrible sensation of helplessness.

The lower half of his body was numbed and paralyzed by a terrible gradually constricting power from all directions.

His limbs appeared dead, and all the blood forced out of them into the upper part of his body. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets; there was a singing in his ears, and he breathed with great difficulty.

His throat was hot and dry, and he was consumed with a raging thirst.

He was lying face downward, and having determined to throw off the stupor, he raised his hands to his head.

Instantly he was dragged backward several feet along the ground.

Horrified and bewildered, he made a frantic effort, raised himself on his elbows and looked about him.

He was half engulfed in the throat of a monster boa-constrictor!

The reptile had begun to swallow him without first crushing him within its coils, as is usually the case.

When the serpent moved, an indescribably sickening odor arose and almost stupefied the imprisoned man.

Maddened at the loathsome prospect, the Colonel gave a horrified scream of agony, and clutching frantically at the ground, struggled to release himself from the deadly embrace of the serpent's throat.

But the teeth of his devourer were fastened in his buckskin coat, and held him like a pair of hungry nippers, while the horrible suction pump below was worked with renewed energy.

The Colonel ceased his struggles, and looked about anxiously for Jose.

"What has become of him? Was he, too, being devoured, or was he already destroyed?"

While he was puzzling over these speculations, he suddenly remembered that just before consciousness left him, the Indian had disappeared in the forest, and then, like a flash, he recollected the fellow's conference with Mendoza, and he realized that he had been left to perish.

At the terrible thought, he made another effort to escape.

The movement disturbed the boa, and again it dragged him backward two or three feet, and again the constricting suction from below began.

So long as he kept perfectly quiet the serpent seemed content to let matters take their course, and to remain in a semi comatose condition.

He put down his left hand, to feel the taut rim of the boa constrictor's jaws.

They were three inches higher up his body than when he first regained consciousness.

The excitement through which he had passed had exhausted his emotions, but this dire discovery awakened them.

He tried to form some plan of putting an end to his existence, but his brain was no longer equal to the concentration of a definite idea. He was beyond all power of action.

Once he fancied that he heard the cry of some animal or human being near by, but he was too far gone to pay much attention.

At last all seemed to be over with him. It was as though the darkness of night had gradually closed over him, the roaring noise in his ears continued for awhile and then all was silent.

He had sunk into the unconsciousness of complete exhaustion.

"I remembered no more," said the Colonel, "until I came to my senses again, and found myself lying on a luxurious bed, in a cool pleasant room."

"The first face that I saw as I opened my eyes, was that of the lady who afterward became my wife. At the time I thought her an angel from heaven, and—well, she is as near one as a mortal can be.

"I was very weak, and it was several days before I fully recovered. Then she told me the story of my rescue.

She is extremely fond of scientific pursuits, and was botanizing in the forest, accompanied by her maid and two trusty servants, when she suddenly beheld the head and shoulders of a man protruding from the mouth of a monster boa, whose scaly body lay in serpentine length along the ground.

Taking it for granted that I was dead, and chilled with terror, she uttered the horrified cry that I had dimly heard.

"It brought to her side the servants, who were armed with sharp axes, to cut a path when necessary through the tanggled undergrowth of the forest.

"They boldly attacked the serpent and succeeded in chopping him completely in two just below the bulge in his body caused by my feet and legs. It was necessary, however, to slit open the severed head and neck before I could be released.

"At first they thought me dead, but were soon rejoiced at discovering a lingering spark of life."

Under Miss De Silva's directions the Colonel was taken to her father's house, and there she nursed him back to life and health.

A tender passion, each for the other, was developed during his convalescence, and when he was able to return to the logging camp, she had promised to be his wife.

He then learned from one of the Indian wood-choppers of the cowardly plot against his life.

Jose had seen the gigantic serpent crawling slowly toward the Colonel while the latter lay smoking under the tree, and had determined to assist his master, Mendoza, to a terrible revenge.

Knowing the stupefying effect of the yellow berries, the Indian had induced his companion to partake of them, and then had left him to his horrible fate.

When he returned to camp, he reported that the Colonel had been killed and devoured by an enormous serpent; but when news reached the camp that the supposed dead man was safe at General De Silva's plantation, he and his unscrupulous [illegible], Mendoza, deserted, and were never seen nor heard of afterward.—Saturday Night.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

May 23 1889.

"An Era of Prosperity."

On the fourth of March the Republican legislature of Kansas, after singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," passed a resolution "that we congratulate the nation upon the incoming at this moment of a republican administration, and a consequent era of prosperity and good government." A few days later came the failure of the Reading iron works with liabilities of nearly $2,000,000, and throwing 2,000 men out of employment. Then the failure of the Excelsior pottery of Trenton, N. J., employing 300 hands, followed by the shutting down of the rolling mills at Reading, Naomi and Gibralter, Pa., and the Findlay, O., Iron and Steel company, with liabilities of over $100,000. A few more days passed and then came a lookout at the Fall River, Mass., calico works, in which 6,000, men, women and children were thrown out of employment. Scarcely a day passes without a forcible reminder from somewhere that the "era of prosperity" of which the Kansas solons spoke has dawned upon the country. This is shown by the reduction of wages of mechanics and laborers and a decrease in the price of farm products all over the land. It is probably an "era of prosperity" for somebody and "protection" is doubtless a big thing for somebody, but for whom? Is it for the laborer, the mechanic, the farmer or the producer in any of the branches of manufacture or trade? Not much. Such prosperity is not recognized by the money kings and the gentlemen who now have our government under their control. It may be an "era of prosperity" for them and it doubtless is. If it did not pay them to pursue their present tactics and if it did not pay the millionaire manufactures to shut down their works they would not not do it, would they? Well, it is hardly probable. But what are you going to do about it? "Protection" is the watchword of the administration that will be in power for nearly four years to come and if the people, who are supposed to be the real rulers of the country do not develop more good sense during that time than they showed at the last election, it is likely to remain so for four years longer. The workingmen who voted for Harrison and the kind of "protection to American labor by the broad shield of American law," that Gen. Goff talks about, has no right to "kick." He ought to take his medicine like a man. He asked for it, and he has got it, but we imagine that it does not taste as good as he thought it would. Experience is said to be a dear school, and it has doubtless been a dear one to many a Republican who has followed his party wherever it led, without stopping to ask himself what his own interests were. But after all, they may learn something by it, and we hope they will. If not, we had better turn the country into a vast idiot asylum and let "protection" rule the roost until its followers starve to death hugging their idol, which is in reality the most gigantic fraud of the nineteenth century.—Charleston Star.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, May 17th.—Hon. Samuel J. Randall who has been confined to his residence in this city for several weeks past, is now much better, although not yet well enough to get out of doors. He contemplates spending the summer at the seashore.

Solicitor General Jenks, of the Department of Justice, who tendered his resignation at the beginning of the present administration, has been notified of its acceptance by the President to take effect on the 15th inst. Mr. Jenks will continue in the service of the Government as counsel in the telephone cases until they are disposed of. This position was the bone of contention which brought on the recent bitter wrangle between Senators Sherman and Quay. It was privately promised to Sherman's candidate Alphonzo Hart, of Ohio, some weeks ago, but for some unknown cause the appointment has not yet been publicly announced.

Ex-Senator Riddleberger, would be-Congressman Laughton and other anti-Mahone Republicans come to Washington and chin the President all they want to, but so far everything given out in Virginia has gone to a Mahone man.

A big scramble is now taking place daily at the Government Printing office, Palmer the new Public Printer having taken charge of the office Monday, since which time he has hardly been allowed an opportunity to eat or sleep so great is the rush. He has made but few appointments yet, but one of those few-Chief time keeper, was secured by ex-Senator "Billy" Chandler, of New Hampshire, who is one of Palmer's bondsmen, for his private secretary. "Billy's" friends are also likely to be heard from when the contracts for the year's supplies for the office are made next month.

Chief Justice Fuller has gone to Norfolk, and from there he will proceed to South Carolina on his district tour.

Harrison's first negro appointment Rev. James Townsend of Indiana, to be recorder of the General Land Office has created quite a commotion in the Land Office. In the division of which Townsend is to be Chief there are 25 white lady clerks and every one of them is trying to get transferred to some other division in order to escape the negro chief. As one of the ladies puts it; "We naturally have to pay a certain amount of court and deference to our Chief, and it will be very disagreeable for me to treat a negro as my superior, I shall get into some other division if I can; if not I suppose I shall have to stand it, as my bread and butter depends upon it."

Oklahoma does not propose getting left in the great scramble for office. Corporal Tanner has appointed a board of pension examiners for Guthrie, and the Civil Service Commissioners have received a letter asking how soon examinations are to be held in Oklahoma.

It is said that the Sherman and Foraker factions of Ohio republicans have got up a compromise on the Federall officers in Cincinnati, and that ex-Mayor Amor Smith will be surveyor and Col. D. W. McClung collector. The first is a Sherman man and the latter pins his faith to Foraker.

One man has appeared here as a candidate for office that every respectable man in the country should rejoice to see disappointed. I refer to W. E. Haskell, editor of the Minneapolis Tribune, who wants to be minister to Denmark. Haskell is the man who publicly insulted Mrs. Cleveland by a scandalous editorial in the columns of his paper while she and her husband were the guests of his city. It is surprising that he could get anybody to endorse his application.

The Court of Claims has decided that the celebrated Triggs' swords, which have been in the custody of the Treasury department ever since the war should be turned over to Mr. Myers, the executor of the General Triggs' estate.

Ex-Congressman Ochiltree, who spends his time in New York, but for political purposes, claims a residence in Texas, says that Harrison has given him control of all the Federal patronage of Texas. It may be just as Mr. Ochiltree says, but you know Mr. Ochiltree is the champion romancer of the country.

Ex Public Printer Benedict and brother, ex chief clerk of the Government Printing office have been presented with handsome gold-headed canes by the clerical force of that office.

A Mysterious Death.

On Wednesday of last week some fishermen discovered the body of a man lying on the bank of Greenbrier river, about three miles above Alderson, in Fort Spring district, this county. The body had evidently floated down during the recent rise in the river and deposited where found. The authorities of that district were notified, and a jury of inquest went down from Ronceverte to investigate the matter. The body was very much decomposed, and was that of a man 35 years of age and was well dressed, having on a tailor made suit of clothes, worth about $35 or $40. Nothing on his body was found to identify him. The only articles found were a couple of pocket handkerchiefs a money purse, (no money in it,) and a small knife. There were some indications that he might have been foully dealt with, but, no doctor being present at the inquest, this was not positively ascertained. He was evidently above ordinary men in position and circumstances, but who he was and how he met his death are mysteries.—Greenbrier Independent.

In New York.

THE WEST VIRGINIA TROOPS CHEERED FROM ONE OF THE LINK TO THE OTHER

A gentleman who returned from New York, and who saw the great parade there, says the West Virginia delegation showed up in great shape. There were about 150 members of the National Guard in line from this State, being headed by Gov. E. W. Wilson, Gen. E. L. Wood and the Governor's Staff, including Col. A. A. Franzheim of Wheeling. Then came the Governor's Guard and the two companies of 150 men. The boys marched like old-timers and where cheered all along the line.

There were few Governors in the line who received more cheers than Governor Wilson and he was one of the very few who received bouquets. While passing up Fifth avenue an immense bouquet of carnations was thrown to the Governor from one of the mansions on that thoroughfare.

The Governor's Guard band was along and made splendid music, and altogether the turnout was a creditable one for which the men should receive praise, as they all paid their own expenses.—Ronceverte News.

There are fifteen contested Congressional election cases to be settled by the next Congress. Three of them are from West Virginia.

The Illinois house passed the bill appropriating $50,000 for a monument to the late John A. Logan.

The West Virginia soldier boys gets $8.685 as their share of the $400,000 appropriated by the last Congress for distribution among the National Guards of the several States.

THE supreme court has decided that the Scott Chinese exclusion act is constitutional. This must me quite unpleasant to Gen. Harrison and other lovers of the almond-eyed Mongolian.

MASONIC NOTICE.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 65, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—Fine rain last Sunday.

—Read Loury & Doyles new ad. this week.

—Read A. M. McClintic & Co's new ad this week.

—E. J. Holt, of Academy was in our city last week.

Buggy harness and Saddles at $3, $10 and up to $40 at A. P. Leist's Ronceverte, W. Va. 30-2m

—Charley Arbogast was in town yesterday.

Go to John Wurts & Co, Frankford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. may 9-12t

—W. H. Wallis, of Baltimore, was in our burg the first of the week.

Sewing machines from $25 to $50; warranted, for sale by A. P. Leist, Ronceverte, W. Va. 30 2m.

—Go to Loury & Doyles for all kinds of fine goods.

John Wurts & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be here during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. may 9-12t

—Talk about hard times; you would think they are hard sure enough if you would see how cheap Loury & Doyle are selling goods.

Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made of John Wurts & Co. Frankford, W. Va. may 9 12

—Geo. W. Wagner, has been appointed postmaster at this place and Amos Barlow removed, and W. E. Hannah at Frost.

—B. H. Waugh and son, passed through town Monday, on their way to Rockbridge Baths, Va.

Married, on Wednesday, May 15 at the residence of the brides parents Mr. [illegible] Sheets, of Green Bank to Miss Mary O. Simmons, of Buckeye.

DIED.—Slaven of pneumonia, at the home of Mr. Hoover, on cheat Mt., May 11th 1889, Prior V. Slaven in the 82d year of his age. Prior had been a great sufferer for many years, but his end was peace.

W.

Died, Mrs. T. H. McGlaughlin, of Gillaspie, this Co., formerly of near this place.

Public Commencement

The grand public commencement of the H. T. School Academy W. Va., will be held Tuesday, June 4th, beginning at 8 p. m. The public are cordially invited to attend.

Miss O. M. SHEARER,
Principal.

Election returns at this place are as follows: For Co. Supt. M. G. Mathews, 26; C. F. Moore, 1 and Miss Emma Warwick, 1

For Commissioner—P. M. Harper 20; H. M. Rucker 3 and Sheldon Moore 6.

A Letter

Mr. Dilley, P. M. at Dilley's Mill is very much mistaken about the registered package coming up missing at Dunmore. I got the package and it was for me; registered to me from S. L. Myers & Co., N. Y. Sept 13th 1888.

I get registered packages sometimes, without taking other peoples. This report was started to injure me, but I don't think it did.

Respectfully,
C. B. SWECKER.

Gladstone has refused to write twenty-five newspaper articles for $22,000 for a New York newspaper syndicate; says he is bad paid.

Mill Point Pickings.

Fine growing weather.

Lee Cackley, wife and baby and Mrs. Curry and daughter, passed through our town a few days ago on their way to Green Bank.

Trench Sutton who has been visiting relatives at this place has gone home.

Mrs. Luther Auldridge and Miss Mintie Smith are visiting friends and relatives at Edray.

Lieu Gibson, of Kansas city, made a short visit here a few days ago.

J. L. Cleek, has finished working the turnpike on Droop mountain.

Mathews Ruckman, wears quite a smile. Its a girl.

E. P. G.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Miss Jessie Kinnison, is suffering from an attack of diphtheria.

Mrs. Felix Crummett, is on the sick list.

The Commencement exercises of the Hillsboro Male & Female Academy taught by Prof. Landes will be Thursday and Friday nights a select choir has been picked from the best singers in the Levels and the parts well rehearsed, so a pleasant time is expected.

The Commencement exercises of the Hillsboro Training School will take place the night of the 4th of June. Those who attended the excellent Commencement gotten up by Miss O. M. Shearer, know what to expect and we feel they will not be disappointed.

PRUNELLA

Dunmore Doings.

S. C. Pritchard, is off for Staunton.

M. G. Mathews, got a majority for Co., Supt. at Dunmore and Split Rock to hear from.

Work has commenced on the new church.

Several Drummers stopped at the Wakeman Hotel last week.

I understand from the Co. Court that each district in the county was provided with two road scrapers and the owners should get them and make use of them.

Died, Mrs. Jacob H. Arbogast, at the home of her son-in-law near Traveler's Repose on the 20th inst., at an advanced age.

D. B. McElwee will be appointed P. M. at Dunmore and C. B. Swecker removed.

Quite a number of our people will attend the musical association at Frost.

Subscribe for THE TIMES.

TOM SAWYER.

Notes by the Way.

This is a most pleasant time for jaunts over the country, and your correspondent has never had more exquisite enjoyment, than the past few weeks. One recent morning while reflecting on the beauties of natural scenery, the writer felt that he ought to be very careful to keep the commandments of the Lord his God, to walk in his ways and to fear Him, for God in his providence in permitting him to have a home in Pocahontas, brought him into a good land of water of brooks and of fountains that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley and vines and honey; a land wherein one may eat bread without scarceness; a land whose stones are iron, see Deuteronomy 8, 8 and 11, 11.

It would be hard to find a region that has more points of resemblance to the promised land, than our section of West Virginia.

> The flowery spring at thy command
> Embalms the air and paints the land.
> The summer rays with vigor shine,
> To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

A useful lesson.

Last Sabbath morning, May 12, while on the pleasant way to Huntersville, where a most enjoyable forenoon was to be spent with some of the best people in the world, in Sabbath school and preaching services, my mind for a time was preoccupied with reflections suggested by a little spruce pine tree, near Spice Island.

It is growing upon the decaying branch of a sycamore tree, that overhangs the water.

It is only a question of time when the branch to which it clings will fall away, and then all will be swept down the flood, and it will never be the tree it would have been, had it chosen a more lowly place to live in.

For the present it seems to have the pre-eminence over its contemporaries, but it will not be so, very long, for its very growth and development, but shortens the time of its ruin.

This world like the decaying branches is passing away, and if my immortal nature should have nothing but it to cling to and be nourished by, then its ruin is only a question of fleeting time, when to be swept away by the "dark rolling flood."

GOOD READING.

Some of the best reading accessible to your correspondent, he gets from Lovell's Library. In a recent issue, Farrar's "Seekers after God" much is said of Seneca, the wisest of pagan moralists and the teacher to Nero, the vilest of pagan rulers. The author points out the mistake Seneca, made in teaching his illustrious pupil. Seneca neglected to take to heart, what Homer taught; "it is better to die than to live in sin." He allowed Nero to indulge in some bad habits, so as to keep him from worse ones, and hence it was an education of compromises. So alike in the studies of Nero's boyhood, and managing him respecting the graver temptations of his manhood, Seneca acted on the [illegible]

"Had the [illegible]
The soil is [illegible]
The grain [illegible]

The wib[illegible] approval [illegible] worst chara[illegible]

All observ[illegible] well as pagan [illegible] "Just as the tw[illegible] inclines." So it [illegible] proverb.

"The child is fa[illegible]

Seneca seems to [illegible] what Horace wrote [illegible] long retain the odour of fa[illegible] has once been poured into it, when new." He might have received a hint from Quintilian also, for in describing the depraved influences which surrounded even the infancy of a Roman child he said "From these arise *first familiarity, then nature*."

So christian teaching, and pagan philosophy jointly agree, that *first impressions* are for weal or woe, for time and eternity, in a persons history.

First impressions are always made at home, how all important that our homes should be pure and good, and how can they be pure and good unless the parents be pure and good, to begin with.

Let the source be pure, then will the stream be pure and cleansing wherever it flows. Let the homes be pure, then society will be pure, and government will be pure, and the people happy and prosperous.

Impure homes results in the down fall of Rome, and should the United States come to ruin the historians recording the deplorable disaster will trace the primary cause back to American homes.

> In a most impressive sense,
> "There is no place like home."

W. T. P.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

The mail hack leaves Frankford for Huntersville, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and from Huntersville for Frankford every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. Charges reasonable.

JOEL FLACK, Carrier.

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the Chancery Cause of E. J. Silva vs James P. Ginger and Wm. C. McClure, on the 3rd day of April 1889 I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree shall on the

17th DAY OF JUNE 1889

proceed in front of the Court house door of this County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for Cash, a certain tract of land containing about 35 acres, the property of the defendant James P. Ginger situate on the waters of Stamping Creek, adjoining the lands of the Heirs of A. D. Grimes and others. This tract of land is fertile and productive and in a fertile State of Cultivation.

L. M. McCLINTIC.
Special Com'r

I John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, certify that the above Commissioner has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD,
C'l'k Cir. Ct.

printers fee $9.70 may23 4w

Orders of Publication.

No. 1.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in May 1889.

Chas L. Austin & als. vs. Wm. F. Arbogast & als. } In chy. No 1.

The object of this suit is to have partition or sale of a tract of land containing 6,000 acres, known as the lots No. 7, 8 and 11, lying on the Allegheny mountain in Pocahontas County and the proceeds thereof divided among those entitled thereto according to their respective rights and interests, and it appearing by affidavit filed that Chas. Wade, Anson O. Wade, Paul L. Gay, Helen M. Gay, Signora Warwick, David V. Buckman, Chas. W. Gum, Granville Eastham Trustee; James Arbogast, Virgil S. Sheets, Amos Gum, Thos. G. Gum, R. Lee Gum, Clara Conrad, S. A. Porter and Lillie his wife, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, that the heirs of Stewart Slaven dc. and of Amos Sheets are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiffs, without effect, to ascertain in what county Margaret Dyer resides. It is ordered that they do appear here within one months after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. H. STEPHENSON, } p. q.
C. F. MOORE,
may 9th 4t printers fee $11.30

[illegible] and Potts, [illegible] due diligence has been [illegible] of the plaintiff without effect to ascertain in what county, Lorenza [Humphries] and Jane his wife, Allen Stephenson, Julia Regar, (formerly Arnold) reside, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. H. STEPHENSON, } p. q.
C. F. MOORE,
may 9th 4 w printers fee $10.16

No. 3.

At rules held in the Circuit Court, Clerk's office of Pocahontas county, West Virginia on the first Monday in May, 1889.

Chas. L. Austin, &c., vs. Wm. F. Arbogast, &c. } In chy. No. 3.

The object of this suit is to have a sale of a tract of land containing about 1,576 acres lying on the Alleghany Mountain in Pocahontas county, and the proceeds divided among those entitled thereto according to their respective rights and interests, and it appearing from affidavit filed that Anson O., and Chas. Wade, William, Peter, John and A. M. Hartman, Mary Driscol, Andrew, John, Arnold and Amos Stephenson, John V. P. Wade and Rebecca his wife and Jenetta Grover are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that the heirs of Susan [illegible], dec'd are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiffs without effect to ascertain in what county Lorenza Humphries and Jane his wife, Julia Regar formerly Arnold and Allen Stephenson reside. It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. H. STEPHENSON, } p. q.
C. F. MOORE,
may9 1 m printers fee 10.97

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in May, 1889.

George C. Hill's Adm'r. vs. Rebecca J. Hill & als. } In chy.

The object of this suit is to settle the accounts of the administrator of George C. Hill, dec'd. To convene the creditors of said decedent. To subject the real estate of which said Geo. Hill, dec'd died seized to the payment of his debts and to construe the will of the said Geo. C. Hill, and it appearing from affidavit filed that Thos C. Hill, James F. Hill and Elizabeth J. Bradley are non residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

C. F. MOORE, p. q.
may9 4t printers fee $9.62

PRIVATE SALE OF LAND.

I wish to sell at private sale, 195 acres of land lying within one half mile of Greenbrier River opposite to the mouth of Stamping Creek, formerly known as the Cambell place. I will sell at a sacrifice. I will remain in the county two weeks, in the vicinity of Little Levels and Huntersville, after that

Address, Jas. E. A. Gibbs,
Raphine, Va.

GOOD FLOUR.

2½ cts pr. pound, meal 75 cts per bushel at H. H. McClintic's mill, also his flour at A. Barlow's Huntersville, and Barlow & Moore's, Edray for 4 cts. mar. 28.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Postoffice at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 50	$ 5 00
Two inch	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
[illegible]	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

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One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.50; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

May 23 1889.

The True Home Life.

From Good Housekeeping.

What is the central point of the home life? Is not this the question which we should each, as home-builders, ask ourselves? What are the things of all that we do, daily, weekly, or returning in their appointed time, which are only not necessary, but are harmful to the true home life? It may be that the only reason for doing certain things is because the proceeding generation has done the same things, and that, too, in very mechanical ways. A mother holds her first child while it sleeps upon her lap; it becomes accustomed to it. When she grows stronger she must lay it down to do necessary work; it frets and cries and refuses to take its naps. The mother is worn out in her efforts to do the work and quiet the cries; so she carries the child about in her arms. It is slow to walk. She becomes nervous and irritable, toward her baby, even. Her second child is cross and restless. She bears and rears several children. All through these years the mistake pursues and wears her out. The children are not taught to depend upon themselves and to be helpful.

This mother does non-essential things and leaves the essential undone. Her mental growth stopped long ago; alas for the time when the little children find that mother cannot help them in their little studies, and alas for the mother who has let the knowledge of her girlhood slip from her, and has not added to it both for herself and family! What is more beautiful to see than great sons and daughters asking mother's opinion of some point which they are in doubt about, which they bring to her to have settled before they return to school? To have them hasten eagerly to tell her upon their return that their work was right?

Sometimes it is through suffering only that a woman learns that there are many things which need not be done. It is often in these times of forced quiet that she sees most clearly that real living is not a part of her home life. After her experience is gained and she has but little strength, she can then think what she should do with the strength which is still left to her.

Temporal wants and pleasures must be considered, and indeed planned for, but there are many things done in the way of cooking food unwholesome through its richness, which should be made rarely, if at all. Sacrifices which take away rest and sleep to keep up pride in dress or some adornment, should never be made.

Let children be taught that they may have fussy clothes when they can make, iron, and keep them in order. In a home where the work is done by the mother and daughters, this plan is pursued. She found that when her daughters were old enough to iron much ruffled white dresses they preferred plain ones.

Nothing can take the place of neatness and order. These depend much upon good management, for one can always be cleaning, yet never clean, always arranging, yet never in order. Sometimes one's own spirit is restless which is the secret cause of the lack in the divine part of a true home life.

She Thought it Time to Get to Business.

"Oh darling Ethel," said the young man, as he moved nearer to the blushing maiden, "you really do not love me as I do you, or you would not be so cold."

"I am not cold, Herbrt," murmured she.

"Yes you are. Here I have loved you madly for months, and to-night I have told you so, and yet you refuse to let me kiss your sweet lips only once to seal our compact."

"It would not be right, Herbert," she sighed.

"Yes, it would, my darling one. It would not harm you; it would never be told to the cold ear of the world; it would be a token I should never forget. Do you give me one, just one, my affianced bride."

"Well, Hubert," said she, as her liquid eyes beamed love to his, "If I give you this token, will you give me one to keep near my heart?"

"Anything, darling, any token you may wish!"

"Only your name, dearest; your name on a piece of paper, It is only an odd, a romantic, aye perhaps a foolish, girlish idea of mine, but I want your dear name that I may carry it in my bosom, and gaze on it and kiss it when you are away. Just put your name here."

And Herbert did so only too gladly, and she placed the paper in her bosom, and when she reached her room she took it out and gazed on it. And above his name where he didn't happen to see, appeared this legend, which had been written just before he called:—"Evansville March 28, 1889. This night I promised to marry Ethel, and I hereby bind myself to do so at the time we mutually agreed on.—HUBERT MONTRAVERS."

"Yes," she muttered to herself as she sank to rest on her pillow, "I think I've got him foul. There have been too many ducks kissing and slobbering over me for the last five years, and I think it's time to take a tumble and get a sure grip on one."

His Honeymoon.

The following rather singular method of of enjoying a honeymoon may commend itself to impecunious bridegrooms if it does not to their brides. The colored female cook of a family living in Boston came upstairs one afternoon, and, twisting the corners of her apron with embrassament, said to her mistress:

"You see, missus, I thought it mought be bes' to be tellin' you dat I—dat I done got married las' week."

"Ah! and what is your name now, Hannah?"

"Mis' Williams, ma'am. You see, my husban', he am a cook, too. He am a sheft in a hotel."

"A chef, eh? That's very nice. And do you expect to leave us directly?"

"Not d'reckly, mum. I'll stay for de present. You see, my husban', he's done gone to New York an' Washin'ton on his honeymoon, an' it'll be nigh onto six weeks befo' he comes back."

Form in your children the habit of daily reading in the bible. Say to each of them in your own way that which Sir Matthew Hale wrote to his child: "Every morning read seriously and reverently a portion of the Holy Scriptures. It is a book full of light and wisdom, and will make you wise to eternal life."—Rev. R. Heber Newton.

A ship ruled by woman—courtship.

Mrs. Blossom: "What's that? O horrors, the hotel afire." Mr Blossom: "Yes come on; we've no time to lose." Mrs. Blossom: "But here I am in my night dress." Mr. Blossom: "Good enough; I'm glad you got out of your balldress, and into something decent."

As it is the manly man who wins and satisfies a good woman, so it is the womanly woman who pleases and retains the desirable man. She need not be soft or silly, or weak or nervous—she may be strong, vigorous, resolute and brave; but, whatever she is, she must be womanly in order to please.

"'Tis said absence conquers love," quoted a husband, in writing home to his wife from whom he had been some time away, "I hope, dear it won't be so in your case." "Oh no," she replied in her next letter, "the longer you stay away the better I shall like you." He had to take it thus ambiguously, as he was afraid to risk asking an explanation.

Sickness in Farmer's Families.

A paper in a Massachusetts health report gives this suggestive summary of the principal cause of sickness in families of farmers:

1. Overwork and exposure; the women being more frequently overworked.
2. Improper and improperly cooked food.
3. Damp location of dwellings.
4. Want of cleanliness about their houses, especially in reference to drains, privies, cellars and proximity to barnyard and hog-pens.
5. Impure drinking-water, largely due to preceding causes.
6. Bedrooms imperfectly ventilated and on the ground floor, with the too general use of feather beds.
7. Insufficient recreation.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, May. 30, 1889. No. 45.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

THE COURTS.

Atty-at-Law,

READY TO BE MARRIED.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

May 30 1889.

Fourteen lawyers have been president of the United States.

A Cincinnati man, in order to keep peace in the family, has married his mother-in-law.

Governesses are going to the front. Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts was a governess and so was Mrs. Levi P. Morton.

Mr. Gladstone's visit to Italy has improved his health immensely. When he returns to London he will look ten years younger.

Francis D. Duffin, of Brooklyn, a printer, bet $500 on the losing horse at the race, and then settled his grief by committing suicide.

Hon. Thorndyke Rice, recently appointed by President Harrison United States Minister to Russia is dead.

Prince Louis de Ligne and Vicomte de Jonghe fought a duel at midnight by torch light in a French forest. Nothing was wounded except trees.

THE Democrats have secured a majority of five in the constitutional convention of Montana. The prospects for the future do not look so dark, after all, do they brethren

Mrs. Oscar Folsom, mother of Mrs. Cleveland, was married on the 20th in Jackson, Mich., to Henry E. Perrine, of Buffalo. He is secretary of Buffalo City Cemetary Association.

Hon. John Wanamaker, distributed $100 000 among his employes last week. It was the result of his profit system adopted in his Philadelphia business house.

Hon. Jno. T. McGraw has resigned as Collector of Internal Revenue. He will be succeeded by A. B. White, editor of the State Journal, a bitter partisan paper at Parkersburg.

The Boston Journal reports that Samuel Cummings of that city while leaning against a rail in his grain-mill, "began sneezing and sneezed so hard that he dislocated his shoulder."

Miss Jane Woods, a young lady who lives in Wetzel county, has completed a nice quilt containing 22,140 pieces. She commenced it when seven years old, having worked at it for fourteen years.

A Republican exchange says: "A man who is addicted to drink, is not likely to get anything from Harrison." We can understand now why it was that so many of the brethren who seemed to have every prospect of success failed to get there.

A Clay county preacher has been indicted on four accounts for gambling at cards. The failure of his flock to ante promptly in the Sunday "pot" is, no doubt the cause of the minister's efforts to replenish his purse by a little game of draw.

Old Kanawha did nobly on Tuesday. Cutting down a majority of 1,500 to about 150 is not so bad, even if a full vote was not polled. At the same rate of increase we will be able to carry the county by about 800 majority at the next election.—Charleston Star.

The iron makers of the South are driving the Pennsylvania furnaces out of blast. The Southern mills have been selling pig-iron in New York at $16.50 a ton for a year, while the Pennsylvanians have been compelled to get $18 per ton for theirs, or close their mills. The Tariff will not help Pennsylvania hereafter. Virginia, Tennessee and Alabama are the countries from which Pennsylvania must protect herself, and she can't do that by a tariff.—Charleston Gazette.

The editor of the New York Times, Mr. C. R. Miller, in a closing lecture before the Dartmouth Alumni Tuesday on the "Art of Making a Newspaper," said among other things:

"The art of making a newspaper, like any other art, demands of him who would practice it a special skill and some information. The vulgar error that the newspaper art demand no special training, but may be taken up at a moment's notice and a generous salary by any man or woman temporarily out of work or unacquainted with any kind of work, is traceable to an obvious source. Young men are admitted to the practic of the law, they are graduated in medicine, and they are ordained or appointed ministers of the Gospel, in each case after a fixed term of study has elapsed and an ascertained degree of professional knowledge has been acquired. Of him who asks for work in a newspaper office no degree, license, or certificate is exacted. Yet no contention is that the training which fits one successfully to practice the art of making a newspaper is no less arduous, is usually rather more prolonged, and yields no smaller volume of attainment than the special studies preparatory to the practice of law, of medicine, of engineering, or architecture, or the instruction of ingenous youth."

WASHINGTGN LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, May 24th.—"Harrison has a weak back bone," said a republican Senator, and it is constantly growing weaker. There is every indication that we are to have a repetitiod of the worse features in the Hayes and Arthur administrations." This language was used by a man who is generally regarded as being very friendly to the administration, and there is no doubt that he is, but he was asked by a republican friend his opinion of the President and he gave it without reserve. And the known facts in a number of cases bear the Senators statement as to a weak back bone out. For instance he wants to put his old law partner Attorney General Miller in the Supreme Court bench, but owing to a vigorous protest from the Indiana republicans, who want Judge Woods of that State appointed, he does nothing. Again: In the early days of the administration John Wanamaker selected a business man of Philadelphia to be Postmaster at that city, and Mr. Harrison lacked the nerve to make the appointment. And again: Some time ago John Sherman was promised that Ex-Congressman Hart, of Ohio, should be appointed Solicitor. General, Hart was telegraphed to and told to come on and get the appointment. Quay made a big row accusing Sherman of lying etc., and intimating that the administration might go to jericho, for all he cared. Once more Harrison's back bone went back on him and Hart's appointment has not yet been made out. The cases mentioned are all well known, doubtless there are many similar ones that the public never hears of, but these are sufficient to prove that the Senators indictment is a true one.

Oklahoma can't have a national bank. So says the Attorney General to whom the application was referred by the Treasury department.

Some absurd rumors about the sending of an English man of war to Alaskan waters to prevent the provisions of Harrison's recent proclamation, as to the seizure of all vessels found illegally taking seals, from being carried out, forcibly if necessary, have been floating around here this week but nobody seemed to take any stock in them.

Justice Miller of the Supreme Court, having failed in his purpose of getting ex Secretary of War McCrary, appointed as his successor, or rather in getting a promise to that effect from Harrison, now says that he has no intention of retiring.

Washington has been the scene of some very heavy fighting among some of the big fellows in the republican party during the present week. Blows have been passed that will be remembered for years and revenged too, if the opportunity comes, and it most always causes strife among the leaders-distribution of the patronage. The first skirmish was between Representative Cannon, of Illinois and Senators Cullom and Farwell of the same state. Cannon got one of his constituents appointed collector of Internal revenue without consulting either of the Senators. Cannon has the best of it so far out the Senators swear vengeance. The next engagement was a battle royal that has raged all the week. It is over the Philadelphia Federal appointments. On one side is "Cheap John" Wanamaker, Representative Harry Bingham and Boss McManes, and on the other Senator Quay alone, with all his war paint on. The fight has been carried to the White House nearly every day and poor Harrison has been compelled to act as referee much against his will. This fight is still on, with the result in doubt. Another engagement was caused by a U. S. Marshalship in New York, Senator Evarts dared to oppose the candidate of Senator Hiscock and Boss Tom Platt, and not only to oppose the other candidate but to have one of his own. The three met here this week and indulged in a few roupds. Evarts is believed to have been completely knocked out. It seems to be generally believed by the republicans that Harrison will call an extra session of Congress in October. Of course everybody knows that there is no earthly occasion for an extra session except to give the republicans two months to fight over the organization of the House and to perfect their arrangements to get at least three-fourths of the contested seats.

Blaine, Windom and Proctor deny that they propose resigning, as was rumored.

Many people from Washington, have gone to Alexandria to-day to witness the unveiling of a handsome monument to the Confederate dead.

MASONIC NOTICE.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 63, A. F. & A. M.—The [illegible] of regular meeting of this lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. B. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

HOME NEWS

—Geo. W. Siple, of Green Bank, was in town Friday last.

—Geo. Ginger, of Dunmore was in Huntersville last Saturday.

—R. A. Coulter, of Aytmer was in to see us last Saturday.

—County Supt. Mathews, was in the city Monday.

—R. K. Burns, of Academy was in Huntersville Monday.

—Harry Moore, of Dunmore was in town last week.

—J. W. McNeil, of Edray, was in to see us Monday.

—Rev. W. T. Price of Marlinton was in to see us Monday.

—Dr. Mathew Wallace, of Mill Point was in to see us Tuesday.

—Quite a little snow in several parts of the county last Saturday. How's that for the 25th of May?

Buggy harness and Saddles at $10 and up to $40 at A. P. Leist's, Ronceverte, W. Va. 30-2m

—The County Court, Messrs. [illegible] Beard, S. B. Hannah and Geo. Moore were in town Monday.

Go to John Wurts & Co, Frankford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and Binders. may 9-12t

—The County Court met last Monday to count the election returns.

Sewing machines from $25 to $50; warranted, for sale by A. P. Leist, Ronceverte, W. Va. 30 2m.

—The school election is over and Mr. Mathews, elected Co. Superintendant.

—Guy Slaven who has been attending the Hillsboro Academy has returned.

—Miss Mary Curry, has returned from the Hillsboro Academy where she has been an attendant.

The Wurts & Co., of Frankford, WVa., will be here during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. may 9-12t

Isn't it about time somebody was doing something toward getting up a big Fourth of July celebration?

Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made of John Wurts & Co. Frankford, W. Va. may 9-12

—One Jess Smith, a logman, is wanted, for rape, committed on one Miss Perkins, on the river near Hillsboro.

—Mrs. C. A. Damron and family are visiting her parents Mr. J. C. Lory, at this place. Mr. Damron came with them but returned Monday.

—Quite an enjoyable afternoon was spent Sunday in singing at this place, led by Profs. S. B. Moore and A. J. Smith, of Edray, and M. A. Friel.

—M. G. Mathews, the only candidate for County Superintendent was elected by a handsome vote. The vote taken at Academy for a six months school was defeated by two.

—Rev. W. E. Miller, of Hillsboro preached at the Methodist Church at this place on Monday night and Tuesday. His sermons were interesting and instructive and very much appreciated by the audience.

—The residence of Bruce and Chesney at Mingo, was destroyed by fire last Sunday. The fire originated from a defective flue. The property destroyed is known as the [illegible] homestead. The loss is estimated at $2,000. No insurance. —Enterprise.

—Dr. C. L. Austin and Maj. J. C. Arbogast, of Green Bank, were in town Tuesday. The Doctor says if a person were to depend upon the United States under the present administration there would be no certainty about getting married. On Friday last he mailed a dollar to the Clerk with the request to send by return mail a marriage license, but no letter nor dollar has yet reached the clerk; so the Doctor had to come to town himself.

—The Pocahontas Musical Association held very pleasant sessions at Frost, May 23-26, under the direction of Prof. S. B. Moore, aided by a corps of Musical teachers, and organists. The attendance was large, and enthusiastic, and the interest in sacred music enhanced. Profs. Swecker, Smith and Ruckman, Capt. Gilmer, from Highland, Rev. G. P. Moore, Profs. A. C. Moore and M. A. Friel, were among the more prominent of the lectures. Rev. O. B. Sharp, was secretary, Misses Ida Herold Nina Herold Ida Smith and Mrs. Laura Herold rendered very efficient service upon the organ, that added much to the success of the convention. Outlines of an address, to be published by request of the convention, may be looked for in our next issue.

—Geo. Marteny, a young man about 17 years old, was instantly killed yesterday, Thursday, near his home, two miles east of Beverly, by the accidental discharge of a gun in his own hands. He had his gun ready to shoot a squirrel on a tree near by, and it is supposed, that forgetting that he had it cocked sat it down on the ground with sufficient force to discharge it, the ball entering his breast and passing through his body lodged just under the skin. He clasped his hands upon the wound and ran about twenty-five yards, when he fell and instantly expired. A younger brother, who saw the accident, immediately informed his parents and the lifeless body was carried to the house near by. He was a quiet, industrious, well-behaved boy, and the tragedy has cast a gloom over the community.—Enterprise.

Church Notes for June

Sacramental meeting at Liberty church, 1st Sabbath of June, 11 o'clock, a. m. Preliminary services Saturday night.

Sacramental services at Marlin's Bottom, 3rd Sabbath of June. Preaching services Saturday morning before, 11. a. m. The aid of Rev. D. S. Sydenstricker is expected.

All day meeting at Mary Gibson's Chapel, on Elk, on the 5th Sabbath of June. Parties will please bring their baskets and spend the day in social singing and religious exercises.

W. T. P.

Split Rock Splinters.

Sunday school was organized at this place Sunday the 19 inst with an enrollment of forty.

Mr. Gibbs who has been visiting friends in this county and Miss Cicie Taliaferro who has been the guest of Col. Gatewood the past two weeks, left for their homes Wednesday morning.

Twenty-three scholars enrolled at the Big Spring school.

Capt. Stoler was over on Elk a few days ago but as he was afraid of snakes he did not stay long. One morning he met two ladies who had started to gather wild flowers. They saw a very large snake and called to Capt Stoler, after he had passed to come back and help to kill it, but he pulled off his hat and ran until he reached Col. Gatewood's. There the ladies found him an hour afterwards sitting in a comfortable arm chair, he thought they killed the snake and when they went in Capt. Stoler jumped up and said: "Wasn't that a monster snake we killed ladies."

S. L.

Hillsboro Happenings

Wm. Cackley and Will McGlaughlin and Misses Mollie Smith and Mary Cackley attended the Commencement exercises of the Hillsboro M. & F. Academy.

Rev. Wm. E. Miller is absent helping Rev. W. E. Balleagee with the Quarterly meeting at Dunmore.

The Quarterly meeting of the M. E. Church will be held here next Saturday and Sunday. Bro. Miller will be assisted by Bro. Kinzer, P. E.

Mrs. Minnie Wissinger, of Ronceverte, passed through town last week on her way to visit her parents on Beaver creek.

Married—the 5th of May at the residence of the bride's parent in Burr's Valley, Miss Caroline Rider to Mr. Geo. Dunbrack, of Novasco tia and at the same time by the same minister, Mr. David Dean to Miss Susan Rider. The young ladies were sisters and the one that Mr. Dunbrack married had never been over a mile from home in her life.

PRUNELLA

The Buckhannon papers say they have on exhibition in that town now, a portion of the skeleton of a giant, which, when living measured twenty-eight feet in height. One half of the jaw bone, extending from the point of the chin to the back, measures twenty eight inches and weighs sixty five pounds. Three front teeth are missing, the balance, four molars, are intact and about the size of a pint cup. The tibia or shin bone, from the knee to the ankle, measures about five feet; a portion of the lower extremity, however, is gone. The rib bone is about thirty-three inches in length. There is also on exhibition the jaw bone and shin bone of an ordinary sized man. The depressions in the one correspond exactly with the other also does the nerves, etc. This skeleton was unearthed by a Mr. Morgan, in the northern part of Louisana, in 1878, and it is estimated to have weighed when living, eight thousand pounds.

Minnesota has a law on the subject of intoxication, the operation of which will be watched with a vast deal of interest. It makes it a crime to be drunk, either in public or in private, and it punishes by fine and imprisonment.

There is, to our mind, something wholesome in this law, and we believe it will accomplish more in the way of reforming the intemperate than any legislation yet devised. It will prevent the frequency of the example, and increase accordingly, the disgrace of the crime.

Make it odious to be intoxicated—as it ought to be—and there will be fewer cases of drunkenness, and less use of intoxicating drinks.—Charleston Gazette.

While Bismark was at college he fought twenty-eight duels.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

The mail hack leaves Frankford for Huntersville, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and from Huntersville for Frankford every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. Charges reasonable.

JOEL FLACK, Carrier.

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the Chancery Cause of E. J. Silva vs James P. Ginger and Wm. C. McClure, on the 3rd day of April 1889 I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree shall on the

11th DAY OF JUNE 1889

proceed in front of the Court house door of this County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for Cash, a certain tract of land containing about 33 acres, the property of the defendant James P. Ginger situate on the Waters of Stamping Creek, adjoining the lands of the Heirs of A. D. Grimes and others. This tract of land is fertile and productive and is in a partial state of Cultivation.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Special Com'r

I John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, certify that the above Commissioner has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD,
Cl'k Cir. Ct.

printers fee $8.78 apr25 4w

Orders of Publication.

No. 1.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in May 1889.

Chas L. Austin & als. vs. Wm. F. Arbogast & als. } In chy. No 1.

The object of this suit is to have partition or sale of a tract of land containing 6,480 acres, known as the lots No. 7, 8 and 11, lying on the Alleghany mountain in Pocahontas County and the proceeds thereof divided among those entitled thereto according to their respective rights and interests, and it appearing by affidavit filed that Chas. Wade, Anson O. Wade, Paul L. Gay, Helen M. Gay, Signora Warwick, David Y. Buckman, Chas. W. Gum, Granville Eastham Trustee, James Arbogast, Virgil S. Sholtz, Amos Gum, Thos. G. Gum, R. Lee Gum, Clara Conrad, S. A. Porter and Lillie his wife, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, that the heirs of Stewart Slaven Sr. and of Annie Shots are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiffs, without effect, to ascertain in what county Margaret Dyer resides. It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. H. STEPHENSON, } p. q.
C. F. MOORE,
may 9th 4t printers fee $11.20

Mrs. Harrison has sent to the Art Loan exhibition at Washington two porcelain plates of her own painting.

No. 2.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia on the first Monday in May 1889.

Chas. L. Austin &c., vs. Wm. F. Arbogast &c. } In chy, No. 2.

The object of this suit is to have a sale of a tract of land containing about 1,735 acres, lying on the Alleghany Mountain in Pocahontas County and the proceeds divided among those entitled thereto, according to their respective rights and interests, and it appearing from affidavit filed that Anson O. Wade, Chas. Wade, William, Peter, John and A. M. Hartman, Mary Driscol, Andrew, John, Angol and Amos Stephenson, John V. B. Wade and Mobola his wife, and Jenetta Groves are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that the heirs of Susan Potts, decd, are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiff without effect, to ascertain in what county, Lorenza Humphries and Jane his wife, Allen Stephenson, Julia Regor, (formerly Arnold) reside, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. H. STEPHENSON, } p. q.
C. F. MOORE,
may 9th 4 w printers fee $10.16

No. 3.

At rules held in the Circuit Court, Clerk's office of Pocahontas county, West Virginia on the first Monday in May, 1889.

Chas. L. Austin, &c., vs. Wm. F. Arbogast, &c. } In chy. No. 3.

The object of this suit is to have a sale of a tract of land containing about 1,376 acres lying on the Alleghany Mountain in Pocahontas county, and the proceeds divided among those entitled thereto according to their respective rights and interests, and it appearing from affidavit filed that Anson O., and Chas. Wade, William, Peter, John and A. M. Hartman, Mary Driscol, Andrew, John, Angol and Amos Stephenson, John V. B. Wade and Mobola his wife and Jenetta Groves are non-residents of the State of west Virginia, and that the heirs of Susan Potts, dec'd are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiffs without effect to ascertain in what county Lorenza Humphries and Jane his wife, Julia Regar (formerly Arnold and Allen Stephenson reside. It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. H. STEPHENSON, } p. q.
C. F. MOORE,
may9 1 m printers fee 10.97

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, west Virginia, on the first Monday in May, 1889.

George C. Hill's Adm'r, vs. Rebecca J. Hill & als. } In chy.

The object of this suit is to settle the accounts of the administrator of George C. Hill, dec'd. To convene the creditors of said decedent. To subject the real estate of which said Geo. Hill, dec'd died seized to the payment of his debts and to construe the will of the said Geo. C. Hill, and it appearing from affidavit filed that Thos C. Hill, James F. Hill and Elizabeth J. Bruffey are non residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

C. F. MOORE, p. q.
may9 4t printers fee $9.62

[Po]cahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
[ED]ITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

[Entere]d at the Post-office at Hunters[ville, W.] Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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[H]alf col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
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Huntersville, W. Va.

May 30 1889.

Continued from first Page.

the child by the hand, walked with her up to the slope through the orchard.

"'Twas up here you was going to see the sun dance, wasn't it?" he asked, and when they were seated together on the church steps he made many inquiries about her, learned that there was in her mind a vague memory of a brother, and that mamma had said he would surely return some time. Presently the bell in the steeple above them struck one, and the stranger tried to persuade the child to her house and bed. She persisted in her desire to see the morning dance of sun and moon, but her eyes were heavy, and before she knew it, she was fast asleep in the stranger's arms. He had taken off his coat to shelter her, and in a corner of the church portico they passed hour after hour of the slow Easter morning.

It was yet some minutes before sunrise when Mrs Durant was startled from her sleep by a violent knocking at her chamber door.

"Mis' Durant! Mis' Durant! Haste ye up! Elsie's gone!"

Maggie, on the way to the earliest of early masses, had glanced into Elsie's room. During the few minutes that followed, confusion and anxiety contended for possession of the household. Then Mr. Durant set out to warn the constable, and Mrs. Durant, painfully agitated at the thought of losing another child, began to search the neighborhood. She went by the road that wound about the hill to the church. As she neared the building she saw a man crouching in the portico, and she determined to ask him if he had seen Elsie. He did not see or hear her. She had come quite near when the sound of his voice made her stop stock still with a fearsome faintness about her heart.

"Wake up, Elsie," he said; "the sun is just getting up."

"Is he dancing?" inquired a small sleepy voice from a bundle in his arms, "Where is the moon?"

"Elsie! Willie! My children!" cried Mrs. Durant, running forward.

The man, a young and not bad looking fellow, albeit haggard and roughened by exposure, rose quickly and said:

"We're here, mother."

And did the sun and the moon really dance that morning? The first rays of the sun fell on a deeply happy group in front of the church, and the paling moon looked on from the other side of the sky. If they did not dance then it is doubtful if they ever have done so since the first Easter.

The government appropriated $[illegible] expenditures for 1889-90.

The Horns Must Go.

It may safely be set down as a fact that Western farmers, at least those who raise cattle mainly for beef, have concluded that the horns must go. A great many dairymen are undecided because of the vehement assertion that dehorning destroys the "butter potency" of bulls and the milking qualities of cows—an unproved theory as yet—but the beef grower has made up his mind. It is now simply a question as to the manner of their going—whether they are to be bred off by the use of polled bulls, or sawed off, or gouged out, or whether they will simply kill the horns as they do weeds when they begin to sprout.

The cattle raising world has been startled in the last three months by the announcement that by the simple and single application of a chemical costing 2 cents per head, the discovery of Mr. John March, of Shullsburg, Wis., the growth of horns can be entirely prevented. We are skeptical at first, but a representative of the Journal visited the farm of Mr. March and made a personal and critcal examination of a number of grade short-horn calves from seven to ten months old dehorned by this method, and came away with firm conviction that the method was a complete success. Probably the most convinicng proof is furnished by the skull of a seven-months-old calf, which our representative examined carefully, and which was semi-dehorned by this method the chemical having been applied to one side and not to the others.

It is not necessary for us to enter into any argument as to the advantages of dehorning beef cattle. We have advocated that from the beginning for all grade cattle. We have commenced taking them off even the thoroughbreds on the Journal farms, and will dehorn this year's calves with the chemical. It is folly to grow horns on cattle when for two cents per head they can be prevented, with scarcely any pain, without danger and without any possible deformity.—Western Farm Journal.

Household Notes.

Fresh milk boiled with cut sugar will soothe a cough when other things fail.

Boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm, salt or gum arabic dissolved.

A strip of flannel or a napkin wrung out of hot water and applied round the neck of a child that has croup will usually bring relief in ten minutes.

To cure toothache, pulverize about equal parts of common salt and alum. Get as much cotton as will fill the tooth, damp it, put in the mixture and place it in the tooth.

Bath a sprain with arnica diluted with water, and bandage with soft flannel moistened with the same. A sprained wrist thus treated will grow well in a few days.

A tablespoonful of common baking soda to every five gallons of lard, when cooking, will improve the lard. It should be added when the lard is nearly done, and if not carefully watched will boil over.

Old furniture that has a dull, greasy look should be rubbed with turpentine and then polished with some good polish. The improvement in its appearance will repay you for the trouble. White spots on furniture can be removed by wetting a piece of flannel with turpentine and then rubbing the spot hard. It may require several applications of the turpentine and considerable patience.

The biggest circulation ever reached by a newspaper was by the New York World the 7th of November the issue for that date being [illegible] copies. The same day the Boston Globe printed 438,230 papers.

"Three years ago I went into the Board with $25,000, and in less than two years retired."

"With an independent fortune?"

"No; until I could raise a little money to go into something else."

Youth—Can you give me anything to do, sir?

Merchant—What is your line.

Y.—Clerk, sir.

M.—Clerk? Why, clerks are a drug in the labor market just now.

Y.—They are? Well, if that's the case I had better look for a job as a drug clerk.

Mrs. Cahokia—Alfred. I have been reading about the hot air treatment for weak lungs, and I think I should like to try it.

Mr. Cahokia (struck by a happy thought)—All right, Esmeralda. This is April. Next month is May. We'll spend the whole month right here in St. Louis.

Jinks—I called at your boarding-house to day and saw the table nearly set for dinner, and I must say things looked very neat. I never saw a whiter table cloth in my life.

Blinks—No, she doesn't make her tea, coffee or soups strong enough stain.

A lady in this town recently set a pot of cream in a spring near the house, so that it might keep cool. During the night a frog fell into the cream pot, and his struggle to get out actually churned the cream, so that when the lady visited the pot the next morning she found the frog sitting on a ball of butter, washing his feet in the butter-milk.—Middletown Enterprise.

"John, Mr. Jackson has bought a phonograph."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. You ought to see it. It repeats everything that's told it."

"I don't see how Edison got a patent on it."

"Why not?"

"Because it's no improvement on you women."

Mrs. Elite (in $5,000-a-year flat)—Oh, it's perfectly terrible the way things have gone to-day. That janitor has been just as contrary and disagreeable as it is possible for a human being to be.

Miss Elite—Did you bow to him deferently this morning?

"Indeed I did. I always do. Did you?"

"Yes, ma, I bowed to him most humbly."

"Well, something is the matter. Tomorrow morning try kissing him."

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, June 13, 1889. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 47.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. P. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

The Silver Lining.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant
But has bitter with the sweet;
There's never a path so rugged
That bears not the prints of feet;
And we have a helper promised
For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

Love and a Blizzard.

The Post lay bathed in sunshine. The sweet air untainted by the foul breath of the town, blew as it never does east of the Rockies, in regular, rhythmical swells.

Although it was early April, the prairies were green, and covered with the hardy blue and crimson flowers which bloom beneath the snow. It was just the day of all others when confinement within four walls is intolerable, and the joy of mere animal existence demands expression.

On the piazza of her father's quarters Katy Dare was standing, looking at the sky, which was hidden by architectural deformities, undimmed by the smoke of trade.

"Oh, gift of God! Oh, perfect day Where in shall no man work, but—play," she sang softly. "That's just it; we must do something. Think of letting this glorious weather go by without recognition. To-morrow we may be perishing with cold."

Quickly the dainty maiden ran beneath the row of prim cottonwood trees which looked more than ever like hop-poles in their leafless state, and rapped impatiently at the door of a quaint, old adobe house which stood with its many blinking windows facing the parade ground. Mrs. Rensome, wife of the Captain, who mothered every girl in the garrison, and was a perfect mine of new and delightful special projects, would know just what to do with this June day which some way had slipped into April's calendar.

Seated in the pretty parlor waiting for the busy housewife, Katy Dare made a lovely picture. From the crown of her pretty head to the tip of her tiny shoe, she was simply irresistible. You could no more classify her beauty than analyze the perfume of a violet. There were no standards in her case. She was herself and therefore to be loved. The strongest-minded person well fortified by theories, became her most unreasoning slave. Absolute, unconditional surrender was the fate of all.

The wife of the Chaplain, Mrs. McGraft, who had long since constituted herself the moral policeman of the garrison, had been known to defend the most bare-faced flirtations on Katy's part, and lay all the blame upon the victims of her charms—"those designing young men."

From the gray-haired commanding officer to the colored striker of the youngest Lieutenant, she was "queen of hearts." Sweet and gracious was her sway. Even the most oldest noticed that there were fewer card parties at the sutler's store since Katy's return from boarding school; and brave indeed was that man who ventured into her presence with his lips tainted with wine. Yet she was far from perfect; a more wilful, arrant little flirt never lived. Her love affairs kept the garrison in a state of breezy excitement. The number of pale, woe-begone young men who periodically asked to be exchanged into far distant regiments was legion. It was darkly hinted that every unmarried man within a radious of one hundred miles had proposed and been rejected.

Major Dare protested that the discipline of the Seventh was being ruined; the men did not half attend to their duties, and then begged Katy to forgive him for his cruelty; and at last the suffering victims of her irresistible ways found themselves to be regarded as presumptuous offenders. Still the army of martyrs grew.

At the time when our story opens a consumptive Episcopal clergyman was softly sighing at her feet. Rev. Jame Little had come to Wyoming Territory in search of health. His cousin, Captain Little, had found him quarters in the town near the Post, and introduced him to the social life of the garrison.

A wonderful change now took place in Katy Dare. Waltzes and operatic songs were banished from her music-stand, and Gregorian chants reined in their stead. Regularly she went to Caldwell, where the enthusiastic churchman had commenced to hold daily services. The surplices for the choir boys were fashioned by her dimpled hands. Demurely seated in the rough, bare room, which did duty as a chapel, she listened attentively to eloquent discourses on love and the domestic virtues, which at this time formed the theme of the rector's sermons.

The round eyed choir boys forgot their notes and nudged each other knowingly. "The parson is sweet on Miss Dare," they whispered.

The contagion spread. Red haired Bob Jackson, who was of a jealous disposition, tried to trip the Rev James during the professional; mysterious packages of strong peppermint lozenges were placed in the seat occupied by Katy; Jimmy Brown and Tommy Timmons came to blows in the vestry room; in fact, choir and rector alike were demoralized by the blue-eyed worshipper.

The commanding officer became alarmed. Could it be that his darling had passed so many splendid fellows of "Ours" to take up with the crooked stice, "that one lunged Eastern dude?" he queried, anxiously.

Katy gave no sign. The chants were wailed forth nightly by a thin, quavering tenor. Ecclesiastical embroidery lay on the table. The Major swore fiercely as he stumbled over huge volumes of church history, and led his stricker such a life that the poor darky, with the morals of his race, seriously thought of murdering the rector.

The interests of the lookers on grew intense. What was she thinking of? Was it another example of the law of contrasts? Would the Major consent?

Through all the commotion the principal personages of the drama moved serenely. The rector in his immaculate broadcloth escorted Katy to and from the services, carrying a gorgeous prayer-book in his hand. Stepping meekly at his side the lady, her golden bangs pushed demurely back from her pretty brow. Her face was tilted upward with an expression in which respect for the office was deftly blended with admiration for the man.

Whenever Jack Reynolds, the Quartermaster of the regiment saw this by-play he bit the ends of his moustache savagely. "Of course it is none of my business, but how dare the little cad have such assurance! He walks around talking about his bronchial tubes, and he seems to like it," he groaned. Tall, athletic, with a pleasant, manly face, Jack was the most awkwark, bashful member of the Seventh.

Katy had always turned up her saucy little nose at him, and refused to believe the stories which were told of his bravery in scenes of danger. "He is a perfect boor!" she had said more than once, and Jack had friends enough to tell him the little autocrat's verdict. Too proud to show how deeply he was wounded, he went his way, and found excuse after excuse for not attending the hops and parties where he would be likely to meet the Major's daughter.

But while we have been gossiping, Katy has waited impatiently for Mrs. Rensome's appearance in the parlor. That good lady had intended for some time giving Katy Dare a piece of her mind, but when she came within the witching influence of that witching face she kissed her instead, and obediently entered into plans for the day's enjoyment.

"We must have a picnic to Lake de Senet, dear," she said.

"The very thing!" cried Katy, rapturously, and entered into a brisk discussion of ways and means.

At one o'clock a gay cavalcade left the Post. The commanding officer led the way in his drag; then came the ambulance filled with ladies who did not ride; and following that, a long procession of carts, buggies and horse-back riders. An escort wagon, far in the rear, carried the band.

Races frequently occurred. The Major, the finest whip in the service, yielded the lead to no one. His four magnificent horses were as wax in his hands. Poor man! He was desperate. The unscrupulous Katy had seated Rev. James at his side, and the little man chatted complacently about the relative merits of flaxseed and porous plasters, till the Major was blue in the face with suppressed profanity.

Jack Reynolds was not one of the party. His duties as Quartermaster would detain him, he told Mrs. Rensome. Katy had openly given thanks for his absence, remarking pertly that blunderbusses were not pleasant companions. Never had she looked more beautiful. Mounted on her bonny brown nag she rode like the wind, winning every race.

After eight miles traveling over the springy plains they reached Lake de Senet. A more beautiful scene the eye could not rest upon, than this sheet of water lying clasped in solid bowlders. Hidden away in the foot-hills of the Big Horn mountains, sea-gulls flew over its surface, and regular sea breezes blew from its alkali waters. In the little sailboat, party after party went around the lake, exploring its shores. Afterward the band, grouped upon the rocks began to play a waltz, and soon every one except the rector was dancing merrily.

Just at sunset the trumpeter blew the supper call, and a hungry army hastened into the quaint old kitchen of a deserted ranch at the side of the lake. In the huge fire place a mass of burning logs was spattering sancily. Captain Little, who prided himself on his [illegible] qualities, presided gallantly over an immense caldron of coffee, the Major dressed the salad, and, of course, the youngest officer [illegible].—How good everything tasted! [illegible] ride and exercise in the [illegible] air had sharpened every appetite. For over an hour they sat at the table, ticking as no people in civil life do or can; for after all, it is pleasant to have a fairy god-mother to look after your well being, even if she comes in government form.

Rising from her place at the rector's side, Katy ran to the door and looked out for the moon that was to guide them home. The sky was gray and misty, and keen air cut like a knife.

"No moon to-night," she announced, in a disgusted tone.

"And no dancing, either," cried the Major, as he looked over her sunny head. "Come, good people, we must get back to the Post."

Hastily bundling bag and basket into the ambulance, they started on their homeward journey. The horses ran, as from the approach of an enemy. The Major glanced anxiously at the sky, and harshly told Katy to keep at his side. It grew colder and colder. Soon the air was alive with snow—the blizzard was upon them. The sky, the horses, the ambulance, were swallowed up in the whirling mass. There were no landmarks. The trackless plains surrounded them. The wind was due north and in their faces. The frozen particles cut their skin like razors. Numb hands dropped the reins, and the horses began to plunge madly. Nothing could contend with the awful "Norther and live.

Standing in the drag the Major shouted to the officers to take their sword-belts and fasten the ladies to their saddles, and then "mount—forward—gallop!" They must trust to the instinct of their horses.

What a ride that was! After what seemed like years of misery of when even Katy's heart had failed for fear, they heard above the roaring of the gale the beating of a drum. The escort wagon had been overturned at the door of a cabin in the wilderness. The horses had saved their masters.

The white owner of the cabin and his squaw wife received their half-frozen guests most hospitably. The horses were turned into the corral, and the entire party crowded into the one room of the house. What a relief it was to be sheltered from the icy touch of the blizzard! How beautiful the fire looked blazing upon the hearth! Katy felt that she could kiss the not over clean face of the Indian hostess, she was so happy. Life is sweet at eighteen.

No one slept that night. Grouped about the fire, the officers told story after story of adventure upon the plains. The most romantic chapters of unwritten history are told by soldiers' lips, and few are fortunate enough to hear them.

When morning came the storm showed no signs of abating. The eatables at the cabin, though coarse, were abundant, and the remnants of the picnic collation were served for breakfast. At noon, the members of the band went to the corral to feed the horses, leaving the bugler stationed in the little window, to blow the buggle as a guide to their movements. When at last they came staggering through the storm, they carried the stiff, half frozen body of a man in army blue.

"What's this?" cried the Major in a tone of horror.

"The Quartermaster, sir," replied

(Continued on fourth page.)

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

June 13 1889.

AFTER THE FLOOD.

In the midst of a calamity, or immediately after its occurance, we are very apt to overrate the injury sustained. Ten days ago the Knapp Creek Valley seemed to be an almost total wreck, and those who sustained the greatest loss were disheartened. But no sooner had the waters subsided everybody went to work with renewed energy, till now but few traces of that awful destruction are left. True some damage was done that can never be fully repaired, and some few will feel the effects of the recent flood for years to come; still when we consider our losses along with the losses elsewhere, how insignificant they seem. We might indeed murmur and become disheartened if like the sufferers of Johnstown, Pa, our injuries could not be estimated by dollars and cents, but at the cost of human life. Within the bounds of Pocahontas County we have heard of no one who even lost a home, much less a life. Then let us not go about with long faces because the waters carried away a few hundred rails, or destroyed a few acres of corn or wheat; these may all be replaced; but let us rather be thankful and rejoice that our lives are spared and the lives of our families and friends. Indeed our injuries are not worthy to be mentioned when we compose them with others.

Damage by the recent Floods.

EDITOR TIMES: All over the State, (*except in Pocahontas County,*) the County Courts have been called together to consider and adopt measures necessary to repair the damage done to public property by the recent floods. No precaution on the part of anyone could have prevented the damage we have suffered and since it has been visited on us in common with others, who have suffered much more, it ill becomes us to stand idle until another rise in the waters shall complete what the recent flood began.

It is said that the middle pier in the bridge at Marlin's Bottom is so injured, that another flood will be likely to destroy for us a bridge which cost something over $11,000 whereas if repared at once, at a comparatively small expense, it can be saved to us.

The public roads, along all the streams running through this County are in a terrible condition, and in some places new roads will have to be made. Why should not our County Court meet at once and see to this matter? It is the duty of this Court, and the safety of the traveling public demands that this have attention at once.

The damage to the bridge across Knapp's Creek, is not so great as [illegible] from [illegible] considerably [illegible] repaired be[illegible] we will certainly lose what money the people have in it, and, I think I know our citizens well enough to say, they will always approve of any necessary expenditure of public money for the public good.

There will necessarily be employed masons, carpenters and those who understand building roads, in this work of repair; and the County Court, as far as possible should favor the workmen of Pocahontas in contracting, that this money may stay among us, and not go to increase the circulating medium of some other County or State.

I know that an increase of the levy to make these repairs will bear heavily upon our citizens at this time, but I belive they have the pluck, and pride to do their duty in repairing any public loss to Pocahontas County, and to cry down the sycophant who undertakes to ride into public favor by denouncing the County Court for doing its duty in laying a proper levy to meet the public need.

Let us hear through your paper from all sections of the County, and if the County Court can assign any good reason for not giving prompt attention to this matter, of so much importance to our citizens, we would be glad to hear also from the gentlemen who compose the Court

Yours &c.

CITIZEN.

Academy W. Va. June 8.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, June 7.—"Cheap John" Wanamaker is treading on dangerous ground. He wants to abolish Sunday work in the post offices, and in order to get some foundation to work on he has sent a circular letter to the postmasters of one hundred of the largest cities asking for suggestions as to how Sunday work may be stopped etc. Of course all good men believe that the Sabbath should be observed in as general a manner as possible, but at the same time all sensible men know that a certain amount of work must be performed by somebody even on that day, and the carrying and rapid handling of the mails is a work too important to be stopped at any time, for any cause. In fact the efficiency of the Post Office department is more in need of being increased than decreased in this very matter of Sunday handling of mails and if Wanamaker isn't very creful he will raise a tempest in the business world that will be strong enough to sweep him out of the office that cost him so much money. And there is another view of the subject that should not be lost sight of. In the more than one hundred years of its existance no attempt has ever been made to have this Government officially recognize any religious denomination or sect, and the precedent would be a dangerous one to estalish. Suppose for instance that Wanamaker, who is a Presbyterian, should succeed in having all work stopped in our post offices on Sundays during his administration of the post office department. So far all right, but now suppose that in the unexpected upheval of politics he should be succeeded by a Hebrew, or a Seven day Adventist, both of which sects regard Saturday as the sabbath day, and that he should insist on having all post office work stopped on his sabbath. Then what a row we should have. Church and State both have important functions to perform in this as well as every other country, but let us keep them separate and distinct, for if history teaches anything it is the utter futility of successfully uniting the two.

Politics have this week been pushed to the wall that "one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." Democrats and republicans have vied with each other to provide succor for the thousands of people made homeless by the great floods in Pennsylvania. Washington has shown the world that however heartless she seems to be in her dealings with political and social doings, she in reality has a great big human heart, throbbing just now in sympathetic accord with her suffering brothers and sisters of the Conemaugh Valley, upon whom such a terrible calamity has fallen. A public meeting was held to provide organized methods of collecting money and clothing; it was attended by an immense crowd and was presided over by the President who made a strong appeal for subscriptions. About $50,000 in cash has been raised besides an enormous quantity of blankets clothing disenfectants etc. Everybody seemed disposed to give something; poor people who were unable to give money gave a blanket or a cast off garment; bootblacks and news boys handed in their nickles alongside the millionaires thousand dollar checks, and the children emptied the pennies out of their little banks in order to turn them over to the Committee. For the first half of the week nothing was talked about or seemingly thought about but the awful news from Johnstown. Washington's flood had done a damage to property public and private of several millions of dollars but that was entirely forgotten in the face of the great loss of life by the Pennsylvania horror.

Already the republican acting Commissioner of the General Land office has begun to undo the good work of the democratic administration. He has given notice that he intends abolishing the Board of Review and the Division of Contests, both established under Mr. Clevelands administretion and both recognizes as being in the interests of the homesteader and against the land-grabber. But as the last named class have for many years, with the exception of from '85 to '89, controlled that office the change can hardly be surprising.

The Civil Service Commission is busily engaged in discovering "mare's nests." It has just reported a large one in the New York custom house, and is now in Troy, N. Y. hoping to find one in the post office. Next week it is to start west on a grand tour of discovery which will embrace a dozen cities.

It is rather early to begin the naming of choices for 1892, but the following from the Atlanta *Constitution* is worth reproducing:

If the Democratic party fails to make Grover Cleveland its leader in the campaign of 1892, it will repeat the stupendous folly in which it set aside Mr. Tilden in 1880 for General Hancock. * * * * Grover Cleveland is the leader under whom the Democracy can march to triumph in 1892 and he is proving himself more and more worthy of the great work to which he is consecrated—the redeeming of the goverument from the hands of the Democratic party, which is the party of the people.

Heavy storms of rain and hail at Huejutla, Mexico, have caused the river to inundate that town, drowning many persons and cattle, washing away many houses and destroying crops.

Married persons who have no children are seeking to adopt the children orphaned by the flood. None of these little ones will be allowed to suffer.

A heavy storm has been raging in Hong Kong, China. Immense damage has been done.

MASONIC NOTICE.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 65, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. R. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—Circuit Court convenes next Monday.

—Atty H. S. Rucker was down at Hillsboro last Saturday.

Go to John Wurts & Co, Frankford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. may 9-12t

—C. J. Stalting of Academy, and Mrs. Eli Doyle, of Valley Center, Va., were at Huntersville Hotel last Friday.

Buggy harness and Saddles at $3, $10 and up to $40 at A. P. Leist's Ronceverte, W. Va. 30-2m

—Atty C. F. Moore and Mrs. John J. Beard, were down at Hillsboro last Saturday.

John Wurts & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be here during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. may 9-12t

—The bridal tour of Dr. C. L. Austin was not so extensive as was contemplated. Being brought to a halt at McDowell by the high waters, the party had to be content with visiting that place, Monterey and Top of Alleghany.

—We were pleased to learn that our young friend Clawson McNeil, of Swago, who was a law student at Morgantown, graduates at the head of his class with distinction.

Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made of John Wurts & Co. Frankford, W. Va. may 9-12

—Any one wishing to procure a good calf-shed or sheep-house would do well to attend the next County Court; no doubt the bridge at Huntersville can be bought low. And we do not doubt that the road around the mountain will be given to any one who will haul it away; some pieces of it are left that would answer to patch up mud holes.

Sewing machines from $25 to $50; warranted, for sale by A. P. Leist, Ronceverte, W. Va. 30-2m.

Dunmore Inklings.

A problem for some of the school boys to solve: "If it takes a letter 20 days to go from Green Bank to Huntersville a distance of 20 miles, how long will it take Andy Hughs to travel around the world at the rate he travels.

Capt E. A. Smith, is up from the ark.

The lumber company did not loose as much as reported at first.

M. J. Moore, brother-in law of Capt. E. A. Smith is here from near Johnstown, Pa.

Mrs E. A. Smith has two sisters living in Johnstown.

The road overseers have had their hands out up this way, and have fixed up the roads in pretty good shape. Let others do likewise.

C. F. Moore was up Sunday and gave a very interesting lecture to the Dunmore Sunday school.

Not much sign of war, so says Jake Cary and Phil Edmiston. They are both girls and all doing well.

A. K. Jackson, has returned to Ronceverte.

Registered at Hotel Wakeman last week and this—J. Lowy, of Baltimore, O. Gay, the celebrated French cook, Z. H. Jackson, A. H. Jackson, W. J. Pritchard, H. M. Moore, C. P. Tilas, Jas. Siple.

Set out your cabbage plants while the weather is wet.

C. B. Swecker, the comical auctioneer has been in cry sales in Pocahontas and adjoining counties. Give him a call.

Success to the Ed.

TOM SAWYER.

Marlinton Items.

It is reported some fishermen near Gallilee, toiled all night and caught nothing. A party of Marlins Bottom fishermen toiled part of the night recently and caught one cat fish and sixteen dog fish. The dog fish in make up is pretty much mouth and intestines, like some greedy people in the world. One of the young fishers fell into water, he thinks ten feet deep, upon examining his boot legs however, and finding the boots not full of water, the estimate of deepness may be modified. One thing is true he has been cool as a water melon ever since on the matter of fishing.

Mrs. Florida Price the estimable wife of Calvin Price Esq. of Clover Creek, who has been quite ill is reported better. This is gratifying to a large circle of attached friends.

The casualties of the flood, at this place, while unconvenient, did not occasion very much irreparable damage.

D. H. Garber lost one raft of cherry and walnut lumber. He thinks that most of it can be identified as the sawing was done by a vertical saw.

It looks as if the question of riparion rights, will need attention in the near future. As our lawyers are wise, this word is enough.

H. K. S.

Mail Sub Contracting.

The mail route between this place and Traveler's Repose, has been sub-contracted for by John F. Wanless and C. O. W. Sharp, at about $800. How's that? a mail 60 miles a day, every day in the year except Sunday, over mountains, streams and everything else for $800.

We can't understand why men that claim to have good judgment will let a man from another State come in here and tell us what we shall work for; and take his mail routes off his hands at about half the actual cost that it will take to run them.

It looks as though some men will have a mail route if they have to pay some one to get it. Why is it? Is it an honor to carry a mail on an old poor horse over mountains, streams and through all sorts of weather and in mud and snow three feet deep and arrive at all hours in the night? If there is any honor in it we fail to see it.

The government don't want the mails carried for nothing; it is able to for it, if you will ask it; and why will you let these infernal star route contractors come in here and shove their contracts at a starving price off on you.

It's none of our business what you work for; but it worries us to have our mails come in, at all hours in the night. It would worry the devil himself.

What we want is good service, and we don't believe any one can give good service on a route as the above for $800

School Commencement.

The second Commencement of Hillsboro Training School took place last Tuesday night June, 4th., in the Pavilion erected for the purpose in the presence of a large audience. Every foot of space was occupied and many forced to stand throughout the exercises which they did good naturally.

The appearance of the stage with the light hearted students arranged in a semicircle presented a pleasing scene. The stage settings were beautiful flowers, and the central piece a horse-shoe formed of roses and mock orange enhanced the beauty of the scene presented to the vast audience. The paintings and drawings of the art pupils were handsomely arranged on the back ground and right of the stage. On the left were well executed specimens of penmanship by the writing class. Among the names of those deserving special mention for their painting and drawing are Misses Helen Clark and Mollie Peters, both of whom did excellent work as could be seen by some lovely paintings and drawings exhibited that night, and proved that they have a talented teacher at the head of this department. Miss Rose Shearer's writing class as well as her art class, show decided improvement in that line. Promptly at 8 o'clock to the strains of a beautiful march the students took their seats upon the stage. Miss G. M. Shearer, Principal, occupied a seat on the right, at the head of the class. On the left was the Motto "Peace Be still" on the right "Vincit qui Patitur" and just back of the Piano, in a half circle the lovely old german word "Wilkommen." As the last strains of the overture died away Miss G. M. Shearer invoked the blessings of the Almighty God upon the students, and the audience. As it would take too much space to make special mention of each piece. We will give the order of the program which was as follows:

Note the Bright Hours only opening chorus by the whole school.

Salutatory—by Edna Clarice Shearer

Bootblack—Illustrated Recitation by Earnest Marshall, John Peters and Forrest Harper.

Trouble your Head with your own Affairs—Recitation by Miss Delia Edgar, which was nicely prepared and well delivered.

Perseverance Polka Trio—by Misses Oneida Shearer, Maggie McNeel and Nettie Callison.

Will no Maiden Marry Me I'll Vocal Solo—by Gus Eskridge which was one of the best things of the evening, Mr. Gus acted the song to perfection as was shown by the hearty applause which followed it.

Ingenuity Essay, by Miss Annie McNeel, which was certainly an excently gotten up essay on this difficult subject, and could only have been written by one possessing this qualification. Her essay abounded in fine thoughts which were expressed in a way that secured for her, close attention.

Some Day I'll Wander Back again—Vocal Solo and Cho. by Misses Needa and Rose Shearer and Jeannie Clark.

Earnest Marshall 1st orater of the evening.

Parade March—by Misses Needa Shearer and D. Marshall.

The Battle of Bunker Hill—a beautiful recitation by Miss Virdie Clark.

Golden Ringlets.

Selection of Trades—by six boys and one little girl.

Children's Glee Song—by seventeen children.

A short recess was now given while attention was called to the art collection by Miss G. M. Shearer.

Part II

"A Voice From the Waves" Vocal Solo—by Misses Fannie and Rose Shearer.

Gus Eskridge 2nd Orator of the evening subject, Our Honored Dead.

"Drifting With the Tide" Vocal Solo and Cho.—by Misses Rose, Fannie and Needa Shearer.

Miss Duffie Marshall, Historian of the Evening, Class of H. T. School

Cymbeline Galop—by Miss Needa Shearer on the Organ and Misses Annie McNeel Delia and Bessie Edgar on Pianos.

Commonplace Critics Select Reading—by Miss Vertie Marshall.

Huntresses Vocal Duetth—by Misses Georgia and Rose Shearer.

Curiosity, Rec.—by Miss D. Marshall. Fan Drill and Wand Exercise.

Valedictory—by Jeannie Clark, Remarks, Distinction cards &c.

"Good Night" Closing Cho.— by school; so ended one of the very best of Commencements. The Fan Drill and Wand Exercise was excellent the young ladies and little girls were attired in blouse costume and the little boys with waists and sashes to match. The whole drill showed good and careful training.

There was in all about 96 movements in the two which were made in perfect time. Destinction cards were awarded to those who had not been tardy at morning worship and were received by Miss Neelie and Master John Peters, Marshall and Virgie Isabel and Cilla and Villa Marshall. Distinction cards were also awarded to those who averaged over 95 per cent. in daily recitations and examinations and were received by Misses Duffie Marshall and Jeannie Clark. The music was especially good and the pieces "A Voice From the Wave" "Drifting With the Tide" "Huntresses" and "Cymbeline Galop" deserve special mention as they were beautiful pieces, in fact pieces that can hardly be surpassed. All acquitted themselves most creditably and show they have teachers at the front who know what they are about. Miss Shearer is one of the best teachers we have ever had in our midst and deserves the patronage of the public. Her training both mental and moral is certainly deserving of the highest praise. Truly conscientious teachers are hard to find, but are certainly to be appreciated when we have them. Decided improvements have been made in the Art and music departments, the past session and we certainly wish her success.

Y.

WOULDN'T ACT AS CHAMBERMAID.—Widow Brown owned a lodging-house in Denver, Colorado. A year ago she became infatuated with J. J. Medley, proposed to him and married him. Medley expected to have a comfortable home and an easy life, but his wife's ardor soon cooled and she compelled him to perform all the offices as chambermaid in the hotel. Last week Medley soaked his humiliation in wisky, bought a revolver and deliberately killed his wife.

The Driver of a hearse at Wilkesbarre Pennsylvania, was startled the other day by a noise in a coffin. He opened the coffin and the supposed dead man scrambled out and asked for a drink of whisky.

When Mr. Randall says that the democratic outlook is bright, the republican organs are inclined to make fun of him. They will laugh in a different way in 1892.

Last week, severe storms prevailed throughout France. The greatest damage has been done in the departments of Seinet-Marine, Aube, Yonne, Haute Soane and Ardennes, where insome places the country is almost devastated.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

The mail hack leaves Frankford for Huntersville, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and from Huntersville for Frankford every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. Charges reasonable.

JOEL FLACK, Carrier.

Order of Publication.

R. S. Turk vs. Geo. W. McDonald } In Chancery.

The object of this suit is to have partition made of three tracts of land containing respectively 1034 394 and 167 acres of land lying on the waters of the Big Spring Branch of Elk River in Pocahontas County West Virginia, between the plaintiff and defendant, and to Enjoin and inhibit the defendant George W. McDonald, and all others from cutting and removing the Merchantable timber from said lands until partition thereof is made.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant Geo. W. McDonald is a non resident of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit. The plaintiff has executed his bond as required by the order granting said injunction.

Teste JOHN J. BEARD Clk.

June 6 4t Printers fee $6.82

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the Chancery Cause of E. J. Silva vs James P. Ginger and Wm. C. McClure, on the 3rd day of April 1889 I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree shall on the

17th DAY OF JUNE 1889

proceed in front of the Court house door of this County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for Cash, a certain tract of land containing about 33 acres, the property of the defendant James P. Ginger situate on the waters of Stamping Creek, adjoining the lands of the Heirs of A. D. Grimes and others. This tract of land is fertile and productive and in a partial state of Cultivation.

L. M. McCLINTIC.
Special Com'r

I John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, certify that the above Commissioner has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD,
Clk Cir. Ct.

printers fee $9.70 may23 4w

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

June 13 1889.

(Continued from first page.)

the drummer, sadly; "we found him lying near the corral, almost buried in the snow."

With a cry of utter anguish, which those who heard it never forgot, Katy Dare flung herself upon the floor.

"It's Jack!" she cried, "my Jack! I loved him all the time."

The voice he loved so well pierced the death-like stupor which was fast stealing over him. The warm, clinging lips brought back the breath of life. Slowly his eyes opened and rested upon the bonny tearful face so near his own.

"My darling," he said, "have I won you at last?" Katy clung sobbing to his neck.

"All the world loves a lover." Even the little squaw smiled sympathetically upon the soldier who had wrung his happiness from the grasp of a "Norther."

The major was delighted, but mystified. He could not understand it.

"Why, she never liked Jack, and was devoted to the rector," he said feebly.

"Just so!" replied the sagacious Mrs. Bensome. "In dealing with a girl, Major, remember it's never Jim but Jack, and if she flirts with a parson, she is pretty sure to marry a soldier." And Katy did.

Letter from Kansas.

EDITOR TIMES: Having recently received from a friend in Pocahontas, a few appreciated copies of THE TIMES and not seeing anything in its interesting columns from the great state of Kansas, I have concluded, with your permission, to pen you a short article for publication, feeling assured that a few thoughts from so fine a country; one abounding in rolling plains and grassy meads can not fail to be appreciated by your many readers.

Kansas is favorably situated in the great Miss. Valley, about midway from ocean to ocean and occupies a vast territory, stretching from the border line of Mo., westward four hundred miles to Colorado and two hundred and eight miles from Neb., on the north to the Indian Ty., on the south, thus embracing one of the finest agricultural regions in the world. In addition to this there are important mineral deposits of coal and salt.

The latter is found in various portions of Southern Kan., at a depth of about 400 feet, beneath the surface of the earth.

There is a salt factory at Anthony city twelve miles south of Harper where the strata of salt is three hundred feet thick and extensive quantities are manufactured daily.

It may be interesting to some of your readers to know something about the process, by which the salt at so great a depth can be readily utilized. This is done by drilling down with a heavy drill then tubing the aperature, and with the same engine pumping fresh water down, dissolving the mineral and the process is completed by evaporation.

The country is finely watered in the central and northern portions of the state by the Kans. river and its numerous tributaries.

The southern by the Arkansas river winding its way like a great silver thread, for hundreds of miles, from the summits of the snowcapped Rockey Mountains of Colorado to the Miss. The country lying along and between these great rivers is interspersed by smiling valleys and rippling streams, whose banks are fringed with grass or clusters of timber thus presenting a grand and beautiful scene.

The soil is alluvial consisting of a dark sandy loam, which produces a luxurant growth of vegetation, such plants as are indigenous to a tropical region.

Corn, wheat and other sereals are extensively cultivated and the prospect for fine crops, the coming harvest flattering in the extreme.

The fruit crop is extensive and abundant, especially apples, peaches, plums, and cherries. In fact the fine rains have brightened the prospect of all crops beyond expectation of the sanguine tiller of the soil.

Society and refinery are steadily and surely gaining the ascendency.

Education is trumphantly waving her golden banner on the broad plains of progress.

There are no momentous questions at present agitating the political mind, such as the negro problem of the South. The presidential cyclone of '88, is long since a thing of the past. The loud "Hurrah for Harrison," in the banner republican state of the Union, have died away and are gently reposing on the calms of Oblivion, and all is peace.

I see I am digressing, so I will bring my letter to a close. Thanking you for space and wishing my many friends in Pocahontas and THE TIMES success, I am very truly yours,

W. B. H. M.

Harper, Harper Co. Kans.

Well handled.—The pump.

Sharp shooters—Aching teeth.

Dining room—An empty stomach.

A droll dog—A wag with a funny tale.

Adversity may be a good teacher, but she brings you down instead of bringing you up.

"Shure, which is the entrance out?" asked an Irishman at a railway station the other day.

Speaking of butter, we may respect its colour, but we do not hesitate to turn up our noses at its rank.

"I thought you took an interest in my welfare," said an unsuccessful lover. "No, sir," only in your farewell."

An eminent artist lately painted a snowstorm so naturally that he caught a bad cold by sitting near it with his coat off.

There is not much future for a young man who has learned how to spend a fortune before he knows how to make one.

What is that which everyone wishes to have, and wich everyone wishes get rid of directly he obtains it? A good appetite.

"This is a sad and bitter world," remarked Sir Boyle Roche. "We never strew flowers on a man's grave until after he is dead."

Customer: "I say, waiter, this venison hasn't been hung." Waiter (new to the biz): "'Ung, sir? In course not, sir. I believe it was shot, sir."

"Pitch your voice in a low key," says a writer on etiquette. We presume etiquette can be temporarily dispensed with when trying to wake the children in the morning.

Ladies' high-heeled boots produce hysteria. We have seen a man's squaretoed boot, number 14½, give a strong healthy pedlar about the worst fit of hysterics that ever afflicted mortal man.

Miss Keand to handsome young physician: "Oh, doctor, how do you do? You look killing this evening." Young Physician, quietly: "Thank you, but I'm not; I'm off duty, don't you know."

It is not good to take tea in the middle of the day. The man who tried it in a *cafe* in town, when he thought the waitress was not looking is our authority.

Stern Parent (to a young aspirant for his daughter's hand)—Young man can you support a family?"—Young man (meekly): "I only wanted Sarah."

Philadelphian (in St Louis): "Will you kindly tell me where I can get a drink of water?" Policeman: "Mein frient, I haff been only three months on dis beat."

Every man thinks he is about right himself. An old Quaker said to his wife—"All the world is queer except thee and me, and thee is a little queer."

Tailors are the most playful paradoxes in the world; why, whenever you may want something new, they will recommend you something that is much worn.

The Duke of Wellington was told that his bed was not large enough to turn in. He replied that when a man began to turn in his bed it was time to turn out.

It is said that no one can arrest the flight of time, but who is there who is not able to stop a minute? Bill Sikes adds—Especially if a drink is going to be stood.

"Although unseen, my influence is felt," remarked the lively flea.

"Waiter, take away this beer; it's muddy." The waiter, without stirring—"You are deceived, sir. It is the glass which is dirty; the beer is excellent. Taste it."

An Irishman was recently heard to declare that the present state of affairs in his country was "enough to make a man commit suicide, or perish in the attempt."

Family doctor: "Your wife needs out-door exercise more than anything else." Husband: "But she won't go out. What am I to do?" "Give her plenty of money to shop with."

The Central Criminal Court—Conscience.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, June 20, 1889. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 46.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. B. Beard, Pres't. / S. B. Hannah. / G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

The practical plain, young girl,
Not afraid of the rain young girl,
A poetical posy
A ruddy and rosy,
A helper of self young girl.

A home in her place young girl,
A never will lace young girl,
A toiler serene,
A life pure and clean
A princess of peace young girl.

A wear her own hair young girl,
A free from stare young girl,
Improve every hour,
No sickly sunflower,
A wealth of rare sense young girl.

An early retiring young girl,
An active, aspiring young girl,
A morning ariser,
A dandy despiser
A progressive American girl.

An honestly courting young girl,
A never seen flirting young girl,
A quiet and pure,
A modest, demure,
A fit for a wife young girl.

A sought everywhere young girl,
A future most fair young girl,
An ever discreet.
We too seldom meet,
This queen among queens young girl.
—*Mrs E. E. Woods, in N. Y. World.*

Old Siegel and His Son.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE

Many years ago, while making a tour through that beautiful tract of mountain scenery in the south of Bavaria known as the Saltzgammergut, I stayed for a fortnight at Berchtesgaden. I spent much of my time there in fishing for grayling and in taking to the chamois-hunters, with many of whom I had made acquaintance during a previous visit. I used often to sit for hours listening to their hunting stories, and on one occasion I hunted with them.

The mountains immediately around Berchtesgaden are kept as a royal chamois preserve, and as the King was expected to arrive shortly, none but his Majesty's own jagers were allowed, during the time I was there, to disturb the chamois.

I was, however, very anxious to have at least one day's sport, and arranged with old Siegel and his son Franz, chamois hunters whom I had known for some time, and on whom I could depend, to have a "jagd" on the morrow. Siegel persuaded Gotting, a friend of his, to come with us.

We started early in the morning, and after toiling for several hours up through the dark pine woods which became more scant and scrubby the higher we went, emerged at last on the open snowfields.

We now separated; Franz and Gotting made a long detour to the left, while Siegel and I hastened on to reach some commanding position above, in case any chamois were driven up. After an hour,s more climbing, we halted on the top of a precipice, which shaped in the form of a crescent, made a complete cul de sac for any chamois driven up by our friends below.

We had hardly been watching ten minutes when two chamois appeared in sight, bounding up the mountain-side and coming directly toward us. When the foremost had come within range, I fired and missed, as most men would have done, firing as I did at so small an object from a height almost perpendicularly above it.

The beasts turned, and springing with wonderful speed over the sharp rocks, were soon out of sight. I fired a second shot just as they were disappearing, and think I struck one of them, but it contrived to get away, and we never saw it again.

Siegel and I, somewhat crestfallen, trudged on up the mountain, keeping a sharp lookout on all sides, and halting now and then to give the others time to overtake us.

Suddenly we heard, far down below us, a shot, and then all was again silent. We were much surprised, as it is one of the first rules in this kind of hunting never, except when absolutely necessary, even to raise the voice, much less, of course, to fire a rifle, which scares the chamois completely.

We knew that Gotting and Franz, directly below us as they were, could not possibly have seen a chamois, as our shots must have driven them quite out of reach. After a minutes anxious listening, we fancied we heard shouts, and fearing we knew not what, called loudly Franz's name.

We then heard—and this time quiet distinctly—the voice of Gotting saying:

"Come down! come down! It's all over! Franz has shot himself!"

Siegel and I were standing together ankle deep in the snow. I glanced into his face, and I think I shall never forget the look of mising I saw there. Before I knew what he was about, he had seized his rifle, and presented the muzzle to his head, and was feeling with his foot in a frenzied manner for the trigger.

I snatchbd the piece away just in time; he did not try to recover it, but throwing himself on the snow, burst into a most passionate, most eloquent torrent of praise of his son's many virtues. He told me what a good son he had always been to him, anxious to fulfil his slightest wish.

I at length succeeded in partially soothing him, and in rousing him to action. We scrambled down as fast as we could guided by Gotting's shouts.

It was a long time before we reached them; to me it seemed an age. I accused myself of being the author of all this misery, and my anxiety was heightened by the reflection that we were in reality poaching, and we should very likely, in consequence of this misfortune get into trouble on our return.

We found poor Franz lying shot through the back and in great pain among stunted "knie-holz"—a plant something like our whinbush. It appeared that he had, contrary to all jager rules, carried his rifle capped, and that in walking through the knie-holz, he had stumbled and fallen, and his rifle had somehow or other exploded, causing a severe wound,

We stanched the blood as well as we could with our handkerchiefs, and then held a consultation. Gotting said he knew of a chalet some way off to which he thought we might manage to carry Franz.

I lifted him up as carefully as possible, and walked for some way over the abominable knie-holz, which threatening to trip one up every moment. I managed, I think, to go about two hundred yards with my burden, and then, exhausted, had to lay him down. His father tried to carry him next, but unnerved and half blinded by his tears, had also soon to give it up.

Gotting was the only one of the party who could carry Franz for any great length of time over the rough ground we were now compelled to traverse; he was a small man but seemed to be wire and muscle.

It was, however, evident that the slow pace we were obliged to go we should never, even if we knew the exact direction—which, by the way, none of us did—get to the chalet before nightfall. Some other arrangement must be made.

Gotting proposed that he should stay with the wounded man, while Siegel and I should go forward and attempt to reach the chalet. Gotting was the only one of the party who had ever been there, and that was years before. He gave us directions how to find it.

We were to pass to the right or left of certain peaks he pointed out to us, and then he said we should see a large field of snow. We were to cross this, and the chalet was in a hollow about half a mile above and to the left.

Well, we started—Siegel and I—leaving all the provisions except a few sandwiches with Franz and Gotting. A weary walk brought us to the peak where, according to Gotting, we were to see the snow field. But there was nothing of the sort there; peak rose upon peak, but there was no great, level snowfield stretching away at our feet, such as he had described.

We looked at each other in dismay. To add to our distress, the weather, which had hitherto been beautiful, began to get overcast. Light wreaths of mist were setting on the highest summits of the mountain, sure signs of a coming storm.

However, there was no use in going back. We should perhaps not be able to find Franz and Gotting again if, bewildered as we now were, we attempted to get back to them. Our only chance was forward.

Tired and dispirited we walked on turning around only to look at the gathering clouds which were now piling themselves dark and threatening behind us. The wind, too began to rise. We determined to go downward; indeed, we were too much exhausted to go any higher, or waste any more time in looking for the chalet.

The ground seemed to get more rough the lower we went, and the tremendous gusts of wind which whistled round us made the decent most dangerous. Great, spattering raindrops now began to fall and we halted on a ledge of rock, utterly worn out.

The storm increased and in a short time was at its height. The rain came down in torrents, completely drenching us. The lightning with blinding flashes played all round, hissing and illumining for an instant the awful grandeur of the scene, while the thunder pealed and crashed overhead, each crag and wall of rock echoing the sound and increasing it and hundred-fold.

We had thrown our rifles away, afraid that the lightning would strike them, and stood waiting for the storm to abate. When we resumed our decent we were trembling with cold in every limb. The air, which was warm enough before, was now piercingly cold and the wind drove snow and bits of ice against our faces with blinding force.

I went first, and for a long time neither of us spoke. Only when a particularly dangerous place was crossed I gave the warning "Look to the right!" or "To the left!" as the case might be.

Siegel led the way when I was tired, and thus we proceeded with greatest caution, as a false step would have been almost certain death, till we got to more level ground.

Here we again encountered thickets of knie-holz. We were already congratulating ourselves on having got the worst over, when we were suddenly stopped by a precipice or "Wand," down which it would have been impossible for a goat to go. It was a sheer decent of at least eighty feet.

This was a dreadful disappointment. We walked along the edge for some way, but as far as we could see the Wand extended for miles. I had already thrown myself on the ground and had given up all hopes of life, when a shout from Siegel who had gone on a little way, made me once more spring to my feet.

I hastened to him. He was standing over a narrow hole in the rock almost hidden by bushes of the knie-holz.

"We are saved! we are saved!" he cried. He explained to me how, when I had given up in despair, he suddenly thought that he remembered the place we were in, and had remembered, too, that if it were indeed the part of the mountain he supposed it to be, there was a circular hole in the rock forming the Wand by which the chamois hunters scaled this otherwise inaccessible place. He had gone on, had found the opening, and fearful of losing the spot had stood over it and called till I came.

We slid safely down this chimney like hole, which is not much more than twenty feet in depth, and easily descending the lower part of the Wand, which is here much broken, arrived, famished and half frozen, at 10 o'clock at night, at a woodman's hut Siegel knew of in the valley below. Here we obtained warmth and shelter.

Three of the woodmen immediately started up the mountain and returned in a few hours with poor Franz, who was very much exhausted, not so much from cold—as Gotting had contrived to light a fire, and they had provisions—as from loss of blood.

I once asked Siegel what he would have done if he had not found that opening. "We should," he said, "have struck our alpenstocks into the ground, and have walked round them all the night to keep off sleep, which if it conquered us would, of course, have been fatal. If we lived till day broke we should have tried to find our way back to the others."

Whether we were likely to succeed in so doing, cold, hungry and exhausted as we were, the reader may judge.

As for Franz, he completely recovered from his wound, and I have hunted many a time with him since that memorable day.—Youth's Companion.

"I know that you love me," he said, sentimentally, as he held her to his vest. "I know that you love me," she repeated: "because when I lay my head against your breast your heart beats so loud that I can hear it." "That," gasped the poor fellow as the awful truth dawned upon him. "That is not my heart. That's my Waterbury watch."

Mrs. May E. Bryan gets $3,000 a year for editing Munro's Fashion Bazar.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

June 20 1889.

Jefferson Davis celebrated his eighty first birthday at Beauvoir last Monday. He was in fine health and spirits.

Old Jubal Early's speech at Winchester will be a godsend to the republican papers. The general stuck to it that the confederate cause was right, and was particularly rough on the confederates who have deserted since the war.

Humanity.

To the man gifted with sufficient spiritual strength to enable him to look over the heads of the crowd, humanity is a curious study.

From his perch on the edge of a cloud such a man can look down in wonder and pity on the restless throng—doing and undoing, striving and suffering, sorrowing and sin-stricken. Gdo has given to humanity the earth and the fullness thereof, and, not satisfied with the glorious heritage as it comes from His hand, mortals are forever struggling to make such changes as will adapt its conditions nearer in accordance with their erratic imagings.

As an illustration, there are the millions of treasure expended and the thousands of lives wasted in the attempt to break the continuity of the western hemisphere and send the blue billows of the Pacific and the wild breakers of the Atlantic dashing away to meet and embrace each other among the hills of Panama. The people of the east and the people of the west have, by much labor and pains, flung a rope of steel across the ocean, and, having caught the secret of the summer lightning, they talk in strange whispers from one side to the other of the world.

To mankind collectively, humanity is tender and charitable. To the individual sinner how unpitying it is. On the field of battle he who destroys most of his fellow creatures is the greatest hero. But he that kills his neighbor in a moment of passion is pursued most unrelentingly, and above his devoted head the hand of the avenger is forever uplifted.

Ah, humanity, humanity! In its strange and unreasoning perversity the gentle voice of the living God is drowned by its uncouth clamorings. The moment that the soul awakes and finds itself an inhabitant of time, begins to plan some mischief to do. Wild and willful, prone to wander, insatiate in its capricious desires and strange appetites, cursed by a thousand unexplainable longings.

"Eloi, Eloi Lama Sabachthani!" came the thrilling appeal from the weird and widening gloom of Calvary. Centuries have come and gone and the dust of the earth has passed through myriad transformations. Spring has painted the sky with hues and tints pilfered from the easels of the angels, and rugged winter has coated the eternal pillars of nature with the snows of nearly two thousand [illegible] cembers since that touching and pitiful cry was wrung from the anguished heart of a suffering God. But its fervor deepens and its passion intensifies as it goes wailing and echoing down the path of the ages, and every day and every hour and every moment—every heart-throb of time—is burdened by that woful refrain: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Some of the Great Floods of History Described.

From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

It becomes interesting to note some of the great floods of history. One of the most notable was that which, according to the old Historian Camden, washed away Earl Godwin's land on the coast of Kent, and left only the Godwin Sands. Holland has furnished many a coast flood. At Dort, in 1446, the sea broke in through the dykes and drowned the people of seventy-two villages, in all 100,000 persons. The dykes failed in 1530 and nearly 400,000 people died. The celebrated Ripon flood in Yorkshire was in 1771, and in 1787 over 2000 persons lost their lives by the sudden torrents from the mountains of Navarra. In 1813 the overflow of the Danube drowned 3000 Turkish soldiers on a small island near Widden, and in Silesia the floods practically ruined the French army under McDonald. The Vistula overflowed and broke its dykes in 1812 and swept away 10,000 cattle and 4000 houses.

Two famous floods in France were those of 1840 and 1846. The former was in the southeast, and upward of 1,000 houses were swept away by the Rhone. The other was in the central and south-western part of France, and destroyed $20,000,000 worth of property, including numerous costly railroad viaducts.

By the bursting of the reservoir at Lorca, in Spain, twenty square leagues were devastated, and over 1,000 persons were drowned, April 14, 1802. The property damage was estimated at $7,000,000.

The giving way of the dam of the Bradfield reservoir near Sheffield, England, on March 11, 1864, let loose a flood which swept fourteen miles of valley in two hours and caused a loss of $1,800,000, besides drowning 250 persons. This is the disaster which is made to figure in Charles Read's "Put Yourself in His Place." The area of the Bradford reservoir was seventy-eight acres, and its dam at the highest place was 95 feet high.

The Williamsburg, Mass., disaster was on May 17th, 1864. The dam of a 100-acre reservoir gave way, and $1,000,000 worth of property was ruined. One hundred and fifty persons lost their lives.

The South Fork reservoir accident of Friday night surpasses all simplar casualties in every respect. This reservoir had an area of over 2,800 acres, and its waters, when freed from confinement, devastated an area of hundreds of square miles.

TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSIONAL

The Census Bureau Issues an Important Circular—Mortality Statistics.

The following is received from the Census Bureau:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
CENSUS OFFICE,
WASHINGTON D. C., May 1, 1889

To The Medical Profession:

The various medical associations and the medical profession will be glad to learn that Dr. John S. Billings, Surgeon U. S. Army, has consented to take charge of the Report on the Mortality and Vital Statistics of the United States as returned by the Eleventh Census.

As the United States has no system of registration of vital statistics, such as is relied upon by other civilized nations for the purpose of ascertaining the actual movement of population, our census affords the only opportunity of obtaining near an approximate estimate of the birth and death rates of much the larger part of the country, which is entirely unprovided with any satisfactory system of State and municipal registration.

In view of this, the Census Office, during the month of May this year, will issue to the medical profession throughout the country "Physician's Registers" for the purpose of obtaining more accurate returns of deaths than it is possible for the enumerators to make. It is earnestly hoped that physicians in every part of the country will co-operate with the Census Office in this important work. The record should be kept from June 1, 1889, to May 31, 1890. Nearly 26,000 of these registration books were filled up and returned to the office 1880, and nearly all of them used for statistical purposes. It is hoped that double this number will be obtained for the Eleventh Census.

Physicians not receiving Registers can obtain them by sending their names and addresses to the Census Office, and, with the Register, an official envelope which requires no stamp will be provided for their return to Washington.

If all medical and surgical practitioners throughout the country will lend their aid, the mortality and vital statistics of the Eleventh Census will be more comprehensive and complete than they have ever been. Every physician should take a personal pride in having this report as full and accurate as it is poossible to make it.

It is hereby promised that all information abtained through this source shall be held strictly confidential.

ROBERT P. PORTER.
Superintendent of Census.

Administrator's Notice.

All parties holding claims against David McGlaughlin dec'd., are required to present the same at once to his administrator for payment, and all parties indebted to said David McGlaughlin are required to come forward at once and settle up.

Respectfully,
URIAH HEVENER,
Adm'r of David McGlaughlin dec'd.
June20 4-w Green Bank W. Va.

MASONIC NOTICE.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 63, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—We understand their will be a big picnic at Dunmore this year.

—There were a good deal of business done at this term of the Court.

—We will give the full proceedings of the Circuit Court next week.

—Lots of new subscribers this week.

—Thanks to those who paid us cash this week.

Go to John Warts & Co, Frankford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. may 9-12t

—Good envelopes at THE TIMES office for 15c per 100.

John Warts & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be he e during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. may 9-12t

—Hon. C. P. Dorr has retired from the Webster Springs Call, and it will be conducted hereafter by Messrs B. S. Woaddell and E. H. Merton. Success to the new managers.

Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made of John Warts & Co. Frankford, W. Va. may 9-12

—We return thanks to the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, for invitation to the annual commencement and semi contial celebration to be held there the 4th of July.

—The Greenbrier Independent, one of our very best weekly exchanges has passed its 24th birthday. It is welcomed by its many readers in Pocahontas, and may it long live and prosper.

—The Chancery suit of Frank Barrett vs. Wm. M. McAlister and others was at this term of the Court submitted to special Judge J. W. Arbuckle. The case was argued at length by C. P. Moore, of this place and E. B. Knight, of Charleston for the plaintiff, and C. P. Jones and John W. Stephenson for the defendants. A decree was entered in favor of the plaintiff for $2500 and costs. There has never been a chancery case in this Court that excited more interest on the part of the deople, nor one in which the oral argument was more entertaining. It is probable the case will be carried to the Court of Appeals.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION of Huntersville District will meet in Huntersville on Friday, June 21st, 1889, for the purpose of settling with the Sheriff and attending to all other business that may be necessary.

By order of the President.
JAMES W. WARWICK JR.,
Secretary of Board.

Dunmore Doings.

R. P. Bloom, was in town last week.

The carding machine is in full blast at Dunmore.

There will be singing at the Cross Road school house, on Sunday, 23rd, at 2 p. m. Let all attend and bring your books.

L. S. Moore and family were on a visit to Edray last week.

J. W. Moore, will start for Johnstown, Pa. this week for his family.

Mrs. E. A. Smith's sister living at Johnstown, during the flood was saved.

Circuit Court Notes.

Circuit Court convened on Monday 17th; Judge A. N. Campbell presiding.

The lawyers attending Court from a distance were, C. P. Jones and J. H. Stephenson, of Braxton; Wm. M. McAlister and Jno. W. Stephenson of Warm Springs; Hon. W. Arbuckle and Jno. W. Holt, of Lewisburg; Wm. Skeen, of Covington and E. B. Knight, of Charleston.

Quite a large crowd were in attendance Monday.

B. F. Harlow, late proprietor of the Greenbrier Independent was among us.

We will give the proceedings next week.

Notes By the Way.

It is a matter far beyond thanksgiving and praise to witness the cheerful alacrity with which our people hasten to repair the effects of the recent flood.

During the whole spring season, there seemed to be unusual industry all over the county, clearing land repairing fence, and improving roadways.

Taken for everything there is no region on the face of the earth, that surpasses West Virginia, and Pocahontas may be made equal to any county in the state, for all material comforts. Patient industry is sure of its reward in a region like this.

AN INTERESTING SUNDAY SCHOOL.

There is a flourishing Sunday school, at New Hope school house on Brown's Creek, near Huntersville, under the joint management of Mr. James W. Warwick and W. T. Moore.

On a recent Sabbath afternoon the writer witnessed a scene there, not to be met with in any other Sabbath school in the world.

The first Sabbath School even taught in West Virginia, and for that matter, anywhere west of the Alleghanies was conducted by Mrs. Mary Warwick in her old age.

Though she was so infirm, that when seated, she could not arise from her chair without assistance yet she would have her servants to place her on a horse, and she would ride four miles to a log school house located near what is now called the "Jerry Friel cabin" on Jacob Sharp's property, where she met her Sunday School. She was the only teacher, and would open her school at 8 or 9 o'clock and continue teaching until one or two in the afternoon then she would go to William Sharp's, rest awhile, take dinner and thereupon return to her home at Clover Lick.

One of her favorite scholars was little Lizzie Sharp, now known and much esteemed by many of your readers, as good old Aunt Bettie McGlaughlin verging close to ninety years of age. She was at the Sunday School the afternoon referred to, and seemed interested in all that was going on. Mr. Warwick is a great, grand son, of her old Teacher, and Aunt Betsy says she can see her old Teacher's eye in Jimmy Warwick's head. It was a touching coincidence, that two such persons, should meet in sabbath school, after seventy-five years should have passed away, and is if histane significance in the literature of Sunday school.

AN IMPRESSIVE BURIAL SCENE.

Last week the pleasing information was furnished by one of your correspondents and published, that Mrs. Florida Price, was thought to be better of her serious illness.

It now appears this was but evenescent, for she died Tuesday morning, June 18th, aged 33 years. She was one of five daughters, in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Adam See, near Elkwater, Randolph Co., West Va.

About four years since, she was married to J. Calvin Price, Esq., and soon after they took up their residence on Clover Creek.

Two little boys are left motherless and a wide circle of relatives and attached friends, mourn the decease of a most excellent person.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, June the 12, she was buried from the Clover Lick Chapel followed by one of the largest funeral processions ever seen in our county, anywhe e. She was enterred in the historic Clover Lick grave-yard, close to the grave of her great-grand mother Mary Warwick, mentioned in a former note.

Outside of the cities, the writer, has rarely seen a grave more beautifully finished up. It was sodded with freshly cut turf, and adorned with a cross, and tastefully arranged garlands and wreathes of roses and evergreens.

The beautiful testimonies she bore of her confidence in the love and power of Jesus to save, are of the most consoling character.

Thinking of her, one is most touchingly reminded of these lines as beautifully appropriate

"She sleeps in the Valley so sweet,
About her the green willows wave,
We planted the rose at her feet,
To bloom and decay o'er her grave.
She sleeps in the valley so sweet,
No sound e'er disturbs her repose;
So quiet in this calm retreat
She rests safe, secure from life's woes.

How calmly she rested in God;
"To thy arms my Savior I come,"
Come quickly, come quickly, O Lord
And welcome thy wanderer home.
She sleeps in the Valley so sweet,
Her spirit has taken its flight,
Her form is but dust neath our feet,
While she is an angel of light.

W. T. P.

The Heroine of the Flood.

If the valley of Conemaugh has its heroes it also has its heroines.

The story of one woman's sublime courage and unselfishness at a supreme moment of peril makes a bright page in the gloomy record of the Johnstown calamity.

Mrs. Ogle, the manager of the Western Union Telegraph office at Johnstown, stood by her key to the last. She was notified time and again that certain death awaited her if she did not seek safety in flight. But the brave little woman thought of the thousands of people in the valley below and stuck to her post, sending out message after message of warning.

Suddenly a deafening roar filled the air, and a black wave, mountain high, could be seen rolling down upon the doomed city.

The pale-faced woman gave one look and dashed the tears from her eyes.

"This is my last message!" the key ticked out to to the operator at South Fork.

There was no time to ad another word. The mad torrent struck the building and an instant later the lifeless heroine of the flood was washed through the raging waters, onward through the rocky mountain passes, and downward to the smiling plains below.

The bravest are the tenderest, and the tenderest are the bravest.

The Floods of the Future.

The Conemaugh valley disaster must not be viewed simply as a calamity. It is a warning.

When the boats navigate Pennsylvania avenue in Washington, and carp invade the houses of that city, we see the shadows of coming events—something even worse than the Johnstown horror.

We have more than once pointed out in these columns the probable consequences of the floods that will visit this country in future. The destruction of our forests will make the cloud-burt as familiar to us as the tornado is to the dwellers on our western plains. Ven Bebber, in his work on "The Influence of Forest Growth on Climate," says: "The old experience that the destruction of woods accentuates climate extremes, and more especially enhance the danger of floods, has not thus far been contradicted. Nay, it receives calamitous confirmation in the disasters which, in the South Tyrol, for example, recur so frequently, and which it is vainly sought to prevent by artificial works."

We are energetically setting in motion the very machinery that must necessarily increase the area and the destructive power of these tremendous floods.

Warnings we have had in abundance, but we take no thought of the morrow. We read of half a million lives lost by the overflow of Yellow river in China, and smile when the comforting thought occurs to us that it is on the other side of the world. We hear of the cloud-burst in the south of France after that region was stripped of its timber—cloud-bursts which turn cow-paths into ragging torrents and sweep away houses, cattle and human beings. But all this, we say is in France. The awful warning comes nearer and in a deadlier shape, from time to time, until we have its breathless culmination and climax at Johnstown.

The thoughtful observerver who has watched these events, studied their lessons, and looked ahead into the future, can come to but one conclusion. A century hence Macaulay's New Zealander may not be here to shake his wooly head over our ruins, but the scientific and progressive American of that day will have many strange chapters of history to relate. He will tell his children the story of our scores of dead cities that went down in the black night of a mighty deluge. He will describe the destruction of Washington, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and New Orleans. In Georgia and Tennessee he will name the cities of—but this comes too near home to be calmly discussed, and predictions would not be relished by any of us.

It is enough to say that a century hence, when the intelligent American of that day takes a glance backward, he will bitterly denounce our criminal waste and neglect in the matter of forestry, and it will be a mystery in his eyes that we allowed so many warnings to pass unheeded, and rushed on to our doom.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Boy—Mother, since I have been using Wolff's Acme Blacking my shoes wear longer than ever before, and I never get my feet wet, but I do not think they look as smooth as when I first used it.

Mother—Indeed, my son, I am sorry you are so careless. You forgot that even a good thing is only good when properly used. You have not even looked on the directions, for they are put around the neck of the bottle. Now you must read them, and they will get you out of your trouble. Your father and I keep our shoes in elegant order by its use. I use it about once a month and pups about once a week.

Wolff's ACME Blacking

Is wonderful; preserving and Waterproofing any leather; giving it a deep, rich black lustre which lasts a week. Don't use a brush. Do not confound ACME Blacking with any other. Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, &c. Try it on your Harness.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.

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Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

The mail hack leaves Frankford for Huntersville, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and from Huntersville for Frankford every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. Charges reasonable.

JOEL FLACK, Carrier.

Order of Publication.

R. S. Turk vs. Geo. W. McDonald } In Chancery.

The object of this suit is to have partition made of three tracts of land containing respectively 1024 204 and 127 acres of land lying on the waters of the Big Spring Branch of Elk River in Pocahontas County West Virginia, between the plaintiff and defendant, and to Enjoin and inhibit the defendant George W. McDonald, and all others from cutting and removing the Merchantable timber from said lands until partition thereof is made.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant Geo. W. McDonald is a non resident of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit. The plaintiff has executed his bond as required by the order granting said injunction.

Teste JOHN J. BEARD Clk.

June 6 4t Printers fee $8.82

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the Chancery Cause of E. J. Silva vs James P. Ginger and Wm. C. McClure, on the 3rd day of April 1889 I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree shall on the

17th DAY OF JUNE 1889

proceed in front of the Court house door of this County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for Cash, a certain tract of land containing about 35 acres, the property of the defendant James P. Ginger situate on the waters of Stamping Creek, adjoining the lands of the Heirs of A. D. Grimes and others. This tract of land is fertile and productive and in a partial state of cultivation.

L. M. McCLINTIC
Special Comr.

I John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, certify that the above Commissioner has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD,
Clk Cir. Ct.

printers fee $9.70 may 23 4w

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They are also Proprietors of

Huntersville Hotel,

Where, if you stop, you will receive the best accommodations.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

June 20 1889.

Faithful.

Two boys were at work rigging a small sailboat. It lay in an inlet on the New Jersey coast, and had been hired from them for the season by a stranger from New York.

"Come along, Bob," said of the boys. "It's all right now. We'll be too late to see the ball match, if we don't start at once."

Bob had taken down some of the old ropes, and had rigged the boat with new ones. The halyards he had not yet examined.

"They're all right," urged his companion, trying them,—"strong enough to last for years."

"No; I'll put in new halyards. I promised to make a thorough job of it."

"Then you'll miss the game. I'm off!"

Tom ran across the field; Bob hesitated as he looked after him. It was a sharp disappointment to miss the game. The old halyards were worn but they were still stout.

"They'll stand this summer well enough!" muttered Bob.

Then with a quick, decisive movement he cut them, and proceeded to put in new ropes. "I'll make the job thorough," he said.

That very evening the New York gentleman took a party of his friends out for a sail, among them several persons whose lives were especially valuable to the community, and whose death would have been a calamity. When they were a mile from the land, a fierce squall struck the boat. They steered toward the shore. The boat was carrying too much sail for such a wind.

"If your stuff gives way we are gone!" said a physician in the party, in a low voice.

"It all depends on the halyards. They are new. But there's a terrific strain on them."

Every eye in the boat was upon the short knotted ropes. They creaked ominously; but they bore the strain, and in a short time the boat was driven up on the beach. Bob's stout bits of new rope had saved the lives of all on board.—Youth's Companion.

TO THOSE OFF TO THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

He was a summer rover,
And to France he did go over,
And he dwelt there
Till he felt there
That a Frenchman born was he;

And he now calls Paris, Paree,
And his sister Mary, Marie,
Mere, his mother,
Frere, his brother,
And his lady love, cherie.

A traveling man for a certain house was put in the witness chair. "Do you solemnly swear," said the clerk, "that the evidence you shall give in the case now on hearing, shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." The witness hesitated and then said, "I've been selling goods for—and Co. for five years, but I'll do my best."

Shad Fishing.

The life of a shad fisherman is not a happy one, nethor is it very remunerative. They have to make their money in a short season and they are liable to lose their fine nets, which sometimes get caught in passing vessels. The nets cost several hundred dollars each. The net consists of two rope lines, each about 1000 feet long, with small pieces of lead fastened to one line six feet apart and pieces of egg shaped wood fastened to the other line. A fine linen net with meshes three and a quarter to three and five eight inches in size is strung on the lines, which are placed about twelve feat apart. The fishes are caught by the gills. Their head passes through the meshes, and when they try to retreat they are held prisoners by the silken twine. But if the nets are not lifted at the change of the tide they are liable to make their escape, and then there is mourning among the fishermen.

Two men operate a boat. The boats now used are thirty feet long and flat bottomed. They are cheaper than the keel boats and more stable. They are stout, and yet light and easy to handle. One man rows, and the other tends or throws the net, generally in the shape of a letter "L." When the net is cast, a line is fastened from the boat to the nearest end of the net, and away the party goes, drifting with the tide.

Sometimes the net is liable to catch on an obstruction or on the keel of a steamer or a tugboat, and then the net is damaged $50 or more. After drifting with the tide for a time the man tending the net commences to haul in. Soon there is a splash, and a nice shad is found "gilled." Perhaps this is the only one, and maybe there are ten thirty or a hundred more.

Then the boat is rowed back over the course and the same routine is gone through until the tide changes or the fishermen are thoroughly exhausted. The fishing is done in the night, and when the air is clear and the moon shines out the sight presented by the hundreds of fisherman, with their white lamp lit boats, is a fine one. The fishermen have to suffer many hardships, though, on a foggy or cold night.

In the morning the fishermen carry their nets ashore and clean and mend them. They are then wound on a reel. The speculators that are to be found in every fishing town buy the shad and ship it to this city.

There is great rivalry among the fishermen to see who will catch the first shad. The lucky one receives $10 from the speculators. A fisherman generally averades $3000 for his season's labor.—N. Y. Star.

Farm and Garden Notes.

One of the essentials of soiling is a fertile soil.

Boys and girls are the best crop raised on the farm.

Every farm ought to have its experimental patch.

It is better to dehorn every bull than to have one man killed.

Muriate of potash has proved to be a remedy for the white grub.

The early killed is the easily killed weed, and the weed that robs the crop least.

If you are careful to keep the furrows straight you will do faster and better plowing.

The smaller the field the more fence required and the more land taken from cultivation.

A deversity of crops distributes work, receipts and expenses more evenly through the year and through the years.

The plum curculio is injuring our apples. To prevent this set plums among the apples. Spray the apples once, and the plums three times to destroy the insect.

In no other way can the farmer so radically do the work of nature to his advantage as by using tile, for under-drainage both lengthens the seasons and deepens the soil.

An attractive paper.—Fly paper.

At the Theatre.—Blobson (rising excitedly): "Down with that red umbrella in the front!" Mrs. Blobson (drawing him back) "For mercy sake hush up! That ain't an umbrella; it's a new spring hat."

Mrs. Jason: "Jehiel was there ever any such person as the fool killer?" Mr. Jason: "What idiotic questions you do ask. How the dickens do I know? I never met him." Mrs. Jason: "Oh I know that."

Diner-out: "Waiter, how's this? I have just discovered a collar button in my soup." Waiter: "Yes, sah, you's de lucky man. We has prize soup on Monday an' Wednesdays. A harnsome gift in every twenttieth plate."

Mendicant: Please help a poor blind man, Kind old lady: Blind? Why bless me, there's a shilling for you. Mendicant: Thank ye, heartily, ma'am. I knowed the minnit I see ye' comin' ye was a kind hearted ole 'oman.

An Irishman being asked on a late trial for a certificate of his marriage, exhibited a huge scar on his head, which looked as though it might have been made with a fire-shovel. The evidence was considered satisfactory.

Judge (to prisoner): "Your wife says you dragged her out of bed by the hair." Prisoner: "I didn't touch her hair, your honour. It was hanging on the back of a chair where she put it the night before." Case dismissed.

We are never weary of reading a good epitaph—one which indicates the work of a lifetime in a few short, crisp words. Here is one, for instance, which needs no explanation. It was inscribed on the tomb of a cannibal: "He loved his fellow-men."

Ragley (sternly): Aurelia, let this thing stop Mr. De Twirliger. Aurelia: Oh; paw, do not forbid Albert the house. Ragley: He may come every night in the week if he pleases, but he shall not bring his dog into my parlor. Last night its howlings kept me awake for an hour. Aurelia: Why paw, that was Albert singing a selection from "Ermine."

Between the Acts.—"How truly rural that scene was." said a husband to his wife as the curtain descended after the first act, and then he went out to see a man. At the close of the play—it was a five act play—he again expressed his admiration for the truly rural scenery, but as he pronounced the "tooly looral" his wife got him home as quickly as possible.

A gentleman who [illegible] another praised the meat very much and inquired who was his butcher. "His name is Addison." "Addison!" echoed the guest; "pray is he any relation to the poet?" "I can't say; but this I know, he is seldom without his *steel* by his side."

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

Little Beer.

Gurgle, gurgle, little beer,
In your meek and lowly sphere,
Many a thirsty neck you wet,
Drowning many a vain regret,
In your song there's lots of cheer,
Little beer!

Gurgle, gurgle, little beer,
Place my name on record here,
That all the liquids known,
From temperate to intemperate zone,
Standest thou without a peer,
Little beer!

Gurgle, gurgle, little beer,
I do love thee. Yea, I fear
My affections too intense,
Cling around thee deep and dense,
Loved not wisely, but too dear,
Little beer!

Gurgle, gurgle, little beer,
Stream of amber bright and clear
Do you mind the days that I
Tried to drink the brewery dry?
Oft you got me on my ear,
Little beer!

Gurgle, gurgle little beer,
Ah! How many a bitter tear
Sparkles in thy shining foam—
Many a desolated home—
Many a sorrow, dark and drear,
Little beer!

Gurgle, gurgle, little beer,
You may think it rather queer,
But I feel that I must shun
You or give the job up, one.
No more schooner will I steer.
Little beer!

—M. M. Folsom, in Atlanta Constitution.

Three Marine Mysteries.

I suppose that a hundred ships come and go where one is lost, but when one reflects on the dangers to which they are exposed he must marvel that so many escape. I saw a list of thirty-six missing ships the other day, missing from American English and French ports, and the fate of each was unknown or guessed at. Say that half of them foundered in mid-ocean, five were run down in collision, five more were wrecked on capes or shoals where all hands perished, and what became of the rest? Say that three of the remainder were destroyed by fire and what fate shall we attach to the other five? From the moment a vessel leaves port to begin her voyage she is exposed to danger, and though a sailer may be ever so brave and hardy, he cannot shake off the knowledge that he lives on the verge of the grave. There are gales, and fogs, and collisions, and fire, and hidden rocks, and powerful currents; and so I repeat that it is a marvel more sailing craft are not added to the lonesome list of missing which is recorded year by year.

In the year 1885, as the British bark Lord Oldham, of which I was second mate, was approaching the Canary Islands, and when about 180 miles distant, we were caught in the tail end of a cyclone and badly knocked about. We got out with some slight loss and a great deal of discomfort, and were bearing up again to our course when a great calamity happened. Half an hour before midnight, while the bark was doing her best under a fresh breeze, a sudden and great shock was felt. Her masts went by the board, and, as I reached the deck, a minute after the shock, the hull seemed to split open from stem to stern. I had gone below to get a glass of bitters, leaving the deck only thirty seconds before the shock came. I was knocked down and confused, but it could not have been over sixty seconds before I regained the deck. It was just in time to be carried overboard. I went with a lot of raffle, from the decks, and amid the frightened cries of the men, and a quarter of an hour later, when I had lashed myself in the crosstrees of the mainmast, I could not get an answer to any of my calls to the rest of the crew. How it was that all were lost I never could make out. There was raffle enough to have floated 300 men, and my watch certainly all wide awake at the moment of the collision. The only explanation I can give is that they were somehow caught and crushed. I drifted during the rest of the night, and was picked up in the morning by a vessel bound in. By that time the wreckage had drifted apart until nothing could be found. Nothing whatever was picked up or cast upon any shore, and had I not been saved, the fate of the bark could only have been guessed at.

What did she collide with? The lookouts were on the bow, and alert and the night so clear that a ship could have been seen a mile away. The chart showed clear water for a hundred miles about, and we must have run full tilt upon some vessel which had been dismasted and bilged in the hurricane. If loaded with timber, her decks would have been awash, and she would have been as bad as a rock to collide with. There was only one shock, and the whole bows of the bark were crushed in by it.

Three years later, while off the Banks of Brazil in a small English ship called the White Cloud, another strange thing happened. I was first mate of this ship, and about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the weather being very fine and the wind light, I had all the men on deck setting up the rigging, some of which had slackened away. A man aloft suddenly hailed the deck with the information that a large whale was bearing down on the ship head on. We were a merchant vessel, and the sight of a whale had no interest for us. We went on with our work for three or four minutes, when the man again hailed me with:

"If that fellow holds his course he will be dead on to us. He's a big fellow, and coming like an iron steamer."

I ran forward to get a look, and the sea was so smooth that I had no difficulty in making out the whale. He was still a mile away, coming down at about steamer speed, and holding a course as straight as if somebody aboard of him was steering by compass. I was not a bit alarmed, expecting to see him show flukes every moment but the Captain came on deck and ordered the man at the wheel to break off two or three points. This brought the whale on our port bow. As I told you, I expected to see him sound every moment. It was astonishing that he had not discovered us long before. I could scarcely believe my eyes as he held on, and by and by we had him alongside. I am telling you the truth when I say he actually rubbed us as we passed each other, and the odor of him was so rank that some of the men cried out in disgust. That whale was ninety feet long if he was an inch, and he had a head on him like a brick wall. So far as we could see he was carrying no harpoons and had no fresh wound, but he was moss-grown and barnacled as if he had knocked about for a couple of hundred years. The fact of his holding his own in such a bull-headed way was alarming, and when we were clear of him we fell to congratulating ourselves over the close shave.

We were perhaps a mile apart when the whale slewed around. The moment we discovered what he was doing we knew that he meant to attack. The breeze had now died away until we could not hope to dodge him, and he had not yet fairly turned when we dropped the yawl from the davits and ran her alongside to the bow. Two men were ordered to get water and provisions into her, and as the whale headed up for us we went off before the light breeze to give him all the room we could. Three or four minutes settled the question of whether he was after the ship or sailing his own course. He headed up for her, coming faster and faster, and when he was two cables' length away there was a great white wall of water rolling before him, and his speed was from eighteen to twenty miles an hour. He struck us full on the starboard quarter, and the shock was as if two ships had collided. Planks and ribs gave way before him, and as he recoiled from the blow our ship settled down stern first and was under water within two minutes. Everybody was knocked down by the shock, and everybody got up to rush for the yawl. I was sucked down almost as soon as I reached my feet, and after a struggle, in which I came out first best by a close shave, I was shot to the surface amid a lot of deck raffle. There were two or three men around me at first, and as I was heaved up I caught sight of the yawl with at least two men in her. The whale was still at hand, lying very quiet, but I feared he would soon be aroused and attack us in turn, and I seized the galley door and paddled away to get out of his reach. While doing this a squall came down and hung on for twenty minutes, and when it had passed I could see nothing of boat nor whale.

That afternoon, an hour before sundown, I was picked up by the American whaler Richard Knox. She already had our yawl, which she had found bottom up, but had not seen any of the men nor met with any wreckage. I was again the only one saved, and but for my testimony the fate of the ship would have forever remained a mystery. As to why the whale attacked us was made more clear after my rescue. The Knox had raised and chased him the evening before, and he had been "gallied" or annoyed so often during the month past that he had become ugly. He came for us with the intention of sending the ship to the bottom, and he succeeded only too well in carrying out his purpose.

A third mystery was the case of the Janet Wilcox, an American brig bound for Rio Janeiro. I was second mate of her when the occurrence took place. We had bad weather for a good share of the voyage, but the brig was new and stanch, and was at no time in imminent peril. About 300 miles off Rio, while enjoying a bit of good weather, we one morning raised a long-boat full of men dead ahead of us. Indeed, the boat had taken down her sail and was waiting for us to come up. There were nine men aboard of her, and they had plenty of water and provisions. The story they told was that they were a part of the crew of a large British ship which had been burned two days before. They claimed that all had got off in the boats, but that the boats had become separated in the heavy weather. They were a hard-looking lot, composed of all nationalities, and when we had taken them aboard our captain was by no means satisfied with their story. One of them claimed to be second mate, and, as the crew had all got off in two boats, it was a puzzle that the first mate was not in command of one. Other strange things came up, and the story of the men did not hang together, and so all hands were ordered to keep an eye on the fellows.

We got a good slant of wind and had run down to within fifty or sixty miles of the coast when the fellows showed their hands. They had been allowed to mingle freely with our crew, but had carefully abstained from a remark to indicate that they had an evil purpose in view. Their boat was large and unwieldly, and we had towed it after us rather than to cast it loose or to attempt to hoist it inboard. I was on watch from eight to twelve and nothing suspicious occurred during the first three hours. About 11 o'clock, as I stood near the man at the the wheel, I was hailed from the foremast with:

"Mr. Merlin, will you please step forward and take a look at something we can't make out?"

I afterward recalled that it was not the voice of one of my watch, but I did not heed the matter at the time. I started forward, and had reached the waist of the vessel when two men seized me, lifted me clear of the deck, and before I could recover from my astonishment was flung overboard head first. It was more by instinct than any plan of my own that I swam for the boat towing astern. Had the brig not been sailing close hauled, and therefore sailing at a moderate pace, I should not have reached it. It was a close shave, and as I hung to the gunwale for a moment I heard a great confusion on the brig. It was mutiny, of course, and I was the first victim. My idea was to get aboard again as soon as possible, and the only way was to get in into the yawl, pull her close up, and then shin up the painter. After an effort or two I pulled myself in, and just then there were oaths and cries and pistol shots from the brig, followed by a couple couple of splashes alongside, which meant that two bodies, living or dead, had gone overboard. I had hold of the painter when it was loosened from above, and I drifted rapidly astern. The fight continued as long as was within hearing. I was out of it entirely and could only hope that our crew, who were all good men, would overcome the mutineers in the struggle.

After the brig was out of sight I got sail on the boat, and followed her to the best of my judgment. It was just in the gray of morning that I was picked up by a British ship bound into Rio. It wasn't so very mysterious that we picked up the boat and that her crew attempted our capture, but it certainly was queer that from the hour she left me to this day that brig has never been heard of. But for my escape she would have been rated as lost, and the insurance paid. As it was the insurance company contested payment, and won their case in court. The insurance of that day, at least, did not provide for any such emergency. The naval and merchant service of every power was notified of the circumstance, and for two or three years every sea was under observation, but the brig was never overhauled, nor any of her old crew heard of. My idea is that she foundered within a few days with all hands, but others differ. She certainly did not turn pirate, and she was never heard of as a wreck. There is no such British ship as the men said, nor was any raft burned as they stated. They must have been lying in wait; but it is queer that they would be so far out to sea in such a boat. Taken all in all, it was a strange case, and no one has ever got the right end of the thread to solve the tangle.

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June 27 1889.

Young Men to the Fore.

One thing that is needful on the part of the Democrats in coming political campaigns in this State, is to get new material in the vanguard of the party. The old leaders have been leaders too long. They have grown stilted and dogmatical in their leadership, and are firm set in the belief that they alone must have the front places, and receive most of the spoils of victory. The old leaders of the party have led it most to its doom. They have quarreled among themselves while the enemy has been silently undermining their camp, and yet the danger, though certainly known, does not impel them towards that harmony of action that alone can save the party. It is the case everywhere.

Rivalries, jealousies and enmities becomes rife between men who have been leaders too long. The Democratic party of West Virginia needs new men at its head—young men. Men who have toiled in the ranks like Trojans, caring for nothing but the triumph of the principles of the party. To put them there would inject new methods, new fire, new life into the contests, and tend very much to the purification of the party. The hacks who have broked down their party and themselves should be given the post of observers only, while the forces so long in reserve should be brought to the front.

There should be organization of young men's Democratic Clubs effected all over the State, to which no man over the age of thirty five years should be admitted. Men under that age are much more in love with principle much more zealous in the discharge of their duty, and much more ambitious to achieve success for their efforts than the men whose blood time has rendered sluggish, and contact with the sharp points of life made callous to those things which are remote from self-interests. Give us the young men's Clubs. Let the boys take hold with their enthusiasm and dash, and they will pull the wheels out of the mire. There is material enough in this Magisterial district alone for several of the Clubs. They should be organized speedily and thoroughly, and should devote much time to the study and dissemination of the true maxims of Government which are Democratic property, and are indispensible to the success and permanency of a Republic. It is time to be reforming the lines for the next great contest. The tendency of the people's mind now, more than ever is to tariff reform. The evils of the present tariff system are leading upon the energies of the nation more closely every day. The times are full of complainings, and of the distress which comes from the iniquitous and unjust taxing system that robs the people of the fruits of their toil, and denied them the opportunity for labor in a land which, under fairer laws, would furnish constant work for millions more.

There never was a grander time for the exhibition of the power of young America than the present. The nation is in the grasp of a power more dangerous to its institutions than any enemy which ever confronted it. The power of monopoly cannot be lightly overborne. To defeat it and save the country from dispotism—to save the people their freedom—to save the birthright of the American citizen—the young men of the Republic must buckle on their armor and go forth into the fight against the foes of he Republic.

We want in this State new brains to think, new hearts to dare, and new arms to work. We want honesty of purpose in politics as in other affairs of life. We want men to fight battles for the party, and not for self. We want the Democratic party reformed, rejuvenated, and reclaimed. The young men can do it, if they will. Will they?—Charleston Gazette.

The recent address of Gen. Jubal A. Early, at Winchester, Va., has attracted considerable attention. He spoke his honest sentiments, and for this feature, if for no other he has been greatly praised. The following sentiment has been applauded universally: "As I have said on a former occasion, if ever I repudiate, disown, or apoligize for the cause for which Lee fought and Jackson died, may the lightning of heaven blast me and the scorn of all good women and true men be my portion." General Early added:

"And again I say that the Confederate who has deserted since the war, for the former has gone over to the enemy at no personal risk to himself and simply from motives of gain, while the latter took his life in his hands, knowing that he would be shot if captured, and in a number of sases he was tempted to leave the service to go the assistance of his family, which he was induced to believe was starving at home."

The General closed by paying a high tribute to the ladies of Virginia and the South.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, June 21st.—Harrison as a junketer bids fair to be on a par with his republican predecessors. He returned Monday evening from a three day trip down the river and to-day he has gone to Cape May to remain until next Tuesday. If he is overworked now, as he says he is, God help the country if an occasion should arise demanding some real work of its executive. If he is overworked many members of his party would like to know what the nature of the work was; he has done absolutely nothing, so far as the public knows, towards establishing a national policy of any kind and the two hours a day which he gives up to the hungry place seekers is hardly enough to break him down. If he is overworked it is from nursing "Baby McKee" probably the hardest work he has performed since his inauguration.

Corporal Tanner has just allowed an increase of pension to Senator Manderson of Nebr. that comes along with it $4000 arrearages. It may seem a little strange that the Senator never applied for this increase of pension before but then, perhaps Gen. Black was not as anxious to oblige the Senator as the Corporal is.

Attorney General Miller must be mad because he has not received that appointment to the United States Supreme Court which he so confidently expected a short time ago. He has refused to give an opinion on the question referred to him by the Treasury department as to whether it would be a violation of law for the Catholic University to be located here, to bring over from Europe a corps of instructors. The solicitor of the Treasury has already given his opinion. He says it would be a violation of law. One of the most prominent lawyers of this city the same gentleman is one of the board of trustees of the University says the University will bring over instructors, and he does not believe that any court in the country will sustain the administration in construing the alien contract law so as to exclude them.

A bit of scandal has leaked out about the sudden resignation of the private secretary of Corporal Tanner. It was thought a little strange that he should prefer being a timber agent of the Interior department in the far west to being private secretary to the Commissioner of Pensions. Now that the facts are out it is thought that he was very lucky not to be kicked out of the government service entirely. The trouble with him was the same as with a good many others, he was not satisfied to confine his "mashing" propensities to his wife who would probably appreciated them, but must thrust them upon some other woman, who does not appreciate them. The story is a very short one; the private secretary came in with Tanner and at once became smitten with one of the lady clerks in the Pension office. He persecuted her with attention and wrote her many notes, the last one indecent and threatening her discharge. The lady then went to Secretary Noble, told her story and placed the notes in the Secretary's possession. That gentleman sent for Tanner and told him that Squeers—that's the "mashers" name must go. Tanner agreed easily because he wanted to give the position to his daughter just out of school, but owing to many obligations he had to stick to Squeers, therefore he persuaded Secretary Noble to appoint him a special timber agent.

"Mr. Face-both-ways-at once" is Harrisons new name. His attitude on civil service reform earned the hyphenated cognomen. It seemed a little tough for him that the morning paper, containing the associated press interview with Commissioner Roosevelt which was telegraphed from Indianapolis, stating that the President had instructed the Commissioners to enforce the civil service law in letter and spirit should have printed on the same page a most glaring violation of that same law by Harrison. The violation referred to was the changing of the rule, which says that no person who has been out of the classified service for more than a year can be reinstated without a regular examination, so that an exception is made in favor of veterans of the Union army, who can now be legally reinstated at any time no matter how long since they were discharged, if they have sufficient influence. The fact should be remembered that about seven out of every ten of these men that will be reinstated will cause the discharge of men who obtain the position they now fill through a Civil service examination. The Civil service law does not prevent a clerk being discharged.

MASONIC NOTICE.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. [illegible] A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—Levi Gay, Esq., was in town Tuesday.

—Some of our townsmen have been catching some nice bass, lately.

—Atty. L. M. McClintic and wife are visiting his parents at Buckeye.

—A little fire has been quite comfortable in the mornings and evenings for the past few days.

Go to John Wurts & Co, Frankford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. may 9-12t

—Good envelopes at THE TIMES office for 15c per 100.

—Dr. Hezekiah McClintic, of Mo., and Geo. McClintic of Covington, were in town last Saturday.

John Wurts & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be here during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. may 9-12t

—Mrs. Joe Smith, and daughter, of Mill Point, passed through town Monday on their way to Green Bank.

Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made of John Wurts & Co. Frankford, W. Va. may 9-12

—Mr. J. H. Curry, of Mill Point, and Miss Birdie Nottingham, of Green Bank made us a pleasant call Monday.

—The stable of Attorney L. M. McClintic was broken open, and his horse taken out and ridden Tuesday night.

—If you want a history of the Johnstown flood, send to C. B. Swecker, Dunmore, who will furnish you a copy as soon as they are out.

—Atty L. M. McClintic, D. A. Fisher and S. F. White, have gone to William's river, to spend a few days fishing.

—We wish some body would bring us a mess of fish. Here we have to stay all the time, in old newspapers and dirt, up to our ears and work like a dog or nigger, and can't get a chance to go fishin'.

—We understand that Mr. Sam. Gay, better known as "devil Sam," of near Edray, and Miss Genna, daughter of Mr. A. N. Taylor, of William's river will be married next Wednesday.

—Wood Stealing is getting to be a common occurrence about town now, and we are afraid wood won't be [illegible] thing stolen during the coming winter. They say we are having [illegible] times since "Mr. Face [illegible]" administration!

[illegible]

[illegible] sun shines, go [illegible] when it rains and work the [illegible] when you can.

The [illegible] July is coming and we'll go to the [illegible] grounds and meet the flying dutchman.

Capt. E. A. Smith is off to Ronceverte.

D. B. McElwee is off to [illegible] C. H.

Dr. Jno. Ligan is off to Washington city, with his pat. fence and cattle stall.

[illegible] E. Taylor and wife are off to [illegible]

[illegible] wagons are out for Staunton.

Mrs. John [illegible] is visiting [illegible]

Mrs. [illegible] and Miss Kittie Lakin [illegible] the dipping at Edray Sunday.

Quite a number of guests at Hotel [illegible]

The singing at [illegible] Roads school house was [illegible] attended. There will be singing again at the same place on Sunday, the 30th, at 2, p. m.

Part of the lumbermen are getting out raft timber on Greenbrier river.

Dr. Lacy, will preach at Clover Lick on Sunday 30th inst.

Mrs. Boyd Bartlett, of Mill Point, is visiting friends in this section.

Rev. Jasper Sharp and family of Beverly, W. Va., are visiting relatives in this county.

Couldn't some one give us a snake story about a foot long.

Morgan Wakeman has been on the sick list for a few days.

Success to THE TIMES.

TOM SAWYER.

Circuit Court Proceedings.

Court convened on Monday 17th, with Judge A. N. Campbell on the bench:

CHANCERY CASES.

C. L. Austin &c. vs. Wm. F. Arbast &c suit No. 1, decree of partition; No. 2 and 3 decree of sale.

Hugh M. Carpenter's adm'x vs. Margaret M. Carpenter &c., order of reference.

Susan C. Pyles vs Jas. Pyle's Heirs, decree confirming assignment of widows dower.

Allen D Grimes' adm'r vs. Allen D. Grimes' Heirs &c., decree confirming sale.

Geo. C. Hill's Adm'r vs. Rebecca J. Hill &c., order of reference.

Jno. W. McNeel's Adm'r vs. Jno. W. McNeel's Heirs &c., decree confirming sale.

Jno. Sharp's Adm'r vs. Jno. Sharp's Legatees, cause dismissed.

Jas. Pyles' Adm'r Jas. Pyles' Heirs &c., cause dismissed.

Frank Barret vs. Wm. M. McAlister &c., decree entered in favor of Plaintiff.

STATE CASES.

Perry Townsend A. & B. No. 1, judgment on confession, and fined $25; No 2 carrying deadly weapons, found guilty.

Jane Allen, A. & B., nol pros.

Wm. Hill, A. & B., found not guilty.

Sallie Hill, A. & B. found guilty and fined $1.00.

Adam Polin, No. 4, unlawfully selling liquor, found not guilty.

A. J. Kertner, unlawfully selling liquor, judgment confessed.

J. D. Hamilton A. & B., judgment confessed.

W. L. Taylor, A. & B. found not guilty.

Z. T. Webb, selling deadly weapons to miner, found not guilty.

J. B. Apperson, unlawfully distilling, judgment confessed.

Jno. A. Alderman, misdeamenor, nol pros.

Suicide in Irish Corner.

On last Friday, the 14th, Dr. M. A. Gates was summoned to the scene of a tragical occurence, by which a human soul was hurried into eternity. On that morning Mrs. Mary Mann, wife of Davis J. Mann, farmer, living in Irish Corner, district, about two miles south of Ronceverte, hung herself in a granary, between the hours of 8 and 10 a.m.

On receipt of the intelligence Justice T. H. Adwell summoned a coroner's jury and proceeded to hold an inquest, by which the following facts were developed:

Davis J. Mann, husband of the deceased testified that he had been away that morning to a neighbor's on business. His wife had spent the night at her uncle's, about one mile from home, and returned home about 8 o'clock a. m. He returned about ten a. m., and not finding his wife about the house, began to look for her. Not seeing her, he returned to the house for some tobacco, which he always kept in a particular place in a drawyer. On opening the drawyer he found a note, of which the following is the substance:

"DAVIS: I hope the Lord will bless you, for you have done all you could to get me well, but my head had got in such a fix that I was no satisfaction to you or anybody else. I hope you may see much pleasure, but I wanted to get away where people would not see me. I got in such a fix that I wasn't allowed to live any longer. God bless you in all your troubles. I never thought that I would ever have to take my own dear life. You done all you could."

On reading the note he hurried out to a small out-house (used for a granary) where he found her lying on the floor. She had made a slip noose with a piece of cord about the size of wool twine, put it around her neck, tied the end to a rafter, and lay down. He did not touch her being satisfied she was dead, but ran to a neighbor's and gave the alarm.

Dr. Gates, the family physician, testified that she was of sound mind, but that ill-health had probably destroyed her desire to live. Her death was the result of strangulation, and the character of the surrroundings indicated deliberation, as she could easily have saved herself.

A neighbor woman testified that only an hour before the occurence she overheard deceased remark that she was tired of living.

The jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to death by her own hand.

Mrs. Mann was the daughter of Mr. George W. Morgan, and was about 24 years of age. She was buried on Friday in the Morgan graveyard.—Greenbrier Messenger.

What Do they do With It

We know what the young men graduates will do with the book learning, be the same much or little, which lies back of the diploma. They will try to get a living with it; and as their learning has been more or less practical their chances will be better or worse. The young man just from college is expected to find or make a way to apply what he has learned.

What about the young women graduates? What are they going to do with it? What can they do with it? Fewer avenues being open to them, their course of instruction should have been on lines the most practical, the most likely to fit them for usefulness to themselves and society. Little dashes of polite learning not too well learned are but a thin veneer on a very slight foundation.

The day is coming when the girls of America as well as the boys will be educated to do something that will bring them a living. An idle young woman in a family will be no better thought of than an idle young man.—Ex.

The Republic—"Her Mark."

Some of the newspapers are printing a fac simile of the autograph of Abraham Lincoln's mother.

Plain Sarah Lincoln signed a document in a very simple and old-fashioned way. A friendly hand traced her name, with the explanatory words, "Her mark," and Sarah then made the familiar "X."

That one mark is an epitome of the history of the republic. From such crude and simple beginnings have sprung our culture and civilization. Humble Sarah Lincoln gave to the world a son who wrote his name in imperishable letters of light on one of the proudest pages of our annals.

It is the story of the republic—out of the depths to the highest place in the temple of Fame—out of the darkness and into the light!—Atlanta Constitution.

Gov. Lee has issued a requisition upon the Governor of Missouri for Robert Warwick, who was indicted in the County Court of Highland county, Va., in January, 1884, for the murder of E. D. Atchison. Warwick made his escape from jail after the killing of Atchison, and eluded arrest until a few days ago when he was captured in Shelby county, Ind., and lodged in jail.

Ex-Senator Cameron, of Pa., is very ill.

The Prohibition Amendment was defeated in Pennsylvania by 200,000 majority.

A policeman was shot badly but not fatally, in Wheeling, on the 19th, by a man whom he attempted to arrest.

It is said that a cousin of the rich Astor family in New York recently committed suicide to avoid starvation. 'Tis a sad world, after all.

Mrs. Hayes, the wife of ex-President Hayes, was stricken with apoplexy on the 21st inst., at her home in Fremont, O.

In England and France many women dress in men's clothes all the time. They claim that when they pass themselves off for men they get better wages and suffer less annoyance.

Sitting Bull gives indications of remaining a "bad Indian" for a while longer. It was thought that he was about to check his baggage for the happy hunting grounds a few days ago, but he is now reported as recovering. The doughty chieftain may be old, but he seems to still be very tough.

A young man named Joseph Smith, on the 2d, threw a stone at the cars as they were passing Weyer's Cave Station, on the Shenandoah Valley Road, at high speed. It struck the cars, and rebounding struck Smith on the head, killing him instantly.

William Nye has sailed for Europe to interview the queen. But Mr. Nye cannot get an audience with her maj. Court etiquette requires that all persons visiting the queen should comb their hair. Mr. Nye has no hair to comb, and consequently he will be compelled to play in the backyard with the queen's grandchildren and have his dinner sent to him.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

June 27 1889.

VERY SLIGHT CLEWS.

How Tom Marshall Once Upon a Time Detected a Burglar.

"Tom" Marshall was at one time the favorite hero of the bar in Kentucky. His acumen, his wit, his magnetic power over a jury, whether he happened to be drunk or sober, gave rise to numberless anecdotes about him. One of the least known is the following:

Marshall, after a prolonged holiday, found himself in a little inland town, the center of an admiring circle of newly-made friends who were ignorant of his real position or occupation. Chief among these was a young dentist, a hard-working, frugal fellow, when by dint of strict economy, had saved a few hundred dollars. He was about to be married, and bought a snug little house, and withdrew his money one day from the bank to pay for it.

The bargain was to be completed on the following day. He carried the money to his chamber, a small room back of his shop, and, locking up the roll of bills in his secretary, went to bed.

About midnight he was wakened by the flash of a dark lantern in his face. He sprang up. A man was climbing out of the open window. His desk was open and rifled. He rushed upon the thief, who fired at him twice and escaped. The poor dentist, on the eve of his wedding-day, was left dangerously wounded and penniless.

The country was searched for traces of the thief, but in vain. Marshall took a keen interest in the matter, questioned the policemen closely, and when they gave up in despair, asked permission to visit the dentist's rooms. After a close search, he found upon the floor a small pellet of burned paper, which he carried home. It was the wadding out the thief's pistols. When examined, it proved to be half of a receipt for water tax, signed by John Jones, town clerk.

The date was entire, but the name of the man paying his tax was torn off, excepting two letters, Pe——. Marshall at once searched the records of the town clerk, and found on the given date Peter Scott had paid his water tax. Peter was arrested, and the money was found in his possession.

Marshall soon after left the village, followed by the blessings of the grateful dentist and his bride. Long afterward they discovered that their friend was the famous eccentrick lawyer of Kentucky.

Another story which lingers in the gossip about the courts in the same State is of an old lawyer named Hunt, who, in the early part of this century, was known as "the sleuth-hound," so unerring was his pursuit of a criminal. On one occasion he was employed to defend a poor colored porter in a bank, accused of robbing the vaults after the cashier was gaged and tied.

The circumstantial evidence was complete against the negro, but Hunt was convinced of his innocence. The thief, too, had dropped a bit of cloth on the floor, apparently the torn lining of a hat, about which Hunt's keen scent detected a faint, peculiar perfume.

"The man who wore this is a tanner," he said to a detective.

There was but one tannery within forty miles. One of the owners was a dissipated young man. He was watched and soon detected in passing some of the stolen money. Being arrested, he confessed his guilt, and Hunt's client was saved.

The old saying, "Murder will out," is true only when some intellect is acute enough to gather the proof of guilt from trifles which other men neglect.—Youth's Companion.

The World Full of Death Traps.

According to the *American Analyst*, the worst enemies of the human race are the doctors, who try to prolong our miserable existence in a world full of death traps. One medico tells you not to eat or drink too much. Another says that you must only eat what you fancy, because otherwise you will bolt your food without giving to each morsel the thirty-six mastications which are necessary for digestion. You must wear a respirator over your mouth, a pad on your chest, and a swarth of flannel round your loins. If you live in town, you will die of fog; if you go to the country, you will be poisened by bad drainage; if you drink water, you are tempting the typhoid fiend; milk spells scarlatina, and tea cake is sudden death. Do you shun these tempestuous pleasures of the senses and take refuge in the recreations of the mind? Do you borrow a novel from the circulating library? That is to import the germs of disease into a healthy household. The volume in your hands may have been pursued by a person recovering from an infectious illness!

Farm and Garden Notes.

Don't forget the dust bath.

Don't plant corn that will not grow.

Be sure and test your corn before planting.

Don't plow the land when wet or sticky.

One of the essentials of soiling is a fertile soil.

Mix the dry horse manure with the wet cow manure.

Cooked rice, fed cold, is good for diarrhœa in chicks.

Don't breed a draft mare to a trotter or a thoroughbred.

Don't feed sulphur to young chicks—it produces leg weakness.

Hard-boiled eggs and cornmeal makes a good first feed for ducklings.

Don't breed to a mishapen ungainly horse, even if he has a long pedigree.

It is a mistaken idea that a hen's nest ought to do duty a year with renewing.

A gentleman who was driving up Fourth street avenue the other day came to several empty barrels in the street, and he halted and asked of a boy who sat on the curb:

"Say boy, who rolled those barrels out here?"

"Pa did. We are cleaning house," was the answer.

"Whose children are those out there in the street?"

"They are ours. Ma sent 'em out to get rid of them."

"Is that your dog making such a fuss in the back yard?"

"Yes, sir. We are seeing how long he can keep it up."

"And I suppose you lugged that ladder out here?"

"Yes sir—I'm playing with it."

"Well, you seem to be doing about as you want up here?"

"Yes sir except that I can't dry that letter box off the lamp post. Haven't got a crowbar in the buggy have you? I just want that to be happy."

Miss De Sweet—"I'll never touch another chew of gum as long as I live."

Proud Mother—"I am glad to hear you say so, my dear; but what has reformed you so suddenly?"

"Last evening Mr. Richfellow proposed to me just at the moment when my jaws got stuck, so couldn't say anything, and he went off."

Flap—"I'm in love, and the only disagreeable thing about it is that the girl is older than I."

Jack—"How old are you now?"

"I'm eighteen."

"And the lady is what?"

"Twenty two."

"Well, make your mind easy. By the time you are twenty-one she'll be only twenty."

Husband (after some words with his wife)—"Well let us drop it. I don't care to say any more about. And, besides I like to talk to a sensible person when I am talking."

Wife (with a sarcastic laugh)—"You don't always do it, then."

H.—"I don't."

W.—"No I sometimes hear you talking to yourself."

Household Hints

Wash out common oil stains in cold water.

The nicest fire to broil with is made of charcoal.

Burnt alum is the best cure for proud flesh in "man or beast."

Pickles may be greened with cabbage leaves. Never use coloring.

When dress silks become wet pat it between the hands to dry quickly.

"William," said Mrs. Trembly, "hear that horrid dog! Isn't it awful!"

"Is that the same dog that kept us awake last night?"

"I think so. It sounds unlucky doesn't it?"

"Didn't you ever hear that the howling of a dog was a sure sign of death in the family."

"No. Whose family?"

"The dog's," said Trembly in a firm voice as stepped out of bed and reached for his revolver.

"Well, sir," said an old gentleman indignantly, "what are doing around here again. I thought the delicate hint I gave you just as you left the front door last night would give you to understand that I don't like you very well." And the speaker looked at his boot in a reminiscent way.

"It did said the young man," as a look of mingled pain and admiration came over his face. "But I though I would come and ask you—"

"Ask me what?"

"If you would like to join our foot-ball association."

Chawles—"Who is she?"

Jawdge—"My fiancee."

"Chawles—"Pshaw! I thought you had more taste. I wouldn't marry a girl who wore a red dress with a green back to it."

Jawdge—"It's the greenbacks in her pocketbook I am after, dear boy."

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JOB OFFICE,

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, July 4, 1889. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 50.

Slander.

'Twas but a breath—
And yet the fair good name was wilted,
And friends once fond grew stilted,
And life was worse than death.

One venomed word,
That struck its coward, poisoned blow,
Its craven whispers, hushed and low—
And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whisper—one,
That muttered low for very shame,
The thing the slanderer dare not name—
And yet its work was done.

A hint so slight,
And yet so mighty in its power,
A human soul in one short hour
Lies crushed beneath its blight.

Prize Winners.

We played progressive euchre
The livelong winter through,
She was a skillful player,
And I was lucky, too.

Our luck gave rise to envy,
And us together drew,
Whereat—since she was charming—
I murmured not. Would you?

So, when the playing ended,
Each night she took my arm,
And acting as her escort,
I yielded to love's charm.

A year now we've been married,
And, much to our surprise,
Somehow we both keep thinking
We won the booby prize.

Mine or Thine.

"You refuse me, then?"

The tone in which the few words were spoken was low and even, as if they were of no moment, but the face of Philip Lowry contradicted the forced composure. His eyes—large dark eyes full of intellect and character—were fixed upon the face of his companion with an expression of pain, and his lips quivered under his heavy moustache.

Maude Ingersoll looked at him with scorn in her blazing blue eyes, her lips curled contemptuously, and her cheeks flushed with anger.

Always a beautiful woman, her usually cold impassive face was doubly facinating when lighted with passion.

"Refuse you?" she said quickly; "Yes. You do not love me, you do not wish to marry me. You came here in obedience to the wish of my uncle, and you ask me to be your wife because he wishes you to share the wealth he left to me. I will not submit to such arbitrary wishes—to such forced wooing!"

"You mistake," was the reply; and now the voice was eager and full of passion; "I did come here because my friend—my adopted father—desired it; but my resolve was taken before I came. If I could love you, I would obey him if not, I determined never to ask for your hand. Maude, I love you. Were your uncle's wealth to be lost to you to-day, I should still plead for your hand. My whole life shall prove my love, if you will accept it. Darling!" for he saw her blue eyes soften, "you do love me!"

Her face grew hard again, and she said haughtily.

"We have talked too long. I must decline the honor you propose."

And before he could speak again, she swept past him and went to her own room, locking the door that no one might surprise her in the violent fit of weeping she could no longer control.

Love him! How could she help but love him! With a noble face, a tall manly figure, to captivate her fancy, he combined rare powers of intellect to command admiration and a tenderness almost womanly, to win her love. She had resisted each and all, and yet they conquered her.

With her whole heart Maude Ingersoll loved Philip Lowry. But she was proud, a woman accustomed to adulation, and one who fully appreciated the golden halo that was added to her personal charms.

When her uncle, Stephen Ingersoll, had sent for her from the boarding school where she was educated, he had told her that the dearest wish of his heart had been to see her the wife of his adopted son. There had been a life-long friendship between Stepen Ingersoll and Philip Lowry's father, and the boy had been a precious legacy of love. He had been educated at home sent abroad, and studied law as a profession, but his adopted father had left him but four thousand pounds out of his large forturne. There was, however, a sealed letter, and it contained two requests. One was that on his twenty-fifth birthday he should ask Maude to be his wife, and the other that he should go to Mr. Ingersoll's lawyer on the same day, and hear what he had to communicate.

Smarting still under Maude's repulse, yet sure that she loved him, Philip left the house that had been his boyhood's home to fulfil the desire of his benefactor before returning to the city where he had opened a law office.

Conscious that he had not been influenced by Maude's wealth in his wooing, it galled him to think of the avowed cause of her rejection, and it required a long walk to work off his anger before he was sufficiently composed to present himself to Mr. Freybold, the late Mr. Ingersoll's lawyer.

He was a fussy little man, brimming over with importance, and he shook Philip's hand, and almost pushed him into a chair in his feverish impatience to impart his tidings.

"My late client," he said, after the first interchange of greeting was over, "was, as you are aware, Mr. Lowry, a very peculiar man—a man of force; to be sure, but—well, you may not be aware of the fact, but he was vacillating in some respects—very much so about the final disposal of his property.

"I did not know that, certainly," Philip said.

"No! Well, he made fourteen wills in this office; some left every thing to you, some left all to Miss Maude, some divided the property. But the last one—the very last one—which was not to be opened until to-day, leaves Miss Maude four thousand pounds, and leaves you sole heir to all the rest. But Mr. Ingersoll, although he made no such condition in his will, was satisfied that this will would make no material difference to his niece, but simply place the money in her husband's hands. He told me that."

"Can I see the will?"

"Certainly—certainly. It is, you see, quite brief, but plainly expresses his wish."

"And if this one did not exist?"

"Why the money would still be Miss Maude's."

"I see. Mr. Ingersoll, you understand, Mr. Freybold, wrote this will under a mistaken impression. Miss Maude is not engaged to me."

"Not engaged to you! But I thought you were to see her to-day, before you came here."

"She had a woman's privilege, and she took advantage of it. I did see her, and she rejected me."

"Then she will lose her money. Bless my soul! but that is hard now, isn't it? Perhaps if she understood—"

But here Mr. Freybold choked himself, seeing the wrath upon the young man's countenance.

"I understand you, sir," Philip said coldly; "but you are quite mistaken. Miss Ingersoll would not marry me to keep her uncle's fortune, even if I gave her the opportunity. But the question need not be discussed. I love her! I tell you this that you may know why I refuse to accept riches that are taken from her. This will being made under a mistaken impression is better—There!"

And as he spoke he tore the document with his strong nervous hands across and across, and tossed the fragments into the waste paper basket.

"Bless my soul!" gasped the little lawyer. "Are you aware that there is half a million of money in the estate?"

"I am quite aware of that fact," was the quiet reply: "and I wish Miss Maude every happiness its possession can give her."

But the wish, sincere as it was, did not bring to Maude Ingersoll either happiness or rest. She had not known the strength of her love till her lover had left her. The hours when she had expected his daily visits dragged heavily, and Mrs. Marsh, the companion who represented propriety in the house of the heiress, wondered uneasily if Miss Ingersoll had, after all, a bad temper. She had been cold and proud, but never snappish before; but her sore heart made her irritable, and Mrs. Marsh certainly was trying in her praises of Mr. Lowry, and openly expressed wonder at his sudden departure.

Society was dull since Philip was no longer Maude's escort; the opera lost its charm when he was not beside her; her admirers all seemed silly and wearisome, comparing their vapid small talk with Philip's vigorous intellect and well chosen conversation.

But two years dragged along, and the wound, self-inflicted had ceased to be an ever present agony. Maude had taken up study, charity, constant occupation of varied kinds, and tried to believe she had quite lived down her heartache. The self-deception asserted itself one morning when business called her to Mr. Freyhold's office. The fussy little man, after the errand had been executed, said regretfully:

"That is sad news from Mr. Lowry. A fine young man."

"I have heard no news of him," Maude said, her heart suddenly hammering at her side with sickening rapidity.

"No? He has been seriously injured in a railway collision. He was on his way here, and was brought on in the next train, and is at the National Hotel. There is but little hope of his recovery, and if his life is spared, his left arm is gone—amputated to-day. Dear, dear! He could not do again what he did two years ago in this office."

"What was that?" Maude asked in a low choking voice.

"He would not have told you, and he may not thank me for doing so; but he, Philip Lowry, in this office, two years ago, tore into a hundred pieces the last will of Stephen Ingersoll, which left him heir to the property that is now yours."

White to her lips, Maude Ingersoll heard this story that contradicted so completely the mercenary motive with which she had charged her lover. It struck her like a blow—this proof of his devotion and generosity, but she rallied presently.

"Thank you for telling me," she said, and was gone, while Mr. Freybold, listening as her carriage rolled away from his door, rubbed his hands together and said aloud:

"Bless my soul! I do believe I've made that affair all right."

Suffering still from the shock of his injuries, faint from loss of blood, crushed by the loss of his arm, Philip Lowry lay in his room at the National Hotel, almost hoping to die.

He had not gone home to mope over a broken heart, but had manfully borne his lost love. Still, the pain, numbed somewhat, was not dead, and when the physical love torture was added, the love of life seemed gone from him.

"As well to die as to live crippled and alone!" he thought drearily, as he lay back weary and faint. "How long, I wonder, must I lie here?"

The nurse was fussing about, the doctor had just gone, and there seemed only an endless blank before him when there came a soft wish of silk across the floor.

Very slowly it approached the bed, until, bending over him, Philip saw Maude's face.

Very low her voice sounded, scarcely above a whisper, but he heard every word as she said:

"Philip, will you forvive me? I love you! I cannot live without your love. Will you let me be your wife now, Philip?"

"But you do not know, he said feebly; "my arm—"

"I know all!" she said, her lips pressing his.

"Oh, my love, do not send me away."

"I cannot!" he whispered.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, July 4, 1889. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 50.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. N. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

Slander.

'Twas but a breath—
And yet the fair good name was wilted,
And friends once fond grew stilted,
And life was worse than death.

One venomed word,
That struck its coward, poisoned blow,
Its craven whispers, hushed and low—
And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whisper—one,
That muttered low for very shame,
The thing the slanderer dare not name
And yet its work was done.

A hint so slight,
And yet so mighty in its power,
A human soul in one short hour
Lies crushed beneath its blight.

Prize Winners.

We played progressive euchre
The livelong winter through,
She was a skillful player,
And I was lucky, too.

Our luck gave rise to envy,
And us together drew,
Whereat—since she was charming—
I murmured not. Would you?

So, when the playing ended,
Each night she took my arm,
And acting as her escort,
I yielded to loves charm.

A year now we've been married,
And, much to our surprise,
Somehow we both keep thinking
We won the booby prize.

Mine or Thine.

"You refuse me, then?"

The tone in which the few words were spoken was low and even, as if they were of no moment, but the face of Philip Lowry contradicted the forced composure. His eyes—large dark eyes full of intellect and character—were fixed upon the face of his companion with an expression of pain, and his lips quivered under his heavy moustache.

Maude Ingersoll looked at him with scorn in her blazing blue eyes, her lips curled contemptuously, and her cheeks flushed with anger.

Always a beautiful woman, her usually cold impassive face was doubly facinating when lighted with passion.

"Refuse you?" she said quickly; "Yes. You do not love me, you do not wish to marry me. You came here in obedience to the wish of my uncle, and you ask me to be your wife because he wishes you to share the wealth he left to me. I will not submit to such arbitrary wishes—to such forced wooing!"

"You mistake," was the reply; and now the voice was eager and full of passion; "I did come here because my friend—my adopted father—desired it; but my resolve was taken before I came. If I could love you, I would obey him if not, I determined never to ask for your hand. Maude, I love you. Were your uncle's wealth to be lost to you to-day, I should still plead for your hand. My whole life shall prove my love, if you will accept it. Darling!" for he saw her blue eyes soften, "you do love me!"

Her face grew hard again, and she said haughtily.

"We have talked too long. I must decline the honor you propose.

And before he could speak again, she swept past him and went to her own room, locking the door that no one might surprise her in the violent fit of weeping she could no longer control.

Love him! How could she help but love him! With a noble face, a tall manly figure, to captivate her fancy, he combined rare powers of intellect to command admiration and a tenderness almost womanly, to win her love. She had resisted each and all, and yet they conquered her.

With her whole heart Maude Ingersoll loved Philip Lowry. But she was proud, a woman accustomed to adulation, and one who fully appreciated the golden bait that was added to her personal charms.

When her uncle, Stephen Ingersoll, had sent for her from the boarding school where she was educated, he had told her that the dearest wish of his heart had been to see her the wife of his adopted son. There had been a life-long friendship between Stepen Ingersoll and Philip Lowry's father, and the boy had been a precious legacy of love. He had been educated at home sent abroad, and studied law as a profession, but his adopted father had left him but four thousand pounds out of his large forturne. There was, however, a sealed letter, and it contained two requests. One was that on his twenty-fifth birthday he should ask Maude to be his wife, and the other that he should go to Mr. Ingersoll's lawyer on the same day, and hear what he had to communicate.

Smarting still under Maude's repulse, yet sure that she loved him, Philip left the house that had been his boyhood's home to fulfil the desire of his benefactor before returning to the city where he had opened a law office.

Conscious that he had not been influenced by Maude's wealth in his wooing, it galled him to think of the avowed cause of her rejection, and it required a long walk to work off his anger before he was sufficiently composed to present himself to Mr. Freyhold, the late Mr. Ingersoll's lawyer.

He was a fussy little man, brimming over with importance, and he shook Philip's hand, and almost pushed him into a chair in his feverish impatience to impart his tidings.

"My late client," he said, after the first interchange of greeting was over, "was, as you are aware, Mr. Lowry, a very peculiar man—a man of force, to be sure, but—well, you may not be aware of the fact, but he was vacillating in some respects—very much so about the final disposal of his property.

"I did not know that, certainly," Philip said.

"No! Well, he made fourteen wills in this office; some left every thing to you, some left all to Miss Maude, some divided the property. But the last one—the very last one—which was not to be opened until to-day, leaves Miss Maude four thousand pounds, and leaves you sole heir to all the rest. But Mr. Ingersoll, although he made no such condition in his will, was satisfied that this will would make no material difference to his niece, but simply place the money in her husband's hands. He told me that."

"Can I see the will?"

"Certainly—certainly. It is, you see, quite brief, but plainly expresses his wish."

"And if this one did not exist?"

"Why the money would still be Miss Maude's."

"I see. Mr. Ingersoll, you understand, Mr. Freyhold, wrote this will under a mistaken impression. Miss Maude is not engaged to me."

"Not engaged to you! But I thought you were to see her to-day, before you came here."

"She had a woman's privilege, and she took advantage of it. I did see her, and she rejected me."

"Then she will lose her money. Bless my soul! but that is hard now, isn't it? Perhaps if she understood—"

But here Mr. Freyhold choked himself, seeing the wrath upon the young man's countenance.

"I understand you, sir," Philip said coldly; "but you are quite mistaken. Miss Ingersoll would not marry me to keep her uncle's fortune, even if I gave her the opportunity. But the question need not be discussed. I love her! I tell you this that you may know why I refuse to accept riches that are taken from her. This will being made under a mistaken impression is better—There!"

And as he spoke he tore the document with his strong nervous hands across and across, and tossed the fragments into the waste paper basket.

"Bless my soul" gasped the little lawyer. "Are you aware that there is half a million of money in the estate?"

"I am quite aware of that fact," was the quiet reply: "and I wish Miss Maude every happiness its possession can give her."

But the wish, sincere as it was, did not bring to Maude Ingersoll either happiness or rest. She had not known the strength of her love till her lover had left her. The hours when she had expected his daily visits dragged heavily, and Mrs. Marsh, the companion who represented propriety in the house of the heiress, wondered uneasily if Miss Ingersoll had, after all, a bad temper. She had been cold and proud, but never snappish before; but her sore heart made her irritable, and Mrs. Marsh certainly was trying in her praises of Mr. Lowry, and openly expressed wonder at his sudden departure.

Society was dull since Philip was no longer Maude's escort; the opera lost its charm when he was not beside her; her admirers all seemed silly and wearisome, comparing their vapid small talk with Philip's vigorous intellect and well chosen conversation.

But two years dragged along, and the wound, self-inflicted had ceased to be an ever present agony. Maude had taken up study, charity, constant occupation of varied kinds, and tried to believe she had quite lived down her heartache. The self-deception asserted itself one morning when business called her to Mr. Freyhold's office. The fussy little man, after the errand had been executed, said regretfully:

"That is sad news from Mr. Lowry. A fine young man."

"I have heard no news of him," Maude said, her heart suddenly hammering at her side with sickening rapidity.

"No? He has been seriously injured in a railway collision. He was on his way here, and was brought on in the next train, and is at the National Hotel. There is but little hope of his recovery, and if his life is spared, his left arm is gone—amputated to-day. Dear, dear! He could not do again what he did two years ago in this office."

"What was that?" Maude asked in a low choking voice.

"He would not have told you, and he may not thank me for doing so; but he, Philip Lowry, in this office, two years ago, tore into a hundred pieces the last will of Stephen Ingersoll, which left him hair to the property that is now yours."

White to her lips, Maude Ingersoll heard this story that contradicted so completely the mercenary motive with which she had charged her lover. It struck her like a blow—this proof of his devotion and generosity, but she rallied presently.

"Thank you for telling me," she said, and was gone, while Mr. Freyhold, listening as her carriage rolled away from his door, rubbed his hands together and said aloud:

"Bless my soul! I do believe I've made that affair all right."

Suffering still from the shock of his injuries, faint from loss of blood, crushed by the loss of his arm, Philip Lowry lay in his room at the National Hotel, almost hoping to die.

He had not gone home to mope over a broken heart, but had manfully borne his lost love. Still, the pain, numbed somewhat, was not dead, and when the physical love torture was added, the love of life seemed gone from him.

"As well to die as to live crippled and alone!" he thought drearily, as he lay back weary and faint. "How long, I wonder, must I lie here?"

The nurse was fussing about, the doctor had just gone, and there seemed only an endless blank before him when there came a soft wish of silk across the floor.

Very slowly it approached the bed, until, bending over him, Philip saw Maude's face.

Very low her voice sounded, scarcely above a whisper, but he heard every word as she said:

"Philip, will you forvive me? I love you! I cannot live without your love. Will you let me be your wife now, Philip?"

"But you do not know, he said feebly; "my arm—"

"I know all" she said, her lips pressing his.

"Oh, my love, do not send me away."

"I cannot!" he whispered.

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JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

July 4 1889.

THE FOURTH.

The time is again at hand to celebrate the birth of American liberty. The people of the United States, all ages and sexes, are engaged in commemorating an event in their history that marks the beginning of free institutions.

But the Fourth is not what it was a century ago. Perhaps we make more noise, and enter into the jolliffcation with more eagerness than our forefathers did; but it is not with the same feeling. We celebrate a liberty that is ours by gift and good fortune, but those who assembled one hundred years ago to commemorate the event, celebrated a liberty bought dearly, bought with blood and privation. Never having tasted the bitterness of foreign oppression, it is impossible for us in the evening of the nineteenth century to appreciate fully, the blessing of freedom. It is not to be wondered at that they who fought to release our land from foreign bonds should have entered with all their hearts into the celebration of that day where tyranny was forever banished from American soil. Proud of their victory, they commemorated the event with hearts full of gratitude to the God of battle, who rules the destines of nations.

But what is the spirit of to-days excitement? It is to be feared that many who are to-day most jubilant never once reflect on the origin of the day. A dance, or a drunk, or a fight, is to some, the most desireable manner in which to commemorate the occasion, with little thought or care for the sacrifices or triumphs of others. Let us not forget what the day means, and take time for at least one grateful thought of our worthy ancesters who secured us the right to rejoice without fear.

Gubernatorial Contest.

GRAFTON, W. Va., June 26th.—Including the alleged returns from Kanawha county, General Nathan Goff had a majority over Judge A. B. Fleming of 110 votes in the November election. In the contest before the legislative committee, votes stricken out increasing this alleged majority by five votes. To-day Messrs. Kee, Sprigg, Lively, Maxwell and Morris were present at the session of the committee. The returns from Brooke county were considered. Fleming challenged 139 votes and Goff challenged 44 votes. Of those challenged by Fleming 84 votes were stricken out. Of those challenged by Goff five votes were stricken out, showing a clear gain of 79 votes in Brooke county and a net gain, so far in the contest, of 74 votes for Judge Fleming. General Goff's apparent majority at the present time, therefore, is reduced from one hundred and ten to thirty-six votes.

How the Republicans howl fraud and declare the votes were disallowed on a "technicality." If only technical objections were necessary to throw out votes, about twice the number would have been thrown out. The contest committee has been entirely impartial in its work thus far. If there has been any partiality shown it has been shown to Goff, almost all of his objections being purely technical as the records show.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, June 28.—Blaine's young man with bangs, William Walter Phelph, of New Jersey, has been appointed Minister to Germany. There is nothing strange about this appointment which was known and discussed in Berlin, where Phelph was with the Samoan Commission, six weeks ago, except the absurd attempt on the part of Blaine, Harrison and Phelphs to make it appear to the public that the latter was very much surprised when tendered the commission as minister, whereas a matter of fact the thing has been fully settled ever since shortly after the Senate rejected the nomination of Murat Halstead to the same position. By accident I discovered the cause for this little display. Phelps wants to spend the most of the summer in this country, and it was concluded that if it was given out that the position had been given him unexpectedly, he could plead "private business" as an excuse for not going to Berlin for several months. Verily the tricks of the politicians are many.

Commissioner of Pensions Tanner is supposed to be rather thick-skinned but the charges of favoritism towards a certain firm of pension agents here which were recently made against the Pension office "broke him all up," as the boys say. Before leaving for the west, where he goes to attend several soldiers meetings, he called on the President to assure him that he was innocent of the charges. He also told the President that when he returned from this trip he proposed making a personal investigation in order to ascertain whether there was any basis for the charges.

There is to be a big discharge at the Government printing office tomorrow. I am informed that Public Printer Palmer has instructed the foremen in the several departments that he wanted none but democrats selected for dismissal.

The Indiana republicans that stay at home must be very different from those that come to Washington, or else Representative Owens, of that State, who is just from home, be fibbing when he says, speaking of his constituents: "The people of the State feel that superior to patronage, personal ambition for place, and all that, is the abuse that Indiana has a President whose administration they may be proud of." For several reasons I am constrained to believe that Mr. Owens is only giving the man in the White House "taffy" with the hope of "catching on" to something for some of his aforesaid constituents. First, because in the eyes of all the republicans from Indiana that I have ever seen nothing was superior to official patronage. Secondly the administration of the Indiana man has hardly been long enough or its acts important enough to either be proud of or ashamed of.

The traveler who is at present occupying the White House is working the railroads in great shape. He returned from Cape May Monday night and to-day he has gone back there. He will return here the first of the week, bringing his family. Tuesday or Wednesday he is to carry the old lady and the babies to Deer Park where a deadhead cottage has been placed at his disposal for the summer. He is then to go to the Fourth of July celebration at Woodstock. How many drummers do more traveling than this, in the same time.

The Civil Service Commission has returned from its investigating tour. The Commissioners are disappointed and almost discouraged. In only one place did they find the law being strictly carried out—Chicago. The visits of inspection will be kept up and unless the courage of the Commission shall all ooze out the law will be strictly enforced without fear or favor. This treatment, if persisted in, will make the law a permanent thing or it will cause it to be repealed.

Mr. Porter, Superintendent of the Census, proposes to set up a little opposition to the Civil Service Commission. He refuses to take his clerks through the Commission, and has arranged a list of questions which he says all applicants must answer satisfactorily before appointment. The only difference is, if furnished by the Civil Service Commission some of the clerks would be democrats, while Porters plan makes sure of all being republicans.

Special orders have been given collectors of Internal revenue as to watching fruit distillers, during the coming season.

Eight years ago there were only forty cotton seed oil mills in the south with a capital of $3,500,000. Now there are 175 mills, with a capital of $16,000,000.

The Democratic State Convention of Virginia, will be held in Richmond on the 14th, of August when the next governor will be nominated.

The death of Hon. Simon Cameron, has removed a good man and one of the most conspicious figures in American politics. He started in life at the printer's case.

C. P. Huntington is building a ship yard at Newport News which he claims will be the largest establishment of the kind in the United States.

"A little common sense," says the New York World, "is sometimes equal to a whole volume of grammar." It is a pity that this idea cannot be hammered into the heads of pedagogues, grammarians and verbal critics.

MASONIC NOTICE.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 65, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—County Court meets next Tuesday.

—Dr. M. Wallace was in town Tuesday.

—The new mail carriers come in Monday.

—We believe it has rained every day for six weeks.

—Atty. C. F. Moore, went up to Dunmore to-day (Wednesday.)

—Levi Gay, Esq., was in our city Monday.

—Good envelopes at THE TIMES office for 15c per 100.

—Deputy Sheriff L. W. Herold, of Frost was in town Monday.

—Mr. P. M. Harper, of Sunset was in town the 1st of the month.

—Wm. H. Gross, Esq., went to Covington Monday on business.

—Teacher's Institute will be held at this place, commencing August 26th.

—Mails three times a week from here to Frost and White Sulphur now.

—Some communications were crowded out this week for lack of space, but will appear next.

—Mr. Dan'l. O'Connell, of Anthony's creek was in the city a few days this week.

—French Hull, Esq., went down to Frankford, on a business trip the first of the week.

—We failed to call attention last week to the ad of the University of West Virginia in that issue.

—Oats and corn are looking fine, grass is good, and wheat is almost ready to cut.

—The board of education met Monday, for the purpose of settling up and allowing accounts.

—H. F. McGlaughlin, Esq., went to Highland Co., on a pleasure trip last week.

—Jno. A. McNeel, Esq., of Knapp's creek was in Huntersville Monday.

—Remember THE TIMES is $1.00 in advance and $1.25 after six months and $1.50 at the end of the year.

—Mrs. Isaac McNeel, her son Summers and little daughter, of Mill Point were the guests of Mrs. Jno. J. Beard, the first of the week.

—Mr. Wm. H Cackley, wife and little son of Dunmore, were the guests of Atty. C. F. Moore Tuesday.

—Look out there! you'll step on some poor unfortunate democratic fourth class postmaster's head, they are lying promiscuously all over the country.

—If you want a Lock Lever hay and grain rake or any repairs Call on H. F. McGLAUGHLIN agent Huntersville W. Va.

—We have received the July number of the Cosmopolitan. It is chock full of illustrated reading matter, and those who want a good magazine can do no better than to subscribe for it. Only $2.40 per year, Office No. 365, 5th avenue N. Y.

—Rev. W. T. Price, of Pocahontas county, was in Lewisburg Tuesday on his way to Ronceverte to meet his daughter, Miss Susie, who has been attending school in Richmond, Va.—Independent.

—Messrs. A. J. Mires and J. A. Hareld, of Pendleton county are in town. These gentlemen are here for the purpose of bidding on the bridge abutments to be replaced under the bridge across Knapp's creek at this place.

—Mr. Jas. W. Warwick Jr., of this place left last week to attend the semi-Centennial and Commencement exercises of the Virginia Military Institute. Mr. Warwick is an old student of the Institute, and we predict for him a good time at the reunion of his old class mates.

Preaching Arrangements.

Sacramental meeting at Huntersville, the second Sabbath of July. Preparatory service, Friday night before, Saturday morning, and Saturday night.

Sacramental meeting at Dunmore the fourth Sabbath of July. Preparatory services Fridaynight, and Saturday night before.

The assistance of a visiting minister is expected, Bro. Frierson or Wilson. There will be no dinner on the ground, services morning and night on Sabbath.

W. T. P.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Miss Grace Clark is visiting friends and relatives at Marlinton.

Rev. D. S. Sydenstricker has been in poor health for some time. He has labored faithfully for his congregation at this place for years, without any vacation, and we all all think that he richly deserves one now and should spend it in complete rest from his duties.

Mr. H. Nathan and Misses Georgia and Rose Shearer left Saturday morning to visit relatives at William's river.

The following are the officers elected by the Hillsboro Division of the Sons of Temperance, for the coming quarter:

G. R. Curry. Worthy Patriarch; G. W. Clark, Worthy Associate; Recording Scribe Miss G. M. Shearer; Assistant Recording Scribe, Miss verdie Clark; Financial Scribe, Miss Kate Marshall; Treasurer, Mr. A. R. Smith; Conductor, Mr. Thos. Vis; Asst. Con., Mr. Gus Eskridge; Chaplain, Rev. Wm. E. Miller; Inside sentinel Miss M. Curry; Outside sentinel, Mr. Wm. Wiley.

The wedding of Mr. Edward Hill, of Farmington, Washington Ty., to Miss Jennie C. Beard, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Beard was solemnized last Wednesday at the residence of the brides parents. The attendants were Messrs. Joe McNeel, Dick Beard, Sam McNeel and John Hill, and Misses Lou Ligon, Blanche Clark, Kate Beard and Pauline McNeel. The bride was attired in a handsome blue henrietta cloth, trimmed with old gold plush. Her waiters wore lovely walking costumes. The bride received many handsome bridal presents, among which were a silver butter dish by Mr. Dick Beard, silver teaspoons by Mr. Jake Beard, table cloth and napkins by Mrs. Wallace Beard, whisk broom and holder by Miss Annetta Ligon, toilet set by Miss Lou Ligon, and many other handsome and useful presents, too numerous to mention. They were tendered a handsome reception at Mr. Geo. Hill's, father of the groom, on Wednesday evening. The happy couple will leave soon for Washington Ty., where they will make their future home. Miss Jennie was one of our prettiest young ladies, and very popular, and we are sorry to see her leave, but wish both of them all happiness.

PRUNELLA.

Sons of Temperance.

Pocahontas District Division, Sons of Temperance, will meet at Hillsboro, Wednesday, July 17th, 1889, 10 o'clock, a. m. All Sub-divisions will see that they are fully represented.

The Committee on programme, has assigned to the several delegates the following subjects upon which to prepare essays, to be read at meeting of Divisions:

What can be done:—

1st. To add Interest to our Division—Geo. R. Curry.

2nd. For organizing new Divisions—E. H. Moore.

3rd. To Resussitate Dormant and Suspended Divisions—W. S. Anderson.

4th. For organizing Bands of Hope—Miss G. M. Shearer.

5th. For Distributing Temperance Literature—Miss L. M. Overholt.

6th. For Interchanging Fraternal Visits among the Divisions—D. A. Peck.

7th. For Visiting Public and Sunday schools and Addressing the Children—T. A. Bruffey.

8th. For Collecting Funds for our Work—J. H. Weiford and J. O. Hill.

9th. Relation of the Church to the Temperance cause—Rev. W. E. Miller.

10th. Responsibility of the Christian Church foi the Liquor Traffic—J. C. Loury Sr.

11. Woman's Position on the Temperance Question—Mrs. J. J. Beard.

12th. Necessary for Thorough Organization—W. H. Overholt.

All members of the order are cordially invited to attend our sessions.

C. W. ESKRIDGE, D. W. P.
J. C. LOURY Jr., D. S.

A False Christ.

The little town of Rockford, Ill., is the seat of a man who pretends to be Christ returned to the earth.

He has auburn hair and beard and taking advantage of a resemblance to the conventional pictures of Jesus he declares that though his body is new and does not show the wounds into which doubting Thomas thrust his fingers, his countenance is the same. His life, outside of his blasphemous claim to divinity, is said to be blameless and his calm suavity of manner coupled with more than ordinary intelligence gives him a marvelous influence over his followers. His claim was expressed to a correspondent of the New York, Examiner as follows:

"I am the Christ. I am the perfect man. I am God. I possess all of the divine attributes, and am sinless. This is my second advent on earth, and the time is not far off when I shall make such manifestations of my divinity and power as will startle the world, and bring beleivers to me by the thousand and tens of thousands. I have unlimited power. I do not this time often work miracles, for I wish now to convert the world to truth without intervention of the supernatural, but I can work them, and have done so for those who believe. (His followers testify that he works miracles.) I shall be here many years, but I am only incarnate this body is material and must perish. When it becomes corrupt in death I shall enter another body and still live on earth." (Here is the hook for a successor to hang his claim upon.) "Many things in the gospel about my crucifixion and my former life on earth are inaccurate, and I am now writing a new version of the New Testament that will be correct."

This all came about through the holiness craze. Fifteen years ago Mrs. Dora Helen Fletcher Beekman, the wife of a Congregational minister in northern Illinois professed perfection and soon announced that she had the spirit of Christ as no other mortal ever had it. She had a considerable following in Illinois, Michigan Minnesota and Missouri. Among the converts was George Jacob Schweinfurth a young unmarried Methodist minister who now claims divinity.

"When Mrs. Bedkman died in 1883 she promised her followers that she would rise from the dead in three days. They waited seven days with unwavering faith and then Mr. Beekman, who had never been humbugged, took the responsibility of burying the corpse which had already become offensive.

Then Schweinfurth came forward. He claimed to have had a vision "through the windows of Dora Beekman's soul," and she had revealed to him that he was Christ, the Holy one. "My spirit passes into thee," she said to him as she left the world, "and thus transforms the whole being. Go forth pure and sinless, the only son of God spiritually begotten of me. Thou shalt bring all nations to worship thee."

The Beekmanities accepted his story, and their numbers increased. He told them that through a gradual transformation of his body he was to become Christ, physicaly as well as spiritually. Not long ago he assembled his followers in Chicago and told them that the transformation was complete and that he was now the Christ.

Schweinfurth's following is remarkable. Already the sect has branches in Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Leavenworth; Louisville, Cincinnati and a number of small towns. His followers are so overcome with this infatuation that they hold their property subject to their idol, and it is stated that not less than $50,000 worth of property around Rockford and $100,000 in Chicago has been deeded to him. An old man named Spencer Weldon has given Schweinfurth a magnificent farm of 800 acres, four miles south of Rockford, and there the pretender lives in princely style. He has put $20,000 worth of improvements on the place and lives in a large, elegantly furnished mansion, surrounded with beautiful lawns, drives, lowers and all the appointments of luxury. His dress is modern, and his clothing is stylish and elegant, and his deportment is that of a gentleman. His language is a careful imitation of Christ's, and he is said to be calm, quiet and polite, with no evidence of insanity in his actions.

His mansion they call heaven, and here all new converts are expected to go and receive instructions with the personal influence of the man they worship. Some of these pilgrims Schweinfurth sends into a field of labor, others to their homes, and on others especially favored he confers the degree of "angel," and takes them into his household. About sixty-five of these angels—fifty women and fifteen men—now live in the mansion with their leader. This state of affairs aroused suspicion, and some Chicago gentlemen, whose families had been broken up by the conversion of their wives and daughters, sent a female member of a Chicago Methodist church to investigate the matter. She was to enter the mansion, ingratiate herself in the pretender's favor, and, if possible, discover grounds for a criminal prosecution. The woman went and was converted, returning to Chicago a zealous believer.

The pretender has taken a remarkable hold upon people of apparent intelligence among them several ministers. A former Congregational minister, who is an alumnus of Yale and Andover, is pastor of the Chicago branch, and the leading spirit in Kansas city is the daughter of a Presbyterian minister. The members are very zealous and bold in proselyting, going into homes, prayer meetings and ministers' meetings where they watch their opportunity to rise up and announce the second coming of Christ. In one case they had to be ejected from a meeting by force.

This recalls the beginning of Mormonism which had its birth in the same region. In some respects Schweinfurth appears to be the superior of Joseph Smith, and his influence over his followers, according to accounts, is not less remarkable.

Such a spectacle in this age of schools shows that education does not relieve the world of fanaticism. This sect grew up in a region of schools, and counts among its adherents many persons of education and apparent intelligence. So far no charge of immoral conduct has been lodged against them, and the "angels" in Schweinfurth's "heaven," so far as the world knows, have done nothing to prove that they are imps. About the only thing that seems to do justice to the case is the remark of Puck in the Midsummer Night's Dream, "What fools these mortals be."

Fiduciary Notice.

The following fiduciary accounts are before me for settlement.

C. L. Austin Adm'r of Florence M. Austin dec'd.

S. B. Hannah Ex'or of Barbora A. Gum.

L. M. McCLINTIC. Com'r of Accts.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

The mail hack leaves Frankford for Huntersville, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and from Huntersville for Frankford every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. Charges reasonable.

Administrator's Notice.

All parties holding claims against David McGlaughlin dec'd., are required to present the same at once to his administrator for payment, and all parties indebted to said David McGlaughlin are required to come forward at once and settle up.

Respectfully,
[illegible]
Adm'r of David McGlaughlin dec'd.
[illegible] Green Bank W. Va.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 3 00	$ 3 50	$ 5 00
Three in.	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	5 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	8 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

July 4 1889.

Two Great Lawyers.

The Boston Advertiser tells the following story of the late Peleg Chandler and Ben Butler:

Butler or one of his clients had purchased a piece of real estate, in which a woman claimed a right to a portion of the rentals. A tenant paid his rent to her and Butler could not get possession. The case was quite a celebrated one. Choate had been in it and several of the distinguished lawyers of the day. Yet still Butler had the best of it, and the utmost that the opposing lawyers had been able to do was to [illegible] postponements from time to time upon various pretexts. At [illegible] the case was to come up again. The defendant's lawyers had given it up, and as a last resort the came to young Chandler. He appeared in the defense. General Butler's browbeaten methods in court are as well known as the man himself. He tried them on the young man. But for once he met his match. Those who remember the occasion, still roar with laughter at the remembrance of Chandler's [illegible] stories of the cook-eyed man," which he poured, one after after another, relentlessly upon Butler's devoted head, and as the slang phrase of the present day is, fairly wiped the floor with him. Judge, bar, jury and spectators fell into a tumultuous uproar of laughter, which no officer even attempted to quell. At the close of his anecdotes Mr. Chandler gravely, although his talk had not so much as touched the case asked for a continuance [illegible].

The next day the tenant of Mr. Chandler's client, an apothecary by profession, called upon the lawyer [illegible] he should do in the right to reject [illegible]

Gubernatorial Contest.

GRAFTON, W. Va., June 26th.—Including the alleged returns from Kanawha county, General Nathan Goff had a majority over Judge A. B. Fleming of 110 votes in the November election. In the contest by

Mr. Chandler reached for a pen and wrote:

"If Benjamin F. Butler attempts to oust you from the premises occupied by you, my advice is to shoot him through the head."

The next day Mr. Butler appeared with a posse, prepared to eject the apothecary. The latter showed him his instructions.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Butler throwing down the paper. "If you should shoot me you would hang."

"That is no affair of mine," returned the apothecary. "The advice of my counsel is to shoot you if you molest me, and I shall do it," he continued, with blood in his eye, as he produced a big seven-shooter.

"D——d if I don't believe you would be fool enough to shoot me," said Butler as he turned and left the shop.

He at once called upon Mr. Chandler and effected a settlement of the long contested case, granting to the woman a share in the rents which she claimed.

A Fable For Young Wives.

Men are naturally less amiable and more intractable than women. The first point, therefore, to secure a married woman's happiness after the holidays of the honeymoon are over, is that she should study carefully the peculiarities of her husband's temper. It is in the power of a wise and good woman to make a lamb of the greatest bear that ever wore whiskers; while by foolish treatment the process may be reversed, and a generous bearded creature, with all the capabilities of a lion, may end in being a bear or a wolf. A wife must tread oh her husband's temper first as cautiously as a prudent boy does upon recently formed ice. Only when she has learned where the slippery humor of her husband will bear, and where it will break, can she perform with safety those graceful evolutions by which a devoted wife achieves greater triumphs than ever Bonaparte did by his artillery. Wise old Plutarch, descenting on the topic, very appropriately brings in the old fable of the traveler, whom Boreas, with his obstreperous blasts tried to disrobe of his good great coat; but the result was quite otherwise; the more violently Bureas puffed his cheeks, the more closely the man wrapped his coat about him. But what Boreas could not achieve with all his strength, the sum did with a few slight touches of his genial beams. The man was so overcome by the softening influence that he flung both cloak and tunic away. So left no woman foolishly attempt to gain from her husband in a raugh way what she can surely achieve by gentleness.—Cassell's Magazine.

A Man With a Nervous Shock.

Speaking of the published story that he paid a lawyer $7,000 as a salve for a nervous shock that the lawyer had received, Chauncey M. Depew said the other day:

"It was a curious case, I received a letter from a lawyer saying he had been completely upset by a shock he received on one of our trains, owing to a sudden stoppage.

He enclosed in his letter the certificates of four reputable physicians bearing out his statement. A friend of mine, who was a neighbor of the lawyer, came to me and told me it would be a great injustice if I didn't settle the claim. 'The man is completely gone,' he said, 'stays away from his office, can't do any work, wanders around the house scaring his wife into fits, and is unfit for anything.'

"I went down and saw him. 'Where were you before you took this trip?' I asked him.

"'Rusticating at my country seat,' he replied.

"'Have any shock or undue exercise there?'

"'No; everything was supremely quiet.'

"Then he told me he had brought down a basket of eggs on the train.

"'Well how about the eggs; were they broken?'

"'Oh,no,' he said; they remained on the seat beside me, and not one was cracked.'

"'And yet you got a nervous shock?'

"'Yes.'

"Well, I sent him the company's check for $7,000, as the doctors and he were sure he could never get around to business again. You'd be surprised, though, to see how that check acted. It was evidently just the medicine he stood in need of, for he's all right now and practicing law the same as ever."

Fanny—The new garters which you bought yesterday are not pretty at all.

Emma—What difference does it make? Nobody sees them.

Ah, but it may rain.

Mistakes We Make.

Labor when you are not in a fit condition to do so.

To conclude that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To take off proper clothing out of season because you become heated.

To think the more a person eats the healthier and stronger he will become.

To imagine that if some work or exercise is good, violent or prolonged exercise is better.

To think any nostrum or patent medicine is a specific for all the diseases the flesh is heir to.

To go to bed late at night and rise at daybreak, and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To believe that children can do as much work as grown people, and that more hours study the more they learn.

To eat as if you had only a minute to finish the meal in, or to eat without an appetite, or continue after it has been satisfied, merely to satisfy the taste.

"Now, children, said the teacher, "what do you call the meal that you eat in the morning?" "Oat meal!" promptly replied a member of the class.

Little Boy—"Mamma, are you really going to marry an Italian Count?" Pretty Widow—"Yes, my pet." Little Boy (delightedly)—"O, then I can have the monkey to play with, can't I?"—Burlington Free Press.

First Bachelor—"Where shall we go this afternoon—to the matinee, the circus or what?" Second Bachelor—"What sort of hats are the ladies wearing now?" First Bachelor—"Taller than ever." Second Bachelor—"Well let's go to a balloon ascension."

A stout woman in a railway-train sits down on the silk hat of a fellow-passenger.

"I say, madam, you really should be a little more careful how you throw yourself about," exclaimed the owner, indignantly.

"Oh, beg pardon, sir. I thought it was—my husband's."

Einstein (to his partner)—Isaacs you vas oud late lasd night, I zee. Dot must stop, Isaacs; no more drinkin' dis mont'. You hear me, Isaacs!

Isaacs—I don'd drink in peesiness hours.

Einstein—Dot make no differ. You drink ad night, ant effery mornings your hants tremble so you gan't show a gustomer any of dose sheap pants mitout shakin' de buddons off.

The hot water cure is highly spoken of. A young man was completely cured of an attachment for a young lady by one kettleful, which the old man let him have.

Canada has awakened to the importance of excluding American thieves from her territory by denying them an asylum. The Canadian Parliament has enacted very sweeping laws, including almost every species of crime, when it is proved, that all such offenders will be delivered up to the authorities where their offences are committed. Of course it is not retroactive, but in all future cases, after the legislation has been approved by the home government, the offender will be delivered up, on legal authority. It is thought the law will be in operation in about two months.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, July 11, 1889. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 51.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast,
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyors Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

AN INCIDENT.

As down the vale at Johnstown,
The raging waters spead,
Carrying wreck and ruin
Upon their bosom red,
A mother in an attic,
With seven children dear,
Looked out in vain for succor
From death which was so near.

None came and one sweet infant
She gave unto the flood,
She saw it shortly parish
From where she helpless stood,
Another and another
Went down that ragging Styx,
Till of her darling seven
Death had devoured six.

In agony the last one
She lifted to put out;
The child with trembling accents,
Between his faith and doubt.
This question asked "Dear mother,
You've always told me how
God cares for me at all times;
Will He care for me now?"

Unto the rushing torrent
Him, too, the mother gave,
With prayers to the Almighty
This last dear one to save -
Around the throne in Glory,
Are standing all the seven,
Upon the flood they floated
Strait through the Gates of Heaven.

The Story of a Picture.

BY H. E. CLAMP.

It is about 10 o'clock p. m., the hour wheun life in its lightest and most frivolous form is on parade in the upper part of the city's great artery of traffic—Broadway

Madison square is brilliant with a thousand lights; the great hotels are thronged with idle groups, while up and down the sidewalks continues the steady stream of foot passengers which will not diminish much before midnight. The crowd upon the pavements and in the hotels is frequently augmented for a few minutes by persons leaving the theatres in the vicinity during the entr'acte for an airing, refreshments or cigars.

The crowd on promenade is a motley one, composed for the most part of well-dressed men and women, and from the animated tones and gestures, the gay jests and light laughter, distinguishable above the steady tramp of feet, the rattling of cab wheels and the jingling of car bells, one might think that care rested but lightly upon the shoulders of most who are here.

Among the crowd of busy talkers, thoughtless idlers and devotees of pleasure, walking at a leisurely pace and with a thoughtful air, comes a man whose genius has already made his name a household word in many lands. It is Geoffrey Vail, the artist. The handsome, scholarly face, with its delicate whitecomplexion, its large, soft black eyes and sweeping black mustache which fringes his sensitive mouth, his graceful carriage and the plain but faultless style of his attire, stamps him easily as a man of superior type even to those who do not recognize in the lone individual the well-known figure of metropolitan life.

Above the jargon of sounds in the streets rise occasionally from a side street the tones of a piano organ, accompanied by the voice of a person singing some Italian songs. The artist pauses for a moment to listen to the unusually pathetic ring of this voice, and as he approaches it is struck by the appearance of the singer. It is a young girl, about sixteen years of age, with a Madonna-like face touched with a look of most exquisite sorrow. Is it possible that the coarse looking Italian yonder can have any connection with this lovely child? It is not of this the artist thinks as he lingers, [illegible] into the old man's face. It is of how that lovely face would look on canvas!

Suddenly the girl sees his ardent gaze and her eyes droop to the ground, while a color like the first blush of sunrise mantles her cheek. The artist is yet more charmed, although he diverts his gaze, still following the couple from street to street.

Finally the organ is closed up and the two performers prepare to go home. Geoffrey Vail approaches the Italian as he is about to go and touches him upon the shoulder.

"Is it your daughter?" he asks, pointing to the girl.

The man nods his head.

"I am an artist and would like to paint her picture," said Geoffrey.

The man shook his head in disapproval.

"If you will allow her to come to my studio every day for a month I will pay you liberally."

"How much?" asked the man, gruffly.

"One hundred dollars," answered the artist after a moment's reflection.

"She would earn me more than that with the organ."

"Then we will say two hundred."

The man's greed was satisfied, and he consented to the terms.

"When shall she commence?"

"To-morrow, if it suits you," said the artist.

"Very well," answered the man, and Geoffrey handed him his card.

Geoffrey turned homewards, pleased with his discovery. For a long time he had meditated painting a series of pictures representing the emotions. "Here is my 'Angel of Sorrow' idealzed already," he said to himself as he pursued his way through the still crowded thoroughfare home.

The pretty Italian found Geoffrey Vail in his studio awaiting her visit on the following day.

The strong light in the studio, where the curtains were purposely drawn back, revealed to the artist that he had not been deceived with regard to her appearance. The face was delicate, refined and indescribably sad.

She had evidently put on her best clothes—a dress of some soft black stuff and a shawl of the same sable hue wrapped round her head and shoulders.

"You have posed as a model before?" asken Geoffrey, noting the artistic effort of this simple costume.

"What is your name?" asked the artist.

"Consuelo."

"Consuelo," repeated the artist, "and you look inconsolable."

The girl did not understand his remark, but her large dark eyes were turned upon him wonderingly.

"Well, Consuelo, we must make the best of our time," said the artist "Come, I will arrange you as I wish yov to sit," and he placed a chair for her, arranging with some care her attitude and drapery.

"You do not feel timid, do you?" asked Geoffrey, kindly.

"Oh, no," answered the girl, looking at him with wonder again. It was inconceivable to her that she should feel timid in his presence.

The grave, gentle face of the artist had won her confidence completely. Accustomed to rough looks and sometimes blows, the child seemed in the atmosphere of this elegant studio to breathe the air of paradise.

But the look of sorrow did not leave her face; it was too deeply imprinted there.

Geoffrey was soon busy with his pencil. An artist, his soul was in his art. To him the animate beauty was only a stepping stone to the inanimate, everything lovely created that it might be copied on the canvas and immortalized.

Consuelo's sitting was not a long one. He thougnt it best not to tire her too much the first day, and at the end of the third hour rose from his easel, and thanking her, dismissed her till the morrow.

"You will come again, won't you?" said Geoffrey.

The girl's look answered him.

For the first time that she could remember Consuelo went to her miserable home happy. A new vista had been opened to her. She had caught a glimpse of another world with which she seemed to feel some strange kinship.

How gladly those days glided by while the Angel of Sorrow, half real and half the creation of the artist's superb fancy, grew upon the canvas!

The last sitting came. Artist and model were to part.

Geoffrey, who had grown familiar with the child, took her hand in his own when he bade her adieu. Suddenly Consuelo burst into tears.

The artist himself felt unexpectly and strangely moved. Even to him the parting seemed painful. Why? Blind egotist! unknown to himself he had learned to love. Only at this crisis did the truth dimly dawn upon him. But why these tears of hers? Strange infatuation! Then the child must love him also.

She had turned away to weep.

"Consuelo," he said gravely, "come here."

Consuelo came at his bidding.

"Look at me straight in the face."

"I cannot," she sobbed.

"Consuelo, why do you weep?"

The face could be doubted no longer except by the blind.

Geoffrey folded her tenderly in his arms, unresisted. The lovely head rested upon his bosom. His lips were pressed to the blushing cheek.

"Consuelo, would you like to stay here always—to be my wife?" he said rather nervously, half frightened himself.

The girl looked at him and seemed to make some sudden resolve.

Withdrawing herself from his embrace she wiped her eyes, and then without another word or look fled from the studio.

"She is frightened, but I must follow her," said the artist. How soon she had become infinitely precious to him! He hastened to the door, but no trace of Consuelo could be seen. He paused to reflect. He did not know even her address. The Italian had already called for his money. How should he find her? What strange impulse had caused her to turn and fly so suddenly. It was inexplicable, but he must find a key to the mystery. How? Would she not return to her old avocation, accompanying the organ? If he searched the streets for a few days he would soon meet her again.

But days, weeks and months rolled by, and no trace of Consuelo or the Italian rewarded his anxious search.

So his passion died away into a vague and hopeless regret. Nothing remained of Consuelo but the blending of her beauty with his own dreams in the picture. So he devoted himself with renewed ardor to his favorite pursuits. The "Angel of Sorrow" was completed; extravagant offers were made for it, but the picture was not for sale. Money could not buy it.

It was hung in the artist's own studio—his greatest achievement—and many wondered as they gazed upon the sorrowful face whence came the inspiration for it.

Geoffrey Vail received many visitors at his studio. Wealthy patrons and personal friends brought others often to see the great artist's works, often sadly interrupting him when he wished to be alone, but always courteously received.

Five years had gone by since his brief love dream had had its sudden birth and tragic finale.

His gentle face had grown gentler, and perhaps a tinge of sadness had crept in between the handsome lines; but he had little to complain of so far as success was concerned.

He is busy in his studio when some callers are announced. They are foreigners, evidently, from their names. Geoffrey glances carelessly at the card, and, not recognizing the names, is about to excuse himself, but suddenly changes his mind.

His visitors are shown into the studio.

A gentleman, refined and distinguished in appearance, and a lady some year his junior. A white veil partly secludes the lady's face.

Geoffrey bows politely, and advances to meet them as they are announced. The gentleman, speaking in French, apologized for their intrusion and asks permission to look at some of the artist's work, and the lady, who has observed the artist's favorite picture, leads her companion towards it. After viewing it for some minutes and exchanging remarks of admiration in their own tongue, the gentleman, turning to Geoffrey, asks him if the picture can be purchased.

"On no consideration," replied the artist. "It is reserved at a price which even the most extravagant would never care to go to."

"Which means that you do not wish to sell it," replied his visitor.

The artist bowed in acquiescence.

"And did you ever see a face which suggested such beauty?" asked his visitor, adding "Pardon me, but I have a purpose in inquiring."

"I have seen one," replied the artist, "with which this creation of mine could but feebly compare."

As he said this his eye caught the face of the lady who had removed her veil.

"Consuelo!" cried the artist, forgetting his visitors for a moment."

But they were smiling at him pleasantly.

"Pardon me," he said. "Some fancied resemblance compelled me to utter that name."

The lady approached nearer to him. "Do you not remember me, then?' she said, softly.

The artist looked puzzled and perplexed.

"Surely it is Consuelo; but, pardon me, you have changed your name.' And he glanced significantly at her companion. "Ah! and you are no more the Angel of Sorrow; you might now pose for the Angel of Joy."

Consuelo seemed to enjoy his perplexity. "And have not you found a true Consuelo also?" she asked laughingly.

The artist shook his head sadly.

"Papa, this is Mr. Vail," said Consuelo, turning to her companion, who offered his hand to Geoffrey with a pleasant smile.

"You are wondering what it all means," said Consuelo, also smiling, "but it is a long story; papa will tell you while I look at some pictures round the studio, and if you wish to repeat the question you asked so long ago repeat it to him."

The story was briefly told.

Consuelo had been kidnaped [illegible]

[Continued on fourth page.]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

July 11, 1889.

President Harrison appointed Frederick Douglas to be minister to Hayti.

Hon. Wm. Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, has been appointed Minister to Germany.

About thirty persons were killed by a wreck on the Norfolk and Western Railroad, July, 2nd.

The Johnstown Coroner's jury finds that the South Fork Dam was the cause of the disaster, and that the club owning the dam is responsible for the bad condition of that structure.

The Philadelphia Press says Wanamaker did not buy his Cabinet seat. Of course not. He was made a present of it in return for his present of $400,000 to the Republican blocks-of-five fund. Some blunt people call it a purchase, however.

The Green Stamp must Go.

The specifications just issued by the Postmaster General for the guidance of bidders under the next contract for postage stamps, advertised for under date of June 7, 1889, provides for bids for two series of stamps of different sizes—one of them being the size now in use, the other about one third smaller.

If the stamps of the larger size should be determined on when the bids are in, the colors will be as follows: One cent, ultramarine blue; two-cent, metalic red; three-cent, vermillion; four cent, milori green; five-cent, chocolate; six-cent, dark red; ten cent, light brown; fifteen-cent, orange; thirty cent, black; ninety cent, carmine. If stamps of the smaller size should be preferred, the colors will be as follows: One-cent, ultramarine blue; two-cent, carmine; three cent, royal purple; four cent, chocolate; five cent, light brown; six cent, vermillion; ten cent, milori green; fifteen cent, steel blue; thirty cent, black; ninety cent, orange. Under one form of bid the contractor will be allowed extra compensation for any change from the present designs, and in another form of bid changes may be made at the will of the Postmaster General, without extra compensation. From the above it will be seen that the color of the two-cent stamp will be changed to either carmine or metallic red. In speaking of the proposed changes, Postmaster General Wanamaker said he believed the smaller sized stamp would be quite as useful and popular as the larger size now in use, and by reducing the size of the stamp a material saving would be affected, which could be profitably expended in a better and in every way more desirable color. The metallic red proposed under one form of bid was the color of the two-cent stamp which immediately preceded the green two-cent stamp now in use. No changes in design have been determined upon.

Our tariff wall is so high that it is toppling over, yet it is not keeping out the English. It is rather aiding them, enfeebling America, to come in and possesses us, body and soul. Already the English own hundreds of thousands of acres of our land, and the distilleries and breweries of the United States are largely owned and controlled by English capitalists. Now there is a scheme on foot in London to control the American dry goods trade. A cablegram says:

"It has just leaked out here that a company or syndicate is being formed in London for the purpose of buying up the principal dry goods interests in the chief American cities. Full details are not yet obtainable, and will not be probably until the organization of the company is more nearly perfected.

From all that could be ascertained, the intention is to get control of the dry goods trade in America in a manner something similar to that in which the brewing business is being brought tributary to English capitalists. As is well known, the amount of money in England seeking investment in enterprises that promise even a small return that is reasonably sure is enormous. It could not be learned certainly whether the company will be organized on the close corporation plan or whether stock subscription books will be opened. In either event, it is reported, the amount of money put into the enterprise will be not less than £10,000,000.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, July 5.—Mr. Harrison and nearly every prominent member of his administration, greatly to the chagrin of the office seekers, celebrated the "Glorious Fourth," by taking a short vacation. The President and Secretaries Noble and Tracy went to Woodsteck, Conn. and are not expected to return before Monday; Secretary Blaine went to Bar Harbor and the date of his return is doubtless; Secretary Proctor went to Vermont and Postmaster General Wanamaker to Philadelphia.

The republican leaders seem to have quite a scare on about the coming elections in the four new states. Senators Allison, Chandler, and Cullom have spent the week in consultation with the "big guns" of their party in figuring out a programme that would give them all the members of the House as well as the Senators from *those* states. They are to remain here until next week so as to get Senator Quay's opinion. Democrats who are well informed believe that the party is almost certain to carry Montana, and that it has a good fighting chance for one of the Dakota's.

The republicans have, it is said, decided upon an extra session of Congress to be called about November first. They wanted it October instead of November, but owing to their very slim majority in the House they concluded to take no chances, but to wait for reinforcements from the new states.

Before leaving Washington the President made a large batch of appointments, mostly diplomatic and consular. One of them Eugene Schuyler, of New York to be Consul-general at Cairo, Egypt—has caused a great deal of talk, and when the Senate meets it will cause much more, and it would not be at all surprising if his nomination should be rejected. Mr. Schuler is a warm friend of Secretary Blaine by whom he was selected to be First Assistant Secretary of State in the early days of the administration, but when his name went to the Senate, then in session, it was soon apparent to the friends of the administration that it would be rejected if voted upon. As soon as Mr. Harrison was made acquainted with the state of affairs he withdrew the nomination, at the cabled request of Schuyler who was in Europe, where he spends the greater portion of his time, but his friends availed themselves of the cable to keep him posted. The enmity to Schuyler is on account of a book he published some years ago called "American Diplomacy" in which he ridiculed the Senate to such an extent as to gain him the ill will of many Senators.

The White House looks almost deserted, Mrs. Harrison, her farther and the McKee children having gone to Deer Park, Maryland, and the office seekers to the Lord only knows where.

Sir Julian Paunceforte the British Minister was asked to accompany the Presidential party to the Fourth of July celebration at Woodstock, Connecticut, and a rumor was generally circulated that he was going, but as a matter of fact he declined the invitation. He didn't think it just the proper sort of an entertainment for a Britisher.

That big discharge of democrats that was expected to take place at the Government Printing office July, 1, did not materialize. Public Printer Palmer seems to have adopted Mr. Harrison's tactics, and is taking his own time in making changes.

Secretory Noble may or may not have been against Pension Commissioner Tanner of allowing favoritism to be shown in the taking up of applications for pensions. At any rate he has sent the commissioner the following:—"Attention is required to the following regulations applicable to the bureau of pensions: "Order No. 108, January 23, 1885—Owing to the presure brought to bear from all quarters to take cases out of their regular order, and as at this late date poverty and hardship from further delay can be alleged of almost every applicant alike, therefore cases will be taken out of their order only when such causes therefore is shown to the Commissioner in writing as would satisfy the other worthy claiments whose claims precede it should they know the facts, that such action is proper. Hereafter no case will be advanced that is not clearly, within this rule. It is hereby further ordered that this rule be extended so as to embrace cases only where the applicant is in very great distitution or at the point of death. This regulation will not only be strictly enforced but attorneys, agents or others persisting in applications contrary to its language and spirit will be disbarred from practice before the department. You will have this made public."

A friend of Secretary Blaine tells me that there would be no more consular appointments made before fall. If this is true there is disappointment in store for lots of folks.

A case of sporadic cholera has appeared in New York.

MASONIC NOTICE

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 63, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—Mess. Whiting and Denning were in town Tuesday.

—Our subscription list is increasing.

—Jno. Driscol, wife and child were in the city Tuesday.

—Whiting & Denning were in town Tuesday.

—R. B. Kerr, of Gillaspie was attending County Court Tuesday.

—J. W. Jordan of Academy called to see us Tuesday.

—J. S. Hartzell, of Addison, Pa., was in town Sunday.

—S. L. Gibson, of Frost was in our town Monday.

—Wise Herold, of Frost was in town last week.

Go to John Warts & Co, Frankford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. may 9-12t

—G. C. Cooper was in to see us Tuesday. Read his New ad. of Monuments.

—Jno. W. Feltner, of Webster Depot, Taylor Co., was in Huntersville Monday.

—Wheat harvest is about over and grass cutting will soon be commenced.

—Dan'l O'Connell, wife and little son were in town the first of the week.

—There were so many ladies in to see us last week, that, even our little devil got excited.

John Warts & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be here during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. may 9 12t

—The newly married couple Mr. Samuel J. Gay and bride, Miss Lillie Friel and Mr. William Gay made us a pleasant call last week.

Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made of John Warts & Co. Frankford, W. Va. may 9-12

—Mr. Geo. Daubrack and wife, Miss Minnie Kellison and Mr. W. Rider, of Poplar Flats were in to see the wonders of a print shop last week.

—If you want a Lock Lever hay and grain rake or any repairs
Call on
B. P. McGLAUGHLIN agent
Huntersvilee W. Va.

PRUNELLA.

—We return thanks to Mr. C. R. Mathews, of New Helena, Neb., for papers from that place, and also for subscription to THE TIMES.

—Married, at Hotel by Wagner, on Thursday evening, July 4th by Rev. M. M. Everly, Mr. Alex W. Butterbaugh to Miss Mary Alderman. THE TIMES wishes them a long, happy and useful life.

—On Saturday, July 13th, 1889, at the church at Clover Lick, an entertainment will be given to complete and furnish the same, consisting of addresses, vocal and instrumental music, dinner and other refreshments of ice cream cake and lemade will be served. The public are cordially invited to co-operate and make it a success.

—Among the many persons attending Court were Messrs. W. B. Cochell, H. L. Holt and S. H. Clark, of Academy; Dr. M. Wallace, C. E. Beard and Sheriff McNeel, of Mill Point; Geo. P. Moore and Geo. Baxter, of Edray; Uriah Hevener, Dr. Mossman, Maj. Arbogast and Geo. Siple of Green Bank; Wm. McKittric, of Buckeye; L. W. Herold, of Frost; Andrew McGlaugh lin and Lem Gay, of Marlinton.

—A young man a graduate of Yale College, when asked by a farmer where Prof. Taylor could be found, replied: "crucify the quadrangle ascend the grades, make a dextral vert and you will find him perambulating his domicile or prospecting his renestrum." The farmer stood dumbfounded only remembering the last word, "fenestrum" asked, what does that mean? "It is the aperture through which the concave of the dome is illuminated, if you can't comprehend that I will silt you through immensity where it will require omniscience to find you and omnipotence to put you together again." The farmer walking off replied, "that man is wormy or has lately gone crazy."—Ex.

Died.

It is sad for us to have to note the death of one of our brothers of the editorial staff, Mr. Jno. Straughn of the Highland Recorder We haven't learned the exact date of his death or the cause. Mr. Straughn had just lately assumed control of the Recorder, and was giving Highland the best paper they have ever had, so says many of its readers. He was about 45 years of age a good writer and an excellent printer, and will be sorely missed by those of Highland who appreciate a good paper.

Lost.

The daughter of Mr. Amos Dilley about 15 years of age living about 7 miles from this place, started to Sunday school. a short distance from her home, last Sunday morning; and though deligent seach has been made nothing has been heard of her since. The parents are almost distracted with grief.

LATER: As we go to press we learn she was found.

A Big Sale.

Mr. J. W. Hevener of Buckhannon, sold for Uriah Hevener of Green Bank 10,231 acres of land on the waters of Greenbrier river to Messrs. McCurty, Hunter and others of Jefferson co., Pa., for the sum of $30,000.

A Note by the Way.

Eleven or twelve miles north west of Marlin's Bottom, on Laurel run lives Mr. A. N. Taylor, the frontier resident of Pocahontas Co. Beyond him it is a day's journey to the nearest neighbor, a Mr. Bachman, whose home is unaccessible to all conveyances even bob-sleds except in winter, when the streams are freezing.

The writer on July 3rd, visited this frontier home, where he found Mr. Taylor and his good lady in the best of spirits. He is a grandson of the late Frederick Burr, near Huntersville, who was with Napoleon at Waterloo.

On a cross beam hung the Winchester rifle, that had brought down two hundred deer, and over the entrance was the fishing tackle that has landed speckled beauties too numerous to mention.

Though it rained in torrents, all seemed to take it in good nature.

About two o'clock the marriage of Mr. Samuel J. Gay and Miss Oena Taylor, was celebrated, the vows being pronounced by Wm. T. Price. The young bride richly endowed with rare personal attraction in her attire of snowy whiteness made a fine appearance.

The ladies waiting upon her were Misses Maud Taylor, Cary Combs, Susie Simmons and Lillie Friel, who were attended by the following gentlemen in the order named, Messrs. W. M. Beard, Auburn Friel, William Taylor and William Gay.

A very fine dinner was enjoyed by at least one hundred persons and this event will be long remembered as one of the most notable of social affairs occuring in that vicinity.

W. T. F.

HURRAH FOR SULLIVAN.

KILRAIN KNOCKED OUT.

The following is the official bulletin of the Western Union telegraph.

SULIVAN vs. KILRAIN

Kilrain knocked out after 72 rounds; time, 3 hours and 17 minutes. Fight took place at Richburg, Miss.

PREACHING: Rev. M. M. Everly, will hold his fourth and last Quarterly Conference at Swago, the 3rd Saturday and Sunday in July. Conference will convene at 2 o'clock, p. m., on Saturday. Preaching Saturday night, and Sunday morning at 11 a. m., and again at 3:30, p. m. Let there be a full representation from each appointment.

Dunmore Doings.

The glorious 4th is over and we never lost a man. There was a large crowd out, considering the rainy day.

The crowd that went to Cheat Bridge to celebrate the 4th, came back all safe. They had quite a nice time playing button &c.

Auctioneer C. B. Swecker starts to-day to attend the Hutton and Winchester sale at Huttonsville. This will be the largest sale ever in Randolph Co. Several parties will go from this section.

Capt. Smith has returned, and work will be commenced this week at the lumber camp.—William J. Moore and family have arrived here from Johnstown, Pa. Mr. Moore was here time of the flood. He says Johnstown doesn't look like she did two months ago. He spent Friday week in Johnstown, and saw them unearth two bodies.

Some of our farmers have begun cutting wheat

There will be preaching at Baxter Church on Sunday the 15th, at 2, p. m. by Rev. Jasper Sharp.

There will be singing at Cross Roads school-house, Sunday, the 14th, at 2, p. m.

Two weddings last week, Mr. Clark Gum, of Highland Co., to Miss Annie J. Sheets of this county and Mr. Alex Butterbaugh, of Pa., to Miss Mary Alderman, of this county.

W. H. Cackley and wife are off on a business trip to Ronceverte,

We understand that S. L. Jackson and bride will be up this week from Ronceverte. Mr. Jackson son was married in Washington city by the same minister who married Grover Cleveland.

TOM SAWYER.

Thousands Starving.

CHICAGO, July 7.—There are no less than 25,000 people in the mining district of Braidwood and Coal City who are dependent on charity. The extreme poverty to which these people are reduced is proved by an incident which happened yesterday. A horse belonging to one of the striking miners broke its leg and had to be shot. The horse was dragged to the side of the road, and at night many of the starving families had horse flesh for supper. It was the first square meal that many of them had eaten in weeks, and they enjoyed it. The cause of all this poverty is the tyranny of the officials of the Chicago Wilmington & Vermillion Coal Company. The miners were forced to strike by repeated reductions in their wages, and now many families among them are starving.

How many girl graduates of the season have written their commencement essays on the "Coming Man" and how few will find him like his portrait when he comes!

It is thought the Louisiana rice crop will fall 5,000 barrels below the average this year, owing to the recent drought.

Education for Women

It is a pity that when the "higher education of woman" was undertaken nobody had the happy thougt of giving women a better education also. There was no sense in the old theory that the education of women should include no scholarly acquirement; but there is also no sense in the new notion that merely scholarly training constitutes a good education for women, or for men either for that matter. And nothing could be more nonsensical than the assumption on which the higher education of women has been thus far conducted, namely, that men and women should be trained in precisely the same way.

Education is a preparation for life, and in just so far as a woman's life differs from a man's in its circumstances she has different educational needs. Education is good in the degree in which it fits the pupil to discharge well the duties that will probablo fall to his or her lot, and measured by that test the training of our boys is far from good, while that of our girls—those of them at least who receive the "higher education"—is notably bad.

The main duty of a woman is home making, and on her skill in that the comfort, happiness and well-being of all who live in her home depend. The education which does not equip her for that work is a very bad education indeed.

The principal fact of life is that three meals a day are needed by all human beings, and the woman who does not know how to prepare them properly is no more fit to be married than the man who does not know how to earn them. She may have taken honors at Vassar or the Harvard Annex, but she is grossly ignorant and very badly educated, nevertheless.

Bad cooking means bad health. It is an unsanitary condition as much to be guarded against as leaks in the plumbing. And yet the art and science of cookery is utterly neglected in our higher schools for women, and the girls there are taught, by implication at least, that attention to it is beneath the dignity of persons so highly educated as themselves. Thus the training which should fit them for their duties in life tends to unfit them instead.

A false notion on this subject prevails in many homes of the well-to-do class as well as in the higher schools. Woman's work, and especially cooking, is held to be fit only for ignorant servants to do. Nothing could be more false or mischievous. It is, in fact, the most important skilled work that is done by human beings—the work on which every member of the race is daily dependent for health and life as well as for comfort and strength. The woman who makes bread is engaged in chemical work of greater worth and no less dignity than that of the man who makes quantitative analyses of ores.

The first thing a girl should be taught is to respect domestic functions and to regard skill in their performance as a necessary part of her equipment for life—as necessary as her ability to read. After this fundamental need is provided for her intellectual training should be directed with constant reference to the fact that girls grow to be women and not men. It should be remembered that, next to ordering her house well, a woman's chief function is to sweeten and brighten social intercourse, and for that her training should fit her. Facility in the use of one or two modern languages is of much greater advantage to her than the profoundest scholarship in Greek and Latin. A loving familiarity with English literature will do more to make her an entertaining hostess and a pleasing companion than any [illegible] attainments in [illegible] or [illegible]

Two young people of Catlettsburg, Kentucky, were married in fun. Now they are told that it is a binding marriage, and they are repenting at leisure. The bride is the daughter of General Greene Clay Smith. The groom is the editor of a Democratic newspaper, and was engaged to be married to another lady. It is understood that proceedings in divorce will be begun at once. Moral—Don't marry unless you mean business.

Fiduciary Notice.

The following fiduciary accounts are before me for settlement.

C. L. Austin adm'r of Florence M. Austin dec'd.

S. B. Hannah Ex'or of Barbora A. Gum.

L. M. McCLANTIC, Com'r of Accts.

NOTICE.

I will not hereafter sell mill stuff on credit, and all who owe me will please come forward and settle their accounts at once and save further trouble.

Flour $2.50 per 100 lbs and corn 75cts per bu.

GEO. H. McGLAUGHLIN.
Edray.

Administrator's Notice.

All parties holding claims against David McGlaughlin dec'd., are required to present the same at once to his administrator for payment, and all parties indebted to said David McGlaughlin are required to come forward at once and settle up.

Respectfully,
URIAH HEVENER,
Adm'r of David McGlaughlin dec'd.
June20 4-w Green Bank W. Va.

Order of Publication

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of the County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, on the first day of July, 1889.

R. S. Turk............ Plaintiff.

vs.

Geo. W. McDannald, John A. McDanald, Rebecca A. McDannald, Geo. C. McDannald and E. B. McDanald... Defendants.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of the above styled suit is to have a division of 1,[illegible] and 167 acres of land lying on the head waters of Elk river in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, owned jointly by the plaintiff and the Defendants, and until such division is had, to enjoin the defendants and all others from cutting or removing any merchantable timber from the said lands or otherwise to commit waste thereon, and it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendants, Geo. W. McDannald, John A. McDannald, Rebecca A. McDannald, George C. McDannald E. B. McDannald are non residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. [illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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Half col'n	8 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

July 11, 1889.

[Continued from first page.]

from her house in Italy and shipped to New York. After many years she had been traced and returned to her parents. She had fled from Geoffrey's presence because ashamed of her humble origin and parentage, believing the padrone to be her father, and had been rescued immediately afterwards.

In Italy she had been educated, previously exacting from her father a promise that as soon as her education was completed he would bring her to New York.

Such a story could have but one sequel—a happy marriage. It was assuredly a happy one, and soon after it Geoffrey commenced the twin picture.—N. Y. Mercury.

"Too Many Of Them."

When the First Napoleon was asked why he did not make war against the Chinese, he curtly replied: "Too many of them."

The time is at hand when the bright young American who is making his choice of a profession or a line of business should give the same answer when asked why he does not join the great army of lawyers.

According to David Dudley Field, there are altogether too many lawyers in this country. In 1880 we had 50,000,000 people and 70,000 lawyers, one lawyer to each 715 people. Now, in France, the same year, 40,000,000 people had only 6,000 lawyers, or one to each 6,667 of population.

The point is made that with our disproportionate number of lawyers many members of the profession naturally drift into the practice of stirring up speculative law-suits. In this way we are all the time swelling our volume of litigation. Decisions increase, the reports become more numerous. The successful lawyer is no longer the one who is well grounded in legal principles—he is simply the pains-taking man whose industry and physical strength enable him to hunt through hundreds of reports to find a precedent exactly fitting the case in hand.

This is Mr. Field's view of the present status of the legal profession, and it is not encouraging. Fortunately, in this age the law is not the only attractive field for intellectual young men. The rapid strides of physical science have made it plain that it is honorable and profitable to apply brain work to agricultural and hundreds of other forms of hand-work. The progressive farmer, the skilled mechanic, the successful civil-engineer or architect stand as well to-day, and have as many opportunities of rising in the world, as the most favored lawyers, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred their chances of securing a good living are infinitely better.

Some of our ambitious young men will do well to consider this view of the situation.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Labor World.

Most of the silk mills are crowded.

Chinese boatmen make $10 and $13 per year.

The demand for sailors is greater than the supply.

Locksmiths in London earn from $6 to $10 a week.

A German servant-maid receives from $20 to $70 a year.

A boot and shoe factory is to be built at Cedartown, Ga.

A party of 250 American engineers are traveling in europe.

The Paris cabmen are a powerful body, politically and otherwise.

The prejudice against labor organizations are fast disappearing.

Strikes are almost unheard of in New Hampshire and North Carolina.

Since 1886 three attemps have been made to organize a drug clerk's union.

The bricklayers in Birmingham, England, are earning from $8 to $10 a week.

The use of Cuban hematites for steel-making in the South is being agitated.

The profit sharing idea is gaining ground in some of the large cities of the West.

There are trade unions in China. A skilled workman doesn't make over $4 per month.

Paper mill building is going ahead faster than ever and there is a great rush for machinery.

The National association of Train Dispatchers has just held its annual session at Indianapolis.

During the summer the glass manufacturers will make extensive improvements in their plants.

There is but little trouble in the labor circles just at present outside of the mining and steel industries.

The Day County (Ind.) miners have asked the Governor to issue an appeal to the public for aid for them.

Drivers employed by express companies now get on an average $65 a month; truckmen about 50 a month.

There is great activity at present in the ship-building yards all over England, and new workmen are constantly being taken on.

Seattle, Washington Territory, which recently visited by a disastrous fire, is giving work to all men who want it at $2 a day.

Statisticians estimate that there are over 3,000,000 women in this country who are engaged in work which is not domestic. Of this number 275 are ministers and seventy-five are lawyers.

At a delegate convention of railroad miners of Western Pennsylvania in Pittsburg a committee was appointed to draft resolutions demanding that coal operators discontinue their stores.

Podsnap (to neighbor Bjones)—"My daughter Angie will be home from the conservatory next week. She has completed her musical education."

Bjones—"How delighted we shall be! You will have a houseful of visitors all the time, and Miss Angie's entrancing strains will hold us spellbound. Your charming daughter is a veritable prodigy."

"Bjones (ten minutes afterward, to his wife)—"Don't distribute that cat poison just now, Maria. The Podsnap howler is expected home next week. I'll go to town and see if I can rent a dozen cats for the season. I'm bound to enjoy some rest!"

"Who was that you bowed to on the car?" she asked of her friend, as they stood in a store-door on Woodward avenue.

"That's Katie ———."

"How sweetly she bowed back."

"Yes, we love each other dearly. When her father died last year I was the only friend she had thoughtful enough to count the carriages and tell her there were forty-seven."

Farm and Garden Notes.

Toads are the gardener's friends.

Clover stubble is good chicken pasture.

The cedar bird is a great devourer of cranker worms.

Excitement reduces the milk flow.

Don't let the cows be hurried from pasture.

Insect remedies are of little avail unless applied promptly, with due persistence and care.

A beekeeper says he knows of no other single plant from which the bees gather so much polen as from the box cider.

A quart of oilmeal and bran a day will make a marketable lamb out of a poor one in a month or two, affirms Farm Journal.

A crop of beans will ripen in time to escape the late frost if planted June 20, says W. H. Bull in American Garden; then string beans are assured to September 15.

Unless you have some choice birds from which you wish to breed next year, dispose of all cocks as soon as the breeding season is over. They are only an expense and an annoyance.

Steer clear of leaky roofs, broken windows and drafts generally, and all other condition that generate roup unless you are studying for the veterinary profession and want lots of practice.

Feed your fowls systematically two or three times a day; scatter the food, so they can't eat too fast or without proper exercise. Do not feed more than they will eat up clean, or they will get tired of that kind of feed.

The public taste, it is said, is being steadily educated to demand fresh butter. As a result it each year becomes more difficult to handle held summer stock. The farmer who keeps abreast with the popular taste is most likely to reap the pecuniary benefits arising there from.

One of the sad things connected with the hard times in Persia is the fact that many men with from fifteen to twentyfive wives have had to reduce the number to three or four.

"You wish to marry one of my daughters? The youngest will get 15,000 marks, the second 30,000 and the oldest 45,000." "You don't happen to have one still older?"

Returned traveler: "Mr. Richman could draw his check for a million when I left. How much money has he by this time?" Citizen: "He hasn't any." "Eh! Why—Did he fail?" "No; he died."

Miggs: "I hear a policeman was killed yesterday in the discharge of his duty." Bliggs: "He probably didn't know it was loaded."

Mrs. [illegible]rest—What is your attitude toward Wagner's art, professor. Professor Baldwin—Hands over my ears.

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have had fathers who relieved them of all responsibility.

Oldmanson—Have a telephone, Biggs? Biggs—No, I am not on speaking terms with the company. Their rates are too high.

The man who was blown thirty feet in the air out in a Pennsylvania town, while repairing a natural gas main, remarked that he had been thrown out of work.

A.—Can you let me have five dollars? I left all my money at home and I haven't a cent with me. B.—Sorry I can't lend you the five dollars, but here is a nickel car fare. Now you can ride home and get your money.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, July 18, 1889. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. No. 52.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

Wearied

I am weary—so weary;
Tired of the cares and sorrows of life—
Tired of longing for something beyond me—
Tired of bustle and din and strife—
Tired of this striving, all vainly, to win
Something to make our life sweeter and better,
Tired of battling temptation and sin;
Life at its worst is a wearisome fetter.

I am weary—most weary;
Day after day I've toiled in vain;
Toiled and hoped that the night would come quickly,
Bringing me rest for my labor again;
Came the slow night, but my cares never ended;
Always they clustered my hearthstone about,
Came, not alone, but by others attended,
Filling my soul with their darkness and doubt.

I am weary, so weary—
Sitting alone at the close of the day,
Looking out over the meadow lands dreary,
Over and over I softly say,
After the night falls the morn dawneth fairly,
After the storm shall the sun shine again.
Hearts be thou strong, for brave hearts perish rarely
Fight nobly, grandly the battle with men.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Joe Bardette.

If you had told any or all of the boys on the Chicago and Overland railroad that Engineer Joe Burdette was sentimental or soft, not one of them would have believed you—that is to say, they would have believed nothing of the kind until quite recently, when something occurred about which, gentle reader, you are supposed to know nothing until duly enlighteded by the narrative.

Joe has run a locomotive over the C. & O. ever since the road was built twenty years ago. He now pulls the fastest and most important mail and passenger trains, and his name heads the list on the engineers pay roll. He has always been known and recognized as a skillful mechanic, a faithful, steady and reliable man, with nerves of steel and eyes like an eagle's; he has, from the first, attended dilgently to his duties, seldom lost time on his run—and has always been respectful to his superiors, courteous to his equals and kind to his subordinates.

And yet during all these twenty years, the C. & O. "boys" felt that Joe Bardette had never been really one of themselves, and were constrained to confess that they knew very little about him.

But there was a little romance connected with Engineer Burdette and a good deal of sentiment has woven itself into his life's history.

Before Joe went to the C. & O., he was a promising young knight of the throttle in the service of a railroad company whose line ran eastward from Chicago. He was a very young man—not yet twenty-four—and with all the depth and intensity of a quiet, earnest nature he loved (even more than he loved his profession) a fair, sweet girl. And when pretty Anna Redman showed a preference for, and finally married the handsome but "ne'er-do-well" Dick Pender, Joe Burdette loved her not one whit the less. He was bitterly and sorely disappointed himself, and he was, in a manly way genuinely and honestly sorry for the girl; for he could, not but think that Dick Pender would deteriorate instead of improve. But Joe said never a word to Anna or to Pender or to any one else; only he resolved not to lose sight of the one woman who might have made him supremely happy.

Too soon Joe Burdette's expectations in regard to Dick Pender proved true. A little child, a girl, was born to Anna; but instead of awakening feelings of fatherly and husbandly pride in Pender, the advent of the little one seemed to start the thoughtless and unprincipled young man on a headlong career to the "dogs." It almost broke Joe Burdette's heart (for he had a large, tender heart under his greasy blue blouse) as he perceived that things were going from bad to worse with Penders; and the consciousness that he could not proffer any practical assistance to poor Anna only made it all the harder for him to bear. At last the worst came. The once beautiful and light-hearted girl died, and more's the pity, died of starvation and neglect.

Burdette did not learn the fate of his old love until she had been several days in her grave, and when he set about to discover the shameless father and his luckless babe, both had disappeared—no one knew whither. Joe looked up a shrewd private detective, to whom he took two hundred dollars of his savings, which he thrust into the hands of the professional solver of many social riddles. To the detective Burdette told his story. "Find the babe," said he, "and obtain her father's consent to let me keep her, and I will give you two hundred dollars more."

But neither money or skill were of any avail, and gradually Joe Burdette gave up all hopes of adopting Anna Redman's baby girl.

Six years passed away, and on a pleasant day in summer Burdette, enjoying a 'lay-off,' strolled through the busy streets of the great Western metropolis. As he sauntered along he came upon the entrance to the central police station and prompted by mere curiosity, entered the court-room. The court was at that moment considering the deposition of a little waif, brought in from one of Chicago's bustling highways by a burly police officer. The tiny wanderer was a flaxenhaired girl with huge blue eyes and chubby hands—without hat or shoes and with but one ragged and soiled garment about the little body; so dirty and so neglected—yet wondrously fair and beautiful!

The child was, perhaps, seven years old, or less, and she said that her name was Anna—that was all she knew. But Joe Burdette knew more; he knew, beyond a peradventure, that she was the child of his old love, the child of Dick Pender's dead wife.

"Your honor," said Joe, hat in hand, addressing the court.

"What is it?" asked his honor, who, besides being a judge of fine points of criminal law, was an expert judge of human nature had rightly passed a verdict of honest and square upon Joe Burdette.

"I should like to adopt that child, if possible," replied the engineer; and half an hour later, Burdette's references proving highly satisfactory to the court, he walked out of the police station leading by the hand Anna Redman's little girl.

The division headquarters of that portion of the Chicago & Overland road, over which Joe Burdette steered his locomotive were at Steamville, a small but busy railway town, and thither the engineer took his young ward.

Everybody said that Joe Burdette was crazy; but somehow nobody ventured to audibly express his opinions on that matter to Joe himself. "The boys" and the neighbors thought a good deal and compared notes among themselves; while the womenfolk were agreed that Joe was making a fool of himself over a little stray-away young [illegible] who might be—well, the Lord only knew who or what she might be!

Whether Joe suspected the opinions, expressed and unexpressed, of his various neighbors, certain it was that he took much comfort in little Anna, and certain it is, too that the child dearly loved Joe, or Dad, as she called him. With Burdette nothing was too good for the child, not even his locomotive. On fine days he frequently took the little girl into his cab, showing her every detail of the workings of his iron steed and explaining the way and the wherefore of each part just as though she had been apprenticed. Indeed, Burdette insisted that she was, and to his chief he declared (when Anna was not ten years old) that his "little'un" knew more about locomotives than half the firemen on the Chicago & Overland, and as much as some of the engineers!

Nine years had passed since Joe's memorable visit to the Chicago police court, and "Burdette's girl" was fast passing from girlhood to womanhood, but she was still the engineer's baby and Joe was still Dad to her.

There was a strike in progress on the Chicago & Overland, though it did not directly involve the engineers. Among other classes of the employes there exisited much bitterness of feeling toward the company and excitement ran high in Steamville.

Joe Burdette, who honestly believed the strikers, in this particular instance, to be in the wrong, showed them scant sympathy and proposed (with the brotherhood) to stay by the company and his locomotive. This made the strikers exceedingly angry and, as a consequence, Anna was constantly fearful of some harm befalling Joe, or the dearly-loved engine—or both.

One night when Burdette had to pull mail train number four out of Steamville, Anna, in a strange but earnest manner, begged permission to accompany him.

"Why, my dear little girl," said Joe, that can hardly be. No—you stay at home and have breakfast ready on my return."

But the girl entreated with remarkable persistance, though she could give no good or logical reason for her wish. At last Burdette yielded, and when Number Four pulled out of Steamville there was a girl, wrapped in a big shawl, huddled like a bundle on Joe's seat in the cab. She hid herself thus so that Joe's enemies might not report him for carrying a passenger on his engine, and she remained in her hiding place while Joe with his hand on the lever and his eye set straight ahead, guided the throbbing locomotive through the misty darkness of a November night over the intricate maze of main tracks, side tracks, switches and sidings of the great Steamville yard.

They had got about one mile from the depot, and were still crawling very slowly through the yard filled with idle cars, when Burdette missed his fireman who had gone to the tender to throw down some coal. Still keeping his hand on the lever, Joe peered through the leather curtain and, as he did so, was rudely dragged from the locomotive by strong arms, wielded by two of the desperate and revengeful strikers.

In another moment, Anna, who was wide awake, had grasped the situation. She understood, perfectly, that the intention of the rascals who had kidnapped Burdette and his fireman was to allow mail train No. 4 to proceed on its way—unguided and unfettered—to rush with increasing speed to certain destruction. But the girl was equal, and more than equal, to the occasion. She was bright as a dollar and smart as a whip and, as Burdette had frequently asserted, she knew as much about a locomotive as many of the engineers on the Chicago & Overland. She now saw an opportunity to save Joe's reputation, as well as to make one for herself; she also saw the chance—nay the imperative need—to save the old locomotive and many lives and so to frustrate the vile plans of the unprincipled strikers.

How she did it not even the girl herself could tell after the exciting time was past. The mail train was scheduled to run over the division without a stop, and run it did. For three hours the plucky girl stood in the cab guiding the train through all its dangers, both seen and unseen. She peered ahead thro the darkness, she watched the steam guage, and anon shoveled coal into the furnace like an old-time fireman. It was hard work and the hours were of well nigh interminable length; but the end came, and mail train No. 4 rolled into Chicago on time.

To-day the boys hardly call Joe Burdette "crazy," and they are willing to admit that Joe ought to have a "soft spot" for the girl who did so bravely on that eventful night. Nor is one of the Chicago & Overland employes jealous of the fact that upon the pay-roll of the C. & O. engineers appears, each recurring mouth, the name of Anna Pender.

Cuba, the Smile of the Sea.

Nearly four centuries ago Columbus, the adventurous, in the blessed island of Cuba, saw happy people with rolled leaves between their lips. Above their heads were little clouds of smoke. Their faces were serene, and in their eyes the autumnal heaven of content. These people were kind, innocent, gentle and loving.

The climate of Cuba is the friendship of the earth and air, and of this climate the sacred leaves were born—the leaves that breed in the mind of him who uses them the cloudless, happy days in which they grew.

These leaves make friends and celebrate with rites the voice of peace. They have given consolation to the world. They are the companions of the lonely, the friends of the imprisoned, of the exiled, of workers in mines, of fellers of forests, of sailors on the desolate seas; they are the givers of strength and calm to the vexed and wearied minds of those who build with thought and dream the temples of the soul.

They tell of hope and rest. They smooth the wrinkled brows of care—drive fears and misshapen dreads from out the mind and fill the heart with rest and peace. Within their magic warp and woof some potent, gracious spell imprisoned lies, that, when released by fire doth softly steal within the fortress of the brain and bind in sleep the captured sentinels of care and grief.

These leaves are the friends of the fireside, and their smoke, like incense rises from myriads of happy homes.

Cuba is the smile of the sea.—R. G. Ingersoll, in Cuba.

A Confederate monument at Manassas, Va., will be dedicated August 30.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

July 18, 1889.

NEWS FOR WORKING MEN.

"There are more laboring men in Pennsylvania to-day without regular employment than at any time within the last ten years,"

The above remark from a gentleman living in Pennsylvania, who has been for a short time in Pocahontas County looking after large investments here, is noted for consideration.

The Overshadowing Issue.

The Chicago Tribune, the Philadelphia Press, and in fact all the republican papers of the north, appear to have an idea that the questions of "high tariff, low tariff, or no tariff," are disturbing the harmony of the south, and splitting the democratic party into four or five small pieces.

With this imaginary state of affairs on their minds, the organs are going ahead indulging in the most gleeful anticipation of the day when the solid south will be broken into fragments, and several states snugly at home in the bosom of the republican party.

Such fatuousness as this is worthy of attention, if only for the amusement it affords those who thoroughly understand the situation. The republican organs get their cue from those democratic newspapers which, by reason of their ignorance and prejudice, have been engaged in a futile effort to make the tariff the test of democracy.

But the organs ought to perceive that there is no longer any serious attempt on the part of any respectable democratic journal to read other democrats out of the party. Brother Waterson is no longer the obstreperously vengeful kicker that he was, and the idea is gradually dawning on all democrats, of whatever shade of opinion, that the democratic party is a bigger thing than any single issue that can be mentioned. So far as the south is concerned, its people (as the Richmond Dispatch observes) are in no condition to disturb themselves over high tariff, low tariff or no tariff. They are confronted by an issue vastly more important and more pressing than any branch of the tariff question. That issue is the negro problem, and it will continue to remain the one issue, so far as the south is concerned, as long as the republican party remains the party of sectionalism and bourbonism.

The northern people, it may be observed, deal with this negro problem as they please when it affects their own interests. Thus Chicago will not allow negroes to act as the trustees of its public schools, and there are white people in Ohio—and republicans at that—who are willing to violate a state law rather than allow negro children to attend the white schools.

But when it comes to the south, the northern people seem to be of the opinion that the negro problem should be settled from the outside—and it is this disposition that will keep the south solid in the face of all other issues.—Atlanta Constitution.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON July, 12.—Political sensations and very warm weather do not usually go together in Washington, but this week is an exception, for although the thermometer has been dancing around in the nineties all the week we have had a real genuine sensation. At first it was given out that Secretary Noble had peremptorily removed Pension Commissioner Tanner on account of the way in which he had been running the Pension Office. It was stated that Tanner had resigned because the Secretary had reprimanded him and Assistant Secretary Bussey. Both of these reports turned out to have been wrong. Mr. Tanner has neither been removed, nor has he resigned. But one or the other may yet occur, as the relations between the Secretary and the Commissioner are decidedly strained. The day after Tanner's return from his western trip he received a summons from Secretary Noble to come at once to his private office. Arrived there he found Assistant Secretary Bussey, who has charge of the appeals from the pension office and who is in sympathy with the Commissioners ideas, and Secretary Noble. An animated discussion was at once begun with Tanner and Bussey on one side, and Noble on the other. It is said that the Secretary gave them both to understand in the plainest sort of language, that they were subordinates of his. And right here is, I understand, the root of the whole trouble. The Secretary has no serious objection to anything that Tanner has done, but he objects to Tanners way of doing them. He wants the facts impressed on the mind of the public that the pension bureau is a part of the department of the Interior, and that he (Noble) is at the head of that department.

Mr. Harrison has gone to join his family at Deer Park. It is given out at the White House that he will spend very little time here for the rest of the warm weather, not over two days a week at the outside. This taken to mean that very few Presidential appointments will be made between now and September.

Public Printer Palmer has taken his cue from the President and is going very slow in making new appointments. He has just made the most important in his gift chief clerk, and the members of his party do not like it, although the gentleman appointed is a republican. Mr. Collins the lucky man, entered the office as an apprentice, served his time and was afterwards detailed for clerical work. He has been for several years head book keeper and was not an applicant for the chief clerkship.

Mr. Harrison has postively refused to give office seekers the names of parties that make charges against them. He says to do so would be to frighten other people and prevent their telling him of bad things they might know about future applicants.

Secretary Blaine will be represented at the State department until September by his son, Walker, who returned from Bar Harbor this week. I understand that Mr. Harrison will visit Mr. Blaine at Bar Harbor as soon as he can find time to map out his first message to Congress.

A new division has been established in the department of Agriculture and Wm. Hill, a Minnesota editor has been put in charge of it. Mr. Hill's duties will be to condense and simplify the reports and bulletins issued by the department, so that they may be understood by those not familiar with technical and scientific terms.

Senator Quay's friend, Tom Cooper has captured the Collectorship of the port of Philadelphia.

Secretary Windom has prohibited the use of the steam plate printing presses in the Bureau of Engraving and printing notwithstanding the offer of the owners of them to accept the royalty named by Congress—One cent per thousand impressions. They received $1.00 per thousand previous to July.

Washington is to have another attraction added to the many it already possesses. The historic old line-of-battle ship "Constitution" is to be brought from Portsmouth New Hampshire, where she now is, to the Washington Navy Yard, when she will be used as a receiving ship. The Constitution has a proud history.

The department of the Interior announces that no more appointments will be made in the Census bureau until September.

Discharges of minor officials in the departments here are quite frequent just now.

The Civil Service Commission was in New York City nearly all this week.

Secretary Rusk denies that Gen. Felix Agnus of the Baltimore *American* gave him a blooded horse, as was published.

The prize-fight about which all the ruffians of two continents and a very large minority of educated gentlemen have been thinking and talking for the last month came off, and to day Sullivan is the undisputed champion of the world.

Mrs. ex President John Tyler died in Richmond, Va., on the evening of the 10th.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Va., on the first Monday in [illegible]

[illegible] Plaintiff,

vs.

[illegible] Joseph W. [illegible] and [illegible] Defendants

IN CHANCERY.

[illegible]

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Clk.

[illegible], [illegible]
July 18-4t. Printers fee $ 6.00.

MASONIC NOTICE.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 65, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—Correspondents please write regularly.

—Go to Jacob Boner's for all kinds of fruit jars, cheap.

—Thanks to Mr. C. R. Mathews for more papers from Neb.

—Patronize your home paper and keep posted on local news.

—Hugh Dever, Esq., was in town yesterday.

—Z. C. Alderson, of Alderson was in Huntersville last week.

—This is the 7th annual birthday of THE TIMES.

—Read the letter this week from Cheyenne, Wyo. Ty.

—We will begin the financial statement of the County next week.

—Sullivan will Kilrain if he fights him again.

—Deputy Sheriff L. W. Herold, was in town Monday.

—Wm H. Grose went to Covington Monday. We don't know whether he went to the show or not.

—Reports from all over the State show that crops generally, are good.

—Freddie Beard, who has been in the Levels for some time came up Sunday, accompanied by Joe McNeel Esq., of that place.

—Married, Mr. Jas. R. Webb to Miss Lillie F. Jackson, by Rev. M. M. Everly at the M. P. Parsonage on Beaver creek.

—Atty. H. S. Rucker and family started Tuesday morning for an extended visit to their parents in Lewisburg and near Lynchburg.

—We want a correspondent at Green Bank and at Edray and will give in consideration THE TIMES as long as you correspond, and furnish stationary and stamps.

—Jno. W. Johnson, Jno. B. Williamson, J. H. Lindan, G. W. Lucas, J. G. Kuykendall, of Baltimore were in Huntersville, since our last issue.

—We understand by several different parties, that we have sold THE TIMES office, but we don't believe it, as we have never offered it for sale, and don't expect to offer for sale.

—Mrs. M. C. Early, who has been visiting her parents at this place for some time past, started for her home in Union this morning (Wednesday) accompanied by her brother J. C. Loury Jr.

—The big strike that was about to take place in the Carnegie Iron works at Pittsburg, has subsided; the men agreeing to have their wages cut to 20 instead of 25 per cent.

—Johnstown N. Y. was visited by a cloud burst last week in which a few persons lost their lives and much damage to property was done. Johnstown seems to be an ill-fated name.

—The Rev. Wm. T. Price held his protracted meeting at this place commencing last Saturday morning and continued until Tuesday night, during which time he preached a series of excellent sermons to a large and appreciative audience.

—Chas. Bruce of Mingo Flats, was arrested and brought before Justice Grose at this place last Saturday charged with having driven a flock of sheep under the bridge to avoid the toll, and was bound over in the sum of $100 to appear here at the October term of the court to answer indictment.

—Messrs. Jno. Driscol and Porter Kinports, with their families, were in town Tuesday.

County Court Notes.

Levi Gay, late sheriff, made a full settlement with the Court.

It was ordered that the Burnside and Laurel creek road be opened.

That the Buck's mountain road be established.

J. W. Bolten, tendered his resignation of the County Infirmary, and was accepted.

That the poor farm be advertised for rent.

That the citizens of the county be allowed to take the Marlinton bride and road, on which Jas. Gibson is toll collector, by the year.

That the new piece of road near Lockridge ford be let to contract.

That Geo. W. Wagner, expend, not exceeding $75.00, in repairing the road from M. D. McGlaughlin's to the top of the Alleghany mountain.

A rule was awarded against Jas. Gibson, returnable at the next term of the Court to show cause why he did not comply with his contract in making the road around the mountain above M. D. McGlaughlin's.

That John E. Campbell, Pub. of POCAHONTAS TIMES be awarded the contract for the county printing for the sum of $45.00 per year, from July, 1889.

That an additional span of 90 feet be put to the bridge across Knapp's creek, at Huntersville, and the same to be advertised for contract.

A rule was awarded against M. J. McNeel, sheriff, returnable at the next term of the Court to show cause why he or his deputy did not attend the sessions of the Court.

A rule awarded at a former term of the court against W. H. Cackley late sheriff of the county to show cause why he should not be proceeded against for failure to settle with the Court is enlarged and returnable at the next term of the Court.

Note by the Way.

July 10 1889, it was the writer's pleasant duty to visit another portion of our great county, where he had never been.

It was on the head waters of Stony creek, where Mr. Coombs resides.

A happy party of fifty or more persons had assembled to witness the nuptials of two worthy young people Mr. John L. McNeill and Miss Louella Forrest Snyder.

An interesting feature was the presence of a number of sunbrowned stalwart young men from the neighboring harvest fields, in their work day dress.

About 3 p. m. the marriage vows were pronounced by Wm. T. Price.

Miss Cora Coombs, and Annie Carter were in waiting as Brides maids, attended by Messrs Lee Carter and Silas Barlow.

The young people presented a fine appearance on the floor.

A very excellent dinner was served, and it was greatly enjoyed by the numerous and orderly guests.

Mr. Coombs deserves, grateful recognition for the pleasure afforded by the happy occasion, on the part of all present.

W. T. P.

There is no foolishness about the newspaper business out west. They believe in "calling a spade a spade" out there, judging from the following which is said to have appeared in a Salem, Oregon, paper recently: "If John Jones, who twenty years ago deserted his wife and babe, will return, said babe will lick the stuffin' out of him."

Robert Bonner, of New York, has been refused his offer of $65,000 for the three year-old trotter Axtell, which broke the record Tuesday at Minneapolis.

Letter from Wyoming.

EDITOR TIMES: I have received many inquiries from friends in Pocahontas, relative to the character of this country and its inhabitants. If you will grant me space in your columns for a few items, intended as an answer to all, I promise to be as brief as my limited knowledge of newspaper correspondence will permit. To give in detail, a description of Wyoming its advantages and disadvantages, in one letter, would not only be asking too much space, but would worry your readers. I will therefore, as a preliminary letter, simply give you a brief sketch of Cheyenne, in which place I have been living for the past two months, and which, from its rapid advancement after its first settlement in 1867, has gained the title of "The Magic City of the Plains." It is the capital of Wyoming, and the county seat of Laramie County. Its geographical position is at the very gateway of the Territory, being located about forty miles from the western line of Nebraska, and about twelve miles north of Colorado, with an attitude of six thousand feet. It is the commercial center of Wyoming, and headquarters of the great cattle ranges of the West; being always noted for the wealth and enterprise of its citizens. The city is on the line of the Union Pacific, the junction of the Denver Pacific, Cheyenne and Northern and the present terminus of the Cheyenne and Burlington Railways. The Union Pacific has recently completed one of the handsomest union depots in the West, at a cost of over $100,000; being 226 feet long by 55 feet wide, and constructed of rough stone with an imposing tower 128 feet high.

The Cheyenne and Burlington own a depot built of brick and stone, at a cost of $90,000. The general shops of the Union Pacific have recently been located at Cheyenne, involving the expenditure of several millions of dollars and the employment of fifteen hundred men.

The City has an extensive system of water works; the latest, and most approvied sewerage system, which extends over seven miles of streets; fire department and fire alarm system; telephone exchange; and incandescent electric lighted streets and buildings, besides gas for general use; has fine business blocks; elegant private residences; eleven churches; four banks; three daily, and four weekly newspapers; a capitol building, to cost when completed, $300,000; three public school buildings, valued at $100,000, and another authorized to be built at a cost of $17,000, a convent school; a territorial asylum for the deaf, dumb and blind; a county hospital, and various municipal buildings. Fort Russell, three miles west of Cheyenne, has recently been enlarged by an expenditure of over $200,000, and is now a permanent military post, the largest, and most important in the department of the Platte, Camp Carlin is located about midway between the City and Fort Russell, and is the Government supply depot for various military stations in this department.

All streets within the city limits have a uniform width of eighty feet and people who are accustomed to the dilapidated condition of plank side walks, view with delight the miles of smooth stone flagging and cement sidewalks that line almost every street of the city. The beauty of the streets and avenues, is greatly enhanced by the bright green turf on either side of the walks, and, together with the long straight lines of trees, forms an agreeable feature of the City's landscape. No large expenditure will ever be required here for pavement for nature has provided roads equal to the smooth gravel walks of any park. The number of pretty lakes and broad, smooth boulevards and avenues, and the well clipped lawns afford every facility for adornment, and together with the cool, fresh air in summer, and the absence of the mosquito and other little plagues, make Cheyenne a desireable summer resort. But with its many attractions, I must not fail to note some of its disadvantages and unattractive elements. Under this heading will come the high cost of living, the cost and trouble of irrigation, high taxes, and the strong wind that blows almost incessantly; sometimes compelling small fragments of stone to rise and pelt their victims in such a manner, that one might imagine himself among the arrows of the Indians. Every state in the Union and many foreighn nations are represented among the inhabitants of the City, which aggregate about 10,000; but the principal portion are from the Middle, Western and New England states, which, from their culture, refinement and sociability, indicate a high degree of civilization. At another time, I may dwell longer upon the social qualities of the people. The booming of artillery at Fort Russell in honor of our national independence, has called me to a halt, and I am admonished that my letter has already grown too long. If not taxing your patience too much, I may in the future, communicate such thoughts as may suggest themselves relative to other subjects of interest in this country.

Very Respectfully,
EULA J. YEAGER.

Cheyene July 4 1889.

SUICIDE FOR A LOST BRIDE.—Washington, July 7.—About three o'clock this morning a southern bound fast freight train was dashing rapidly under the wooden archway leading to the long bridge over the Potomac River when the engineer was startled by the sight of a young man throwing himself before the engine, which in a moment struck him and crushed his life out. The train was stopped immediately and the body picked up and turned over to the police, who, by means of papers in the dead man's pockets, identified him as Artie Shirley.

Shireley, who is about twenty-four years of age, was employed up to about a month ago in Richmond, Va., as a tile layer and was engaged to be married to a young lady of that city. She died about a month ago, after a sudden illness, and Shirely gave up his employment and came to Washington. He has been despondent and allowed his grief to take entire possession of him.—Staunton Spectator.

Sullivan and Kilrain

The prize fight between John L. Sullivan, of Boston, and Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore, which has had a world-wide advertisement, for the championship of the world, came off 100 miles from New Orleans on the eighth. The ring was pitched on a private estate called Richburg. The fight commenced at 10 o'clock and lasted until 1—three hours and 75 rounds. Sullivan showed himself the better man throughout the engagement Indeed, had Kilrain stood up fairly, the fight would not have lasted half hour. As it was, there were 75 rounds fought, in the last of which Kilrain's man threw up the sponge and gave up the fight. Kilrain was knocked down square 28 times—Sullivan not once. Sullivan proved himself the better man as a wrestler, a boxer, as a tactician, and for endurance. In fact, it was no match at all. The fight was ostensibly for $20,000 and the championship of the world. Large amounts of money changed hands. Neither of the men were seriously injured. Both were bruised considerably—Kilrain the severest, with a broken nose.

Jem Smith, the Champion of England has challenged John L.

Go to John Wurts & Co, Frankford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. may 9-12t

John Wurts & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be here during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. may 9 12t

Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made of John Wurts & Co. Frankford, W. Va may 9 12

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.

UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

Fiduciary Notice.

The following fiduciary accounts are before me for settlement.
C. L. Austin Adm'r of Florence M. Austin dec'd.
S. B. Hannah Ex'or of Barbora A. Gum.
L. M. MCCLINTIC, Com'r of Accts.

WANTED.

500lb of dry sang.
Address BRISON HILL
Jacox, W. Va.

GOOD FLOUR.

2½ cts pr. pound, meal 75 cts per bushel at H. H. McClintic's mill, also his flour at A. Barlow's Huntersville, and Barlow & Moore's, Edray for 3 cts. mar. 28.

NOTICE.

I will not hereafter sell mill stuff on credit, and all who owe me will please come forward and settle their accounts at once and save further trouble.
Flour $2.50 per 100 lbs and corn 75cts per bu.
GEO. H. MCGLAUGHLIN.
Edray.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

I will run a hack from Huntersville to top Droop Mountain and make connection with hack running to Lewisburg. Will leave Huntersville daily at 6 a. m. Terms reasonable for passengers, baggage or express packages.
July 6th '89 R. V. PERKINS.

FOR THE BEST FURNITURE, CHAIRS AND FINEST TRIMED

in the county, go to
C. B. SWECKER,
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER.
Dunmore, W. Va.

Administrator's Notice.

All parties holding claims against David McGlaughlin dec'd., are required to present the same at once to his administrator for payment, and all parties indebted to said David McGlaughlin are required to come forward at once and settle up.

Respectfully,
URIAH HEVENER,
Adm'r of David McGlaughlin dec'd.
June20 4-w Green Bank W. Va.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit C[illegible] Clerk's office of the County of Po[illegible] tas, State of West Virginia, on [illegible] Monday of July, 1889.
R. S. Turk, ...
vs.
Geo. W. McDannald, [illegible]
Rebecca A. McDa[illegible]
nald and E. B. M[illegible]
IN [illegible]
The object [illegible]
to have a d[illegible]
acres of l[illegible]
of Elk r[illegible]
Virgin[illegible]
and th[illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
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Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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Huntersville, W. Va.

July 18, 1889.

The Ant and the Beetle.

From the Detroit Free Press.

One day while the ant was rolling a grain of corn over the ground a beetle happened along and inquired: "My industrious friend, why all this labor?" "I am working to get this grain of corn into my storehouse for the winter. I must have a store laid by or I shall starve." "But how foolish to work so hard for it. You don't see me sweating under the collar and yet I get along as well as most insects." "Yes, you are all right now because it is summer, but wait until the winter comes on. If you are idle now you will perish then." "Thanks, my dear ant, but don't worry over the undersigned. Call on me about the middle of January." Time passed on. The ant worked industriously to lay by a store, and, as the winter come on and she was congratulating herself on her foresight and prudence, the beetle came that way. He was fat and sleek and in fine spirits and he halted to say: "Morning, old Economy. How goes it?" I have two kinds of eatables laid by for the winter," replied the ant, "while you—" "While I am located in the governor's kitchen for the next six months and count on no less than seven kinds of food per day." "But how is that?" "Simply that I work with my mouth, while you work with your muscles. I talk politics, while you talk corn." Moral: Let's all talk politics.

A Cat Adopts A Rabbit.

Squire J. T. Molkey has a cat that possesses motherly affection, though she has never had any children of her own. The other day, in her rambles, she discovered a nest of young rabbits about the size of little kittens. So pussy grabbed one in her mouth and started home with it, her tail straight up in the air, manifesting a high degree of cat pride. For 24 hours she nestled and purred around the baby rabbit, as happy as a little girl with a doll. Finally some one of the [illegible] took the rabbit away, and [illegible] box where it could be [illegible] Mrs. Tabby mourned [illegible] baby, but after [illegible] and brought [illegible] the nest, [illegible] pride [illegible] found [illegible] her [illegible]

[illegible] the negro [illegible] as the south is [illegible] as the republican [illegible] party of sectionalism [illegible]

The northern people, [illegible] observed, deal with this [illegible] as they please when [illegible] their own interests. They [illegible] will not allow negroes to [illegible] trustees of the public schools [illegible] there are white people in [illegible] and republicans at that—[illegible] willing to violate a state law [illegible] as those allow negro children [illegible] tend the white schools.

But when it comes to the [illegible] the northern people seem to [illegible] the opinion that the negro [illegible] should be settled from the [illegible] —and it is this disposition [illegible]

A Set of Horrid Men.

It was a French painting and the subject was a beautiful young girl at her toilet. It was displayed in a Wabash avenue art store window and attracted much attention—mostly masculine. The pretty, piquant face, the rounded graceful figure clad but in semi-transparent skirts, a black corset clasping the trim waist, the plump arms raised above the head, and the slender hands busy with the coiffure, combined to make a decided attractive abject for the gaze of men.

Two shop girls sauntered along stopped and gazed at it, though, and made remarks, much to the amusement of several of the rude spectators who overheard them:

"Pretty isn't it?"

"Yes; but they hadn't ought to stick it out in a window."

"It's no'hing to show pictures you see everywhere."

"I know, but she's in her corset and ain't got a dress skirt on. She looks sort of naked," and they both giggled.

"That's a pretty skirt."

"Yes; lovely Valenciennes on the bottom; real swell corset too. I adore a black corset. I'm going to get one as soon as I've paid for my new dress. I know where you can get a lovely one for $2.75."

"What size do you wear?"

"Thirty four bust and small waist. I'm going to have mine with black lace around it, I believe. My dress is to be red, you know, and it's cut so you can turn it in square at the neck or wear it buttoned close. I'm going to get a pair of those yellow shoes, too. I saw a lovely pair for $3, patent leather trimmings. They'll look well with my new dress with black stockings."

"Say, look at that girl's stockings in the picture—extra length. She's got her garters above her knees, too. I wouldn't wear 'em that way."

"Neither would I. I always wear suspenders. Round garters spoil the shape.

But one of the horrid men burst into a convulsion of laughter, and the two girls, blushing and giggling at their unwitting betrayal of feminine confidences, walked rapidly down the street.—Chicago Mail.

The English Girl.

The English girl, observes a traveler in the Boston Herald, is romantic and submissive. While as full of sentiment as the ideal love letter tied with blue ribbon, she still regards man as her lord and master. She rarely dreams of disputing the supremacy of husband, father or even brother, and her privilege and pleasure is to minister unto them. She is so affectionate in her home circle that the average man need only to be admitted there to straitway fall head over heels in love with a girl who worships her fond father and disputes with her sisters the honor and delight of warming the paternal slippers. Even in "high stations" she takes her turn in making the tea and preparing the toast and superintending the breakfast generally—a task which mamma regulates to her daughters. The English girl breaths this engaging air of domesticity. Man doesn't say, "How she can waltz how well she looks at the opera; how she surpasses all of the other girls in the cotillion!" No matter to what advantage she may appear in evening dress under the soft radiance of the wax candles, what the most inveterate bachelor whispers to himself is this: "By George! what a wife she would make and what a home!"

James T. Quick, who was sentenced to a term of five years in [illegible] penitentiary from this county, [illegible] for the murder of Reuben [illegible] the Christmas previous, [illegible] been pardoned by the Governor. The application for pardon [illegible] supported by the Judge who tried the case, the Prosecuting Attorney and others, and also by the physician of the penitentiary—cause, long disease.—Independent.

Short and Sweet.

"Just back from America, Mr. Delange?"

"Ya'as."

"Blasted country?"

"Beastly."

"How's the people of New York?"

"Rabble."

"The business men?"

"Dabble."

"The wives and mothers?"

"Gabble."

"The girls?"

"Babble."

"And out West among the Indians——"

"Battle."

"And cowboys?"

"Cattle."

"And mining mills?"

"Rattle."

"And the nice country town people?"

"Tattle."

"Did you go far West?"

"Seattle."

"Any old mansions in America?"

"Flats."

"Who inhabit them?"

"Bats."

"What games prevail?"

"Ball bats."

"In the cities?"

"No, brickbats."

"Visit the prisons? What's the system?"

"Mush."

"And in the fondling asylums?"

"Hush."

"Many poets?"

"Gush."

"And the habits of the men?"

"Lush!"

Mrs. Stetson, wife of the operator of a little station in New Mexico, was sick and steadily growing worse. At last she said to her husband:

"Stet, that Dr.—— ain't helpin' me one sole bit. I'm gettin' worse every day."

"I know it, Alice; I know it. Don't appear like he's any good on earth."

"I tell you, Stet, I'm going to die. I feel it in my bones."

"Wal, Alice [with solemn earnestness and comfort], if you do I'll be damned if ever I pay the doctor."

"What's the occasion?" queried the tramp as he came to a dozen or more carriages before a house on Fourteenth avenue.

"Funeral," answered one of the drivers.

"Old or young?"

"Baby, believe."

"Good! I struck an old man out here for a quarter the other day and I was afraid the shock had killed him."

Pocahontas Times.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, July 25, 1889. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. No. 1

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. (C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.)
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

ALONE.

I miss you, my darling, my darling,
The embers burn low on the hearth;
And still is the air of the household,
And hushed is the voice of its mirth;
The rain plashes fast on the terrace,
The wind past the lattices moan,
The midnight chimes out from the minster,
And I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling;
I am tired with care and with fret;
I would nestle in silence beside you,
And all but your presence forget,
In the hush of the happiness given
To those who through trusting have grown
To the fullness of love in contentment;
But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling!
My voice echoes back on the heart;
I stretch my arms to you in longing,
And, lo! they fall empty apart;
I whisper the sweet words you taught me,
The words that we only have known,
Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter,
For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling!
With its yearning my very heart aches
The load that divides us weighs harder;
I shrink from the jar that it makes.
Old sorrows rise up to beset me;
Old doubts make my spirit their own.
Oh come through the darkness and save me
For I am alone.

— Robert J. Burdette.

Highland Nora

A rosy, checked lass, with great gray eyes and white dimpled arms, was gayly singing, as she wielded the churn dasher:

Hear what Highland Nora said:
"The Earlie's son I will not wed."

"Do you mean that, Nora?"

A young man thrust his head and shoulders in at an open window, resting his elbows on the low, old-fashioned sill.

"Do you mean it, Nora?" he repeated. Nora started in well-feigned surprise, and the rich blood dyed cheek and brow.

"Of course, I do," said she promptly, adding, "just as did that other Nora."

But the hint was entirely thrown away, for the young man only answered:

"Did she? I never read the poem But I have been thinking, Nora—"

"Indeed! Is it such a strange thing for the young 'squire to think?" the girl interrupted saucily.

"Don't laugh at me, my darling," said he, not heeding the indignant flash of the gray eyes. "You have said the same thing a great many times before, but somehow I always thought you did not mean it, and that you did love me, in spite of all. Now, Nora, I ask you for the last time, will you marry me?"

Nora did not answer; she was busy taking the butter out of the churn. As she placed it on the table she turned, facing him.

"I beg your pardon—what did you say? I was busy."

The young man bit his lips with vexation, but repeated his question.

Placing her hands behind her, assuming an attitude of defiance, Nora sang:

Hear what Highland Nora said:
"The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I;
For all the gold, for all the gear,
For all the lands both far and near,
That ever valor lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son!"

"But I mean it, Nora," he pleaded.

"And I, too—just as did that other Nora."

Guy Earlie turned his face away and closed his lips tightly a moment.

"Very well; I will never ask you again," said he, coldly.

The rich color faded from Nora's face, but she turned away that he might not notice it, and said tauntingly:

"Ah, that will be something new! I really don't see what you will find to talk of however."

Guy remained silent a short time then he spoke in an entirely different tone—one that made the girl stare in astonishment, so masterful it was.

"Nora' I shall take you boating this afternoon."

She hesitated.

"I did think of gathering ferns; but I'll go," she added graciously, as she thought of his words, "I will never ask you again."

"Thank you."

"Did he mean it?" the girl wondered as she watched him out of sight. "The goose! Why doesn't he read the poem and see what the other Nora meant?"

Meanwhile, Guy was saying:

"I know Nora loves me, she only wants to torment me. Never mind, my lady! I'll change the manner of my siege, and be commander-in-chief a while; you have occupied that position quite long enough." Then an amused smile broke from his lips. "How surprised she looked at my commanding tone! I expected her to refuse me."

After dinner, Nora donned her prettiest dress, a dainty gray, with ribbons the color of the sweet lips. Tying on her wide brimmed hat, she thought: I'll take my zinc-lined box for ferns, there are such lovely ones on the island: There," giving a parting nod to the face in the mirror, "you'll make him ask you again, my dear, this very afternoon!" she said, and smiling at her own conceit, tripped away.

She was purposely late.

It won't do for him to think I am too anxious to go," she had said.

To her surprise Guy was not there, anxiously pacing the sands and wondering at her delay.

"Where can he be?" she wondered. "I never knew him to be late before."

She waited nearly half an hour, expecting the young man every moment, then she grew angry.

"How lucky I brought my fern case! I'll go into the woods and pretend that I never came here at all."

Saying this, she turned to enter the forest, but hearing the tramp of horses drew back, hidden by the bushes. To her surprise they stopped quite near where she was hidden; she could see the animals, but not ther riders. Suddenly a woman's voice said:

"Guy you are sure your love is lasting?"

"Of course, Elsie; I should not have spoken of it otherwise," said the rich voice Nora knew so well.

Parting the bushes she looked through them eagerly. Yes, it was Guy! But the lovely creature by his side—who was she?"

Nora thought her the most beautiful woman she had ever seen. But she was speaking again. The girl moved forward a few steps in her eagerness to listen.

"How pretty the Hudson is today! See how calmly it flows—as if there were no such things as heartaches and disappointments."

Guy took the tiny hand that was laid on his arm.

"We will be happy yet, Elsie," he said.

As they turned the horses' heads and started homewards, Nora's face was pale and set.

"How dare he?" she cried. Then she moaned brokenly, "Oh, my love, why did you take me at my word? But he—he must have known her long ago, he called Elsie, and said they would yet be happy. He has only been trifling with me," she thought miserably, as she walked slowly homeward.

When she reached the gate she heard the sound of strange voices in the house and saw the marks of carriage wheels. Before she could slip around to the back door a young man ran down the steps holding out both hands.

"This is cousin Nora, I am sure," said he, smiling eagerly.

Nora brightened instantly.

"You are my cousin. Laurence Norton, are you not?"

"Since you recognize me, allow me a cousin's privilege," he said; and stooping kissed her on the cheek.

The sound of footsteps caused her to turn her head just in time to see Guy Earlie pause, as if transfixed by astonishment, then turn hastily and stride away.

This little episode was not observed by Cousin Laurence, who was in the best of spirits all the evening; Nora was not so gay.

"What will Guy think of me?" she pondered. "But I am glad he saw it. And I do hope, after what I heard this afternoon, that he will never, never read "Highland Nora!" Cousin Laurie," said she, later in the evening, "don't tell any one you are my cousin while you are here; I need a cavalier to accompany me in my rambles, and beside, I want revenge on somebody."

Of course Laurence was delighted to act as his cousin's escort, and henceforth she was seldom seen without him. When they chanced to meet Guy, Nora bowed graciously, for she thought, I can afford to be magnanimous, as I am victor." She learned from the current gossip that a lady and gentleman were visiting at the Hall, distant relatives, the servant said, and that the lady was very wealthy. Guy himself Nora had not spoken to since that morning in the dairy.

In a few weeks an invitation came for Nora and her guest to attend a picnic given in honor of the young lady at the Hall. The party were to go up the river about two miles in skiffs, and cross over to the opposite side. Here the woods had been cleared of underbrush, the green grass was thickly matted together, and all around the flowers and ferns grew in abundance.

When Nora and Laurence arrived Guy and the strange lady had gone to the spring a short distance away, and Nora hurried Laurence off ere they returned. He accompanied her reluctantly, for he had some curiosity concerning the man he was sure his cousin loved.

"Fern gathering seems to be a perfect mania with you, Nora," he remarked, presently.

"Oh, I don't care if I never see a fern; I just do want to meet that stranger," Nora said quickly.

"I thought we were invited expressly to meet her!"

"How rude I have been!" she exclaimed. "So we were! Let us go back."

They turned to retrace their steps and came face to face with Guy and the fair stranger. Guy introduced her to Nora as Miss Benton. Nora bowed coldly, but the lady held out her hand.

"Guy has spoken of you so often, Miss Neale, that I feel as if I had always known you. I am sure we shall be the best of friends."

Nora was not so sure of that, but she could only murmur something supposed to be a polite reply.

But when her cousin was introduced, Nora was greatly surprised at the glad light that flashed into his eyes, while Miss Benton's pink cheeks changed to deepest crimson. They shook hands, and Laurence turned to his cousin, saying briefly: "We have met before." Then offering Miss Benton his arm, which she accepted, they walked away, leaving Guy and Nora together.

They stood looking at each other in puzzled silence; then, as the funny side of the situation struck Nora, she burst into a merry laugh, in which Guy joined.

The laugh seemed to relieve their embarrassment.

"Nora, may I walk back to the landing place with you?" asked Guy.

"It seems that you must," she said, laughing. "It is a matter of necessity, not choice. I wonder where they met before?"

"No matter since they have given me the opportunity I have been seeking for so long."

"And I" said Nora, interrupting, "want to apologize for not going boating that afternoon. I changed my mind, and went for ferns instead.

Guy looked at her in astonishment.

"Did you not go?"

Nora flushed, but said, smiling:

"Did you find me at the meeting place?"

"No," said Guy, bravely, "for I was not there. When I reached home, after leaving your house that morning, I found that Cousin Elsie and her father had arrived. She wished very much to take a ride that afternoon, and I felt in duty bound to accompany her. I took an extra horse with us as far as your house, intending to invite you to join us, but you were not at home. Since then I have sought an opportunity to apologize in vain."

A great load seemed lifted from Nora's heart.

"She is your cousin?"

"My only cousin," said Guy. "Your guest is a very handsome man," he added presently.

"You mean Cousin Laurie? Yes, he is handsome."

Guy turned like a flash, and, taking Nora's hand exclaimed:

"What a blind, jealous fool I have been! I saw him kiss you Nora, and I thought——"

"Never mind what you thought. Let us hurry; we shall be late to luncheon."

She walked off rapidly.

"Nora," said Guy, as he overtook her, since Cousin Elsie came I have been reading Scott's poems."

She gave him a hasty glance, and sinking on a large stone—that seemed to have been placed there for the express purpose, Guy said afterward—covered her face with both hands.

Guy dropped the fern box which he had taken in charge and took those trembling hands in one of his, placing the other beneath the dimpled chin, then he lifted her face till the sweet gray eyes met his. What he saw there must have satisfied him, for he bent his head and kissed her.

"Guy," said Nora, presently, "today is not the first in which I have seen your cousin."

Then she told him of the conversation she had overheard.

"You see, pet," said Guy, looking lovingly into the gray eyes. "Elsie's is a pitiful story; her name is not Benton, for she is married, but her father disapproves, her being called by his name. I will give you

[Continued on fourth page.]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

July 28, 1889.

Who is Harrison?

Who is Harrison? He is the son of his father and the grandson of his grandfather, with no just claims to execute ability, or even the possession of ordinary common sense. Judging his record by his acts during the brief period in which he has occupied—but not filled—the executive chair, this is a high compliment for which he should be thankful.

* * * * *

From the beginning of the campaign until its close the republicans were, as usual, prolific or promises never intended to be fulfilled, by which the gullible citizens who followed the false banner were entrapped, and are now afforded ample time in which to atone for their folly.—Barnum once said that the American people were never happy except when humbugged. But for the grotesqueness of the idea we would remark that we should be to-day the happiest nation on the globe if being humbugged means anything.

But we are not happy, and there is no reason why we should be so long as trusts, combinations in business, the oppression of the laborer the shutting down of mills and factories, and the "riot, rout and ungodly glee" of incompetent and hungry republican officials run riot in the land. What laboring man has been benefitted by Harrison's election? What honest tradesman has experienced increased prosperity? Not one! Then, who has?

We answer, that the promises of the President, backed by the platform upon which he was elected, have been flagrantly, persistently, studiously and unblushingly violatedly, whereby nepotism has become the common rule, and under which thieves sneak in where angels fear to tread. It would seem that we are treading in the foot-steps of old Rome, whose government was once sold to an ignoramus who happened to have more ready cash than any other bidder, and the time is at hand when we should cry out, in the language of an English author, that "we are governed by a set of drivellers, whose folly takes all the dignity from distress, and renders even calamity ridiculous."

What is the remedy for this nepotism, oppression of the poor, combinations and trusts, which oppress the workingman, and made the hollow mockery of "protection," every hour forges stronger than ever the chains which bind them, and increase the bank accounts of the favored few?

There can be but one sensible response to this question, and that is, the return of the democratic party to power on a sound democratic platform. Before the expiration of Harrison's term it is possible that the "fantastic tricks before high Heaven," now so unblushingly played by his henchmen, will be understood and appreciated by the people—who would always be right except for the [illegible] propensity to follow false gods.—Lynchburg Advance.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON July, 19.—Senator Quay dropped into Washington very quietly this week and said that his only busines here was to engage a house for his family. Of course this blinded nobody. That he was on a political errand of great importance is generally believed. He has had a long conference with Gen. Harrison and has been almost constantly with Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson, who was his lieutenant during the late campaign. He and Clarkson, representing the republican national committee have been trying to hatch up some scheme to carry Virginia for the republicans this fall, and democrats in that state will have to keep their eyes wide open to hold their own.

The medical division of the Pension office is to be entirely reorganized. It is thought that all the democrats in the division will follow the three or four discharged this week.

Hon. W. B. Richie, of Ohio, who is closely connected in a business way with Calvin S. Brice, was in town this week. He thinks the democrats will elect the governor and legislature in Ohio this fall, but that they will have to work hard to do it. But the most important statement made by Mr. Richie was the following: "I can say to you without the least qualification that Mr. Brice is not and will not be a candidate for the Senate. There are many reasons why he could not afford such a responsibility, and in making calculations on the Ohio Senatorship you will save much time and worry by leaving Mr. Brice out altogether."

In view of Mr. Richie's relations with Mr. Brice such a positive statement has caused a general rearrangement of the Ohio democratic state.

Considerable talk has been created here by a speech made by a negro at a meeting of the Ohio republican association a night or two ago. He expressed himself as being very much displeased with Harrison's "Southern policy" (something that doesn't exist as far as I can see) and other things. He also registered a strong protest against the slowness of removing democrats and like the famous Mr. Flannagin of Texas he wanted to know "what are here for?" if not to get the offices. "But he capped the climax in conclusion by saying to the government employes present "Don't be afraid of any civil service nonsense but send in your contribution to the president of the association and he will forward it to the republican state committee of Ohio to be put where it will do the most good." This negro is an applicant for office.

It is said that Gov. Foraker of Ohio is in active training for the republican Presidential nomination in '92. That's about as near as he will get to it.

I have heard whispers of a probable duel between Senators Blackburn and Chandler, owing to recent newspapers publications about the alleged pulling of Chandlers ear by Blackburn last winter. It is said that a friend of the Kentucky Senator is now here for the purpose of finding out whether Senator Chandler would accept a challenge. The general impression is that he would not.

Secretary Noble when asked as to the probable result of the attempts being made by the Cherokee Cattle Company to prevent the opening of the Cherokee strip to settlement said that he did not care to discuss the matter farther than to say that the Government would recognize no competitors for these or any other lands in which it had an interest, and that the rights of the U. S. would be asserted and maintained.

Mr. Morgan, the new Commissioner of Indian Affairs seems to be a believer in real civil service reform, even if he did appoint his wife a special agent. He has sent the following circular letter to Indian agents concerning the conditions of appointments. "Approvals will be made with the distinct understanding that the parties named are thoroughly competent to fill the positions for which they are nominated and that they will be zealous and faithful in the performance of their duties; that their tenure of office is permanent so long as they remain competent and efficient, and that the Indian office raserves the right to remove for cause only." Properly lived up to, that letter would make all the civil service law necessary.

The sensation caused by the reported resignation of Secretary Blaine was very short lived.

The completion of the West Virginia Central railroad extention in to Randolph county is another step in West Virginia's phenomenal business progress. The Mountain State is developing its resources. More miles of railroad are being built now, and will be built during the present year, than in any preceding twelve months in its history. West Virginia has become a progressive State. It is a growing State, and a Democratic State. More than this, it is improved and enriched by Democratic capital. The leading stockholder of the West Virginia Central railroad is a distinguished Democrat. The projector of the Monongahela Valley railroad, the Weston and Braxton C. H. railroad, and the Ripley and Nutt Creek Valley railroad, is another distinguished Democrat. Let the demagogues remember this. —Register.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in July, 1889.

Cyrena H. Wilfong, ... Plaintiff,

vs.

Henry A. Yeager, Joseph W. Riley and Charles A. Lightner .... Defendants

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to attach the estate of the defendant Henry A. Yeager, and subject the same to the payment of a debt due from said Yeager to the plaintiff, Cyrena H. Wilfong by bond, dated the 2nd day of October, 1882, for $322.45, payable one day after date of the bond. Subject to a credit for $45.00 as of February 1st, 1888, and it appearing by affidavit filed that Henry A. Yeager is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste:

JOHN J. BEARD, Clk.

SNYDER & McCLINTIC, S'n.

July 19-4t. Printers fee $ 5.45.

MASONIC NOTICE.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 65, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6-71

HOME NEWS

—Awful warm isn't it?

—Do you think it will rain this afternoon?

—The farmers are busy cutting ther grass.

—Read the new ad's this week, they may interest you.

—Go to Jacob Boner's for all kinds of fruit jars cheap

—Six hundred visitors are reported at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs.

—John Hamilton, Esq., who has been attending school at Concord, has returned home.

—Geo. W. Wagner Esq., went down to Ronceverte the first of this week on business.

—Mr. I. B. Moore, and family of Knapp's creek, were visiting Mrs. Moore's parents Mr. Wm. Curry of this place last week.

—Dr. Patterson has the wood work of his new house about completed, and it is now being painted.

—Attorney C. F. Moore and Harry Beard, Esq., went up to Dunmore Saturday and returned Sunday.

—Messrs. W. C. Hull & Son have bought out and assumed control of the store of A. Shinaberry at Edray.

—This is the 7th volume and 1st number of THE TIMES, and it starts out on its new year with bright prospects and happy anticipations.

—Attorney L. M. McClintic went to William's river Tuesday, where he expects to meet a party of gentlemen from Charleston, to spend a few days fishing.

PREACHING.—Rt. Rev. Geo. W. Peterkin will preach at Clover Lick on Sunday, 18th of Aug., at 11 oclock a. m. and at Huntersville at night.

—Rice Moore, Esq., of Dunmore came down Saturday and returned Sunday evening. There must be some attractions in Huntersville for Mr. Moore.

—Rev D. S. Sydenstricker will preach at Mary Gibson Chapel, on Elk, the second Sabbath of August at 11 o'clock a. m., Edray 3:30 p. m., Martin's Bottom at night.

—Messrs. C. A. Brown, of E. and H. College Va., F. J. Brown of Bluefield, W. Va., and Rev. H. A. Brown, of Crab Bottom, Va., were in town Tuesday. We acknowledge a pleasant call from the former.

—Harper McGlaughlin Esq., and family, accompanied by Miss Eliza Arbogast, of Green Bank passed through town Tuesday, on their way to the home of the former, in Bath county.

PREACHING.—Rev. D. G. Helmick, President of the W. Va. Conference, M. P. Church, will preach at Swago, the 3rd Sunday in August at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 2 o'clock p. m.

Rev. M. M. Everly, will hold his basket meeting at Fairview the 2nd Sunday in August instead of the third, so as not to interfere with the Presidential meeting at Swago.

A Cloud Burst.

The greatest disaster which ever befell Little Kanawha valley came during the night of the 18th in the shape of a terrible cloudburst which completely flooded the county, destroying many lives, carrying off thousands of dollars in property and ruining the crops for many miles.

—Chas. Hogsett, Esq., of Mill Point was in town Tuesday.

—We can't help but feel flattered, from the number of new subscribers, and compliments we are daily receiving.

Edray Items.

Married, at Fairview church on Tuesday 16th July, 1889, by Geo. P. Moore, James M. Johnson to Hannah E. Sharp.

At same time and place by same minister, L. M. Waugh to Ella I. Buzzard.

Serenade at Mr. A. W. Sharp's on the night of the 16th July 1889, by about forty five hunters.

Mr. W. C. Hull is negotiating for the purcase of Mr. A. J. Shinnaberry's store at this place.

Wheat is good and corn is promising around here.

James Gibsonhas not begun work yet on his road. The specifications being beyond his original contract and unless modified by the Com'rs it is doubtful if he begins at all.

The bridge at Huntersville seems to be a necessary sinking fund for the County. Xx.

Green Bank Items.

There is not much of interest going on in our vicinity.

Haying seems to be the order of the day.

Mr. Elliot has finished the addition to the parsonage at this place, which adds very much to its appearance, as well as comfort. We are glad that our pastor, who has labored so faithfully for the erection is the first to enjoy its comforts.

Misses Tokie and Lillie Hull, of Knapp's creek are visiting relatives in this neighborhood.

Mr. Robt. Ralston, and family of Highland, spent a few days with his brother at this place last week.

Miss Sallie Patterson, of Glade Hill, is spening a fortnight with her uncle at this place.

The young men of this vicinity have organized a base ball club. We think it has been a succets thus far in mashing noses and such casualities.

The Messrs Brown, former Props. of the Hillsboro Academy, spent last night in our village, as the guests of Rev. W. H. Ballengee.

Strange what attraction Mr. E. N. Curry finds at Green Bank recently. Xx.

Dunmore Doings.

Hot and still heating.

Auctioneer Swecker has returned from the Winchester and Hutton sale at Huttonsville.

Huttonsville is on a boom.

Mr. Cauley, who has charge of the club house on Cheat Mt., is a nice and accommodating gentleman and has things fixed up in aple pie order. He has raised 700 young chickens for his guests this fall.

Our farmers are busy putting up hay and stacking grain. Our hay crop is very heavy.

Henry Sheets has moved his saw mill to Mrs. Isaac Moore's, near Dunmore.

William Galford has gone for a saw mill, and will set it on his farm on Sitlington's creek.

The frame of the new church was raised here to-day.

Mr. Robt McGlaughlin is putting up a new kitchen and dining room.

Col. Jno. Driscol and Porter Kinports with their families paid us a visit.

Uncle John, Aunt Jane and Miss Sallie Hiner, from Highland paid us a visit last week.

The Lumbermen are busy at work repairing the railroad.

There will be a big meeting at Baxter church on Sunday the 28th, and singing at Cross Road school house at 3 p. m.

We are glad to see Mr. Wm. Pritchard back from the Springs, greatly improved in health.

Mrs. Allie Flenner is no better at this writing.

TOM SAWYER.

The Remains of a Man.

GILLISPIE, July 18.—Some time ago mention was made in THE TIMES of the finding by Ben. Turner, of the remains of a man on the headwaters of Greenbrier River.

On last Monday, Granvill Keller and myself, accompanied by young Turner went to view these remains, and to see what could be seen on the premises.

We found part of the remains, and part of the clothing. The skull bone, the hip bones, the thigh bones, the leg bones, and the feet bones which were in the shoes found.

The hat was wool and of a light color, the coat was wool of a sack pattern, dark color and had been well made, the vest was cotton and of a light color.

None of the bones were broken, but by them lay two pieces of a singular stick. The stick had been broken in two parts, and had been done seemingly at the time when the man died, the wood was curly, and the stick surely was part of a Billiard Cue. Whether or not it was not used by hands to kill the man with I suppose ever remain a mistery no request was held, and the remains were decently buried.

Respectfully,
AMOS S. GILLISPIE.

The Cherokees of the Indian territory have just built a $200,000 seminary for girls. And yet people say that the Indians cannot be civilized.

A Confederate Home has been incorporated in Missouri. It will shelter confederate veterians, their wives, widows and orphans.

We hear that General Mahone is training for the gubernational match in Petersburg, and expects when he gets down to his fighting weight to turn the scales at sixty-three pounds. He spares two hours every day, one hour in the morning and one at night, at a dummy which consists of a demijohn of Bourbon hung up by a string.—Alex. Gazette.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of Hugh M. Carpenter deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of the said Hugh M. Carpenter, to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said Hugh M. Carpenter, for adjudication to L. M. McClintic, commissioner; at his office in the said county on or before the 6th day of September, 1889.

Witness, John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court this 20th day of July 1889.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

july 25-4t. Printers fee $6.70

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of George C. Hill, deceased.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of the said Geo. C. Hill, to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said George C. Hill for adjudication to L. M. McClintic, Commissioner at his office in the said County, on or before the 6th day of September, 1889.

Witness, John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court, this 20th day of July, 1889.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

july 25-4t Printers fee $6.7

Notice to Contractors,

The undersigned Commissioners appointed by the County of Pocahontas County for the purpose will receive sealed bids until noon, Wednesday, August 14th, 1889, for the Construction of a new piece of road (about 90 rods) near Lockridge's ford, on the Warm Spring and Huntersville road, according to the following specifications:

The road to be 13 feet wide all through except at the top of hill, where it should be 18 feet wide for 60 feet, said road to be 15 inces higher on outside, sloping to the bank, well drained, with water ways, culverts and side ditches; water-ways to be 4 feet in the bottom with a gradual slope and graveled where the ground is soft or marshy or liable to become so by a constant flow of water. Contractors will give bids for dirt and stone work separately. Said Road to be completed by Nov. 15th, 1889, and the work to be paid for out of the Levy for 1889. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

AMOS BARLOW, }
JAMES H. DOYLE. } Commissioners.

1-2t

Commissioner's Notice No. 2.

Charles L. Austin &c.
vs. } In Chy. No. 2.
Wm. F Arbogast &c.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered in the above named cause on the 17th day of June, 1889, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday the 17th day of August 1889 to take, state and report the following accounts:

1st. An account showing who are entitled to share in the fund arising from the sale of 683 acres of land decreed to be sold in this cause, and the amount thereof.

2nd. An account showing what taxes have been paid upon said tract of land within the last five years before the institution of this suit, by whom paid and to whom now due.

3rd. An account showing what will be a reasonable fee to the Attorney for the Plaintiffs in this cause to be taxed on the fund in this suit.

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or requested to be specially stated by any party in interest.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

july 25-4t Printers fee $9.63.

Commissioner's Notice No 3.

Charles L. Austin &c.
vs. } In Chy. No. 3.
Wm. F. Arbogast &c.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County made in the above cause on the 17th day of June, 1889, I shall, as Commissioner of said Court proceed at my office in Huntersville, W. Va., on Friday the 23rd day of August 1889 to take state and report the following accounts:

1st. An account showing who are entitled to share in the fund arising from the sale of 1,328 acres of land decreed to be sold in this cause, and the amount thereof.

2nd. An account showing what taxes have been paid upon said tract of land, within five years before the institution of this suit, by whom paid and to whom now due.

3rd. An account showing what will be a reasonable fee to the Attorney for the plaintiffs in this cause, to be taxed on the fund in this suit.

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required be specially stated by any party in interest.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

july 25-4t Printers fee $9.45

Commissioner's Notice.

George C. [illegible]
vs. } In Chancery.
Rebecca J. Hill & others

Notice is hereby given all parties, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered in the above cause on the 15th day of June, 1889, I shall as Commissioner of said Court, proceed at my office in the town of Huntersvile, W. Va., on Friday the 6th day of September, 1889, take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. A settlement of the accounts of R. W. Hill as administrator c. t. a. of George Hill, dec'd.

2nd. An account showing the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts priorities and to whom payable.

3rd. A general description of all the lands of which George C. Hill, dec'd seized, with a statement of their fee-semple value and annual rental value.

4th. A statement of the general nature and value of all the personal estate of which George C. Hill dec'd possessed which at the date of report is remaining applicable to the payment of debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd.

5th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

july 25-4t Printers fee $9.50

BRIDGE LETTING.

The undersigned Commissioner of the County Court of Pocahontas County will receive Sealed Bids until 12, m., August 15th, 1889, for the following repairs to the bridge over Knapp's Creek near Huntersville: A pier to be constructed as follows: To be of cut stone up to the distance of 12 feet from the top of the ground, well laid in cement on solid foundation, every joint well broken, the pier to be 22 feet in length at the bottom and 15 feet at the top and 8 feet wide at bottom and 5 feet at top. One abutment to be of cut stone for 12 feet above the top of the ground, well laid in cement on solid foundation, joints well broken, the abutment to be 22 feet long at bottom and 13 feet at top, 8 feet wide at bottom and 5 feet at top. All cement to be of the best quality, and any additional height of stone work, shall be ruble work laid in lime and sand. One span of 90 feet similar to the one already there. The approach to said bridge to be trestle work built of Locust posts and yoke not less than 12 inches in diameter, without hewing, said posts to be sunk in the ground not less than four feet. A distance of 12 feet in span; upon which 3 stringers 6x10 inches are to be laid on top of yokes, upon which a floor of 3 inch oak plank 16 feet long shall be laid single railing 3 feet high the whole length of said approach. The contractor shall give bond with approved security, for the faithful performance of this contract. The Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

1-2t L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r

Go to John W[illegible] ford, W. Va., for Dee[ring] Self Binders.

John Warts & Co., o[f] [illegible] W. Va., will be here d[uring] Court with a lot of Mow[ers] [illegible] buy until you see them.

FOR DYSPEPSIA
Use Brown's Iron Bitters.
Physicians recommend it.
All dealers keep it. $1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines th[at]'s made of John Warts & Co. Frankford, W. Va. may 9 12

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.

UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

Fiduciary Notice.

The following fiduciary accounts are before me for settlement.

C. L. Austin Adm'r of Florence M. Austin dec'd.

S. B. Hannah Ex'or of Barbara A. Gum.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r of Accts.

WANTED.

500lb of dry sang.
Address BRISON HILL
Jacox, W. Va.

GOOD FLOUR.

2½ cts pr. pound, meal 75 cts per bushel at H. H. McClintic's mill, also his flour at A. Barlow's Huntersville, and Barlow & Moore's, Edray for 3 cts. mar. 28.

NOTICE.

I will not hereafter sell mill stuff on credit, and all who owe me will please come forward and settle their accounts at once and save further trouble.

Flour $2.50 per 100 lbs and corn 75cts per bu.

GEO. H. McGLAUGHLIN.
Edray.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

I will run a hack from Huntersville to top [illegible] Mountain and make connection [illegible] hack running to Lewisburg. [illegible] leave Huntersville daily at 6 a. m. [illegible] reasonable for passengers, baggage [illegible] express packages.

July 6th '89 R. V. PERKINS.

FOR THE BEST FURNITURE, CHAIRS AND FINEST TRIMED

in the county, go to

C. B. SWECKER,
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER,
Dunmore, W. Va.

Administrator's Notice.

All parties holding claims against David McGlaughlin dec'd., are required to present the same at once to his administrator for payment, and all parties indebted to said David McGlaughlin are required to come forward at once and settle up.

Respectfully,
URIAH HEVENER,
Adm'r of David McGlaughlin dec'd.
June20 4-w Green Bank W. Va.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of the County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, on the first Monday of July, 1889.

R. S. Turk, ... Plaintiff.

vs.

Geo. W. McDannald, John A. McDannald, Rebecca A. McDannald, Geo. C. McDannald and E. B. McDanald... Defendants.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of the above styled suit is to have a division of 1,6[illegible], 394 and 167 acres of land lying on the head waters of Elk river in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, owned jointly by the plaintiff and the Defendants, and until such division is had, to enjoin the defendants and all others from cutting or removing any merchantable timber from the said lands or otherwise to commit waste thereon, and it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendants, Geo. W. McDannald, John A. McDannald, Rebecca A. McDannald, George C. McDannald E. B. McDannald are non residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste:

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

July 11-4t. Printers fee $[illegible]

[illegible]s Times.

[illegible]cahon[illegible]. CAMPBELL,

E[illegible] AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered [illegible] the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

July 28, 1889.

[Continued from first page.]

the details of her story some day; a brief outline will suffice now, as I am more deeply interested in my own," squeezing the soft hand. "Elsie went on a visit to an aunt in an adjoining State, and while there was secretely married to a poor, but worthy man. The next week she returned home, and had hardly entered the house when her father announced that he had selected a husband for her. Finding refusals useless, Elsie at last disclosed her secret. He was simply furious, and shut her in her own room till he could bring her here. He says the ceremony was illegal, and declares that Elsie must remain here until she forgets Will Norton."

At the last words Nora sprang to her feet.

"Guy, Cousin Laurie is Elsie's husband! His name is William Laurence Norton, but I always call him Laurie. And he isn't poor now; his mother's brother died last week, leaving him half a million."

"You will let me row you home, Nora?"

"And Elsie?"

"She will prefer going with her husband, of course. Uncle Ned's objection to him is removed now that he is rich." After a pause, "Do you know, sweet, after Elsie had confided her love story to me I returned the compliment. And she, God bless her! referred me to Scott's poems. Did you mean it, darling? Say you did not. Let me hear you say it, do!"

"Of course, I meant it—just as that other Nora did," said saucy Nora. "Don't you remember, Guy? "But Nora's heart is lost and won, She's wedded to the Earlie's son!"

A Chinese Collection.

The highest ambition of a Chinaman is to have a nice coffin and a fine funeral.

When a Chinaman expects a present and it does not come he sends one of lessor value.

Men wear long petticoats and carry fans, while women wear short jackets and and carry canes. Boats are drawn by horses, carriages by sails.

The Chinese lack appreciation of the stage. As soon as a Celestial enters on the stage he is deprived of citizenship and his children after him for four generations.

When a Chinaman desires a visitor to dine with him he does not ask him to do so, but when he does not wish him to stay he puts the question: "Won't you stay and dine with me, please?" The visitor will then know he is not wanted.

If a Chinaman desires the death of an enemy he goes and hangs himself upon that enemy's door. It is considered a sure way to kill, not only that particular enemy, but members of his entire family will be in jeopardy of losing their lives.

In China one can always borrow money on the strength of having a son, but nobody would advance him a cent if he had a dozen daughters. The former is responsible for the debt of his father for three generations. The latter is only responsible for the debts of her own husband.

Old men play ball and fly kites, while children fold their arms and look on. Old women, instead of the young, are the idols of society. Love making is only three days before marriage. It is not only considered the safest way to get ahead of a rival, but the surest way to get a wife without losing much time.

When a Chinamen meets another he shakes and squeezes his own hands and covers his head. If great friends had not seen each other for a long time they would rub sholders until they got tired. Instead of asking each other's health, they would say: "How is your stomach?" or "Have you eaten your rice?" "How old are you?" "How much did you pay for your sandals?"

A rich man's servant gets no salary, yet many are the applicants; while big salaries are paid to the servants of common people, but few applicants. The perquisites of the former often more than triple the salary of the latter, which is the sole reason of these differences. To encourage honesty and sincerity, confidential clerks and salesmen in all branches of industry receive an annual net percentage of the firm's business, besides their regular salary.

The four highest ranks of mandarin in China are entitled to a red silk umbrella with three flounces—the smaller nobility may have only two. Gentlemen-commoners of the two highest ranks have a red state umbrella surmounted by a gourd-shaped knob of block-tin. The two next degrees have the knob of wood only, though painted red. Then comes the fifth rank, whose umbrella must be of blue cloth with a red painted wooden knob at the top, and only two flounces. The Governor-General of a province is heralded two great red silk umbrellas.

Wise Words.

Be honest and they be generous.

Mockery never degrades the just

Let none wish for unearned gold.

Whose credit is suspected is not safe to be trusted.

A truse man never frets about his place in the world.

Something is wrong when a man is afraid of himself.

Honesty is better copital than a sharper's cunning.

Leave your business unduly and your business will leave you.

It would be a shame if your mind should falter and give in before your body.

No longer talk at all about the kind of man that a good man ought to be, but be such.

We ought not to judge of men's merits by their qualification, but by the use they make of them.

Usually speaking the word-bred person in company is a young traveler just returned from abroad.

There is a transcendant power in ample. We reform others unconsciously, when we walk uprightly.

There are many that despise half the world; but if there be any that despise the whole of it, it is because the other half despises them.

Woman famed for their valor, their skill in politics or their learning, leave the duties of their own sex in order to invade the privileges of males.

Charles Dudley Warner is now lecturing on "The treatment of the Criminal Classes." He thinks they should be sent to prison instead of elected to offices. He was always queer.

Minister (making out record of baptism and in doubt about the date)—"Let me see, this is the 23rd, isn't?" Interested Mamma—"No sir; it is only the fifth and two of those are dead."

"For forty long years have my good old wife and I traveled hand in hand adown life's thorney road," said old Deacon Gush at an apple-paring party the other evening, "and in all those years not one single harsh, hasty unkind word has passed our lips when speaking to each other. Isn't that so mother?"

"Mother" had quietly fallen asleep on the sofa by Mr. Gush's side, and as he laid his hand caressingly on her shoulder, she gave a little snort of defiance and said, sharply:

"Get up yourself and build the fire, Sam Gush. I built it last and I'll see you in Guinea before I'll build it this morning, you—oh!—oh!—I—I why, where am? I guessed I dropped off to sleep."

"And I guess you'd better have stayed asleep, Lizy Gush?" hissed Samuel into her ear as the crowd around the sofa made a rush for doors and dark corners where giggling and tittering could be indulged in freely.

Insulted Montanian (to tenderfoot newspaper correspondent)—Lookee here young man, you want to be a little more keerful how you write things that ain't so to them newspapers back East. This is a high toned town, by Jinks, and the boys wont stand it!

Terrified tenderfoot—Why, I—I—what have I written?

"Why, you wrote to a Chicago paper that we lynched fourteen men here last month and it's a lie."

"I—I—thought it was true, or I—I—"

Well, it wasn't. We didn't lynch but twelve and only rid the other one on a rail and peppered him a little with buckshot. Stick to facts young man that's all we ask of you."

"Sir," said the defeated highwayman, as he slowly picked himself up and gathered himself together; "that was done very scientifically. May I ask of which class of pugilists you are the champion?"

"Of none," replied the victor. "I am simply a plain man who won't let himself be thrashed."

"Let me clasp your hand," returned the other. "In this age of champions, men of your kind are so scarce that it is rather pleasant than otherwise to be licked by one of them."

Editor—What compensation do you expect for your poem?

Poet—Regular rates.

Editor—All right, thanks.

Mamma—Howard, are you going to take parte in the tree planting at schooll on Arbor Day? Howard (emphatically)—No, I hain't; there's 'nuff switches growin' 'round our school now.

Some persons turn down the corner of a leaf of a book in order to find the place. Other turn down the street of a city for the same purpose.

A lady at the centennial banquet said that a distinguished guest ate like a bird. It is to be hoped that he did not take a peck at every mouthful.

"What is is an orphan?" asked a lady teacher. None of the children seemed to know. "Well, I am an orphan," said the teacher, as being not too plain a clew. A hand popped up and the owner explained: "An orphan is a woman that wants to get married and can't."

She had done something naughty and her mother had sent her off to bed a little earlier than usual and told her that she would punish her for it in the morning. The child knelt down to say her prayers and she put in the interpolation:

"Please, God, won't you take mamma up to Heaven—not for altogether, but just for to-morrow."

A gentleman in this town had a very bright but droll little boy. The other day the little fellow feigned sleep. His father came in and shook him gently. He remained immobile and silent. He shook him harder and would have waked a sleeping person. No movement; no noise. The boy thought he was acting natural. The father threw a drop of water in his face. Not a wince. He emptied a pitcher. Not a twitch. He threw him on a bed. The boy slept on. Soon his mother asked him why he said nothing when his father shook him.

"Tos I was asleep,' he answered.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, August 1 1889. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 2

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. (C. E. Beard, Pres't. / S. B. Hannah. / G. P. Moore.)
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

Financial Statement, For the Year 1889.

FOR JAIL AND COURT-HOUSE PURPOSES.

S L Brown, jail acc't Ed. Martin	$30 50
Same, Thomas Rider	1 50
Same, Perry Townsend	21 50
M J McNeel, arrest of Perry Townsend	4 50
Henry Grose and son, plank fence C H lot	12 56
Lowry & Doyle ½ picket fence C H lot	12 19
J B Piles, wood for jail and C H	25 75
S L Brown, secial Constable	2 10
Same, jailer, receiving and boarding prisoners	3 00
Same deputy sheriff	7 00

FOR CLERK'S OFFICE & COURT PURPOSES.

Amos Briow, sundries	15 61
Kirk Snyder page Cir. Ct.	3 00
A H Sharp, jury claim	3 50
J B Piles, wood for Clk's office	14 00
J W Milligan, drawing jurors	1 00
J J Beard stationary &c	12 97
J B Canfield, pub. financial statement	35 25
Kirk Snyder, page Cir. Ct.	3 00
R C Shrader, drawing jurors	1 00
J E Campbell, printing blanks	9 37
CF Moore, Indering deed book	12 50
C F Moore, assignee of F J Snyder examining Cl'k's office	5 00
Amos Barlow, examining Cl'k's office	5 00
H S Rucker, same	10 00

ROADS & ROAD PURPOSES.

H S Rucker, broken plow	3 50
John T Sharp, road claim	3 00
E A Smith, same	3 00
J N Barnett, same	8 25
Wm M Hill, same	4 00
O W S Gum, same	3 00
E A Smith, same	5 50
J L Hudson, plank for road	15 00
John W Lindsay, road claim	3 50
C B Grimes, same 1887	2 62½
Same	3 00
Jacob M Beverage, same	3 00
Geo Callison, same	3 00
H Lee White, same	1 25
J H Galford, same	10 00
George Cooper plank for road	2 64
C C Silva, road claim	5 00
Allen Calhoun, same	3 00
Thos B Beverage, same	5 00
M Brown Trainer, same	10 25
J P Wooddell, same	42 99
J L Hudson, same	13 00
O M Alderman, same	10 00
J B McNeel, same	8 00
Geo W McKeever, same	3 00
J W Hill, same	3 00
John J Kellison, plank for road	2 12
A C L Gatewood road claim (86)	3 00
Same (87)	3 00
Same (88)	1 50
R T Mayes, use of team 3 days on road	8 00
F P Vandervourt same 1 day	2 50
S B Moore road claim	12 25
C B Swecker, same	4 50
S H Hazzard, same	6 70
H D Hively, same	9 00
James W Loury, same	3 00
H H McClintic, same	1 25
John L Cleek, same	3 00
Geo D Oliver, same	21 00
Wise Herold, same	6 40
S J Sutton, same	8 00
Geo McErvine, same	3 00
H H McClintic, plank for bridge	6 50
Clabe Ashford road claim	5 50
C W Underwood, road claim	3 00
John A Clarkson, use of mule on road	1 50
J W Oliver, use of team on road	8 00
Clayton Dilley, road claim	8 00
Jas W Riley, same	6 25
C W Perry, plank for road	5 74
D W S Alderman road claim	11 50
Sheldon Moore, same	3 00
Wm H Dilley, same	7 37
Sheets & McGlaughlin, plank for road	16 74
A D W Hill, road claim	5 00
Geo W Whiting, same	3 55
P M Harper, same (1887)	1 50
Same (1888)	1 50
A F Denning, same	20 50
R W Hill, same	3 75
W O Jack, same	8 00
John M Ratliff, same	14 50
John Will Sheets, same	5 00
John W Malcomb, same	13 00
F M White, same	11 00
G P Moore, 112 feet plank	1 12
A K Dysard, road claim	3 50
R M Yeager, same	16 12
Geo Baxter, surveying road	12 00
J Rankin Poage, road claim	7 00
Giles Sharp, same	3 00
Jno C Price, same	14 50
Geo W Wagoner, same	1 50
S D Price, road claim	3 00
John A Young, same	1 50
Paul Sharp, same	6 50
Wm M Sharp, same	3 00
A M McCay, same	5 00
C I Hill, same	3 00
G W Wagner, same	25 00
Marion Ray, same	6 50
Brown M Arbogast, same	3 00
James D Kerr, same	8 00
W H McGlaughlin, same	7 75
W H McGlaughlin, same	3 75
W A G Sharp, same	1 50
Wallace H McGlaughlin, same	3 00
C M Rogers, same	3 00
Ernest N Moore, same	8 00
D A Peck, same	7 50
Peter W Warwick, putting up foot bridge	4 50
G D Oliver, same	5 00
A M Oliver, same	2 50
Wm M Siple, .	5 00
Same plank	2 35
K O Wade, road claim	4 00
W R & C M Cole, allowance	35 00
H M Lockridge, claim	10 00
Jas Gibson, plank for culverts	25 00
Sam'l A McCarty road claim	4 00
J M Cutlip, serving process in road case	50
Geo S McComb, assig. of W R & C M Cole, road allowance	15 00
A M McGlaughlin, witness in road case	1 60
W H McClintic, same	2 10
C A Yeager, lumber for bridges &c., 1885	20 00
J L Cleek, allowance on road	65 00
James Gibson	200 00
For road purposes &c	2 625 00
John W Tyler, viewing road	2 00
Sam'l M Gay, same	2 00
John Waugh jr, same	2 00
Amos P McGlaughlin, bal on fill	40 00

MEDICAL ATTENTION TO POOR &C

Dr Wm G Townsend, sundry medical acct's	78 70
Dr Chas Gwinn, same	22 20
Dr W G Townsend, medical acct's	9 00
Dr J B Lockridge, same	3 00
Dr J B Lockridge, same	7 00
Dr M Wallace, same	20 35
same	37 90
Dr J P Mooman, same	29 80
Dr C L Austin	62 20
McClintic & Ligon, same	25 00
Dr F T McClintic, medical services to poor	40 00
Dr S P Patterson, same	47 50
Barlow & Moore, 2 poor accounts	16 25
Geo P Moore, coffin for poor	5 00
A B McComb, making coffin and trimmings	6 00
Mathew Corbett, keeping pauper	35 00
Sam'l R Hogsett, same	10 00
Wm R Sutton	25 00
John B Kennison, Overseer of poor	6 00
P M Harper, making coffin for 2 paupers	10 60
J B Bradshaw, furnishing supplies	3 59
Jas C Gay, keeping Wm Dilley and son	60 00
John L Cleek, removing pauper to Greenbrier co	4 00
A R Smith, making 3 coffins for paupers	13 00
Jas A McClure, Lumber for poor farm 1884	31 12

ELECTIONS &C

Dinnis and Argabrite, making pole books	4 00
J H Patterson Com'r of Election 1 day	501
Adam Arbogast, same 2½	3 75
J W Warwick, same 1	1 50
A M Oliver Clerk 1	1 50
C L Barner, same 1	1 50
W H Cackley, com'r 2	3 00
E N Moore, same 1	1 50
G W Arbogast, same 1	1 50
John Taylor, clerk 1	1 50
Hugh McGlaughlin, same 1	1 50
P D Yeager, com'r 1	1 50
N B Arbogast, same 1	1 50
Lafayette Berner, same 1	1 50
P D Arbogast, Clerk election 1 day	1 50
W J Yeager, same 1	1 50
John B Kinnison, com'r 2	3 00
C W Eskridge, same 1	1 50
R V Hill, same 1	1 50
J H Clark, clerk 1	1 50
W S Anderson, same 1	1 50
W J Moore, same 1	1 50
O B Sharp, same 1	1 50
D W C Slanker, same 1	1 50
L P Curry, same 1	1 50
John E Barlow, com'r 2	3 00
Wm M Sharp, same 1	1 50
Geo K Gay, same 1	1 50
A R Gay, Clerk 1	1 50
Charles Cook, same 1	1 50
S L Brown, com'r 1	1 50
D A Fisher, same 1	1 50
Sheldon Moore, same 1	1 50
C F Moore, Clerk 1	1 50
H P McGlaughlin, same 1	1 50
John B Kennison, com'r 4	6 00
M J McNeel, same 3	4 50
R W Hill, same 3	4 50
W H Landes, clerk 3	4 50
J H Clark, same 3	4 50
Peter D Yeager, com'r 1	1 50
Lafayette Burner, same 3	4 50
A M V Arbogast, same 1	1 50
P D Arbogast, same	1 50
W J Yeager, same	1 50
Geo W Arbogast Com'r of election 2½	3 75
W H Cackley, same 1½	2 25
E N Moore same	2 25
Hugh McGlaughlin, clerk same	2 25
John M Barnett, same	2 25
Geo W Siple com'r same 4	6 00
Adam Arbogast, same 2½	3 75
John R Warwick, same	3 75
John R Hevener, clerk same	3 75
Ezra Wooddell, same	3 75
Wm M Sharp com'r same 2	3 00
John W Tyler same 3	4 50
W T Via same 2	3 00
John C Warwick, clerk same 2	3 00
J W G Smith, same	3 00
E D King, com'r same 1	1 50
S S Varner, same 2½	3 75
H B Sharp, same 1	1 50
D W C Slanker, clerk same 1	1 50
W Bande Hannah same	1 50
I B Moore com'r same 2	3 00
A Herold same 1	1 50
W A G Sharp, same	1 50
W J Moore, clerk same	1 50
O B Sharp, same	1 50
W P Hogsett, com'r same 1½	2 25
Sheldon Moore, same	2 25
J H Doyle, same	2 25
M A Friel, clerk same	2 25
R Dice Rimel, same	2 50

COUNTY OFFICERS & COUNTY PURPOSES.

John J Beard, clerk Cir. Ct.	100 00
Same, County	175 00
Same, examining land and property books	30 00
Same, making off land books	75 00
S L Brown, jailer	75 00
C O Arbogast, assessor	325 00
L M McClintic, prosecuting attorney	350 00
M J McNeel, sheriff	175 00
For Juries	600 00
S H Clark, com'r county ct.	6 00
Geo P Moore, same	44 00
S B Hannah, same	38 00
C E Beard, same	36 00
C O Arbogast, assesors commissions	42 23
Depositum	500 00
Total amount levied for.	$7 282 55

Found at Drury's Bluff.

BY PHILIP JARVIS.

"Phil, my boy, wish me good luck! I'm going to ask Mildred Graves to marry me before I go."

My God! I wish him luck in winning the woman who was all the world to me! The one woman whom I had loved from my boyhood's days! All the savage in my nature was aroused into fury at the thought that he dared to aspire to what was mine, by the right of long years devotion. I could have throttled him as he stood there—so handsome and debonair—so self-reliant and confident of success.

Yet what claims had I upon her affections? The hot blood grew cold; my fierce wrath died out. How could I be sure she might not love him best? Was he not finer-looking, more agreeable than I, a man in every respect better calculated to win a girl's fancy?

Mildred and I had been friends from our school days, the most intimate friends; and on my part that friendship had grown into a part of life itself. I had no hopes, no ambitions, which had not her happiness for their object. Yet no word or token of love had passed between us. I was shy and reticent on this one subject that lay so near my heart. I shrank from declaring myself her lover, doubtless feeling that if she could not return my love I should destroy forever our friendly relations.

So matters stood between us, when she was twenty, and I twenty-one, in the fall of '60 when Carl Maxam came to our village. He and I were associated in business and soon became friends, as friendly intimacy goes between men. He was five years my senior, and had read and traveled much, and had acquired the ease and polish of a man of the world, while I was shy and reticent in society. I felt he had every advantage in his favor, in his intercourse with Mildred, but until to-day I had never had a jealous feeling.

In the spring of '61 came the fall of Sumter, and the declaration of war. We both enlisted, though in different regiments, and were ready to leave for Washington. We had returned to our homes for the final leave takings with friends, I in my plain suit with only a Sergeant's chevrons on my sleeve, he in the gilt and epaulettes of a Lieutenant, looking handsomer than ever in his fine uniform.

On the morrow we were to rejoin our regiments, and on this last afternoon had met for a final friendly chat. We had talked on other matters of mutual interest and at the last moment, as we stood at the gate, he had said:

"And now comes the toughest part of it. I'm going to ask Mildred Graves to marry me before I go. Phil, my boy, wish me good luck, can't you?"

Filled with surprise and anger I could make no reply; but it passed unnoticed as he went on without looking at me. "I have been half in love with her ever since I first met her, and long ago decided she should be my wife if I ever got ready to marry, that is, of course," with a nervous laugh, "if she'd have me. I don't know, she always seemed to like me, and I fancy I've the inside track there; at all events I'm going to make sure; I'm not going off for a year or two and leave her for some other fellow to win. If she'll promise to marry me, I can trust her to wait my return, if it were ever so long.

At that moment, to my great relief, the Captain of his company drove by and stopped to take Carl in.

"Well, good by, old fellow, hope to see you later," and with a wave of his hand he was gone.

"He shall never have her," I said savagely to myself, as he was driving away; "at least, I will know first if there is anychance for me," and I hurried off to Mildred's home.

But when once in her presence—fool that I was—I talked of everything else, past, present and future, all save the subject that lay nearest my heart; my tongue seemed tied whenever I approached that.

A half-hour passed, other visitors come and I rose to leave. Mildred followed me to the gate.

"I shall miss you so much," she said, as she held out her hand at parting. There were tears in her eyes, and a tremor in her voice. My heart leaped; surely she must love me a little, and the words I had tried so hard to utter came to my lips; but she added: "you have always been a brother to me," and I felt as if a cup of cold water had been dashed in my face.

Ah! yes, a brother! she had never thought of me as a lover; could I declare myself one and lose all this friendly regard? I hesitated—others joined us, and the oppor-

[Continued on fourth page.]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

August 1, 1889.

The Army of Unemployed.

The senior editor of the St. Louis Christian Advocate has written an interesting little pamphlet entitled "The Unemployed."

We do not endorse everything that the writer says about the causes of the enforced idleness of many of our poor people, but a few of his statements of fact are worth reproducing. The editor of the Advocate says that thirty or forty years ago every laborer was a real or prospective land-owner. Charles Dickens at that time visited this country, and wrote from Boston: "There is not a man in this town nor in the state who has not a blazing fire and meat every day for his dinner; nor would a flaming sword in the air attract more attention than a beggar in the street." Of course this language was too strong, but it gives a good idea of the general prosperity of that day. Two or three years after the date of that letter the Advocate writer traveled leisurely through the western, middle and eastern states and saw no professional beggars, with the exception of a few in New York.

But such is not the case now. Our wealth is three times greater than it was thirty or forty years ago, but the number of the poor is five times what it then was. Our wealth has increased threefold and our poor fivefold.

This way of putting it makes the outlook gloomy indeed. Naturally, the gap between the rich and the poor is increasing, and with oppression and greed we find bitterness and strife and the possibility of a class conflict.

Our Christian Advocate contemporary believes that the hope of the country rests with the farmers. Wise legislation that will improve the condition of the farmers and make them prosperous and independent will be our best safeguard in the future. To this end he gives his readers the following advice: "Be American citizens, study the federal constitution and the constitutions of your respective states that you may well understand the principles upon which your government is founded, then select wise, true and reliable men to legislate, to adjudicate and execute just and proper laws. With such men you will always have a good government, and with such government you will soon have the arrogant and oppressive combinations, trusts and monopolies healthfully regulated by statutory laws, so they will operate not to the benefit of a few only, but to the benefit of all classes. You may then have peace, and with the blessings of the Almighty have prosperity."

All this is rather general in its scope, but it is sound and on the right line. One thing is certain—we must give the great army of unemployed something to do or its increasing and clamoring hosts will give us something to do in a very unpleasant line. This is a matter for all good citizens as well as statesmen to think about.—Atlanta Constitution.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON July, 26.—The Pension Bureau is enjoying a sensation of the biggest kind. Certain newspapers have been making charges of more or less importance against almost every branch of that office ever since Commissioner Tanner took charge. And now the action of Secretary Noble in appointing a committee to investigate the re-rating of all pensions during the past twelve months, and the charges of favoritism in making the applications of a prominent pension attorney of this city special, has opened the eyes of a good many people to the fact that there must be some basis for these charges. The committee investigating holds daily sittings in the Pension office. The sessions are secret but enough has leaked out to make it certain that they have discovered a very loose way of doing business in the matter of re-rating pensions; it has been learned to a certainty that many clerks in the office have been largely benefitted by getting their pensions re rated, some of them getting an increase of as much as $10, a month. It is believed that many discharges will follow the investigation unless the thing is hushed up which is not at all probable now. If this committee should make a white washing report there will be a Congressional investigation as soon as Congress meets that will show up the real condition of things. Commissioner Tanner is said to have received several letters from Governor Foraker of Ohio urging him not to change his liberal policy toward the veterians, at least not during the gubernatorial campaign. From what can be learned on the outside almost every pensioner employed in the Pension bureau has had his pension re rated and increased during the last twelve months. It is said that it was the amount of money spent by certain Pension office officials that first aroused the suspicion of a wide awake newspaper man as to where it came from.

Smith the colored democrat, who was dismissed from the Sixth Auditors office bids fair to become a National issue. He says he will appeal his case to the civil service commission and demand reinstatement on the ground that he was dismissed on account of his politics. He is indulging in a great waste of time, and does not seem to realize that the civil service law was passed for the special purpose of being violated.

The alleged combination of Southern republican Representatives, who were to vote for Brewer of North Carolina for Speaker of the House until he was elected for the administration had agreed to give them the patronage they claim, is already going to pieces, Representative Ewart, of North Carolina, having announced his intention of voting for McKinley for Speaker, and in the event of his withdrawal for Barrough's or Cannon.

The Chief of the Secret Service of the Treasury department is a very important position in more ways than one, and considerable talk has followed the sudden withdrawal of the opposition of Grand Masterly Powderly and other labor leaders to the appointment of Thomas Furlong, a St. Louis railroad detective, to the position. Furlong's principal backer is Russell Harrison son of the President and it is generally believed, now that the labor opposition is removed that he will get the place. The labor people opposed him because of his work during the Western railroad strikes. Why they withdrew their opposition is a conundrum that is too much for mid summer weather.

Senator Barbour of Virginia who is also chairman of the democratic State committee has been interviewed on the political situation in that State. He says "Virginia is naturally democratic. It is too early to outline the issue on which the battle will be fought, but I presume Mahone will make the high protective tariff his rallying cry, I do not know how much of a figure Langston, the negro would be Congressman will cut. He hates Mahone enough to give him trouble if he can, but he may be bought off with a good office by the administration before the campaign opens. The campaign will excite national interest because the Republican National Committee propose to aid their party with money and speakers. I cannot name the democratic nominee, but, whoever he is he will be the next Governor of Virginia."

Senator Hampton has just returned from an extensive Canadian tour. He says the people there are very serious by considering the annexation question, and he thinks a large majority are opposed to it at the present time.

The Connellsville Coke men will go off on a strike August 1st.

The Yellow river in China has again overflowed, bearing death to thousands.

Imprisonment for debt is still the law in Maine. The barbarians still hold the fort in Maine.

A recent fire at Lu Chow, China destroyed over 87,000 dwellings and 1,600 lives were lost.

The Republicans of Va., may nominate Mahone for Governor, "but they can't elect him you know."

The wealth of Frederick Douglass, United States minister to Hayti, is estimated at $300,000.

A detective has sued Wanamaker for $500 for services rendered in hunting up stolen goods.

An American lady of Tennesee is under sentence of death in Corea for preaching Christianity.

The marriage of the Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales, to the Earl of Fife took place on the 28th.

Under Clevelands administration sugar that would cost $1.00 you have to pay $1.50 for it now. It is protected.

A man has been arrested in London who claims that he is the man who killed the White Chapel victims. But it is thought that he is insane.

A man in Atlanta, Ga., has just laughed himself to death. Probably he was contemplating the efforts of the Southern governors to arrest the prize fighters.

Some one has recently published a book entitled, "People I Have Smiled With." There must be a good deal of the give away about this. The friends of the author are not likely to buy it for their wives to read.

MASONIC NOTICE

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 65, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—Locals are scarce this week.

—Berries seem to be very plentiful around here.

—What has become of our Academy correspondent.

—W. S. Yager of Baltimore was in town Sunday.

—In this issue will be found the financial statement.

—Several lumbermen are at Hotel by Wagner, waiting for work to commence.

—Capt D. A. Stofer, who has been on Elk for a short while has returned.

—Letters can be sent through the mails and the postage collected from the party to whom addressed.

—Rev. D. A. Penick and wife of Kerr's Creek, Va., passed through town last week.

—Mr. Dan'l O'Connell, and family are in town. Mr. O'Connell will commence cutting lumber above town soon.

—We've had a good deal of rain in the last few days, and its sorter bad on the farmers about getting up their grass.

—Three negroes escaped from the Covington, Va., jail last week by running out the door over the jailor.

—Mr. Jacob Beard, of Pocahontas county, was in town Monday to see his brother off to Washington Territory.—Independent.

—The Rev. A. A. P. Neal, preached last night (Wednesday) and will also preach to-night in the Methodist church.

—B. P. Bloom, formerly of Dunmore walks the streets of Parsons Tucker Co., W. Va., with a broad grin. It's a boy.

—We are under obligations to Mr. Henry Yeager, of Cheyenne, Wyoming Ty., for papers from that place.

—If you want a Lock Lever hay and grain rake or any repairs

Call on

R. P. MCGLAUGHLIN agent
Huntersville W. Va.

—We learn from the Alleghany Sentinel, that it is reported that the Warm, Hot and Healing Springs have been sold to the C. & O. R. R. Co.

—The memorial sermon of Mrs. Catherine R. Campbell will be preached the second Sabbath of August in Huntersville, by the Rev. M. D. Dunlap, or in his absence by the Pastor.

—A negro by the name of John Carter was lynched near Lewisburg last week, for the shooting of a constable in Summers county, who attempted to arrest him.

—Capt John Peters, of Pocahontas county, brought in two cherry rafts Sunday night by hard scrapping. There was 34,000 feet in the lot. This makes the Captain's 61st trip and 65th raft, and he has never hung up yet.—Ronceverte Messenger.

Notice to Friends

It has been circulated of late since I had the misfortune to have one of my little girls lost for a short while that I had mistreated her that caused her to leave home, which is a base falsehood. Furthermore my child will testify to the same. I also sincerely thank the kind people who aided me in finding my child.

Respectfully,
AMOS DILLEY.

Institute Notice 1889.

The Institute for Pocahontas Co., will convene in Huntersville, August 26th, beginning at 9 o'clock., A. M.

Teacher's will be required to attend and put in full time. No excuse taken for non-attendance except those given by law.

Teachers holding four years certificates will be required to attend the Institute and pass an examination on Pysiology.

M. G. MATHEWS,
Co. Supt.

Notice.

Edray, July 29th, 1889.

MR. EDITOR: Charges having been made against, me which affected me as a Minister of the Gospel, and which I have no doubt many of my friends, both white and colored believed—a church meeting was held, to investigate the matter, at which meeting it was from that I was wholly innocent of the charges made.

Permit me through the columns of your valuable paper, to state publicly that the Church, at Edray, of which I am pastor here declared me innocent. Respectfully,

REV. I. M. BOGGS.

LADY CORRESPONDENT, wanted by a young man of 26 years; good looking, weigh 150lbs 5 feet 8 inches high; worth some money and of a good family and would like a young lady correspondent from 16 to 25.

Address P. O. Box 16,
Dilley's Mill, W. Va.

Dunmore Doings.

Mr. S. L. Jackson, with his accomplished lady, of Ronceverte, is visiting friends and relatives at this place, and will go to Huttonsville this week.

W. H. Cackley is off on a business trip to Ronceverte.

Rev. W. T. Price's meeting was largely attended at Dunmore.

Farmers are busy putting up hay and grass.

Our hay crop is over an average; the wheat crop will make 80 per cent.; oats 90; and corn 80 or 90.

Singing first Sunday in August at Pine Grove school house, at 3 p. m.

TOM SAWYER.

Green Bank Items.

Several persons from our neighborhood attended sacramental meeting at Dunmore yesterday, and reported a very pleasant time.

We have a flourishing Sunday School at this place. The Banner, through long delayed arrived at last and as it is a thing of beauty should be a joy forever.

Dr. S. P. Patterson, of Huntersville was called to Green Bank last week to see Miss Sallie Patterson, who has been seriously ill at her uncle's for some time, but we are glad to say, is somewhat better at this writing.

Mr. Davis the artist has moved his gallery to our place, and is now ready for business.

The Rev. A. A. P. Neale, will preach at this place on Tuesday the 30th, at 8 p. m.

DANLINA.

Drexl Morgan & Co., have become the purchasers of 100,000 shares of the common stock of the C. & O. Railroad Company of C. P. Huntington, for $2,250,000.

The biggest sea turtle on record was caught off Cape Cod recently. He was 10 feet long, 5 feet wide, and weighed 1,000 pounds, and some of the people who saw him had not been drinking, either.

The Milwaukee newspaper man puts the pathetic touch of experience in his words when he writes: "Everybody begs and borrows from a bachelor, and then the whole crowd asks in a chorus why he does not save money, with only himself to care for."

Many Persons
Are broken down from overwork or household cares. **Brown's Iron Bitters** rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

During the last fifteen months the Government has paid $23,873,100 in premiums on the purchase of $151,445,750 of Government bonds. These bonds come high, but we must have them in order to get rid of some of the surplus revenue unnecessarily extracted from the pockets of the people.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Charleston News and Courier says: "All well-read people know that it is the negro that has turned the tide of immigration from the south ever since the tide of immigration began to flow; indeed, that it is the black man that has kept our green hills and fertile valleys from being crowded with people anxious to leave the fey north for on more congenial clime."

The Richmond Dispatch adds the following indorsement: "There can be no other reason. The negro is a good laborer for some reasons; but he is not of the kind that white men will consort with. Would that the negroes could be equally distributed over all the states and territories. Look at the new states and see what Virginia would have been to-day if she had had few or no negroes since 1850."

Neuralgic Persons
And those troubled with nervousness resulting from care or overwork will be relieved by taking ***Brown's Iron Bitters.*** Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of George C. Hill, deceased.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of the said Geo. C. Hill, to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said George C. Hill for adjudication to L. M. McClintic, Commissioner at his office in the said County, on or before the 6th day of September, 1889.

Witness, John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court, this 20th day of July, 1889.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

july 25-6t Printers fee $6,70

Notice to Contractors,

The undersigned Commissioners appointed by the County of Pocahontas County for the purpose will receive sealed bids until noon, Wednesday, August 14th, 1889, for the Construction of a new piece of road (about 90 rods) near Lockridge's ford, on the Warm Spring and Huntersville road, according to the following specifications;

The road to be 15 feet wide all it should except at the top of hill, where road to be 18 feet wide for 60 feet, and sloping to be 15 inces higher on outside, at water the bank, well drained, with water-ways, culverts and side ditches; with a ways to be 4 feet in the bottom the gradual slope and graveled wherever the ground is soft or marshy or liable to become so by a constant flow of water and Contractors will give bids for dirt and stone work separately. Said Road to be completed by Nov. 15th, 1889, and for work to be paid for out of the Levy of 1889. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

AMOS BARLOW,
JAMES H. DOYLE, } Commissioners.

1-3t.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in July, 1889.

Cyrena H. Wilfong, ...Plaintiff,
vs.
Henry A. Yeager, Joseph W. Riley and Charles A. Lightner .... Defendants

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to attach the estate of the defendant Henry A. Yeager, and subject the same to the payment of a debt due from said Yeager to the plaintiff, Cyrena H. Wilfong by bond, dated the 2nd day of October, 1882, for $[illegible], payable one day after date of the bond. Subject to a credit for $45.00 as of February 1st, 1886, and it appearing by affidavit filed that Henry A. Yeager is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Clk.

[illegible] & McCLINTIC, Sl's.

July [illegible] Printers fee $ [illegible]

Commissioner's Notice.

George C. Hill's Adm'r
vs. } In Chancery.
Rebecca J. Hill & others

Notice is hereby given all parties that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered in the above cause on the 15th day of June, 1889, I shall as Commissioner of said Court, proceed at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va. on Friday the 6th day of September, 1889, take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. A settlement of the accounts of R. W. Hill as administrator c. t. a. of George Hill, dec'd.

2nd. An account showing the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts priorities and to whom payable.

3rd; A general description of all the lands of which George C. Hill, dec'd seized, with a statement of their fee-semple value and annual rental value.

4th. A statement of the general nature and value of all the personal estate of which George C. Hill dec'd possessed which at the date of report is remaining applicable to the payment of debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd.

5th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

july 25-4t Printers fee $9.50

BRIDGE LETTING.

The undersigned Commissioner of the County Court of Pocahontas County will receive Sealed Bids until 12, m., August 15th, 1889, for the following repairs to the bridge over Knapp's Creek near Huntersville: A pier to be constructed as follows: To be of cut stone up to the distance of 12 feet from the top of the ground, well laid in cement on solid foundation, every joint well broken, the pier to be 22 feet in length at the bottom and 18 feet at the top and 8 feet wide at bottom and 5 feet at top. One abutment to be of cut stone for 12 feet above the top of the ground, well laid in cement on solid foundation, joints well broken, the abutment to be 22 feet long at bottom and 18 feet at top, 8 feet wide at bottom and 5 feet at top. All cement to be of the best quality, and any additional height of stone work shall be ruble work laid in lime and sand. One span of 90 feet similar to the one already there. The approach to said bridge to be trussle work built of Locust posts and yokes not less than 12 inches in diameter, without hewing, said posts to be sunk in the ground not less than four feet. A distance of 12 feet in spans upon which 5 stringers 8x10 inches are to be laid on top of yokes, upon which a floor of 2 inch oak plank 16 feet long shall be laid single railing 3 feet high the whole length of said approach. The contractor shall give bond with approved security, for the faithful performance of this contract. The Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

1-2t L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r

Staunton Marble Works.

If you want head stones Marble and granite Monuments etc., etc., you can do no better than to buy from

G. C. COOPER, agent,
Green Bank, Pocahontas Co.,
W. Va.

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.

UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

WANTED.

500lb of dry sang.
Address BRISON HILL
JACOX, W. Va.

GOOD FLOUR.

2½ cts pr. pound, meal 75 cts per bushel at H. H. McClintic's mill, also his flour at A. Barlow's Huntersville, and Barlow & Moore's, Edray for 3 cts. mar. 28.

SHOEMAKER'S SHOP
at
Huntersville, W. Va.

I am prepared to make in the best syle and order, Boots and Shoes of all kinds, also repairingdone in neat style.

May 16 6 m. J. C. THOMPSON

NOTICE.

I will not hereafter sell mill stuff on credit, and all who owe me will please come forward and settle their accounts at once and save further trouble.

Flour $2.50 per 100 lbs and corn 75cts per bu.

GEO. H. McGLAUGHLIN.
Edray.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

I will run a hack from Huntersville to top Droop Mountain and make connection with hack running to Lewisburg. Will leave Huntersville daily at 6 a. m. Terms reasonable for passengers, baggage or express packages.

July 6th '89 R. V. PERKINS.

FOR THE BEST FURNITURE, CHAIRS AND FINEST TRIMED

in the county, go to

C. B. SWECKER,
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER,
Dunmore, W. Va.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of Hugh M. Carpenter deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of the said Hugh M. Carpenter, to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said Hugh M. Carpenter, for adjudication to L. M. McClintic, commissioner at his office in the said county on or before the 6th day of September, 1889.

Witness, John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court this 20th day of July 1889.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

July 25 6t. Printers fee $6.70

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of the County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, on the first Monday of July, 1889.

R. S. Turk, ... Plaintiff.
vs.
Geo. W. McDannald, John J. McDannald, Rebecca A. McDannald, Geo. C. McDannald and E. B. McDannald... Defendants.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of the above styled suit is to have a division of 1,622, 304 and 19 acres of land lying on the head waters of Elk river in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, owned jointly by the plaintiff and the Defendants, and until such division is had, to enjoin the defendants and all others from cutting or removing any merchantable timber from the said lands or otherwise to commit waste thereon, and it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendants, Geo. W. McDannald, John J. McDannald, Rebecca A. McDannald, George C. McDannald E. B. McDannald are non residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

July 11 4t. Printers fee $9.78.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

August 1, 1889.

[*Continued from first page.*]

tunity to speak was lost forever. I said "good-by," and went home, inwardly raging at my own stupidity.

"But perhaps it is better so," I thought at last; "she would remember me as a friend, love me as such, which as a rejected lover, she could never do."

Then I thought of all her kindness during the long years of our intimate friendship; might it not be possible that underneath all this sisterly regard there might lie the germs of a deeper love? And could I not awaken it to life by long and careful wooing? I would be so patient if there was only one spark of hope that she would ever love me. I would, like Jacob of old, serve seven years, oh,—so willingly, could I but win her. Was I not a coward, after all, to yield my own chance of success to another, by not putting my fate to the test?

Under the influence of this feeling I dashed off an ardent, impulsive letter. All the love I could never speak, found expression now.

"Can you not, dearest Millie," I concluded, "find down deep in your heart, underneath all this sisterly regard you have given me, one spark of something dearer, sweeter than a sister's love? Will you not give me just one word of hope that, in time, you may learn to love me better than a brother or friend?"

I sent the letter by a sure messenger, and waited impatiently for a reply. Now it was done, and I had risked all on one throw of the dice, I felt all the gambler's unrest. My blood was alternately at fever heat or ice cold. The moments seemed hours. Hopes and fears alternately held sway, until I could scarcely endure the suspense. At last the answer came. Hurrying to my room, I tore open the envelope. There in Millie's handwriting, I had learned to love so well, were the words: "Dear Friend;". a cold hand seemed to clutch my heart as I read: "Your letter was a great surprise to me. I have always regarded you as a friend, and as such, you will ever have my highest esteem, but my love has long been given to another. Forgive me if I give you pain by this avowal, and I pray God may bless and keep you, in the danger into which you are going. Sincerely your friend, Mildred Graves."

The letter fell from my hands, my head dropped upon the table beside me. The worst had come! All the hopes and fears, the sweet dreams of a lifetime were over. Carl had won her, and I had lost all that made life endurable.

The memory of every hour of sweet companionship—every gracious smile she had ever given me—every kindly word came back with redoubled sweetness, now that she was lost to me forever. Through all the years of youth and manhood she had been interwoven with every hope and plan; it seemed like giving up life itself to lose her. But

...good citizens as well as ...ers to think about.—Atlanta ...tution.

[W]ASHINGTON LETTER.

[From] our regular correspondent.]

[WA]SHINGTON July, 26.—The ...n Bureau is enjoying a sen... of the biggest kind. Cer... ...ewspapers have been making ...s of more or less importance ...t almost every branch of that ... ever since Commissioner Tan... ...ok charge. And now the ac... ...f Secretary Noble in appoint... committee to investigate the ...ing of all pensions during the ...twelve months, and the charges ...voritism in making the appli... ...ns of a prominent pension at... ...y of this city special, has open... ...e eyes of a good many people ...e fact that there must be some ... for these charges. The com... ...e investigating holds daily sit... in the Pension office. The ...ons are secret but enough has ...ed out to make it certain that ... have discovered a very loose ... of doing business in the mat... of re-rating pensions; it has ... learned to a certainty that ...y clerks in the office have been ...ely benefitted by getting their ...sions re-rated, some of them ...ing an increase of as much as ... a month. It is believed that ...y discharges will follow the in...igation unless the thing is hush... ...p which is not at all probable. ... If this committee should ...ke a white washing report there ... be a Congressional investiga... as soon as Congress meets ...t will show up the real condi... of things. Commissioner Tan... is said to have received several ...ers from Governor Foraker of ...o urging him not to change his ...ral policy toward the veterians.

...ated hurled their forces against us and were met by the fiercest resistance of our men. Charge succeeded charge, volley returned volley, repulse followed repulse; backward and forward surged the huge columns of men; broken, rallying, retreating, advancing; cheering for victory one moment, and beaten back by the foe the next.

The dead, the wounded, the dying lay in heaps. The wheels of the guns could not be moved until the windrows of dead were removed. There were few wounded, nearly all were killed outright. Carefully we removed those few and bore them to the hospital tent in the rear. I was directing my men in the work, when suddenly from among the piles of dead, a face was upturned, a face I knew only too well. Carl Maxam and I had met at last.

He was horribly mangled and I saw could only live a few moments unless the flow of blood was checked. For an instant the thought flashed across my brain, "If he died Millie would be free!" But I crushed back the traitorous thought, and hastily improvising torniquets I stopped the bleeding arteries as best I could, and, with the help of one of my men, bore him to the hospital tent.

He opened his eyes as we laid him down. One glance and I knew I was recognized. He raised his hand feebly, and tried to reach his breast pocket.

"A package—my pocket!" he gasped.

I slipped my hand into an inside breast pocket and drew forth a small package, carefully enclosed.

"Mildred," he said, with great effort, looking at me wistfully, and vainly trying to say more. His lips moved for a moment but no sound came from them; then the jaws relaxed, an ashen pallor spread over his face, and with a few short gasps he was dead.

I placed the package in my breast pocket, and just at that moment the call sounded to re-form in line of battle, and we were hurried away to another part of the field. In half an hour we were again in the thickest of the fight.

[A]t the first charge a ball passed [th]rough my leg, and the battle of [D]ury's Bluff was over for me, and [the] war, also, it proved, for after [se]veral weeks in the hospital I was [dis]charged from the service and re[tur]ned home.

All this time I had carefully kept [the] package Carl had given me. I [ha]d a morbid desire to give it to [Mi]ldred in person, and waited my [retu]rn home, which I knew from [the] first must soon come.

The day after my return I lay on [a] large, old fashioned lounge in [the] living room of my father's house [wh]en Mildred came to me. Wan [an]d wasted with suffering, with [on]e leg gone, I was scarcely more [th]an the wreck of my former self.

She had changed almost as much [as] I; all the girlish freshness and [bl]oom had faded, and the grave, [qu]iet manner seemed more befiting [a] woman of fifty than a girl of [tw]enty-three; yet to me she seemed [de]arer and sweeter than ever.

"I am so glad to see you home [on]ce more!" she said, as she grasp[ed] my out strenched hand.

There were tears in her eyes, and [he]r voice trembled.

How good it seemed to look into [he]r face, to hear the sound of her [vo]ice, and feel the pressure of her [h]and once more!

Could she—could she care for me, [no]w Carl was dead! I found my[se]lf so eager, even now, for her love, [th]at I would be only too thankful [fo]r even a small part she had given [hi]m.

But Carl's letter must be deliv[er]ed first, though it might be the [m]eans of separating us still more [w]idely.

After a few mutual inquiries and [re]plies I drew the package from my [po]cket.

"I found Carl on the battle field of Dury's Bluff, and he gave me this for you as he was dying," I said, holding it out to her, and immediately turning away my head that I might not see her emotion.

"For me?" she said in tones of surprise. "I don't understand."

"It probably explains itself," I said wondering why she should think it strange that Carl should send a dying message to her.

I heard the rustle of paper as she undid the package, and in another instant with a strange cry she dropped on her knees beside the lounge.

"O Philip, Philip! what does it mean?" she said, her face as white as the letter she held out to me with trembling hands.

I took it, and the first line brought me to a sitting position with an astonishment great as her own. I read in her handwriting the words:

"DEAR PHIL: There is no need that you should teach me to love you. I learned that lesson long ago. You have been dearest [illegible] in the world to me since our childhood days. Come to me at eight this evening and you will find, Your own love,

MILLIE."

Faint and giddy with the surging tide of emotions that swept over me, I caught both her hands in mine.

"You wrote that, Millie, wrote it to me?" I said, scarcely believing such good news true.

"I wrote it in answer to your letter the day you went away; and you never came—I heard nothing from you until I knew you were gone the next day. I could not understand it."

"But I received an answer," I said in bewilderment; "you wrote you had never thought of me except as a friend—that you loved another."

"Oh, no, no! I wrote that to Carl in answer to one I received from him at almost the same time as yours. And I must have enclosed them in the wrong envelopes. O Philip, to think of all these years of sorrow to us both, for such a stupid mistake! How can you ever forgive me?"

"There is nothing to forgive, if you only love me now," I said eagerly.

"I never loved any one else, I never could, you seemed a part of my life, and I've been so wretched, so very wretched! It's like heaven itself to have you back once more!"

"Oh, thank God! thank God!" was all I could say as I caught her in my arms. Oh the delirious joy of the moment, after all those years of sorrow, to know she loved me, could heaven hold any raptuse to equal this?

All the wretchedness of the past seemed to vanish as a dream, in the glad joy of the present. Then, suddenly there came a reaction of feeling. What was I now? Broken in health, crippled, helpless! What woman would take such a wreck of manhood as I!

"O Millie, darling!" I said, despairingly, "I've loved you, God only knows how well, but, I'm only a wreck at best; I cannot ask you to marry me now."

"You need not ask me at all," she said archly, between smiles and tears. "I shall take you anyway. O Phil, you cannot think I love you less for this? So long as there is enouch of the body left to hold the heart of my dear old Philip you'll be just the same to me, No, not the same, but a hundred fold dearer for all you have suffered. You will be strong and well soon, dear, and your lost leg is an honor, not a blemish."

Was not this the acme of all earthly joy! Shall I shame my manhood when I say the tears were running down my face, as I caught the dear girl to my heart, and thanked God for such a treasure.

After our emotions had calmed down somewhat, we examined the package more closely, and found a letter from Carl telling how he had received the note in answer to his letter, that he had rightly conjectured that in her agitation, Millie had misdirected the envelopes, that his must have been a rejection and had been sent me. In his chagrin and disappointment that I had been preferred to him, he had kept the note, hoping that the one sent me might have no name in it, and thinking I had been rejected I would leave without an explanation. Then followed an account of theupbraidings of conscience, the strivings of his better nature, until he had written this explanation to give me, in case of our meeting or of his death.

"I have been a coward and a villian," he wrote in conclusion, "not to have returned the note long ago. I cannot hope for your forgiveness."

But in the supreme happiness of our union we could find no room in our hearts for enmity toward the dead, even though he had wronged us so bitterly.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, August 8 1889. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 3.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, Pres't. / S. B. Hannah. / G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

A DREAM OF THE PAST.

Last night by chance I heard a child
His evening prayer repeat,
"Make me gentle meek and mild,"
He lisped in accents sweet,

And in the twilight listening there
Once more I seemed to be
Kneeling beside my mother's chair,
My head upon her knee.

I felt her fingers gently rest
Upon my curley head,
And on my cheeks a kiss was pressed
When my good night was said.

But all too soon the spell was broke,
The vision passed away,
A voice called and I awoke,
But brighter seemed the way.

Long years have passed since mother died
And I all friendless roam,
Nor can I bridge the chasm wide
Through which my life has flown.

The cheek she kissed has lost its bloom,
The curly head is gray,
But that sweet dream dispels the gloom
And lights my weary way.

The Three Passengers.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

I entered the service of the United Company when only fourteen years of age. The United Company was an organization of English and Chinese capitalists at Shanghai which exported teas and other commodities. It had at one time eleven vessels, eight of which were small schooners and brigs, which were employed in visiting ports along the coast and various islands in the China Sea and Pacific Ocean. It is of my first trip I am going to tell you about.

I had run away to sea on a vessel bound from Liverpool to Shanghaia and had left her on arrival. I found that the Captain of the Silver Crown, one of the company's traders, was an old friend of my father's and so it came about that I took service under him with the rating ing of cabin boy. The Crown was a fine new fore-and-aft schooner, carrying a crew of eight men, all told. She had a native cook, but all the others were foreigners. The Captain, mate, and myself were English, two of the men Americans, and the other two were Swedes. While I rated as cabin boy, I had to assist in sailing the vessel, and was a sort of clerk to the Captain. The schooner carried a dozen muskets, a lot of boarding pikes, and half a dozen cutlasses as an armament, but everything was boxed up and stored away, if not forgotten. Captain Wharton had been in the service for six years, and had never met with any trouble.

When we got away it was with orders for the Philippine Islands, among which the company had many resident agents who collected products. Our course was to the southeast, to pass between Formosa and the Loo Choo Islands, and we had made the run thus far without incident, when one day about noon a junk-rigged native craft, which doubtless came from some port in Formosa, intercepted us to the eastward of that island. We were about thirty miles off shore she hailed us. She claimed to be short of water, owing to an accident; but this, as we afterward came to know, was only an excuse. When she found that we were bound to the Philippines she had three passengers to transfer. They were three natives of Formosa, who were going down there to form a colony, and would pay liberally for the passage by the schooner. They claimed to have contracted with the junk for the round trip, but she had sprung a leak and must return to port.

I am only giving you the gist of what was offered in excuse. We lay to for a couple of hours, and I heard only a part of what was said. It did not seem to strike Captain Wharton or Mate Williams as queer or suspicious, and after haggling over terms for a while the three natives were transferred to our decks and the vessels separated. Then I had time to look the strangers over, and I was not long in concluding that I did not wish for an intimate acquaintance. They were a tough looking trio, and the cook had scarcely set eyes on them before he declared that we had made a great mistake in taking them aboard. We had no accommodations for them aft, and as the schooner was in ballast they had agreed to occupy the hold. This wasn't such a bad place with the hatches off, and they looked like fellows used to roughing it ashore and afloat.

I took an early opportunity of communicating my suspicions to the Captain but he laughed at me in a good-natured way. I tried the mate, but he saw nothing to arouse distrust. It was singular, however, that every man of the crew outside of the two officers was satisfied that there was something wrong with the trio. While their excuse was reasonable enough, the looks and actions of the men were suspicious, and it was plain to all that they were sailors. They let us all severely alone except the Captain and the cook, and I called it to mind afterward that while one interested the former the other two were occupied with the latter. I could "chin-chin" a bit and the cook could speak a little English, and so we managed to understand each other pretty well. Three days after the men came aboard "Slop-Slip," as we called the cook, assured me with very serious face that the stranglers were evil-minded men, who had planned to capture the schooner. They had asked him to join them, and he had refused. I posted off to the Captain with the news, and he greeted it with contempt.

"If you and the cook have nothing better to do, I'll put you to rubbing the rust off the anchor chain," he gruffly replied.

The mate also laughed at me, but when I went quietly among the men every one of them was ready to believe. Each one had noticed something to arouse his suspicions, but in the absence of orders we could do nothing but wait for what might turn up.

We were getting well down toward the northernmost island of the group, when something happened which should have opened the Captain's eyes. The leader of the three borrowed the glasses and went up to the crosstrees of the mainmast and took a long look around. We saw the sailor in his every move, and he had not been down an hour when a native craft came creeping up from the south, bows on to us. She had a free wind, while we had been beating down all the forenoon. We were at this time forty or fifty miles to the northward of the group, with a beautiful afternoon and a smooth sea. Half an hour after the native craft had been sighted, one of the natives and the Captain retird to the cabin. Five minutes later the native slowed his head above the deck and called to the mate, who had just come on watch. He disappeared down the companionway, and at the same time I entered the forecastle to look for something wanted. I was down there about five minutes. I heard no particular row on deck, but when I reappeared I was struck dumb by the spectacle. One of the natives was at the wheel, and was bringing the schooner into the wind to lie to. The decapitated bodies of the two Americans and the cook were lying amidships, while the two Swedes were at the foremast crosstrees. Not a shout hod been raised nor a cry uttered. The work had been done with terrible rapidity and in silence.

As I reached the deck one of the natives came forward with a bloody creese in his hand and called me "good boy," and said I should not be hurt. He left me sitting on the windlass so scared and weak that I could not stand, and then assisted his companions to lower the sails. When this had been accomplished they called to the Swedes to come down. The poor fellows began crying and lamenting, and refused to descend. The natives picked up the bodies from the deck and tossed them overboard, and then descended to the cabin and brought up the bodies of Captain and mate and served them the same way. Both had been killed by the one native who enticed them down. About the time the last body was flung over the rail the native craft drew along-side. She had thirty men on board, all of whom seemed to know our three passengers and their plans. There was great rejoicing over the capture of the schooner, and for a quarter of an hour no one paid me any attention. Then there was a hot discussion, a part of the gang seeming anxious for my life, but the result was that I was conducted to the cook's galley and given to understand that I was to do the cooking. Although our cook was a Chinese they did not spare him. What saved me was my youth, or they might have planned to cut my throat after I had served their turn.

When my fate had been settled the Swedes were again ordered down. One of them descended, begging and pleading, but he was cut down the moment his feet touched the deck. The other refused to come down, and half a dozen natives ran up the foremast shrouds with knives in their hands. Before they could reach him the sailor made his way to the mainmast. His feat was greeted with applause, but others ascended, and there was no longer any hope for him. The poor fellow made the best defence possible, but they cut and hacked him until he lost his hold and fell to the deck. His body was thrown overboard, deck and cabins cleansed of blood stain, and about sundown the schooner, with twenty five men, was headed for the Philippines. The rest of the gang, numbering seven or eight, followed with the native craft. I boiled a large quantity of meat and got the best supper possible, and was glad to find that no one gave me any attention.

We had a brisk wind all night and during the next forenoon, and at about 2 o'clock we reached an anchorage on the east side of the main island and within a quarter of a mile of the beach. The native craft passed us and entered the mouth of a river. From what I could gather she was going to bring out men and cannon to the schooner. A hunt was made through the schooner for gun carriages, and the discovery of the small arms seemed to put the fellows in good humor. There was about $2500 in gold aboard in the cabin, and this was counted out and dividen pro rata, or in some other satisfactory manner as we lay at anchor. Then I was ordered to draw a pailful of wine from a cask in a sort of lazaretto or storeroom, reached from the galley. The cook might have known of the presence of the wine there, but I did not. I had never looked into the place. There was a tin pail, holding about ten quarts in the galley, and this I filled and carried to the main hatch, with several glasses, and everybody proceeded to help himself. Now that we were at anchor all discipline had ceased, and one man was as good as another. They were prowling all over the schooner, and perfectly as home.

The wine must have tickled their palates mightily, for a second pailful was soon demanded. It was while I was drawing it that I noticed the barrel had no bung in it, and I wondered why the wine had not soured. I retired to the galley as soon as I had filled the second order, and for half an hour there was a great deal of loud talk and laughter. All of a sudden, while I was reflecting on the situation, and perhaps crying a bit in my sorrow and anxiety, it struck me that things were wonderfully quiet. I looked out of the galley to see half a dozen figures lying on the deck, and later on, when I had summoned courage to walk the length of the schooner, I found every man aboard apparently asleep. Their breathing was labored, but I supposed this was the result of too much drink. The night had come down dark and gusty, with the wind directly off shore, and as the sleepers continued to lie quiet some strange ideas came to me. I was tempted to take one of their knives and begin killing but doubted my nerve. The yawl was at the navits and I planned to lower it and let the breeze carry me out to sea. I held to this idea for a few minutes, and then surrendered it for a other. I would swim ashore and hide in the forest. I had to abandon that scheme as well, for I saw at a glance that the tide was running out strong. I was wonderdering if I should not start a fire in the forecastle or cabin when I discovered that the craft was under way. She had her light anchor out and had been tugging heavily under the tide and gust. The chain had ground off against some sharp edged rock or the pin had slipped from a shackle. It was probably the latter case, as I heard a splash as of the end of the chain falling from the hawe hole. She drove off stern first and then, as she began to swing about, I stepped softly back to the wheel, put it over to get her off, and then extinguished the two lanterns on deck and the lamp in the cabin. I am not boasting of my nerve in stepping over the sleepers to do this work or of my sagacity in getting the idea. I was working like one in a dream and could hardly have identified myself.

What occurred between the time I put out the lights and daylight next morning, I never can clearly remember. The schooner took care of herself for any effort of mine, and I think I went into the galley and crept behind the stove. At least I crawled out of that contracted space soon after daylight, in response to a call. I suppose I was called to prepare breakfast for the pirates, but I was no sooner out of the galley than I saw a large ship hove to a quarter of a mile away, while one of her boats, with five men in it, was alongside the schooner. I must have looked and acted like a stupid, for as a couple of men came over the rail one of them gave me a hearty shaking and growled out:

[Continued on fourth page.]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

August 8, 1889.

John L. Sullivan has been arrested and taken to Miss.

S. B. Seig, and F. H. Matheny have bought the Highland Recorder May they have success.

Rev. Father Curley, director of the Georgetown University died in Washington, July 24th.

The county court of Summers has reconsidered its previous decision and issued bar-room licenses.

The Wedding presents at the marriage of Princes Louise and the Earl of Fife are valued at $1,000,000.

Japan covers an area of 157,000 square miles; not quite as large as California. It has a population of 38,000,000.

Wheeling has a sensation over the stealing of over $30,000 from the bank of Wheeling by its "individual account," book keeper.

President Harrison will have to appoint another postmaster at Sweetwater, Wyoming. The late P. M. was hanged the other day for stealing cattle.

Electricity from a broken wire killed another mule in the streets at St. Louis the other day; and yet the New York experts fear electricity won't "remove" their murderers to a certainty.

Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson beats the record. He has removed 9,000 more postmasters in the same space of time than did Mr. Vilas.—Valley Virginian.

The contract for building the new Insane Asylum at Spencer, Roane county W. Va., was awarded to an Anthens, Ohio, contractor, for the sum of $35,000.

The Connellsville coke strike is not a success. The majority of the workers seem to think it better to wax fat on a dollar a day than to starve for the chance of getting a dollar and a quarter.

The widow of John C. Little, a drummer of Pittsburg, who lost his life in the flood at Johnstown, has sued the South Fork Fishing Club for $50,000 damages.

It is thought that Governor Fitz Lee will accept the Superintendency of the Virginia Military Institute after the close of his term of office. This is one of the finest institutions of learning in America. The mathematical course is said to be equal to West Point.

Here is a poem from the Cleveland Plaindealer that deals with the live questions of the hour:

Is marriage a failure?
Do detectives detect?
Does prohibition prohibit?
Does protection protect?

Here is another credited to Senator [illegible] which elucidates a very important subject.

[illegible] battle once began, [illegible] from howling sire to son, [illegible] and won By having every son of a gun.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON August, 2—Mr. Harrison will probably wish the Virginian republicans in a— much warmer climate than Washington, if they don't stop worrying him. He had scarcely shaken the dust accumulated on his trip from Deer Park to Washington yesterday out of his clothes before he was pounced upon by three different crowds of Virginia republicans each demanding the appointment of a different man to be Postmaster at Richmond. Mahone of course, has a man, then Gov. Brady and John S. Wise, the whilom anti Mahone crowd have a candidate and the third would-be-postmaster is backed by State Senator Waddell, who hopes to get his name in as a compromise. Doubtless the President wishes some of the harmony which is claimed to exist among the "old Dominion" republicans could be brought to bear on this postoffice.

The Commission investigating the re-rating of pensions have determined to make a preliminary report to Secretary Noble next week. This is taken to mean that the investigation has not in the opinion of the investigators—so far sustained any of the charges made, and that the preliminary report is made to give the Secretary of the Interior a good excuse for ordering the investigations stopped. If it should turn out that way there is certain to be a Congressional investigation of the whole business.

"We have put our foot in it now," said a Naval officer referring to the seizure of the Canadian Sealing vessel "Black Diamond" by the U. S. Revenue cutter "Rush" for the alleged illegal taking of seals in Behring sea, "we tried the same trick three years ago, but when the British government demanded the release of the vessels, Secretary Bayard had to accede to it, or rather he thought it right to do so. The laws have not been changed since the seizure referred to, but this administration seems to put a different construction on them. It is to be hoped that it will now have the necessary courage to refuse to surrender the seized vessel.

Considerable commotion has been created in naval circles by the report that the plan of the battle ship "Texas," now under construction at the Norfolk navy yard is so defective that she would not float if finished on the present lines. The officials at the navy department are all mum on the subject, but from other sources it is learned that several experts are now at work on the plan trying to discover whether, it is possible to modify them sufficiently to save the vessel. A court martial may come of it.

Gov. Wilson of West Virginia, was here this week. He says the contest now going on before the legislative committee for the Governorship is bound to result in Fleming's favor, and that as soon as the committee is ready to report he will call a special session of the legislature to receive it.

Representative Campbell of Ohio who will, it is thought here, be the democratic candidate for governor of that State is here. He thinks that, if nominated he will have a good fighting chance to carry the State.

Mr. Harrison will leave here Tuesday morning for Bar Harbor where he goes to visit Secretary Blaine. He will go to New York by railroad and from there to Boston, where he will remain all day Wednesday, by Steamer. He will be met at Boston by Walker Blaine who left here yesterday to arrange the programme in that city. He expects to remain at Bar Harbor about ten days.

Civil Service Commissioner Roosevelt and Ex-Postmaster General Frank Hatton, now editor of the Washington *Post*, seem about ready to indulge in a quarrel on account of the hard knocks Hatton is giving the Civil Service law. Roosevelt speaks of Frank Hatton, as a "Spoilsman" in a newspaper interview, and Hatton comes back at him by charging in an editorial in his paper that Roosevelt has received, aside from his salary, more money from the Government during the past three months than he (Hatton) did during his entire connection with the public service. And now everybody is asking everybody else what Hatton meant.

Quite a rumpus has been raised among the members of the labor union by the removal of E. W. Oyster, one of the foremen at the Government Printing office. He was once a republican, but worked hard for Cleveland.

Postmaster Paul of Milwaukee, who was so severely criticised in the recent report of the Civil Service Commission has forwarded his resignation.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA.

To the Heirs of Reuben Buzzard dec'd The Heirs of James w anless, dec'd, Henry D. Davis and John F. and w. S. Grimes, sons of Samuel Grimes, dec'd, David wilfong, Greeting:

we command you that you appear before F. J. Snyder, a Commissioner in Chancery of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County at his office in the town of Huntersville, in said County on the 5th day of September, 1889, and show cause, if any, you, or either of you, can, why certain lands shall not be sold for the benefit of the school fund, which are mentioned in a petition filed in said Court by the Commissioner of School Land for said County, which was referred to said Commissioner Snyder for report thereon by decree of said Court made on the 18th day of June, 1889.

witness: John J. Beard, Cl'k of our said Court, at the Court-house, of said County, the 8th day of August, 1889, in the 27th year of the State.

John J. BEARD, Cl'k.

aug 8-4t Printers fee $7.68

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, West Virginia on the first Monday in August, 1889.

Augusta National Bank, of Staunton, Va., and M. J. McNeel, Sheriff of Pocahontas county and as such adm'r of M. Mustoe, dec'd.

vs.

Samuel C. Tardy, K. D. Urquhart and Samuel C Tardy Jr. late merchants and partners, doing business under the firm name and style of Tardy, Urquhart & Tardy; Wm. M. McAllister and Charles P. Jones, Trustee.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to enforce a payment of the sum of $2,551 due to the plaintiffs by the defendants, Tardy Urquhart & Tardy, by two protested negotiable notes, and the costs of protest; with interest on $1,018.05 thereof, from February 24, 1886, and on $1,533.79, the residue thereof from March 22, 1886, and the costs of this suit; and to attach the interest of the defendants, Sam'l C. Tardy & Sam'l C. Tardy, Jr. in a tract of land containing 2,197 acres, lying in the County of Pocahontas, sufficient to satisfy the same.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the said Defendants, Tardy, Urquhart & Tardy, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

JONES & MCALLISTER, p. q.
aug. 7 4t. Printers fee [illegible]

Notice to Contractors.

The undersigned Commissioners appointed by the County of Pocahontas County for the purpose will receive sealed bids until noon, Wednesday, August 14th, 1889, for the Construction of a new piece of road (about 90 rods) near Lockridge's ford, on the Wrm Spring and Huntersville road, according to the following specifications:

The road to be 12 feet wide all through except at the top of hill, where it should be 16 feet wide for 60 feet, said road to be 15 inces higher on outside, sloping to the bank, well drained, with water ways, culverts and side ditches, water-ways to be 4 feet in the bottom with a gradual slope and graveled where the ground is soft or marshy or liable to become so by a constant flow of water. Contractors will give bids for dirt and stone work separately. Said Road to be completed by Nov. 15th, 1889, and the work to be paid for out of the Levy for 1889. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

AMOS BARLOW,
JAMES H. DOYLE, } Commissioners.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Clerk's Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in July, 1889.

Cyrena H. Wilfong, ... Plaintiff,

vs.

Henry A. Yeager, Joseph S. Riley and Charles A. Lightner .... Defendants

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to attach the estate of the defendant Henry A. Yeager, and subject the same to the payment of a debt due from said Yeager to the plaintiff, Cyrena H. Wilfong by bond, dated the 2nd day of October, 1882, for $[illegible], payable one day after date of the bond. Subject to a credit for $[illegible] as of February 1st, 1886, and it appearing by affidavit filed that Henry A. Yeager is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Clk.

RUCKER & MCALLISTER, p. q.
July 18 4t. Printers fee $[illegible]

MASONIC NOTICE.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE No. 63, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

6-21

HOME NEWS.

—Still it rains.

—J. H. Rider, Esq., of Frost was in town the first of the week.

—Andrew Herold, Esq., of Frost was in town Monday.

—Mildred Herold, of Frost was in the city Monday.

—S. L. Gibson, of Frost was in Huntersville Friday last.

—David Walbell, of Richmond, was in our city over Sunday.

—Constable J. H. Bussard, is confined to his house by sickness.

—N. W. Buckman, Esq., of Mill Point, called to see us Tuesday.

—Cornelius Perry, Esq., is quite ill at his home on Beaver Creek with diptheria.

—L. H. and G. D. Letcher, of Lexington Va., were in town last Friday.

—Wm. McAllister, of Gauley Bridge was in town the 1st of the week.

—The horse will leave musty hay untouched in his box, no matter how hungry.

—From the amount of rain we are having, there will be a lot of musty hay this year.

—For the finest line of Gents and ladies shoes in the county, go to Sutton & McKeever, Dunmore.

—S. G. Hoge, of Montgomery Va., was calling on our merchants the first of the week.

—J. F. and L. B. Byrd, of New Hampton, Va., was in our town Sunday night.

—Several persons from our town attended meeting near Edray Sunday.

—S. P. Price, Esq., of Marlinton, made us a pleasant call Monday, and renewed his subscription to THE TIMES.

—Rev. A. A. P. Neal, preached a couple of very interesting sermons in the Methodist church last week.

DIED.—On Sunday the 4th inst., at Clifton Forge, Alleghany county, Va., Mrs. Margaret M. Gay, wife of Sam'l C. Gay, of this county. She leaves three children.

Brown Bank Items.

No rain for twenty-four hours.

George Gilmer and W. A. Gladwell have just returned from a business trip to Huntersville.

Miss Nannie Arbogast of Texas is visiting relatives in this neighborhood.

Mrs. Birdie Ballenger is off on a visit to Bath Co. Va.

[illegible] Patterson, of Glade Hill, has been in our village the past week nursing her sick daughter at Mr. J. W. Patterson's.

A little [illegible] of Mr. Thomas [illegible] was bitten twice by a rattle snake one day last week. Dr. [illegible] was sent for, and he is [illegible].

Xx.

Beaver Lick Items.

It beats all for rain.

The farmers will loose all their oats and hay if it don't soon stop raining.

Miss Maggie Ramsey, of Anthony's creek is visiting her sister in this vicinity.

[illegible] is able to be out after several days illness.

[illegible] is visiting [illegible] for a few days.

Mrs. [illegible] has been [illegible] for a few days, but is better now.

Whiting & Denning, the lumber jobbers are busy at work. They have built 13 miles of slide and are now ready to commence sliding the white pine logs. They intend to do a rushing business this season.

ELL.

Edray Items.

HUNTSVATERS.

Messrs. George McClintic, L. M. McClintic, Joseph Ruffner and Wesley McMahon are camping on Williams's river at the mouth of Tea creek, and enjoying fine sport among the finny tribe, taking 130 last Thursday and Friday, a "suggestion," now and then. Its no harm to find mountain goats you know away back the e out of civilization and the world, even if the *P. Atty* is along.

HORSE KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

On Friday night the 2nd inst. during a thunder storm at this place, a horse belonging to Mr. Rankin Pouge, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. "Old Doc," (this was the horse's name) was standing by an oak tree about one hundred and fifty yards from Mr. Pouge's house,—the tree was marked slightly by the descending current and from appearances the horse received the entire charge of electric fluid. Two other horses and one mule were in the same lot at the time, but luckily were not near enough the tree to be hurt, though one had a shoe torn off about 30 feet from the tree.

A large and attentive congregation were well entertained by two excellent sermons by Rev. A. A. P. Neal, at Mt. Pleasant, on yesterday the 4th inst., dinner on the ground about; about 400 people were present. Collection over $10.00.

Xx.

Dunmore Doings.

It rains, the sun shines and the farmers make hay.

Peter Gum, and Billey Rodgers, of Highland Co., were here last week looking for sheep.

We have some hooping cough in our neighborhood.

Several wagons returned from Staunton Monday, and report bad roads, and they say the wheat is growing in the shock, in the Valley of Va.

There seems to be quite a good crop of whortle berries and rattle snakes.

Quite a lot of building is going on. Jas. Riley is building a large house and also Geo. Cooper. Mack Yeager and Phil Edmiston will build soon.

The church at Dunmore is under good head way.

J. Frank Little, has been painting for E. A. Smith, G. D. Oliver, Jacob Hughs, Geo. Kerr and others.

Dr. Williams has been in this vicinity on professional business for a week or two.

C. E. Pritchard is here on a visit.

Mrs. I. M. Cackley, has returned from Randolph Co.

Mrs. Henry Fleaner, and Miss Sallie Patterson, we are glad to say, are improving.

There will be singing at Cross Road school house, Sunday the 11 at 2, o'clock, p. m. Profs. C. C. Arbogast, C. B. Swecker, Porter Rayburn, J. F. Little and N. S. Nottingham. Let all attend.

TOM SAWYER.

Sitlington Happenings.

Prof. R. C. Loveridge, and wife of New Haven, Conn., are visiting relatives in the Levels.

Rev. D. A. Penick, and wife of Rockbridge, Va., are visiting friends and relatives at this place. Mr. Penick has preached two excellent sermons since his arrival and will preach again next Sunday evening in the Presbyterian church.

Mr. E. I. Holt, is attending Webster Springs for his health.

Prof. Landen, is at this place, called here by the illness of his brother George.

Mrs. Ellis Thrasher and children of Maryland are visiting relatives at this place.

Prof. C. A. Brown, and brother of Virginia, spent a few days visiting friends and his former pupils at this place a few days ago.

Miss G. M. Shearer has returned from a trip to Edray and vicinity in behalf of her school.

There are several very serious cases of Flux in our midst, and they are spreading rapidly.

Misses Blanch Click and Mary Beard have returned from a visit to Greenbrier county.

Dr. Hales and family of Virginia will arrive at this place this week. Dr. Hales will locate here.

Messrs Woodell and Hindgardner are putting up Mr. H. Nathens store on the corner of Main Street, on the property which he bought of Mr. M. G. Mathews.

Mrs. Reid is visiting her daughter Mrs. T. A. Via.

Rev. A. A. P. Neale, will preach in the Methodist church Wednesday Thursday and Friday night and assist Rev. Wm. E. Miller, in his basket meeting at Marvin Chapel Sunday.

PRUNELLA.

Another murder goes on record, this time at Alleghany Station. Two colored men, named Dick Winston and —— Ramsey, both railroad hands, got into an altercation on Sunday evening concerning Winston's wife, whom Winston accused Ramsey of trying to poison. During the quarrel Ramsey drew a pistol and shot Winston in the right side. Ramsey escaped, and Winston will die.—Ronceverte Messenger.

Killed at Fort Spring.

On last Saturday night about nine o'clock, Mr. Andrew Surgeon, railroad employe at the Fort Spring depot, was instantly killed by the second section of No. 31. He was walking on the track, when the train overtook him, carrying the mail from the postoffice to the depot, as usual, and, strange to say, although the engine whistled and the trainmen shouted, he never left the track until struck by the engine and his brains dashed out. The supposition is that he thought he was on the side-track, and therefore paid no attention to the signals. Mr. Surgeon was 60 years of age, and had been connected with the railroad at Fort Spring ever since a depot has been established there—Ronceverte News.

Another One.

A charter has been issued to the Gauley & Eastern Railway Company, organized for the purpose of constructing and operating a railroad from the mouth of Gauley river to Huntersville, Pocahontas Co. The principal office to be kept in this city and the charter to continue perpetually. The capital stock is $2,000, and shares are $100 each, of which E. W. Kelley, of New York holds sixteen; and L. D. Kelley, of New York, and E. W. Knight, H. B. Smith, and Geo. S. Couch, of this city, hold one each. This road, when constructed, will run through one of the finest coal and timber regions of the State.—Charleston Gazette.

Must be some mistake about the Capital Stock. Certainly a railroad could not be built 30 miles or more with a Capital stock of $2,000.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of George C. Hill, deceased.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of the said Geo. C. Hill, to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said George C. Hill for adjudication to L. M. McClintic, Commissioner at his office in the said County, on or before the 6th day of September, 1893.

Witness, John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court, this 20th day of July, 1893.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

July 25-4t. Printers fee $4.50

Commissioner's Notice.

Charles L. Austin &c.
vs. In Chy. No. 2.
Wm. F. Arbogast &c.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested that in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered in the above named cause on the 17th day of June, 1893, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va. on Saturday the 17th day of August 1893 to take, state and report the following accounts:

1st. An account showing who are entitled to share in the fund arising from the sale of 400 acres of land decreed to be sold in this cause, and the amount thereof.

2nd. An account showing what taxes have been paid upon said tract of land within the last five years before the institution of this suit, by whom paid and to whom now due.

3rd. An account showing what will be a reasonable fee to the Attorney for the Plaintiffs in this cause to be taxed on the fund in this suit.

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or requested to be specially stated by any party in interest.

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Com'r.

July 25-4t. Printers fee $9.45

Commissioner's Notice.

Charles L. Austin &c.
vs. In Chy. No. 3.
Wm. F. Arbogast &c.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County made in the above cause on the 17th day of June, 1893, I shall, as Commissioner of said Court proceed at my office in Huntersville, W. Va., on Friday the 23rd day of August 1893 to take state and report the following accounts:

1st. An account showing who are entitled to share in the fund arising from the sale of 1,329 acres of land decreed to be sold in this cause, and the amount thereof.

2nd. An account showing what taxes have been paid upon said tract of land, within five years before the institution of this suit, by whom paid and to whom now due.

3rd. An account showing what will be a reasonable fee to the Attorney for the plaintiffs in this cause, to be taxed on the fund in this suit.

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required be specially stated by any party in interest.

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Com'r.

July 25-4t. Printers fee $9.45

Commissioner's Notice.

George C. Hill's Adm'r
vs. In Chancery.
Rebecca J. Hill & others

Notice is hereby given all parties that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered in the above cause on the 19th day of June, 1893, I shall as Commissioner of said Court, proceed at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Friday the 6th day of September, 1893, take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. A settlement of the accounts of R. W. Hill as administrator c. t. a. of George Hill, dec'd.

2nd. An account showing the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts priorities and to whom payable.

3rd. A general description of all the lands of which George C. Hill, dec'd seized, with a statement of their fee-simple value and annual rental value.

4th. A statement of the general nature and value of all the personal estate of which George C. Hill dec'd possessed which at the date of report is remaining applicable to the payment of debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd.

5th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Com'r.

July 25-4t. Printers fee $8.50

BRIDGE LETTING.

The undersigned Commissioner of the County Court of Pocahontas County will receive Sealed Bids until 12 m. August 15th, 1893, for the following repairs to the bridge over Knapp's Creek near Huntersville: A pier to be constructed as follows: To be of cut stone up to the distance of 12 feet from the top of the ground, well laid in cement on solid foundation, every joint well broken, the pier to be 22 feet in length at the bottom and 19 feet at the top and 7 feet wide at bottom and 5 feet at top. One abutment to be of cut stone for 12 feet above the top of the ground, well laid in cement on solid foundation, joints well broken, the abutment to be 22 feet long at bottom and 19 feet at top, 8 feet wide at bottom and 5 feet at top. All cement to be of the best quality, and any additional height of stone work, shall be rubble work laid in lime and sand. One span of 36 feet similar to the one already there. The approach to said bridge to be trestle work built of Locust posts and poles not less than 12 inches in diameter, without hewing, said posts to be sunk in the ground not less than four feet. A distance of 12 feet to be a span upon which 3 stringers [illegible] inches are to be laid on top of poles, upon which a floor of 3 inch oak plank 12 feet long shall be laid; [illegible] railing 3 feet high the whole length of said approach. The contractor shall give bond with approved security, for the faithful performance of the contract. The Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

[illegible] L. M. MCCLINTIC, Com'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of Hugh M. Carpenter deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of the said Hugh M. Carpenter, to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said Hugh M. Carpenter, for adjudication to L. M. McClintic, commissioner, at his office in the said county on or before the 6th day of September, 1893.

Witness, John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court this 20th day of July 1893.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

July 25-4t. Printers fee $6.75

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of the County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, on the first Monday of July, 1893.

R. S. Turk ——— Plaintiff.
vs.
Geo. W. McDonald, John A. McDonald, Rebecca A. McDonald, Geo. C. McDonald and R. B. McDonald... Defendants.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of the above styled suit is to have a division of 1,324, [illegible] and 167 acres of land lying on the head waters of Elk river in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, owned jointly by the plaintiff and the Defendants, and until such division is had, to enjoin the defendants and all others from cutting or removing any merchantable timber from the said lands or otherwise to commit waste thereon, and it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendants, Geo. W. McDonald, John A. McDonald, Rebecca A. McDonald, George C. McDonald and R. B. McDonald are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste:

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

July 11-4t. Printers fee $[illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	4 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

August 8, 1889.

[*Continued from first page.*]

"You idiot, can't you get your mouth open?"

There were twenty-five men lying on the decks and in the cabin sound asleep. No! Dead! Every one of them dead and cold, and I the only living thing aboard. It took some time to explain matters and get at all the particulars, but with what I could tell them and what they could see it finaly became plain to all. That barrel of wine had been dosed with some deadly drug. The cook must have done it previous to the attack, or the bung had been left out by another, and some poisonous reptile had crept in to die. No one could tell for certain, but the drinkers were all dead, and all had died in sleep. The ship was English, and the schooner was over thirty miles off the land. One of H. M. men-of-war, assisted by a civil functionary, attempted an investigation, but nothing came of it. Our crew had been slaughtered and the schooner captured, but she had recaptured herself and brought off twenty-five corpses. Not a living man could ever be found among the islands who would acknowledge that he had ever seen the schooner, much less participated in her capture.

Not long after the war a circus came to Montgomery. It was the first circus that had been there in a long time and attracted an immense crowd, especially of the negroes. The most interesting feature of the entertainment was the balloon ascension. The negroes had never seen anything of that kind, and regarded the spectacle of a man sailing up into the clouds very much as they would have looked upon Elijah going up in a chariot of fire. The balloon sailed away eight or ten miles and came down in a field where some negroes were plowing. Therrified at the spectacle of a chariot coming down from heaven they verily believed that the last great day had come, and remembered all their shortcomings, fled away in terror at the approach of the awful judge. One grey-headed and rheumatic old negro was unable to get away. He could follow the plough but could not run, and the chariot came down on him with terible swiftness. At that awful moment his whole life rushed upon him. He thought of all the petty sins he had committed, and the ghosts of a hundred chickens seemed to rise up in judgment against him. But in that desperate emergency his mind did not desert him, and remembering that politeness always counted with his earthly master he quickly decided to greet the Lord of heaven and earth in becoming style. As the aeronaut touched the earth and began to entangle himself from the meshes about his car the old darkey, with an air of profound obedience, removed the wool hat from his shipate, bowed low and said with pious unction:

"Morning, Mars Jesus, how you bo' yous pa?"

A Love Letter

The following was received by a young man of this vicinity, which we happened to get a hold of, and we think it is good enough to print:

March 13 1889 S—— PoCahontas co W Va

Mr.——

Dear friend itake my pen in hand to let you knoW that iam well truly hope when theese few lines come to hand it will find you enjoying the same blesing Mr. —— ithought i Would Write you a few lines iheard you Was here and enquired about me and i Was sorroW i Wasent here i Would liked to see you dont you let any body seethis if you please i dont think you Will have any objections to this note

Mr—— you Come doWn asaturday i Will be at home ithink aheap of you i dont knoW Whither you think any thing of me or not ithink you are the prettiest gentle man iever saw you be sure and come doWn asaturday i Want to see you awful bad i Will look for you besure and come if you dont come saturday you come, doWn next saturday be sure and come doWn this saturday i dont knoW what i Would gived to be here asaturday When you Was here Please dont let any body see this if you get this to day you, Write me anote down and send it doWn asaturday morning and let me know Whither you are Coming doW: asaturday eving or not be sure and Come for i Want to see you i Want you to Write and let me knoW When you are coming down if you dont come asaturday but i Want you to be sure and come down asaturday will have to close for this time hoping to hear from you soon your ever being friend —— to my Dear friend Mr —— Write soon come down asatuday be sure and come i Will look for you, i Want to see you knoW want you to come When the golden sunis siting and of others you are thinking Would you kindly think of me

Remember me When this you see Who often thinks of you

i have been thinking about Writing to you ever since the party at Mr ——

be sure and come asaturday dont let any body see this ihope you vont have any ob jections to this note know i Want you to be sure and come dowWn asaturday

good by

Prompt Payment of Small Bills.

A wealthy banker in one of our large subscriptions to charities, and has kindly habits of private benevolence, was called on one evening, and asked to go to help a man who had attempted suicide. They found the man in a wretched house in an alley not far from the bakers dwelling. The front room was a cobble's shop; behind it, on a miserable bed in the kitchen, lay the poor shoemaker, with a gaping gash in his throat, while his wife and children were gathered about him.

"We have been without food for days," said the woman, when be returned. "It is not my husband's fault. He is a hard-working, sober man. To-day, he went for the last time to collect a debt due him by a rich family, but the gentleman was not at home." My husband was weak from fasting, and seeing us starving drove him mad. So it ended that way," turning to the fainting, motionless figure on the bed.

The banker having warmed and fed the family, hurried home, opened his desk, and took out a file of little bills. All his debts were promptly met, but he was apt to be careless about the accounts of milk, bread etc., because they were so petty. He found that there was a bill of Michael Goodlow's for repairing shoes, $10 Michael Goodlow was the suicide. It was the banker's unpaid debt which had brought these people to the verge of the grave, and driven this man to desperation, while at the very time the banker had given away thousands in charity.—The Record of Christian Work.

A printer once made this mistake, "Mr. and Mrs.—— respectfully, request your presents at the marriage of their daughter."

"You printed a story about an Irishman who was threatened by a priest with being turned into a rat unless he quit drinking and beating his wife," said a friend who gathers up anecdotes of that sort. "Let me tell you one. It isn't new, but I have never seen it printed."

I squared myself and he proceeded:

"Patrick Maginnis went to confession and among other sins, confessed to the good father that he had stolen Mrs. Mulcahy's pig, the loss of which had been a great bloom to the poor woman.

"'Stole Mrs. Mulcahy's gig did ye? That's very bad, Patrick—very bad. Don't you know Pat, that to steal a pig is a haynious sin, and to steal Mrs. Mulcahy's pig is worse? What will ye say on the day of judgment when Mrs. Mulcahy confronts you before the Lord an' charges ye with stealin' her pig —what'll ye say?'

"Pat looked rather glum at this onslahght but at this point he perked up and said:

"'Sure, yer riverince, Mrs. Mulcahy won't be there.'

"'Indade; and why not, Pat Maginis? Mrs. Mulcahy will be there an' the pig'll be there, an' when yer asked why ye stole the widdy's pig what'll ye say, I'm wantin to know?'

"'Will Mrs. Mulcahy be there?' asked Pat, a great idea illuminating his face.

"'She will,' said the good father severely.

"'And will the pig be there?'

"'Certainly.'

"'Then, begorra,' said Pat, triumphantly, 'I'll say: "Mrs. Mulcahy, there's your pig.,"'

The Preacher's Snake Story.

Rev. C. W. Parker a respectable preacher, of Bremen, Ga., is authority for the following tale:

Dr. I N. Chaney used to practice medicine in Carrolton. He now keeps a hotel in Bremen. He went to Carr-lton the other day in his buggy, and while there traded an old debt for a good horse, and started out for Cremen in his buggy, leading his new horse.

When he was nearing the little Tallapoosa river bridge at Kingsberry's mill, he suddenly heard a roaring noise among the trees, which he instantly supposed to be a storm. Looking up the hill he saw the forest in commotion, and the trees falling and bending toward him, and in the midst a huge body which proved to be a snake. The doctor put whip to his horse and was quickly on the bridge. Feeling the buggy jerk, he looked back and saw the snake swallow the horse he was leading and plunge into the river as the snake poked his head out on the other bank of the stream, his tail was still up on the side of the hill, his body reached clear across the river.

The horse having on new shoes kicked through the stomache of the snake, and the snake stopped, and the stream was damned, and the water rose and floated the snake to a level with the bridge. The doctor jumped out of his buggy, took out a big knife, and cutting the hole larger where the horse's feet were sticking out of the snake's body, the horse flounced out and mounted the bridge. The doctor secured him to his buggy and drove on, but by this time the water had backed up till the horse had to swim to low ground, but made their escape.—Ex.

Lieutenant Habenichts (who owed everybody)—Ah, my, Miss Goldbird, how many could be made happy by this little hand.

Miss Goldbird (an heiress)—Many! I thought only one could be made happy by my hand.

Not if you give me your hand, Miss Goldbird.

(He was thinking of his numerous creditors.)

A Stranger who was making loud inquiries at the City hall yesterday for the Mayor was finaly asked by an officer to state his errand.

"I want to make a complaint against the way I was used at the postoffice," he replied.

"But the Mayor has nothing to do with the postoffice."

"He hasn't?"

"No, sir. Uncle Sam runs that."

"Well, I've had my satchel stolen, and I want to see him about that."

"It's no use, sir. You should go to the police."

"Hasn't the Mayor anything to do with it?"

"Not a thing."

"But they put me off a street car up here. I want to see him about that."

"He couldn't help you any."

"Say! You don't mean to tell me that your Mayor hasn't got any power, do you?"

"Not in such cases."

"Hump! Just sits right in his office, eh? Just smokes cigars and looks big and bosses the City hall, eh? Say! What's the use? If a feller can't boss the whole roost, what's the use of holding office? Say! I'm sorry for him. Give him my love and tell him he has my sympathy."

"Good many flies in here," he said to a shoemaker on Champlain street as he sat down to have a lift put on the heel of his shoe.

"Yes."

"Never tried to drive 'em out'did you?"

"No."

"Don't want to keep 'em on the outside, I suppose?"

"No."

"Wouldn't put up a screen door then if any one should give you one?"

"No."

"You must be the house-fly's friend."

"My frendt, I vhas sooch a man dot I like eaferypody to get along all right. If you pitch on some flies he vhas mad; if you gif him a shance maype he goes py himself und does vhell und vhas your frendt."

When two women are bosom friends or deadly enemies, you may always ask, "Where is the man."

Woman live and die by their passions, but not themselves.

The love of certain women is deadly; but most men become accustomed to it, as they do to slow poison.

Some men take women as they do champagne; but others indulge in them as they do in absinthe.

The lives of women can be divided into three epochs: They dream of love; they experienced its and they regret it.

Woman's virtue is like her beauty. One cannot define its beginning nor its end.

"Laura," said the young lady's mother, not unkindly, "it seems to me that you had the gas turned rather low last evening

"It was solely for economy, mamma," answered the maiden.

"There is no use trying to beat the gas company, my daughter. I have noticed that the shutting off of the gas is always followed by a corresponding increase of pressure."

"Well, that lessens the waist doesn't it, mamma, dear," replied the artless girl. And her fond parent could find no more to say.

Foreman—You might as well look for another job, Jerry.

What for?" What I done?

"Your trowelful of mortar struck the owner of the building down on the first floor."

"Let him keep out of the way. If the bell strikes 12 when I've got a trowel of mortar I don't care where it drops."

Excuse of the girl who recently eloped with her coachman: I was driven to it.

Dickens used to tell a story of meeting with a clergyman in a railway train, who held forth to his fellow passengers ever so long over the novelist's private failings, "Dickens is an Atheist, sir, as I happen to know; he is also a gambler, and I regret to say, drinks," and so on. "Dear me, how sad. Have you ever seen him drunk," asked Dickens. "Well, not exactly drunk; no—but certainly overtaken by liquor." Have you ever seen him sober?" "Well, that is too much to say. Oh, yes, I have seen him sober." "Often?" "Yes often." "No, sir, only once. You see him now for the first time." (Curtain.)

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, August 15 1889. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 4.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

BLACK CLOUD'S SON.

A GOVERNMENT RIDER'S STORY

There will never be another Indian outbreak serious enough to call for the action of a full regiment of soldiers in suppressing it. The extermination of the buffalo was the death-blow to the hostile Indian. Added to that, the building of the railroad lines flooded the West with emigrants, miners, hunters and tourist, and the Indian found himself hedged in by circumstances. The red man is no longer a warrior. He is down, and down pretty low, and it is the beginning of the end. He is doomed to follow the buffalo, and his total extinction will be regretted only by the few philanthropists who argued for him as a theory, and never came in physical contact.

No human being ever came nearer being a fiend than an Apache Indian. The Pawnees, Blackfeet and Cheyennes were wicked enough but the Apache had traits of his own—a fiendishness which other tribes might imitate but could not equal. He was born crafty and cruel. He never had the slightest feeling of mercy or pity from the cradle to the grave. He was never so much amused as when assisting to torture some living thing. He was never so satisfied as when planning to take life.

A year previous to the time General Custer was ordered West to begin a vigorous campaign against the Indians, the Apaches were in their glory, and they boasted that they could defeat any force of soldiers sent against them. I was scouting and mail-carrying in Texas for the Government, and after many close shaves was finanly captured by the red imps. It is of that incident I am going to write.

A month before my capture I was out on a scout on the Rio Pecos River, our party numbering eighteen men. We were well mounted and moving quickly from point to point. One day at noon we went into camp in a grove of cotton woods, and before I had unsaddled the Lieutenant in command informed me that he had lost his revolver from its holster during the last mile of our ride, and asked me to ride back in search. Instead of riding I returned on foot, and had the luck to find the weapon only about a quarter of a mile away. I then cut across an elbow to reach the grove, and when within stone's throw came suddenly upon an Indian pony in a dry gulch, and at the same instant discovered his owner crouched behind a boulder with his back to me and his face to the grove. I had him under my rifle before he could turn his head. Indeed, my finger was on the trigger when I saw that he was a boy. He had a rifle in his hands, but I called out to him to lay it down or I would fire, and after a moments hesitation he obeyed. Then, as I kept him covered at a distance of only seven or eight feet, I called to the men in the grove, and several of them came hurrying down in response.

I had captured a son of Black Cloud, Chief of one of the Apache bands, and the boy was named after his father. He was only fourteen years old, and his presence there exemplified the ruling traits of Apache character. Three hours before, he had discovered our party while out hunting with a party of his own. They dared not make an open attack, but the young Chief had sent his people away and then cut across the country to the grove, planning that we would halt there. Single handed and alone he was going to pick off the Lieutenant, and then make his escape to boast of it. We had splendid horses and were all old campaigners, and the boy would not have had one chance in ten to get away. He must have realized it, and yet he was willing to run the risks. He was greatly chagrined and cast down by his capture. We had finished our scout and were on our way back to Fort McKavett, and we determined to carry him in prisoner. When he was informed of this he earnestly begged me to kill him, saying that he could never hold up his head among his people again. Had he been wounded and rendered helpless it would not have been so bad; but to be taken as he was would forever disgrace him. We bound him fast to his pony, secured the animal against a break for liberty, and set out for the fort.

The boy was sullen and defiant for a time, refusing to answer any question, but after a while, when I had told him that he would not be harmed, and that his capture under the circumstances redounded to his credit, he thawed out a little. Three hours after his capture we got sight of a single Indian a mile away to our right on a knoll, and as we halted young Black Cloud informed me that it was one of his tribe, who wanted to have a talk with us. Signals were exchanged between the two, and the stranger soon came galloping in. He was one of the hunting party, and had been dodging us for twenty miles to find out if the boy had been captured. He was a fine looking fellow, and as he halted in our midst, and saw the ignoble situation of the boy his first thought was to fight for him. I called his attention to the fact that any move of his would result in the death of them both, and then explained how the youth was captured. Knowing the conceit of the tribe I spread it on very thick, alleging that it required our whole force to make the capture, and it was not accomplished then without a hard fight. This falsehood made the boy my friend for life, while it put the other in better humor. I stated that young Black Cloud would be taken to the fort and held prisoner until exchanged for some white captive, and gave my word that he would be well treated. meanwhile. He sent a message to his father to the effect that he was not afraid, and hoped to be at liberty in a few days, and two hours later we had him safely lodged in the guard house at the fort. His capture was looked upon as a good thing, for we knew that his tribe would gladly exchange two or three white prisoners for him.

Two weeks after the capture of young Black Cloud I was called into the Colonel's office one evening, and asked if I thought it possible to get through to Fort Concho with despatches. The country was then in the possession of the hostiles. The Pecos warriors had come down out of New Mexico to make common cause against the whites, and the Kiowas, Cheyennes, Chickasaws, Seminoles, and Shawnees were all out in the country to the north and east. The Apaches had us almost in a state of siege, being seen every day within five miles of the post, and the chances of making a sixty mile ride across the plains lying between the two forts without running against a party of hostiles was not one in fifty. At such periods our times a Government rider is not commanded to go. He is asked certain questions, however, in a manner which decides him to make the attempt. I left the post at 9 o'clock at night of an August evening perfectly satisfied that I should be dead or a prisoner before midnight. I had a bronco of tireless gait, a rifle and revolver, and I carried only five or six pounds extra weight. Before setting out I went in to see young Black Cloud and say good by. I had spent much of my time in his company, and we had become pretty good friends. When I told him of my journey he took from his neck a buckskin string, to which was attached the tooth of a grizzly bear, and handed it to me with the remark:

"You cannot get through. You will be captured or killed. If not shot down, show this to my people. They will know who it belongs to. They may trade you for me, and I shall thus get back to my tribe."

A thunder storm was coming up as I took my departure. Instead of holding due north, on the direct route, I rode to the east for five miles and then held away for Concho direct. The storm now broke, and for a full hour I rode ahead at a steady gallop, one moment in darkness so black that I could not see the ears of my horse, and the next in a blaze of light so brilliant that it blinded me. By the time the storm had passed I was a good fifteen miles from the fort, and as I had seen nothing to alarm me I began to hope that I would get through all right. It was between 10 and 11 o'clock, and I had pulled my broncho down to a walk for the first time, when he suddenly uttered a snort of alarm and started off with wild jumps. Three or four rifles cracked, and as the reports reached me the horse fell in a heap and flung me far over his head. I was momentarily stunned by the fall, and before I had made a move to get up I was seized by at least three Indians, who were not a minute in binding my hands and feet. When I got a clear head once more it was to realize that the Apaches had me a secure prisoner, and that, there were six or seven warriors about me. The moon came up in a clear sky a little latter, and then I made out that I had run directly into a contemporary camp. The shots fired after me had brought down my horse, and he lay groaning and floundering a few yards away.

The Indians knew that I was a white man, but they didn't know who they had got hold of until morning came. During the interval I lay on the wet ground guarded by two of the warriors, and almost immediately after my capture two men were sent off in different directions with news of it. A party of twelve Apaches arrived just before daylight and ten more at sunrise, and among the latter I recognized Black Cloud, father of the boy. One of the men had recognized me as "The white man who hurries," as the Government riders were called, and as being in the party who captured the Chief's son. No one ever saw such a mad lot of redskins before or since. They wanted to torture me, and yet they realized that through me the boy could obtain his liberty. The Chief at first declared that he had disowned his son, and that he might rot in confinement before he would exchange a white prisoner for him. When I called his attention to the charm young Black Cloud had given me the old man pretended to believe that it was a sign the boy was dead, and he ordered my immediate torture. I was jerked to a sitting position, my boot cut off, and the devils were about to use their knives on my feet when the old man changed his mind and restrained them. The sight of me before them was the same as a pail of fresh blood placed before ravenous wolves, and I expected to be knifed or tomahawked every moment for the first half hour. When they had cooled down a little Black Cloud demanded the particulars of his boy's capture. I saw that he felt degraded over the event, and was ready to disown the youth, and I made out a strong defence for the little chap to save my own scalp.

It was finanly decided to spare my life for a few days, and I was conducted to a camp in the foothills between the two forts. Here a council was held, and I had a close shave of it. While Black Cloud wanted his son back, some of his advisers contended that he should wait until securing some cheaper prisoner. They insisted on making me out a very important personage, and it was well known that I had killed or wounded several of the tribe in different scrimmages. Another thing that bothered them was how to make the exchange and not get beaten. Treacherous and deceitful to the last degree themselves, they would not credit the whites with having any honor. It was argued, too, that the commander of the fort would exchange the boy for a private soldier or any sort of prisoner, and that I had done them too much damage to be set at liberty. There were three days in which my fate was undecided, and during the last day a stake was driven and fagots collected for a fire to torture me. I had no voice in the council, being bound and under guard, but it was at length decided to make the exchange. So cautious and fearful were the Indians that it took a week to effect what might have been done in a day. I wrote a note to the commandant explaining the situation. This was carried in by a squaw, who was permitted to see and converse with young Black Cloud. He replied that he would exchange. The Apaches then wanted the boy turned loose before they released me, but this I would not hear to, knowing they would murder me. It was finally arranged that he was to be escorted a mile outside the fort and turned loose on his horse. I was to be taken to within a mile of the fort, and turned loose on foot. The parties were to occupy eminences half a mile apart, and the hour was to be 9 o'clock in the morning. This plan was carried out. Twenty soldiers came out with the boy, and about the same number of Apaches escorted me. The treachery of the copper faced fiends was soon exemplified. They had posted five warriors in a dry run to shoot me down as I made for the fort. The boy doubtless suspected some such move, for as soon as released he came galloping straight for me, and after a "how how" and a hand shake he insisted that I walk beside his pony until we reached the gate of the fort. When I was safe he waved his hand and rode away to be received with yells and cheers and it was then we saw the treacherous rascals creeping out of the cover where they had been stationed. A year later, after a fight in which over forty of the bravest Apache warriors had gone to earth I found young Black Cloud among the dead, having been hit four times. He had a Winchester and a revolver from which every cartridge had been fired.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

August 15, 1889.

Give American Labor a Chance.

First class American work is not only the best of its kind in the world, but the output for a given plant is much greater. It is not the machines or the methods alone that accomplish this last, but the social status of the workman also. This is an inexplicable position to foreigners, who do not accord workingmen any social standing whatever, but it is a mighty fact here. American workmen do more work because they are more intelligent, and are a part of all they undertake; they have more at stake. They care little about the the quality of their beer, but very much about the houses they live in and the clothing they wear. Their great solicitude anxiety is that their children shall be well brought up and have all the advantages that a free country can give them. This is why the arts flourish here, and why American engineers and American machinists are leading the world.—The Engineer.

And this, also, is why American industry and American workmen should not be taxed to death, but allowed a fair chance at the markets of the world, which are now in the clutches of nations which could not compete with America on an equal footing.

But the hands of the American workman are fettered. A high tariff wall compels American industry to prey upon itself, by keeping its products out of foreign markets, thus overstocking the home market the result, consequently, being depression reduction of wages, strikes, lockouts and all the ills that affect American labor.

Give the American workman but half a chance, and he will beat the world.—Register.

Among the most foolish things in the world are the efforts made by railroad companies to prevent the public from getting the news in cases of accidents, wrecks, and the like. If they could succeed in suppressing the facts in such cases entirely their object might be understood, but when the only result is to delay the information for a day or so, while all sorts of wild rumors are flying about in the meantime, it would take somebody smarter than the proverbial Philidelphia lawyer to explain what the railroad companies gain by it.—Ex.

According to a correspondent of the New York Evening Post, 3,200,000 bushels of peanuts are consumed in this country every year. They come chiefly from Virginia and North Carolina, although Tennessee also produces a small crop.

Statistics compiled by the Board of Inquiry, have ascertained that over six thousand people were killed in the Conemaugh Valley during the great lake burst.

On the 2nd inst. Lewis B. Short (col.) was killed near Bonsecarte by falling off of a freight train. He was beating his way from Hinton to Charlottesville Va.

New Yorkers are talking of building a tower 2,000 feet high.

The immigration during July was 3,874 less than in July, 1888. Every month this year has shown a gradual decline in European arrivals.

During a quarrel between Fred Ewing, white, and Jerome Crawford, colored, of Glenville, W. Va., the former stabbed the latter in the arm, inflicting severe injuries. Crawford's body was found on the roadside afterward with his head crushed in. Ewing is under arrest charged with the crime.

Congressman Wm. L. Wilson, of West Virginia, now in England, writes to a friend in Washington that he has attended a session of the House of Commons, and was not particularly impressed either by the speeches he heard or by the appearance of the hall, which, he says, is not as large as that of the United States House of Representatives.

"Brick" Pomery, the widely known author and editor, at 234 Broadway, New York, will, on receipt of 25 cents, send as directed, a sample copy of one of his interesting books entitled, *Ourselves and our Neighbors*: also a copy of his very independent and original monthly magazine, *Advance Thought* And you will read every line each contains.

Internal revenue statistics show that in the fiscal year 1887-8 tax was collected on 1,852,725,000 cigarrettes. In the year 1888-9 the number increased to 2,159,515,860—an increase of 288,788,260. Two cases of boy insanity are reported from New York city, within a week, resulting from excessive cigarette smoking. One made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide. Both were sent to an asylum.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON August, 9.—Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson's friends have never forgotten his aspirations to be Secretary of the Interior in the present cabinet. The story that is just now interesting everybody in Washington is believed to have originated with the afore-mentioned friends of Mr. Clarkson. It tells in elaborate details that Mr. Harrison having become convinced that it would never do to appoint Attorney General Milley to the vacant justiceship of the Supreme Court, and his being a New York man having settled Secretary Tracy's chances, had decided to appoint Secretary Noble to the vacancy. That would make a vacancy in the cabinet, which the story goes on to say, the President has not yet decided whether he will fill with Postmaster General Wanamaker and make Mr. Clarkson Postmaster General or appoint Mr. Clarkson Secretary of the Interior. A very pretty story and one that will have the intended effect of reminding President Harrison that Mr. Clarkson expects to go in the cabinet if a vacancy occurs. Secretary Noble denies that he is to be appointed to the Supreme Court. He ought to know it about as soon as anybody else.

No bills will be paid the telegraph companies for carrying government messages until it is decided at what rate they shall be paid for. The Post-master General insists that one mill per word is enough. This the telegraph people deny.

The Treasury department received by mail from the commander of the revenue cutter "Rush" full particulars of the seizure of the Canadian sealing vessel "Black Diamond" in Behrings sea, but declines to make it public until it is seen by Secretary Windom, who is at present out of town.

Next Winter, it is probable that about 11,000,000 acres of land in the great Sioux Indian reservation in Southern Dakota will be thrown open to settlement. It only requires that Congress shall approve the agreement, which Ex-Gov. Foster, chairman of the Commission, telegraphed the Interior department Wednesday had been made with the Indians. Under this agreement the Indians will receive $1.25 per acre for all the land sold during the first three years, 75 cents per acre for all that remains unsold after. The Commission, which was composed of Ex-Gov. Foster, of Ohio, Gen. Crook, U. S. A., and Hon. Wm. Warner, of Missouri, have been about a month in getting the requisite number of Indians—two thirds of the males over eighteen years old—to sign the agreement. The Indians refused to sign a similar agreement last year.

Representative Allen, of Miss., is in town. Speaking of the next House he said: "The republican programme will presumably be the revision of the rules and an attempt to seat republican contestants. I am not a democratic leader, but I believe that "the crimes they have taught us we should practice". If the republicans are allowed their way they will quickly produce a working majority. But remember how they postponed election cases in the last Congress. The Felton—Sullivan contest, for instance they would not allow to be considered at all. I, for one have no fear of the extra session. The burden of its mistakes will be on republican shoulders."

It has been decided that when the Civil Service Commission certify three names for appointment and one of them is a discharged soldier or sailor he must be selected by the appointing power for the place.

The employes of the Government Printing Office are working night and day to get the great mass of testimony in the contested election cases in print before Congress meets. There is an unusual number of such cases and a vast mass of evidence in each case. One of the cases just completed makes a book of nearly 500 pages.

Only one member of the administration is at present in Washington. Secretary Noble is the man. He is carrying the responsibility of the whole machine but it does not seem to warry him much, if any.

President Harrison glad the heart of many waiting and hungry brethren by making a large number of appointments before leaving for Bar Harbor. Still the number disappointed was much the greatest.

Attorney General Miller has gone to Indianapolis, where he will remain untill joined by the President on the 22nd, inst. at the laying of the corner stone of the soldiers monument, after which they will return to Washington together.

A stick of dynamite was fed in to a threshing machine in Ind. the other day. The machine was blown to pieces, three men were torn to atoms and two teams killed.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of George C. Hill, deceased.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of the said Geo. C. Hill, to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said George C. Hill for adjudication to L. M. McClintic, Commissioner at his office in the said County, on or beforeth e 6th day of September, 1889.

Witness, John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court, thisloth day of July, 1889.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

July 25-4t Printers fee $4.70

LADY CORRESPONDENT,

wanted by a young man of 26 years, good looking, weigh 150lbs 5 feet 8 inches high, worth some money and of a good family and would like a young lady correspondent from 16 to 25.

Address P. O. Box 16,
Dilley's Mill, W. Va.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in July, 1889.

Cyrenus H. Wilfong,............Plaintiff,

vs.

Henry A. Yeager, Joseph W. Riley and Charles A. Lightner.........Defendants

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to attach the estate of the defendant Henry A. Yeager, and subject the same to the payment of a debt due from said Yeager to the plaintiff, Cyrenus H. Wilfong by bond, dated the 3rd day of October, 1888, for $[illegible], payable one day after date of the bond. Subject to a credit for $45.00 as of February 1st, 1889, and it appearing by affidavit filed that Henry A. Yeager is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Clk.

[illegible], P. Q.

July 25 4t. Printers fee $ [illegible]

MASONIC NOTICE

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 63, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. R. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—Butter is scarce.

—W. O. McCorkle, of Baltimore was in town last week.

—T. L. and J. C. Reynolds were in town last Saturday.

—Capt. J. C. Lakin, of Dunmore was in town last Saturday.

—B. C. Jenkins was in Huntersville last week.

—Dr. Richard Williams, has been in town for several days.

—Moffett Cutlip, of Academy, called to see us last Friday.

—John Driscol, was in town last Saturday,

—Geo. W. Wagner is up at Green Bank, fixing to raft some timber.

—Atty. C. F. Moore, was up at Frost Monday.

—Attorney L. M. McClintic, has returned from William's river.

—Bishop Peterkin will preach in the Methodist church next Sunday night.

—Chas. Bruce, of Mingo Flats passed through town Tuesday with a drove of sheep.

—Mr. Jake Beard and Miss Blanch Clark, of Academy, were the guests of Mr. Wm. Curry Saturday night and Sunday.

—Harry W. Campbell, Esq., of Academy, came up home last Saturday and returned Sunday.

—Miss Doda Sharp, who has been with her sister Mrs. Overholt in Academy for some time has returned home.

—Rev. M. G. Battinger, of Monroe Co., made us a pleasant call Tuesday. He was on his way home, from visiting his son in Randolph Co.

—Miss Lou W. Hevener, daughter of Mr. Uriah Hevener of Greenbank, W. Va., spent Tuesday night in Monterey, on her way to visit her sister in Pulaski county.—Recorder.

—A. S. Williams, of Va., who built the bridge across Knapp's creek at this place two or three years ago is here now for the purpose of bidding on the additional span.

Institute Notice 1889

The Institute for Pocahontas Co., will convene in Huntersville, August 26th, beginning at 9 o'clock., A. M.

Teacher's will be required to attend and put in full time. No excuse taken for non-attendance except those given by law.

Teachers holding four years certificates will be required to attend the Institute and pass an examination on Physiology.

M. G. MATHEWS,
Co. Supt.

[illegible] Items.

Messrs. Kellison and Wort Beverage have started out with their steam thresher. Last week they threshed crops for G. M. Kee, Esq., Capt. Apperson, and the Prices.

Capt. Apperson had 136 bushels of first-class wheat, from nine acres, Kee's wheat nearly as nice. Prices had 65 bushels from four acres, and good quality. The steam thresher is a great advance upon the old horse power contrivance.

Messrs Peters, Gardner and Collins have moved off eight or ten rafts during the recent tide amounting to nearly one hundred and fifty thousand feet of sawed lumber, cherry, walnut, ash &c.

H. K. S.

Preaching Arrangements.

Sacramental meeting (D. V.) at Mt. Vernon Church the fourth sabbath of August. All day meeting with refreshments, on the ground. Preaching Friday night before at Dever's School House, Saturday night at Frost, as preliminary services.

On the night of the second sabbath of September there will be preaching (D. V.) at Edray Chu ch. The subject will be the Johnstown disaster.

W. T. P.

Big Spring Notes.

The farmers in this vicinity are making hay very slowly owing to wet weather.

Miss Mamie Gatewood is home from Frederick Female Seminary after an absence of ten months.

The school here is progressing finely under the management of Miss Clark.

Born, on the morning the 5th, to B. F. Hamilton and wife a ten pound boy.

MOODY.

Dunmore Doings.

Fine hay weather and farmers are making use of it.

S. L. Jackson and wife have returned to Ronceverte.

Col. Jno. Driscol was up last week.

Capt. J. C. Kinports is with us.

Misses Mary Price, Birdie and Col. E. C. Ferguson, of Huttonsville are here on a visit.

Mrs. Flenner and Miss Sallie Patterson are improving.

Bishop Peterkin will preach at Clover Lick Sunday the 18th.

O. W. Ruckman contemplates opening a tan yard near Green Bank soon.

Boyd Bartlett is finishing the plastering of Mr. Pritchard's house.

We have a man here that spent one night in the wreckage at Johnstown.

TOM SAWYER.

Green Bank Items.

News is scarce this week.

Miss Sallie Patterson who has been sick at this place was carried to her home at Glade Hill on her bed on Sunday last. Her severe illness has enlisted much sympathy from her many friends in this vicinity.

Dr. C. L. Austin was called to see Forrest Warwick, who we learn is quite ill.

Mr. F. Little has undertaken an extension job of painting on Mr. Geo. W. Kerr's new house and barn.

Miss Lou Hevener is off on a visit to her sister Mrs. Summerson in Pulaski Va., and other places of interest.

Mr. Davis, the artist has been quite indisposed for the last few days.

PAULINA.

Sunset Locals.

Three days dry weather this week and the farmers have made good use of them putting up hay and oats. The hay crop is good.

Z. N. Goulet the late purchaser of the W. L. Herold farm is preparing to sow a large crop of wheat. More of our farmers should do likewise.

Mrs. P. M. Harper, accompanied by Mrs. Birdie Ballengee are visiting Mrs. R. M. Pritchard at Healing Springs Va.

J. C. Harper, is back from a trip to Healing Springs.

Mr. H. M. Lockridge, is attending Warm Springs for his health.

Rev. W. H. Ballengee, will preach at Sunset school house on Sunday the 18 at 8 o'clock p. m., whilst on his way to Monroe where he will attend Monroe Camp Meeting and visit his father.

Success to THE TIMES.

POLKY.

The Brushy Ridge Camp-meeting will convene next Thursday, the 15th instant.

A Little Sermon

There is a great deal of talk in this day and time of culture. We hear of literary societies that meet to dispense views that are more or less rapid, we hear of schools of philosophy; we hear of the growth and accumulation, so to speak, of that free and easy doctrine which the Plunketts of the north call Christian science; and we hear of a thousand and one movements that restless and uneasy people are pushing forward under the cloak of culture and moral development.

It is a very easy matter to talk about culture and progress. We see a great deal about it in current books and read a great deal about it in newspapers, especially in newspapers printed in the neighborhood of Boston. But, after all, what is culture, and what are its benefits? It is easier to ask the question than it is to answer it, and this is because the average opinion of culture amounts to confusion.

To the person who is familiar with the best in literature—and this familiarity is cheaply and quickly bought—there is nothing to be less sought after than culture. The man who reads his Bible understandingly and appreciatively, and who makes a study of the wonderful body of literature that it contains, is more highly cultured than he who has read a hundred books in a dozen different languages.

Character is the essence of culture, and the books that form character and enable the mind to understand that information is not wisdom and that knowledge is not necessarily the result of what we are pleased to call education. What is best in life is to be found in the best of books—and this suggestion need not necessarily be construed into a sermon. St. Paul was a preacher, it is true, but he was a literary man also, and he had qualities which were not transmitted to the modern evangelists. So with Job and Isaiah, and so with the beloved prophet who was bold enough to ease his troubled soul in the pages of Ecclesiastes.

The only culture in life or in literature that is worth considering grows out of earnestness and simplicity.—Atlanta Constitution.

Statistics show that during the past year, there were 2,184 murders in the United States, against 87 legal executions and 144 lynchings.

HILLSBORO TRAINING SCHOOL.

The third annual session of the Hillsboro Training School for young ladies and children will begin September 4 1889.

MISS G. M. SHEARER,
Principal.

SHOEMAKER'S SHOP
at
Huntersville, W. Va.

I am prepared to make in the best style and order, Boots and Shoes of all kinds, also repairing done in neat style.
May 18 6 m. J. C. THOMPSON'S

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA.

To the Heirs of Reuben Buzzard, dec'd The Heirs of James W anless, dec'd, Henry D. Davis and John F. and W. S. Grimes, sons of Samuel Grimes, dec'd, Da id wilfong, Greeting:

We command you that you appear before F. J. Snyder, a Commissioner in Chancery of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County at his office in the town of Huntersville, in said County on the 5th day of September, 1889, and show cause, if any, you, or either of you, can, why certain lands shall not be sold for the benefit of the school fund, which are mentioned in a petition filed in said Court by the Commissioner of School Land for said County, which was referred to said Commissioner Snyder for report thereon by decree of said Court made on the 18th day of June, 1889.

witness: John J. Beard, Cl'k of ou said Court, at the Court-house, of said County, the 8th day of August, 1889, in the 27th year of the State.

John J. BEARD, Cl'k.

aug 8-4t Printers fee $7.68

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, West Virginia on the first Monday in August, 1889.

Augusta National Bank, of Staunton, Va., and M. J. McNeel, Sheriff of Pocahontas county and as such adm'r of M. Mustoe, dec'd.

vs.

Samuel C. Tardy, K. D. Urquhart and Samuel C Tardy Jr., late merchants and partners, doing business under the firm name and style of Tardy, Urquhart & Tardy; Wm. M. McAllister and Charles P. Jones. Trustee.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is, to enforce a payment of the sum of $2,551 due to the plaintiffs by the defendants. Tarday Urquhart & Tardy, by two protested negotiable notes, and the costs of protest; with interest on $1,018.05 thereof, from February 24, 1886, and our $1,588.78, the residue thereof from March 23, 1886, and the costs of this suit: and to attach the interest of the defendants, Sam'l C. Tardy & Sam'l C. Tardy, Jr. in a tract of land containing 2,197 acres, lying in the County of Pocahontas, sufficient to satisfy the same.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the said Defendants, Tardy, Urquhart & Tardy, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

JONES & MCALLISTER, p q.
aug. 8-4t Printers fee, $11.94

Commssioner's Notice.

Charles L. Austin &c.
vs. In Chy. No. 2.
Wm. F Arbogatst &c.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered in the above named cause on the 17th day of June, 1889, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday the 17th day of August 1889 to take, state and report the following accounts:

1st. An account showing who are entitled to share in the fund arising from the sale of 893 acres of land decreed to be sold in this cause, and the amount thereof.

2nd. An account showing what taxes have been paid upon said tract of land within the last five years before the institution of this suit, by whom paid and to whom now due.

3rd. An account showing what will be a reasonable fee to the Attorney for the Plaintiffs in this cause to be taxed on the fund in this suit.

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or requested to be specially stated by any party in interest.

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Com'r.
july 25-4t Printers fee $9.68.

Commissioner's Notice.

Charles L. Austin &c.
vs. In Chy. No. 3.
Wm. F. Arbogast &c.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County made in the above cause on the 17th day of June, 1889, I shall, as Commissioner of said Court proceed at my office in Huntersville, W. Va., on Friday the 23rd day of August 1889 to take state and report the following accounts:

1st. An account showing who are entitled to share in the fund arising from the sale of 1,320 acres of land decreed to be sold in this cause, and the amount thereof.

2nd. An account showing what taxes have been paid upon said tract of land, within five years before the institution of this suit, by whom paid and to whom now due.

3rd. An account showing what will be a reasonable fee to the Attorney for the plaintiffs in this cause, to be taxed on the fund in this suit.

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required be specially stated by any party in interest.

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Com'r.
july 25-4t Printers fee $9.40

Staunton Marble Works.

If you want head stones Marble and granite Monuments etc., etc., you can do no better than to buy from

G. C. COOPER, agent,
Green Bank, Pocahontas Co.,
W. Va.

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.

UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

GOOD FLOUR.

2½ cts pr. pound, meal 75 cts per bushel at H. H. McClintic's mill, also his flour at A. Barlow's Huntersville, and Barlow & Moore's, Edray for 3 cts.
mar. 28.

NOTICE.

I will not hereafter sell mill stuff on credit, and all who owe me will please come forward and settle their accounts at once and save further trouble.

Flour $2.50 per 100 lbs and corn 75cts per bu.

GEO. H. MCGLAUGHLIN.
Edray.

FOR THE BEST FURNITURE, CHAIRS AND FINEST TRIMED

in the county, go to

C. B. SWECKER,
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER,
Dunmore, W. Va.

PATENTS.

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C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of Hugh M. Carpenter deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of the said Hugh M. Carpenter, to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said Hugh M. Carpenter, for adjudication to L. M. McClintic, commissioner; at his office in the said county on or before the 6th day of September, 1889.

Witness, John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court this 30th day of July 1889.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.
july 22-4t. Printers fee $6.70

Commissioner's Notice.

George C. Hill's Adm'r
vs. In Chancery.
Rebecca J. Hill & others

Notice is hereby given all parties that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered in the above cause on the 15th day of June, 1889, I shall as Commissioner of said Court, proceed at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va. on Friday the 6th day of September, 1889, take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. A settlement of the accounts of R. W. Hill as administrator c. t. a. of George Hill, dec'd.

2nd. An account showing the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts priorities and to whom payable.

3rd. A general description of all the lands of which George C. Hill, dec'd seized, with a statement of their fee simple value and annual rental value.

4th. A statement of the general nature and value of all the personal estate of which George C. Hill died possessed which at the date of report is remaining applicable to the payment of debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd.

5th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Com'r.
july 25-4t Printers fee [illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

August 15, 1889.

THE FRONT GATE AJAR.

Her Father Raised His Chamber Window and This is What Came to Him Through the Summer Air.

"Purty night, ain't it, Tilly?"

"Yes, purty enough; good night, Hank."

"What's yer rush?"

"I'd say 'rush' if I were you."

"Why, we ain't been standing here but a few minutes."

"O-o-o-h, Hank Sparks, what a big story teller you are. We've been here over an hour."

"Well, what if we have?"

"Well, that's long enough, that's what. We'd ought to be 'shamed of ourselves anyhow."

"What for?"

"For being so silly."

"I reckon we ain't the only silly folks in the world then."

"That makes no difference. Good night."

"No, wait a minute, Tilly."

"What for? You s'pose I'm going to stand here all night?"

"Nobody wants you to say here all night, but I don't see why you snatch yourself away like this."

"Pa'll be calling me first thing I know."

"Let' im call; it won't hurt him."

"It might hurt you if he took a notion to come out or to set old Bose loose"

"Pooh! Who's afraid?"

"You'd better be. Good night."

"Wait a minute."

"I shan't stay out here another minute."

"Yes you will."

"I shan't. Let go my hands."

"I don't have to."

"You mean thing, you! I—I—if you dare to kiss me again, Hank Sparks!"

"Oh, I daren't, eh! There!"

"Hank Sparks!"

"There's another."

"I've a notion to call for pa. I will if you kiss me again, sir!"

"You're the worst case I ever saw. Shame on you!"

"Pooh! I pity a fellow who ain't grit enough to kiss his girl when he can."

"I'd be ashamed if I was you, sir. Good night."

"Good night, Tilly."

"Good night."

"Good night. Don't forgit that we're going to the singing school Friday night."

"Maybe we will and maybe we won't."

"You'd better look out or I'll kiss you again."

"Yes, you daresn't! Good night."

"Bye-bye."

"Goodby."

A man never knows what he can do until he tries, and then, after word, he is often very sorry that he found out.

Gentleman (calling at the house of a friend): "Is your mistress in?" Mary: "She is sir." Gentleman: "Is she engaged?" Mary: "Faith, she's more than that—she's married."

A man doesn't feel at least inflated when blown up by his wife.

Strange.—Husband: "I dreamt I died and went to heaven. Strange." Wife: "Yes strange indeed."

Miss Lovelorn: "Did you mean that as a smile at me? Oldbeau: "No, my dear; it was a twige of the rheumatism."

What is the difference between a summer dress and an extracted tooth?—One is too thin and other is tooth out.

Two heads are better than one. The two-headed freak in the dime museum earns a larger salary than the one-headed professor.

Bride: "George, dear, when we reach town let us try to avoid leaving the impression that we are newly married." "All right, Maud; you can lug this valise."

Madam: "Do up my hair, Felice, while I am down at breakfast." Felice: "Yes, madam; which colour?" Madam: "The black, please; I am going to a funeral."

A garrulous fop, who had annoyed by his frivolous remarks his partner in the ballroom, asked whether she had ever had her her ears pierced. "No, but I have had them bored."

Stout Lady: "Sir, I beg that you will desist from following me, or I shall call a constable." Perspiring Stranger: "Pray don't say so. It's the only bit of a shade in the whole park. I'd do as much for you, but my shadow isn't worth mentioning."

Adorer (nervously): "Isn't that your father's step on the stairs?" Sweet Girl: "Yes, but don't mind that; it's only a scare. He won't come down. He always stamps around that way when I sit up with young men after eleven o'clock."

An attorney at law, who wished to show his smartness by quizzing an old farmer, began by asking him if there were many girls in his neighborhood.

"Yes," replied the old man; "there's a dreadful sight of 'em—so many that there ain't half enough respectable husbands for 'em all, and so some of 'em are beginning to take us with lawyers!"

The attorney did not follow up the subject.

"Well, Master Jackson," said the minister, walking homeward after service with an industrious labourer, who was a constant attendant "Sunday must be a very blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week. And you make good use of the day, for you are to be always seen at church." "Ay, sir," replied Jackson, "it is, indeed a blessed day, I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up and thinks o' nothin."

The Weight of Individuals.

The average weight of a boy at birth is seven and that of a girl a little more than six pounds. When they attain the full development of man or womanhood they should weigh twenty times as much as they did at birth. This would make a man's average weight 140 and a woman about 125. The height of a male at birth is 1 ft. 7 in., and that of a female 1 ft. 6 in. Fully grown a man's height should be about three and a half times greater than at birth, or 5 ft. 9 in., while a woman should be 5 ft. 5 in. The weight of individuals who are fully developed and well formed, however, varies within extremes, which are nearly as one to two, while the height varies within limits which at most are as 1 to 1.3d. Taking 300 lbs. as the maximum of man's weight and 60 as the minimum, we would have the average of [illegible] lbs. Placing the maximum weight of woman at 155 lbs. and the minimum at 59 lbs., and we get an average of 127½ lbs.

"I suppose you find this to be a hard, hard world, do you not?" she said, as she gave the tramp a loaf of stale bread. "Yes'm," answered the tramp, trying to make a dent in the loaf with his knife; "but we frequently strike things that are harder."

In the Sun.

A knowledge of feline traits once enabled Charles James Fox to win a wager from the then Prince of Wales, while the two were sauntering along a fashionable street in London.

It was a hot summer's day and Fox offered to bet that he would see more cats than His Royal Highness during their promenade, although the Prince might choose on which side of the street he would walk.

It turned out that Fox had seen thirteen cats and the Prince none.

"Your Royal Highness," said Fox, answering the Prince's request for an explanation, "choose of course, the shady side of the street as being most agreeable. I knew that the sunny side would be left for me, and that cats prefer the sunshine."—Youth's Companion.

New List of Don'ts.

Don't drink black or green tea. Paint it red.

Don't wear high heels, and yet do not walk altogether on your uppers.

Don't eat a large, juicy steak at a boarding house.

Don't wear your bathing-suit to a sleighing party.

Don't permit a boy to eat more than fifteen times a day if you can help it.

Don't eat on an empty stomach unless you feel hungry.

Don't read in street cars of jolting stages. Get the conductor to read to you.

Don't eat chicken salad if bob veal does not agree with you.

Don't lose your head in case of violent bleeding at the nose. You might need it in your business.

Don't eat cucumbers or stale meats. Send them to the preacher.

Don't eat shad in a hurry.

Don't drink liquor in large quanties when suffering with delirium tremens.

Don't jump from the window when suffering with alcoholism under the impression that there are snakes in the room. These serpents are more imaginative than real.

Don't sit with your back to a sight-draft.

The Steubenville Herald tells of a [illegible] that is [illegible]est.

Attorney General Miller has gone to Indianapolis, where he will remain untill joined by the President on the 22nd, inst. at the laying of the corner stone of the soldiers monument, after which they will return to Washington together.

A stick of dynamite was fed to a threshing machine in Ind. the other day. The machine was blown to pieces, three men were torn to atoms and two teams killed.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

BLACK CLOUD'S SON.

A GOVERNMENT RIDER'S STORY

There will never be another Indian outbreak serious enough to call for the action of a full regiment of soldiers in suppressing it. The extermination of the buffalo was the death-blow to the hostile Indian. Added to that, the building of the railroad lines flooded the West with emigrants, miners, hunters and tourist, and the Indian found himself hedged in by circumstances. The red man is no longer a warrior. He is down, and down pretty low, and it is the beginning of the end. He is doomed to follow the buffalo, and his total extinction will be regretted only by the few philanthropists who argued for him as a theory, and never came in physical contact.

No human being ever came nearer being a fiend than an Apache Indian. The Pawnees, Blackfeet and Cheyennes were wicked enough but the Apache had traits of his own—a fiendishness which other tribes might imitate but could not equal. He was born crafty and cruel. He never had the slightest feeling of mercy or pity from the cradle to the grave. He was never so much amused as when assisting to torture some living thing. He was never so satisfied as when planning to take life.

A year previous to the time General Custer was ordered West to begin a vigorous campaign against the Indians, the Apaches were in their glory, and they boasted that they could defeat any force of soldiers sent against them. I was scouting and mail-carrying in Texas for the Government, and after many close shaves was finanly captured by the red imps. It is of that incident I am going to write.

A month before my capture I was out on a scout on the Rio Pecos River, our party numbering eighteen men. We were well mounted and moving quickly from point to point. One day at noon we went into camp in a grove of cotton woods, and before I had unsaddled the Lieutenant in command informed me that he had lost his revolver from its holster during the last mile of our ride, and asked me to ride back in search. Instead of riding I returned on foot, and had the luck to find the weapon only about a quarter of a mile away. I then cut across an elbow to reach the grove, and when within stone's throw came suddenly upon an Indian pony in a dry gulch, and at the same instant discovered his owner crouched behind a boulder with his back to me and his face to the grove. I had him under my rifle before he could turn his head. Indeed, my finger was on the trigger when I saw that he was a boy. He had a rifle in his hands, but I called out to him to lay it down or I would fire, and after a moments hesitation he obeyed. Then, as I kept him covered at a distance of only seven or eight feet, I called to the men in the grove, and several of them came hurrying down in response.

I had captured a son of Black Cloud, Chief of one of the Apache bands, and the boy was named after his father. He was only fourteen years old, and his presence there exemplified the ruling traits of Apache character. Three hours before, he had discovered our party while out hunting with a party of his own. They dared not make an open attack, but the young Chief had sent his people away and then cut across the country to the grove, planning that we would halt there. Single handed and alone he was going to pick off the Lieutenant, and then make his escape to boast of it. We had splendid horses and were all old campaigners, and the boy would not have had one chance in ten to get away. He must have realized it, and yet he was willing to run the risks. He was greatly chagrined and cast down by his capture. We had finished our scout and were on our way back to Fort McKavett, and we determined to carry him in prisoner. When he was informed of this he earnestly begged me to kill him, saying that he could never hold up his head among his people again. Had he been wounded and rendered helpless it would not have been so bad; but to be taken as he was would forever disgrace him. We bound him fast to his pony, secured the animal against a break for liberty, and set out for the fort.

The boy was sullen and defiant for a time, refusing to answer any question, but after a while, when I had told him that he would not be harmed, and that his capture under the circumstances redounded to his credit, he thawed out a little. Three hours after his capture we got sight of a single Indian a mile away to our right on a knoll, and as we halted young Black Cloud informed me that it was one of his tribe, who wanted to have a talk with us. Signals were exchanged between the two, and the stranger soon came galloping in. He was one of the hunting party, and had been dodging us for twenty miles to find out if the boy had been captured. He was a fine looking fellow, and as he halted in our midst, and saw the ignoble situation of the boy his first thought was to fight for him. I called his attention to the fact that any move of his would result in the death of them both, and then explained how the youth was captured. Knowing the conceit of the tribe I spread it on very thick, alleging that it required our whole force to make the capture, and it was not accomplished then without a hard fight. This falsehood made the boy my friend for life, while it put the other in better humor. I stated that young Black Cloud would be taken to the fort and held prisoner until exchanged for some white captive, and gave my word that he would be well treated meanwhile. He sent a message to his father to the effect that he was not afraid, and hoped to be at liberty in a few days, and two hours later we had him safely lodged in the guard house at the fort. His capture was looked upon as a good thing, for we knew that his tribe would gladly exchange two or three white prisoners for him.

Two weeks after the capture of young Black Cloud I was called into the Colonel's office one evening, and asked if I thought it possible to get through to Fort Concho with despatches. The country was then in the possession of the hostiles. The Pecos warriors had come down out of New Mexico to make common cause against the whites, and the Kiowas, Cheyennes, Chickasaws, Seminoles, and Shawnees were all out in the country to the north and east. The Apaches had us almost in a state of siege, being seen every day within five miles of the post, and the chances of making a sixty-mile ride across the plains lying between the two forts without running against a party of hostiles was not one in fifty. At such periods our times a Government rider is not commanded to go. He is asked certain questions, however, in a manner which decides him to make the attempt. I left the post at 9 o'clock at night of an August evening perfectly satisfied that I should be dead or a prisoner before midnight. I had a bronco of tireless gait, a rifle and revolver, and I carried only five or six pounds extra weight. Before setting out I went in to see young Black Cloud and say good-by. I had spent much of my time in his company, and we had become pretty good friends. When I told him of my journey he took from his neck a buckskin string, to which was attached the tooth of a grizzly bear, and handed it to me with the remark:

"You cannot get through. You will be captured or killed. If not shot down, show this to my people. They will know who it belongs to. They may trade you for me, and I shall thus get back to my tribe."

A thunder storm was coming up as I took my departure. Instead of holding due north, on the direct route, I rode to the east for five miles and then held away for Concho direct. The storm now broke, and for a full hour I rode ahead at a steady gallop, one moment in darkness so black that I could not see the ears of my horse, and the next in a blaze of light so brilliant that it blinded me. By the time the storm had passed I was a good fifteen miles from the fort, and as I had seen nothing to alarm me I began to hope that I would get through all right. It was between 10 and 11 o'clock, and I had pulled my broncho down to a walk for the first time, when he suddenly uttered a snort of alarm and started off with wild jumps. Three or four rifles cracked, and as the reports reached me the horse fell in a heap and flung me far over his head. I was momentarily stunned by the fall, and before I had made a move to get up I was seized by at least three Indians, who were not a minute in binding my hands and feet. When I got a clear head once more it was to realize that the Apaches had me a secure prisoner, and that, there were six or seven warriors about me. The moon came up in a clear sky a little latter, and then I made out that I had run directly into a contemporary camp. The shots fired after me had brought down my horse, and he lay groaning and floundering a few yards away.

The Indians knew that I was a white man, but they didn't know who they had got hold of until morning came. During the interval I lay on the wet ground guarded by two of the warriors, and almost immediately after my capture two men were sent off in different directions with news of it. A party of twelve Apaches arrived just before daylight and ten more at sunrise, and among the latter I recognised Black Cloud, father of the boy. One of the men had recognised me as "The white-man-who-hurries," as the Government riders were called, and as being in the party who captured the Chief's son. No one ever saw such a mad lot of redskins before or since. They wanted to torture me, and yet they realized that through me the boy could obtain his liberty. The Chief at first declared that he had disowned his son, and that he might rot in confinement before he would exchange a white prisoner for him. When I called his attention to the charm young Black Cloud had given me the old man pretended to believe that it was a sign the boy was dead, and he ordered my immediate torture. I was jerked to a sitting position, my boot cut off, and the devils were about to use their knives on my feet when the old man changed his mind and restrained them. The sight of me before them was the same as a pail of fresh blood placed before ravenous wolves, and I expected to be knifed or tomahawked every moment for the first half hour. When they had cooled down a little Black Cloud demanded the particulars of his boy's capture. I saw that he felt degraded over the event, and was ready to disown the youth, and I made out a strong defence for the little chap to save my own scalp.

It was finanly decided to spare my life for a few days, and I was conducted to a camp in the foot-hills between the two forts. Here a council was held, and I had a close shave of it. While Black Cloud wanted his son back, some of his advisers contended that he should wait until securing some cheaper prisoner. They insisted on making me out a very important personage, and it was well known that I had killed or wounded several of the tribe in different scrimmages. Another thing that bothered them was how to make the exchange and not get [illegible]. Treacherous and deceitful to the last degree themselves, they would not credit the whites with having any honor. It was argued, too, that the commander of the fort would exchange the boy for a private soldier or any sort of prisoner, and that I had done them too much damage to be set at liberty. There were three days in which my fate was undecided, and during the last day a stake was driven and fagots collected for a fire to torture me. I had no voice in the council, being bound and under guard, but it was at length decided to make the exchange. So cautious and fearful were the Indians that it took a week to effect what might have been done in a day. I wrote a note to the commandant explaining the situation. This was carried in by a squaw, who was permitted to see and converse with young Black Cloud. He replied that he would exchange. The Apaches then wanted the boy turned loose before they released me, but this I would not hear to, knowing they would murder me. It was finally arranged that he was to be escorted a mile outside the fort and turned loose on his horse. I was to be taken to withig a mile of the fort, and turned loose on foot. The parties were to occupy eminences half a mile apart, and the hour was to be 9 o'clock in the morning. This plan was carried out. Twenty soldiers came out with the boy, and about the same number of Apaches escorted me. The treachery of the copper-faced fiends was soon exemplified. They had posted five warriors in a dry run to shoot me down as I made for the fort. The boy doubtless suspected some such move, for as soon as released he came galloping straight for me, and after a "how how" and a hand shake he insisted that I walk beside his pony until we reached the gate of the fort. When I was safe he waved his hand and rode away to be received with yells and cheers and it was then we saw the treacherous rascals creeping out of the cover where they had been stationed. A year later, after a fight in which over forty of the bravest Apache warriors had gone to earth I found young Black Cloud among the dead, having been hit four times. He had a Winchester and a revolver from which every cartridge had been fired.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

August 15, 1889.

Give American Labor a Chance.

First-class American work is not only the best of its kind in the world, but the output for a given plant is much greater. It is not the machines or the methods alone that accomplish this last, but the social status of the workman also. This is an inexplicable position to foreigners, who do not accord workingmen any social standing whatever, but it is a mighty fact here. American workmen do more work because they are more intelligent, and are a part of all they undertake; they have more at stake. They care little about the the quality of their beer, but very much about the houses they live in and the clothing they wear. Their great solicitude anxiety is that their children shall be well brought up and have all the advantages that a free country can give them. This is why the arts flourish here, and why American engineers and American machinists are leading the world.—The Engineer.

And this, also, is why American industry and American workmen should not be taxed to death, but allowed a fair chance at the markets of the world, which are now in the clutches of nations which could not compete with America on an equal footing.

But the hands of the American workman are fettered. A high tariff wall compels American industry to prey upon itself, by keeping its products out of foreign markets, thus overstocking the home market the result, consequently, being depression reduction of wages, strikes, lockouts and all the ills that affect American labor.

Give the American workman but half a chance, and he will beat the world.—Register.

Among the most foolish things in the world are the efforts made by railroad companies to prevent the public from getting the news in cases of accidents, wrecks, and the like. If they could succeed in suppressing the facts in each case entirely their object might be understood, but when the only result is to delay the information for a day or so, while all sorts of wild rumors are flying about in the meantime, it would take somebody smarter than the proverbial Philadelphia lawyer to explain what the railroad companies gain by it.—Ex.

According to a correspondent of the New York Evening Post, 3,160,000 bushels of peanuts are consumed in this country every year. They come chiefly from Virginia and North Carolina, although Tennessee also produces a small crop.

Statistics compiled by the Board of Inquiry, have ascertained that over six thousand people were killed in the Conemaugh Valley during the great lake burst.

On the 2nd inst. Lewis B. Short [illegible] was killed near Ronceverte by falling off of a freight train. He was beating his way from Hinton to Charlottesville Va.

New Yorkers are talking of building a tower 1,500 feet high.

The immigration during July was 3,874 less than in July, 1888. Every month this year has shown a gradual decline in European arrivals.

During a quarrel between Fred Ewing, white, and Jerome Crawford, colored, of Glenville, W. Va., the former stabbed the latter in the arm, inflicting severe injuries. Crawford's body was found on the roadside afterward with his head crushed in. Ewing is under arrest charged with the crime.

Congressman Wm. L. Wilson, of West Virginia, now in England, writes to a friend in Washington that he has attended a session of the House of Commons, and was not particularly impressed either by the speeches he heard or by the appearance of the hall, which, he says, is not as large as that of the United States House of Representatives.

"Brick" Pomery, the widely known author and editor, at 234 Broadway, New York, will, on receipt of 25 cents, send as directed, a sample copy of one of his interesting books entitled, *Ourselves and our Neigybors*: also a copy of his very independent and original monthly magazine, *Advance Thought* And you will read every line each contains.

Internal revenue statistics show that in the fiscal year 1887-8 tax was collected on 1,852,725,000 cigarrettes. In the year 1888-9 the number increased to 2,159,515,860—an increase of 288,788,260. Two cases of boy insanity are reported from New York city, within a week, resulting from excessive cigarette smoking. One made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide. Both were sent to an asylum.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON August, 9.—Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson's friends have never forgotten his aspirations to be Secretary of the Interior in the present cabinet. The story that is just now interesting everybody in Washington is believed to have originated with the afore-mentioned friends of Mr. Clarkson. It tells in elaborate details that Mr. Harrison having become convinced that it would never do to appoint Attorney General Milley to the vacant justiceship of the Supreme Court, and his being a New York man having settled Secrejary Tracy's chances, had decided to appoint Secretary Noble to the vacancy. That would make a vacancy in the cabinet, which the story goes on to say, the President has not yet decided whether he will fill with Postmaster General Wanamaker and make Mr. Clarkson Postmaster General or appoint Mr. Clarkson Secretary of the Interior. A very pretty story and one that will have the intended effect of reminding President Harrison that Mr. Clarkson expects to go in the cabinet if a vacancy occurs. Secretary Noble denies that he is to be appointed to the Supreme Court. He ought to know it about as soon as anybody else.

No bills will be paid the telegraph companies for carrying government messages until it is decided at what rate they shall be paid for. The Post-master General insists that one mill per word is enough. This the telegraph people deny.

The Treasury department received by mail from the commander of the revenue cutter "Rush" full particulars of the seizure of the Canadian sealing vessel "Black Diamond" in Behrings sea, but declines to make it public until it is seen by Secretary Windom, who is at present out of town.

Next Winter, it is probable that about 11,000,000 acres of land in the great Sioux Indian reservation in Southern Dakota will be thrown open to settlement. It only requires that Congress shall approve the agreement, which Ex-Gov. Foster, chairman of the Commission, telegraphed the Interior department Wednesday had been made with the Indians. Under this agreement the Indians will receive $1.25 per acre for all the land sold during the first three years, 75 cents per acre for all that remains unsold after. The Commisson, which was composed of Ex-Gov. Foster, of Ohio, Gen. Crook, U. S. A., and Hon. Wm. Warner, of Missouri, have been about a month in getting the requisite number of Indians—two thirds of the males over eighteen years old—to sign the agreement. The Indians refused to sign a similar agreement last year.

Representative Allen, of Miss., is in town. Speaking of the next House he said: "The republican programme will presumably be the revision of the rules and an attempt to seat republican contestants. I am not a democratic leader, but I believe that "the crimes they have taught us we should practice". If the republicans are allowed their way they will quickly produce a working majority. But remember how they postponed election cases in the last Congress. The Felton—Sullivan contest, for instance they would not allow to be considered at all. I, for one have no fear of the extra session. The burden of its mistakes will be on republican shoulders."

It has been decided that when the Civil Service Commission certify three names for appointment and one of them is a discharged soldier or sailor he must be selected by the appointing power for the place.

The employes of the Government Printing Office are working night and day to get the great mass of testimony in the contested election cases in print before Congress meets. There is an unusual number of such cases and a vast mass of evidence in each case. One of the cases just completed makes a book of nearly 500 pages.

Only one member of the administration is at present in Washington. Secretary Noble is the man. He is carrying the responsibility of the whole machine but it does not seem to warry him much, if any.

President Harrison glad the heart of many waiting and hungry brethren by making a large number of appointments before leaving for Bar Harbor. Still the number disappointed was much the greatest.

Attorney General Miller has gone to Indianapolis, where he will remain untill joined by the President on the 22nd, inst. at the laying of the corner stone of the soldiers monument, after which they will return to Washington together.

A stick of dynamite was fed in to a threshing machine in Ind. the other day. The machine was blown to pieces, three men were torn to atoms and two teams killed.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of George C. Hill, deceased.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of the said Geo. C. Hill, to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said George C. Hill for adjudication to L. M. McClintic, Commissioner at his office in the said County, on or before the 5th day of September, 1889.

Witness, John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court, [illegible] day of July, 1889.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

July 25-4t. Printers fee $5.75

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in July, 1889.

Cyrenus H. Wilfong, ... Plaintiff,

vs.

Henry A. Yeager, Joseph W. Riley and Charles A. Lightner .... Defendants

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to attach the estate of the defendant Henry A. Yeager, and subject the same to the payment of a debt due from said Yeager to the plaintiff, Cyrenus H. Wilfong by bond, dated the [illegible] day of October, 1888, for $[illegible], payable one day after date of the bond. Subject to a credit for $[illegible] as of February 1st, 1889, and it appearing by affidavit filed that Henry A. Yeager is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste:

JOHN J. BEARD, Clk.

[illegible], S. Q.

July 18-4t. Printers fee $[illegible]

MASONIC NOTICE.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 65, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. F. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6-31.

HOME NEWS

—Butter is scarce.

—W. O. McCorkle, of Baltimore was in town last week.

—T. L. and J. C. Reynolds were in town last Saturday.

—Capt. J. C. Lakin, of Dunmore was in town last Saturday.

—B. O. Jenkins was in Huntersville last week.

—Dr. Richard Williams, has been in town for several days.

—Moffett Cutlip, of Academy, called to see us last Friday.

—John Driscol, was in town last Saturday.

—Geo. W. Wagner is up at Green Bank, fixing to raft some timber.

—Atty. C. F. Moore, was up at Frost Monday.

—Attorney L. M. McClintic, has returned from William's river.

—Bishop Peterkin will preach in the Methodist church next Sunday night.

—Chas. Bruce, of Mingo Flats passed through town Tuesday with a drove of sheep.

—Mr. Jake Beard and Miss Blanch Clark, of Academy, were the guests of Mr. Wm. Curry Saturday night and Sunday.

—Harry W. Campbell, Esq., of Academy, came up home last Saturday and returned Sunday.

—Miss Dosia Sharp, who has been with her sister Mrs. Overholt in Academy for some time has returned home.

—Rev. M. H. Ballinger, of Monroe Co., made us a pleasant call Tuesday. He was on his way home, from visiting his son in Randolph Co.

—Miss Lou W. Hevener, daughter of Mr. Uriah Hevener of Greenbank, W. Va., spent Tuesday night in Monterey, on her way to visit her sister in Pulaski county.—Recorder.

—A. S. Williams, of Va., who built the bridge across Knapp's creek at this place two or three years ago is here now for the purpose of bidding on the additional span.

Institute Notice 1889

The Institute for Pocahontas Co., will convene in Huntersville, August 26th, beginning at 9 o'clock., a. m.

Teacher's will be required to attend and put in full time. No excuse taken for non-attendance except those given by law.

Teachers holding four years certificates will be required to attend the Institute and pass an examination on Physiology.

M. G. MATHEWS,
Co. Supt.

Marlinton Items.

Messrs. Kellison and Wart Beverage have started out with their steam thresher. Last week they threshed crops for G. M. Kee, Esq., Capt. Apperson, and the Prices.

Capt. Apperson had 136 bushels of first-class wheat, from nine acres. Kee's wheat nearly as nice. Prices had 60 bushels from four acres, and good quality. The steam thresher is a great advance upon the old horse power contrivance.

Messrs Powers, Gardner and Col [illegible] have moved off eight or ten [illegible] during the recent tide amounting to nearly one hundred and fifty thousand feet of sawed lumber, [illegible], walnut ash &c.

H. K. B.

Preaching Arrangements.

Sacramental meeting (D. V.) at Mt. Vernon Church the fourth sabbath of August. All day meeting with refreshments, on the ground. Preaching Friday night before at Dever's School House, Saturday night at Frost, as preliminary services.

On the night of the second sabbath of September there will be preaching (D. V.) at Edray Church. The subject will be the Johnstown disaster.

W. T. P.

Big Spring Notes.

The farmers in this vicinity are making hay very slowly owing to wet weather.

Miss Mamie Gatewood is home from Frederick Female Seminary after an absence of ten months.

The school here is progressing finely under the management of Miss Clark.

Born, on the morning the 5th, to B. F. Hamilton and wife a ten pound boy.

MOODY.

Dunmore Doings.

Fine hay weather and farmers are making use of it.

S. L. Jackson and wife have returned to Ronceverte.

Col. Jno. Driscol was up last week.

Capt. J. C. Kinports is with us.

Misses Mary Price, Birdie and Col. E. C. Ferguson, of Huttonsville are here on a visit.

Mrs. Flenner and Miss Sallie Patterson are improving.

Bishop Peterkin will preach at Clover Lick Sunday the 18th.

O. W. Ruckman contemplates opening a tan yard near Green Bank soon.

Boyd Bartlett is finishing the plastering of Mr. Pritchard's house.

We have a man here that spent one night in the wreckage at Johnstown.

TOM SAWYER.

Green Bank Items.

News is scarce this week.

Miss Sallie Patterson who has been sick at this place was carried to her home at Glade Hill on her bed on Sunday last. Her severe illness has enlisted much sympathy from her many friends in this vicinity.

Dr. C. L. Austin was called to see Forrest Warwick, who we learn is quite ill.

Mr. F. Little has undertaken an extension job of painting on Mr. Geo. W. Kerr's new house and barn.

Miss Lou Hevener is off on a visit to her sister Mrs. Summerson in Pulaski Va., and other places of interest.

Mr. Davis, the artist has been quite indisposed for the last few days.

PAULINA.

Sunset Locals.

Three days dry weather this week and the farmers have made good use of them putting up hay and oats. The hay crop is good.

Z. N. Goulet the late purchaser of the W. L. Herold farm is preparing to sow a large crop of wheat. More of our farmers should do likewise.

Mrs. P. M. Harper, accompanied by Mrs. Birdie Ballengee are visiting Mrs. B. M. Pritchard at Healing Springs Va.

J. C. Harper, is back from a trip to Healing Springs.

Mr. H. M. Lockridge, is attending Warm Springs for his health.

Rev. W. H. Ballengee, will preach at Sunset school house on Sunday the 18 at 3 o'clock p. m., whilst on his way to Monroe where he will attend Monroe Camp Meeting and visit his father.

Success to THE TIMES.

POLLY.

The Brushy Ridge Camp-meeting will convene next Thursday, the 15th instant.

A Little Sermon.

There is a great deal of talk in this day and time of culture. We hear of literary societies that meet to dispense views that are more or less rapid, we hear of schools of philosophy; we hear of the growth and accumulation, so to speak, of that free and easy doctrine which the Plunketts of the north call Christian science; and we hear of a thousand and one movements that restless and uneasy people are pushing forward under the cloak of culture and moral development.

It is a very easy matter to talk about culture and progress. We see a great deal about it in current books and read a great deal about it in newspapers, especially in newspapers printed in the neighborhood of Boston. But, after all, what is culture, and what are its benefits? It is easier to ask the question than it is to answer it, and this is because the average opinion of culture amounts to confusion.

To the person who is familiar with the best in literature—and this familiarity is cheaply and quickly bought—there is nothing to be less sought after than culture. The man who reads his Bible understandingly and appreciatively, and who makes a study of the wonderful body of literature that it contains, is more highly cultured than he who has read a hundred books in a dozen different languages.

Character is the essence of culture, and the books that form character and enable the mind to understand that information is not wisdom and that knowledge is not necessarily the result of what we are pleased to call education. What is best in life is to be found in the best of books—and this suggestion need not necessarily be construed into a sermon. St. Paul was a preacher, it is true, but he was a literary man also, and he had qualities which were not transmitted to the modern evangelists. So with Job and Isaiah, and so with the beloved prophet who was bold enough to ease his troubled soul in the pages of Ecclesiastes.

The only culture in life or in literature that is worth considering grows out of earnestness and simplicity.—Atlanta Constitution.

Statistics show that during the past year, there were 2,184 murders in the United States, against 87 legal executions and 144 lynchings.

HILLSBORO TRAINING SCHOOL.

The third annual session of the Hillsboro Training School for young ladies and children will begin September 4 1889.

MISS G. M. SHEARER,
Principal.

NOTICE.

The undersigned commissioners appointed at the July term of the County Court of Pocahontas, to rent the Infirmary or Poor farm in said county, will receive sealed bids until the 18th of September next, 10 o'clock, a. m. at which time the said bids will be opened. We reserve the right to reject any or all bids. The bids can be placed in the hands of either of the Com'rs. The time of renting will begin the 1st day of April, 1890 and expire April 1st 1893, subject to be annuled at any time for good cause appearing to the Court. The way for bidding is what amount the renter is willing to pay annually for the farm and the amount he will charge annually to receive and keep each Pauper to comfortably clothe and feed and take care of them.

The farming of the land must be done after the manner of the leading farmers in this country. The renter to have privilege of cultivating in crop [illegible] each year if there is that much farming land to use for that purpose. The renter to furnish Clover and Timothy seed to sow the land he crops down in grass, also to return the farm at the expiration of the rent with the fences in a good repair as when he receives it, except as to new rails. [illegible]

S. M. CLARK,
[illegible]

7-4

SHOEMAKER'S SHOP
at
Huntersville, W. Va.

I am prepared to make in the best style and order, Boots and Shoes of all kinds, also repairing done in neat style.

May 16 6 m. J. C. THOMPSON

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA.

To the Heirs of Reuben Buzzard, dec'd The Heirs of James Swanless, dec'd, Henry D. Davis and John F. and W. S. Grimes, sons of Samuel Grimes, dec'd, David Wilfong, Greeting:

We command you that you appear before F. J. Snyder, a Commissioner in Chancery of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County at his office in the town of Huntersville, in said County on the 5th day of September, 1889, and show cause, if any, you, or either of you, can, why certain lands shall not be sold for the benefit of the school fund, which are mentioned in a petition filed in said Court by the Commissioner of School Land for said County, which was referred to said Commissioner Snyder for report thereon by decree of said Court made on the 18th day of June, 1889.

Witness: John J. Beard, Cl'k of our said Court, at the Court-house, of said County, the 8th day of August, 1889, in the 27th year of the State.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

aug 8-4t Printers fee $7.66

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, West Virginia on the first Monday in August, 1889.

Augusta National Bank, of Staunton, Va., and M. J. McNeel, Sheriff of Pocahontas county and as such adm'r of M. Mustoe, dec'd.

vs.

Samuel C. Tardy, K. D. Urquhart and Samuel C Tardy Jr., late merchants and partners, doing business under the firm name and style of Tardy, Urquhart & Tardy; Wm. M. McAllister and Charles P. Jones, Trustee.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to enforce a payment of the sum of $2,551 due to the plaintiffs by the defendants. Tardy Urquhart & Tardy, by two protested negotiable notes, and the costs of protest; with interest on $1,018.66 thereof, from February 24, 1886, and our $1,582,78, the residue thereof from March 22, 1886, and the costs of this suit: and to attach the interest of the defendants, Sam'l C. Tardy & Sam'l C. Tardy, Jr. in a tract of land containing 2,197 acres, lying in the County of Pocahontas, sufficient to satisfy the same.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the said Defendants, Tardy, Urquhart & Tardy, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

JONES & MCALLISTER, p. q.
aug. 8-4t Printers fee $11 94

Commssioner's Notice.

Charles L. Austin &c. vs. Wm. F Arbogast &c. — In Chy. No. 2.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered in the above named cause on the 17th day of June, 1889, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday the 17th day of August 1889 to take, state and report the following accounts:

1st. An account showing who are entitled to share in the fund arising from the sale of 683 acres of land decreed to be sold in this cause, and the amount thereof.

2nd. An account showing what taxes have been paid upon said tract of land within the last five years before the institution of this suit, by whom paid and to whom now due.

3rd. An account showing what will be a reasonable fee to the Attorney for the Plaintiffs in this cause to be taxed on the fund in this suit.

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or requested to be specially stated by any party in interest.

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Com'r.

July 25-4t Printers fee $9.66

Commissioner's Notice.

Charles L. Austin &c. vs. Wm. F. Arbogast &c. — In Chy. No. 3.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that in pursuance of a decree of [illegible]

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Com'r.

July 25-4t Printers fee [illegible]

Staunton Marble Works.

If you want head stones Marble and granite Monuments etc., etc., you can do no better than to buy from

G. C. COOPER, agent,
Green Bank, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.

UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

GOOD FLOUR.

3½ cts pr. pound, meal 75 cts per bushel at H. H. McClintic's mill, also his flour at A. Barlow's Huntersville, and Barlow & Moore's, Edray [illegible] cts. mar. 28.

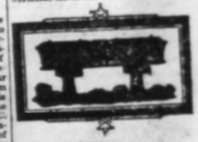
NOTICE.

I will not hereafter sell mill stuff on credit, and all who owe me will please come forward and settle their accounts at once and save further trouble.

Flour $2.50 per 100 lbs and corn 75cts per bu.

GEO. H. MCGLAUGHLIN.
Edray.

FOR THE BEST FURNITURE, CHAIRS AND FINEST TRIMED



in the county, go to

C. B. SWECKER,
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER,
Dunmore, W. Va.

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Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of Hugh M. Carpenter deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of the said Hugh M. Carpenter, to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said Hugh M. Carpenter, for adjudication to L. M. McClintic, commissioner, at his office in the said county on or before the 9th day of September, 1889.

Witness, John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court this 30th day of July 1889.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

July 25-4t. Printers fee [illegible]

Commissioner's Notice.

George C. Hill's Adm'r vs. Rebecca J. Hill & others — In Chancery.

Notice is hereby given all parties that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered in the above cause on the 18th day of June, 1889, I shall as Commissioner of said Court, proceed at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va. on Friday the [illegible] day of September, 1889, [illegible]

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Com'r.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
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Huntersville, W. Va.

August 15, 1889.

THE FRONT GATE AJAR.

Her Fat—— Raised His Chamber Window and This is What Came to Him Through the Summer Air.

"Party night, ain't it, Tilly?"

"Yes, party enough; good night, Hank."

"What's yer rush?"

"I'd say 'rush' if I were you."

"Why, we ain't been standing here but a few minutes."

"O-o-o-h, Hank Sparks, what a big story teller you are. We've been here over an hour."

"Well, what if we have?"

"Well, that's long enough, that's what. We'd ought to be 'shamed of ourselves anyhow."

"What for?"

"For being so silly."

"I reckon we ain't the only silly folks in the world then."

"That makes no difference. Good night."

"No, wait a minute, Tilly."

"What for? You s'pose I'm going to stand here all night?"

"Nobody wants you to stay here all night, but I don't see why you snatch yourself away like this."

"Pa'll be calling me first thing I know."

"Let 'im call; it won't hurt him."

"It might hurt you if he took a notion to come out or to set old Bose loose."

"Pooh! Who's afraid?"

"You'd better be. Good night."

"Wait a minute."

"I shan't stay out here another minute."

"Yes you will."

"I shan't. Let go my hands."

"I don't have to."

"You mean thing, you! I—I—if you dare to kiss me again, Hank Sparks!"

"Oh, I daren't, eh? There?"

"Hank Sparks!"

"There's another."

"I've a notion to call for pa. I will if you kiss me again, sir!"

"You're the worst case I ever saw. Shame on you!"

"Pooh! I pity a fellow who ain't grit enough to kiss his girl when he can."

"I'd be ashamed if I was you, sir. Good night."

"Good night, Tilly."

"Good night."

"Good night. Don't forgit that we're going to the singing school Friday night."

"Maybe we will and maybe we won't."

"You'd better look out or I'll kiss you again."

"You, you daresn't! Good night."

"Bye-bye."

"Goodby."

A man never knows what he can do until he tries, and then, afterward, he is often very sorry that he found out.

Gentleman (calling at the house of a friend): "Is your mistress in?" Mary: "She is sir." Gentleman: "Is she engaged?" Mary: "Faith, she's more than that—she's married."

A man doesn't feel at least inflated when blown up by his wife.

Strange.—Husband: "I dreamt I died and went to heaven. Strange." Wife; "Yes strange indeed."

Miss Lovelorn: "Did you mean that as a smile at me? Oldbean: "No, my dear; it was a twige of the rheumatism."

What is the difference between a summer dress and an extracted tooth?—One is too thin and other is tooth out.

Two heads are better than one. The two-headed freak in the dime museum earns a larger salary than the one-headed professor.

Bride: "George, dear, when we reach town let us try to avoid leaving the impression that we are newly married." "All right, Maud; you can lug this valise."

Madam: "Do up my hair, Felice, while I am down at breakfast." Felice: "Yes, madam; which colour?" Madam: "The black, please; I am going to a funeral."

A garrulous fop, who had annoyed by his frivolous remarks his part in the ballroom, asked whether she had ever had her her ears pierced. "No, but I have had them bored."

Stout Lady: "Sir, I beg that you will desist from following me, or I shall call a constable." Perspiring Stranger: "Pray don't say so. It's the only bit of a shade in the whole park. I'd do as much for you, but my shadow isn't worth mentioning."

Adorer (nervously): "Isn't that your father's step on the stairs?" Sweet Girl: "Yes, but don't mind that; it's only a scare. He won't come down. He always stamps around that way when I sit up with young men after eleven o'clock."

An attorney at law, who wished to show his smartness by quizzing an old farmer, began by asking him if there were many girls in his neighborhood.

"Yes," replied the old man; "there's a dreadful sight of 'em—so many that there ain't half enough respectable husbands for 'em all, and so some of em are beginning to take us with lawyers!"

The attorney did not follow up the subject.

"Well, Master Jackson," said the minister, walking homeward after service with an industrious labourer, who was a constant attendant "Sunday must be a very blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week. And you make good use of the day, for you are to be always seen at church." "Ay, sir," replied Jackson, "it is, indeed, a blessed day, I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up and thinks o' nothin."

The Weight of Individuals.

The average weight of a boy at birth is seven and that of a girl a little more than six pounds. When they attain the full development of man or womanhood they should weigh twenty times as much as they did at birth. This would make a man's average weight 140 and a woman about 125. The height of a male at birth is 1 ft. 7 in., and that of a female 1 ft. 6 in. Fully grown a man's height should be about three and a half times greater than at birth, or 5 ft. 9 in., while a woman should be 5 ft. 3 in. The weight of individuals who are fully developed and well formed, however, varies within extremes, which are nearly as one to two, while their height varies within limits which at most are as 1 to 1.34. Taking 200 lbs. as the maximum of man's weight and 85 as the minimum, we would have the average of 142½ lbs. Placing the maximum weight of woman at 185 lbs. and the minimum at 70 lbs., and we get an average of 127½ lbs.

"I suppose you find this to be a hard, hard world, do you not?" she said, as she gave the tramp a loaf of stale bread. "Yes'm," answered the tramp, trying to make a dent in the loaf with his knife; "but we frequently strike things that are harder."

In the Sun.

A knowledge of feline traits once enabled Charles James Fox to win a wager from the then Prince of Wales, while the two were sauntering along a fashionable street in London.

It was a hot summer's day and Fox offered to bet that he would see more cats than His Royal Highness during their promenade, although the Prince might choose on which side of the street he would walk.

It turned out that Fox had seen thirteen cats and the Prince none.

"Your Royal Highness," said Fox, answering the Prince's request for an explanation, "choose of course, the shady side of the street as being most agreeable. I knew that the sunny side would be left for me, and that cats prefer the sunshine."—Youth's Companion.

New List of Don'ts.

Don't drink black or green tea. Paint it red.

Don't wear high heels, and yet do not walk altogether on your uppers.

Don't eat a large, juicy steak at a boarding house.

Don't wear your bathing-suit to a sleighing party.

Don't permit a boy to eat more than fifteen times a day if you can help it.

Don't eat on an empty stomach unless you feel hungry.

Don't read in street cars of jolting stages. Get the conductor to read to you.

Don't eat chicken salad if bob veal does not agree with you.

Don't lose your head in case of violent bleeding at the nose. You might need it in your business.

Don't eat cucumbers or stale meats. Send them to the preacher.

Don't eat shad in a hurry.

Don't drink liquor in large quanties when suffering with delirium tremens.

Don't jump from the window when suffering with alcoholism under the impression that there are snakes in the room. These serpents are more imaginative than real.

Don't sit with your back to a sight-draft.

The Steubenville Herald tells of a curious superstition that is observed in Jefferson county, Ohio on "turnip planting day." "The turnips, says the Herald, are sown before daylight by the head of the family walking backward through the field, clad in nothing but his shirt, and he must not speak to anyone before daylight comes. This may seem very foolish, but we will venture to say that four-fifths of the turnips in Jefferson county were sown yesterday, and that at least twenty farmers observed the walking backward shirt-tail arrangement."

It is indeed a curious custom, but there are objections to one feature of it; that requiring the head of the family to walk backward with nothing on but his shirt. Suppose, for instance, the head of the family happens to be a woman, does the requirement hold good?—Intelligencer, July 30.

Matt. Kramer, of Putnam county, W. Va., is over six feet high and weighs 285 pounds. He is claimed to be the strongest man in the world. A short time since he raised a huge pedestal weighing 2,300 pounds, held it above his head for several seconds, and then tossed it to the ground. His friends say he can thrash the "baked beans" out of the Boston slugger.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, August 22, 1889. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. No. 5.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 2nd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

KISS HER AND TELL HER SO.

You've a neat little wife at home John,
As sweet as you'd wish to see;
As faithful and gentle-hearted,
As fond as wife can be;
A genuine, home-loving woman,
Not caring for fuss and show;
She's dearer to you than life, John;
Then kiss her and tell her so.

Your dinners are promptly served, John,
As likewise your breakfast and tea;
Your wardrobe is always in order,
With buttons where buttons should be
Her house is a cosy home nest, John,
A heaven of rest below;
You think she's a rare little treasure;
Then kiss her and tell her so.

She's a good wife and true to you, John,
Let fortune be foul or fair;
Of whatever comes to you, John,
She cheerfully bears her share;
You feel she's a brave, true helper,
And perhaps far more than you know
'Twill lighten her end of the load, John,
Just kiss her and tell her so.

There's a cross road somewhere in life John,
Where a hand on a guiding stone
Will signal one "over the river,"
And the other must go on alone.
Should she reach the last milestone first John
'Twill be comfort amid your woe
To know that while loving her here, John,
You kissed her and told her so.

—Lillie Sheldon, in Conklin's Dakotian.

The Basket Seller.

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Gibson, slowly and emphatically. "What will happen next? There was the eclipse a Wednesday night and the earthquake shock a week ago, and Jane Ann Shorey's run-away match with Phil Parkinson last night; and I swan to gracious if here don't come along Emma Ellis, ridin' on top of a load o' willer ware, jist for all the world as if she was a man!"

"Don't you want to buy a clothes basket, Mrs. Gibson?" called out Emma Ellis's clear soprano voice, as the sturdy sorrel pony came to a pause in front of the painted garden fence, where the young quinces were just beginning to assume shape and form among the downy, green leaves.

"A clothes-basket!" repeated Mrs. Gibson. "That's just exactly what I do want. Got any good substantial ones, with bars o' wood across the bottom to strengthen 'em?"

By way of answer, Emma Ellis swung down a solid-looking willow receptacle, springing after it herself, and a lively discussion ensued.

"Goin' into the peddlin' business, eh?" said Mrs. Gibson.

"Well, I thought I'd see how I liked it," Emma answered, with a cheery, good-humored laugh. "Do you like this basket? I've got some capital easy rockers for the old grandmother here, and a doll's cradle that will exactly suit the baby; and as for work baskets—"

And she made a triumphant motion of her hand that expressed marvels.

"Well, I'd like 'em all," said good Mr. Gibson, "but I don't feel able to buy nothin' but the basket this morning. Sellin' on commission eh?"

"No—out and out. Let me see; you want two dollars and nineteen cents change, do you?"

And Miss Ellis opened her flat leather pocketbook and counted out the money in true business-like fashion.

"Well—I—never!" repeated Mrs. Gibson, staring after the cloud of dust that followed the load of willow ware in its progress down the street.

"Why, what is the matter?" said Charles Borden, who had just stopped at the gate to see if he could borrow Farmer Gibson's mowing machine for the morrow.

"It's Emma Ellis," said Mrs. Gibson, "drivin' a load o' willer-ware, and sellin' baskets and hampers and things."

"Nonsense!" cried Borden.

"I jest bought this 'ere clothes basket of her!" declared Mrs. Gibson. "I tell ye what, Charley Borden, she's been disappointed in the deestrick school, and the squire he must have come plumb up agin a snag in the marble-mantel business, and as sure as you live Emma's got to earn her own livin'," with all them genteel ways and piano lessons and crayon picters, o' hern. My! what a come-down it is for that family! I don't see how Emma can be so chirk about it. Where's that Borden fellow?" she cried, staring about her. "Gracious me, if he ain't cut across the medder! I guess most likely he's seen Gibson there."

And Mrs. Gibson tied on a green-checked sun-bonnet and ran down the street to Mrs. Dalrymple to tell the news.

"Serves 'em right!" said Mrs. Dalrymple. "A fambly o' reg'lar goin' upstarts! I never did take no stock in Emma Ellis."

"Your son Oliver did though," chuckled Mrs. Gibson, with a meaning glance.

"That ain't neither here nor there," said Mrs. Dalrymple, sharply. "Oliver ain't goin' to squander on no girl the money that his father laid up, unless she's a real savin', hard workin' 'creetur', as will know how to take care of it."

"There she is now!" said Mrs. Gibson. "Stoppin' here!"

"No-o-o!" bawled Mrs. Dalrymple, opening the window a mere crack. "We don't want nothin." No, I say!"

Emma Ellis smiled to herself as she drove on, stopping next at the Borden farmstead, where, strange as it may appear, Borden himself had already arrived, by means of the short-cut across the Gibson meadows.

"Oh, is it you, Mr. Borden?" she asked, carelessly. "Won't you ask your sister if she requires anything in my way this morning?"

"But, Miss Ellis, what does this mean?" exclaimed the amazed young farmer.

"It means—willow-ware," Emma answered, composedly.

"Has anything happened?"

"Things are always happening," said Emma, reaching across the load for a particularly pretty market basket. "I think she will like this, Mr. Borden."

"I'll buy it for her," said Charley, reckle sly.

"And a scrap basket, shaped like a little barrel, don't you see," persisted Emma, "for your own room?" It's cheap—only a dollar."

"I'll buy that, too," said Charles Borden. "And this hamper and this pair of little baskets for Kate's boys to go blackberrying with, and—"

"Oh, stop, stop," merrily cried Emma. "You mustn't buy all my stock in trade, or I shall have nothing left for anybody else."

"Oh, but I really want that big rocker for the front porch," persisted Mr. Borden. "That's a necessity."

"The big rocker, then," said Emma, half laughing; "but beyond that, absolutely nothing more."

"But you'll promise me one thing?"

"It depends very much upon what it is."

"If you have anything left [illegible] at the end of your trip, you'll give me a chance?" said Charlie imploringly. "Wicker goods always come handy, you know."

Emma only laughed and touched up the old horse.

"I make no promise," said she.

That day, on the high seat among the baskets and rockers, the wash-tubs and clothes-horses, to Emma Ellis it was quite a new experience. The chaffering at shady farmhouse doors with busy housewives, the counting of change, the discussion of qualities and the persistent standing up against the general disposition to beat down prices and haggle for odd cents, the various views of human life which she now obtained for the first time from her aerial perch, the odd sensation of being "in trade," the consciousness that she was looked upon with pity by some of her friends and scorn by others—it was altogether a a strange conglomeration of feelings.

Toward the close of the day's work, as she was returning home with her wagon-load considerably depleted, and her purse somewhat better furnished than it had been, she chanced to come face to face with handsome Oliver Dalrymple, trotting along on the Morgan mare, which once had been the pride of the elder Dalrymple's heart. She looked him full in the face. He seemed absorbed in the knot on the end of his whip-lash, and never even looked her way.

"So!" she said to herself; "sets the wind that way?" Mr. Dalrymple does not seem to approve of this new enterprise of mine. Well, I'm sorry, but I can't help it. Charley Borden, now, views things in an entirely different way."

And she smiled a little as she saw, leaning anxiously over the gate beyond, the stalwart figure of the young farmer.

"Miss Ellis!" he uttered pleadingly.

"I'm sure you can't want to buy any more willow ware," said Emma, checking her horse. "There can't be room for it in the house."

"No; but won't you let me put this horse in the stable, or drive it home for you, while you come into tea? Allice will be delighted to see you. And you must be tired?" urged he.

Emma thought a moment, and as she reflected how refreshing a cup of hot tea would be, Alice Borden put her curly head out of the window.

"Do come, Emma!" she cried. "We'll have waffles and maple syrup and broiled chickens; and I've got ever so many things to tell you."

And Emma capitulated.

But as Charley Borden helped her down from her high seat, he stood a minute holding both her hands in his.

"Emma," said he, "I know I've no business to speak so abruptly, but I can't help it. I don't know why you are doing this thing, but if it is to earn money, let me earn it for you, Emma—give me the right to do it. I'm only a farmer, but I've got a nice place here, and I can keep you like a lady. And I love you, Emma! I've loved you well and truly this many and many a day. Now I'm not going to tease and bother you about this. Take time to make up your mind. I'll drive the old horse home, and then I'd take you back myself in the little buggy when you and Alice have had a good visit. And you can give me my answer when you please, and not before."

Emma broke from him and ran into the house, blushing yet not displeased.

Alice met her at the door.

"Where is Charley?" said she. "Oh, going to take your load of willow-ware home? Now, Emma, tell me what this really means. Have you lost all your property?"

"No."

"Are you going into trade?"

"No."

"You won't answer me?"

"No."

"Then", laughed Alice Borden, "I'll ask you no more questions. Hereafter I'm as dumb as an oyster. Now come in and help me dish up the chickens and waffles."

It was past eleven that night when Charley Borden brought Emma Ellis home to the old house, where the squire was nodding over his evening paper.

"Well," said he, viewing her over the edge of his spectacles, with a waggish twinkle in his clear blue eyes, "how did the thing work?"

"First rate, papa," said Emma. "I sold twenty dollars worth—within a few cents. And Mr. Borden here was one of my best customers."

"Then," said the squire, with a sigh of comic resignation. "I've lost my wager. You see, Borden, my girl wanted me to buy this stock of willow ware, with the horse and wagon, to set old Miss Barhydt up in business—and I told her no woman would succeed in such an enterprise, let alone their being unwilling to undertake this sort of work. But Emma stuck to it that it could be done, and I was weak enough to wager the whole outfit that it couldn't. So Emma declared she would prove it practically—and I didn't think she had pluck enough; but, by jingo, she has! Yes, yes, Emma, you've beat me square and fair!"

"And Miss Barhydt is to have the outfit of willow-ware!" cried Emma, joyfully, clapping her hands, "and the horse and wagon. Oh, Mr. Borden, you can't think what a nice old woman she is, nor how anxious she is to earn a livelihood in the open air like this! And now you know," with the archest and most bewitching of glances, "how it came to pass that I was peddling willow baskets around the country. Wouldn't you have done it, if you had been me?"

Young Dalrymple was in despair when he learned of Charles Borden's engagement to the prettiest girl—aye, and the richest girl—in the country.

"But who was to suppose," said he, "that she would take such an unaccountable whim into her head?"

And Mrs. Gibson always declared that she never had a clothes basket wear like the one she bought of Squire Ellis' daughter!

The editor of Wise county, Texas is fat, ragged and saucy, and deserves success. Here is what he says:

We love to live to eat and eat to live. Bring us a quarter's worth of peas, peaches, pears, plums, peanuts, polecats and possums and the best paper for thirteen weeks. We will accept butter, beans, eggs, chickens (if fully hatched), and any other digestible vegetables or fruits. We eat anything except catfish and grindstones.

Mr. De Greek—"Everything I've got in the world is yours, Alice, if you'll only say the word."

Little Tommy (from outside)—"There's one thing you won't get unless your young man hurries. His horse just ran away."

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

August 22, 1889.

Five men are to be executed August 23rd in New York city.

A shock of earthquake was felt in the Adirondack mountains in N. Y. on the 10 inst.

The Democrats of Virginia have, undoubtedly nominated their strongest candidate for Governor, Capt. W. P. McKinney. Mahoneism backed by the present administration will bring out the full democratic vote, and Democratic victory is an assured fact.

Four Distinguished Brothers.

The shooting in California last week of Judge Terry after slapping of the face a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, serves to remind us that Justice Field is one of four brothers, each of whom is a distinguished man. David Dudley Field the eldest, is best known as the author of the New York State Penal Code; Henry M. is the editor of the the Evangelist; and Cyrus W. will go down to history as the man who laid the first Atlantic cable. Their varied achievements it would manifestly be impossible to recount in such a short space as this. They each obtained success, honor, and wealth, though we can safely say that neither has enshrined himself in the hearts of his countrymen.

The North and the Negro.

Something has already been said in these columns about the refusal of all the barbers in Auburn, New York, to shave a respectable colored preacher.

Auburn gave a thousand majority for Harrison, and the people there doubtless think it a very good thing to force the negro into social equality down south, but they will have none of it themselves. The preacher in question offered a dollar for a shave, but he had a black skin, and that was enough for the barbers of this republican city.

This is nothing new. The north has always been prejudiced against the negro, unless he was at a distance. Sometimes this prejudice has found expression in acts of violence. In 1681 a negro woman was burned at the stake in Massachusetts, and in 1755 another shared the same fate. In 1741 fourteen negroes suspected of being engaged in a plot to burn the city of New York were publicly burned alive. The panic spread, and before it was over two more negroes were burned at Hackensack, New Jersey. In 1836 a negro was burned at St. Louis for killing a white man, and when the next grand jury met the judge said in his charge that it was a case "not of numerable and ascertainable malefactors, but of congregated thousands, seized by a [illegible], [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] frenzy."

These instances are mentioned by the New York Evening Post, a journal which has on its staff Wendell Phillips Garrison, a son of William Lloyd Garrison, the great abolition agitator. The Post, therefore, is pretty good authority.

Is it likely that a people who burned negroes by wholesale a few generations ago are now entirely devoid of the same feeling of race hostility? It may slumber, but it is [illegible] there, and occasionally it [illegible] out. [illegible] the north forces the negro out of his proper sphere in the south she is simply making [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible]. There is all there is in it.—Atlanta Constitution.

The big Boston Slugger, John L. gets one year in the County jail in Miss. Fitz patrick is sentenced to pay a fine of $200. Kilrain's classic remark when told of Sullivan's Sentence "H—ll."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON August, 16—Representative Tom Reed, of Maine, will be the next Speaker of the House, of Representatives, at least that is what I have just been told by a prominent republican who is usually well posted on the inside news of his party. He says that the coolness which has existed between Blaine and Reed for several years has been all fixed up and that Blaine's influence will be thrown for him. This he says, was brought about by Quay, Clarkson and other leaders in the party, who have decided that Reed is the only one of the candidates for the speakership whose partizanship is strong enough to make him decide in favor of his party on every contested occasion, and owing to the narrow majority they will have in the House only such a man will fill the bill. Therefore it has been decided that the caucus should nominate Reed.

Congressman "Sunset" Cox is in this city whiling the time away telling miraculous stories of what he saw during his recent visit to the northwest.

It is now stated that the report of the Commission engaged in investigating the Pension office will be ready about September 1. It is also said that this report will determine whether Commissioner Tanner will continue in office or not.

It is remarkable how quick foreigners "catch on" to the American way of doing things. The French cook who was recently discharged from the White House, and who for several days had the papers full of an intended suit to be brought against the President for breach of contract, now says that she never had any idea of bringing any such suit, but as she and her husband are about to open a boarding house in this city she thought it would be a good idea to get some free advertising in the newspapers. She believed it would pay. Smart woman.

Another Washington girl has married a full blooded Indian. The girl went to Versailles N. Y., the other day, and the next thing her parents heard was that she had been married to Nathaniel Patterson, a Seneca Indian, who is a farmer near that place. There no accounting for taste.

The relic crank is abroad in the land. The latest freak of one who lives in this city is to exhibit the scaffold upon which John Brown was hung. He says he will use the money received to build a monument to the memory of Brown. If everybody was of the same mind as your correspondent it would take him a life time to get enough to buy a pine board.

The Indian bureau has sent a circular to applicants for teacher's positions in the Indians schools, informing them that no person will be appointed who has not the ability to stand the examination required to secure a similar position in the best schools for white children. If this bureau lives up to the circulars it has of late been sending out the scandals in the Indian service are likely to be fewer.

Contested Congressional election cases come rather high, but it seems we are bound to have them. Over ten thousand pages of testimony have been printed relating to those of the next House. It's dollars to little apples that we would not have one tenth of the contests, if the contestant had to foot the bills himself. The present methods offer a premium to the contestant.

The Postmaster-General has decided that the telegraph companies must accept the old rate of one cent per word for Government messages pending a settlement of the dispute. The telegraph people have not yet been heard from.

It has been decided by the Treasury department that the four new states can have no part of the $600,000 appropriated by the last Congress for establishing experimental agricultural stations in the different states.

The democratic state ticket just nominated at Richmond is enthusiastically received by Virginia democrats here. They say it removes the last vestige of doubt as to the result of the campaign.

The Inter-state commerce commission wants to know all about the organizations of railway employes for insurance and other purposes, and has sent a circular letter to railroad managers asking for information.

President Harrison has returned from Bar Harbor looking well. He leaves for Indianapolis next week to take part in the reunion of his old regiment and in the laying of the corner stone of the soldiers monument. It will be his first visit home since he has been President and he will probably remain there several days.

Two thousand houses were flooded in Lincoln, Neb., on the 14th inst in which a few drowning were reported and immense damage was done to property;

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the crediters of George C. Hill, deceased.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of the said Geo. C. Hill, to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said George C. Hill for adjudication to L. M. McClintic, Commissioner at his ffoce in the said county, on or beforeth e 6th day of September, 1889.

Witness, John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court, this 25th day of July, 1889.
JOHN J. BEARD, Clk.

July 25-6t Printers fee $6.70

SHOEMAKER'S SHOP at Huntersville, W. Va.
I am prepared to make in the best style and order, Boots and Shoes of all kinds, also [illegible] in neat style.
May 16 3 m. J. C. [illegible]

GOOD FLOUR.
[illegible] per pound, [illegible] per hundred at [illegible] McClintic's mill, also his flour at J. [illegible] Huntersville, and [illegible] & [illegible]. [illegible]

MASONIC NOTICE.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE No. 65, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. Doyle, W. M.,
S. P. Patterson, Sec'ty.

6-21

HOME NEWS

—Mr. Geo. P. Moore, of Edray was in town last Thursday.

—K. H. Moore, of Academy, was in town Monday.

—Don't forget that Teacher's Institute will begin Monday.

—P. H. Woodward, of Staunton, Va., was in Huntersville last week.

—Jno. T. Dixon, of Ronceverte was in town last week.

—Earnest Moore, Esq., was in our city Tuesday.

—Look for Tyree & Rollins new ad this week, of Charleston.

—The farmers are about done cutting grass.

—Prof. Young and daughter, of Lewisburg were in Huntersville last Thursday.

—David Ruckman, of Mill Gap, Highland Co., Va., was in town last Sunday.

—Thomas Courtney, of Edray called to see us last Thursday and subscribed for The Times.

—Geo. Gibson, of Marlinton was in town last Thursday and renewed subscription.

—Rev. Thomas Cotton desires to meet the Huntersville Bible society on Wednesday night the 28 inst.

—D. A. Fisher's bid was the lowest on building the new piece of road near Lockridge's ford.

—Mrs. Jas. T. Lockridge, of Knapp's Creek, and Mrs. L. W. Herold, of Frost were the guests of Mr. Wm. B. Grose Sunday night.

—The funeral sermon of Mrs. Wilson Miller, was preached in the Mt. Vernon Church near Frost on Aug. 4th by Rev. W. H. Ballengee.

—Please remember that obituary notices of over five lines are charged at the rate of 2½ cts. per line.

—Attorney Geo. W. McClintic, of Charleston, was visiting his brother L. M. McClintic at this place last Monday.

—W. B. Tyree, of the firm of Tyree & Rollins, of Charleston made us a pleasant and profitable call last Thursday.

—Mrs. C. F. Moore, and Harry Beard, Esq., went to Staunton Tuesday morning and will return about Friday.

—Bishop Geo. W. Peterkin, of Parkersburg, preached a very excellent sermon in the Methodist church Sunday night to a large and appreciative audience.

—J. A. Williams, of Rockingham Co., Va., was awarded the contract for building the additional span to the bridge across Knapp's creek at this place.

—We hope that all the teachers who attend the Institute next week, who are not already subscribers of The Times, will call and give us their name and their dollar.

—Huntersville Division, No. 29 S. of T., will meet at the usual time next Saturday evening. The presence and assistance of Dr. C. W. Eskridge is expected.

—Mrs. J. C. Thrasher, and children of Ingleside, Md., are the guests of Mrs. J. J. Beard. Joe McNeel of Academy brought them up last Saturday and returned Sunday.

—A. M. McClintic, and wife and Miss Bita Clark, of Botetourt Co., Va., were the guests of Attorney L. M. McClintic, a few hours last Saturday, while on their way to Wm. H. McClintic's at Buckeye.

—O, [illegible] head! What a blessing it would be, to be deaf! We'll gladly pay any price named, to have the banjo stopped, across the street, for just fifteen minutes!

—Died.—On Thurday Aug., 13, near Greenbrier Bridge in Greenbrier Co., Miss Clara Shumate daughter of Judge W. H. Shumate aged about 18 years. Miss Clara was a native of this place, and the sorrowing parents have the sympathy of our vicinity.

—Dan'l O'Connell, has purchased the farm of Wm. T. Perry, about two miles from this place, for, we understand, $2,500. We understand Mr. Perry contemplates going west. So we gain a good citizen by the purchase and lose a good one by the sale.

—We had the pleasure of attending the basket meeting at Buckeye last Sunday where we witnessed the largest crowd we have ever seen at a like occasion, and we fed our imaginations to our hearts content on the feminine beauty of that far surrounding vicinity. And let us not omit, that our inner man was fed intemperately by the hospitality of those kind people.

Thanks.

Mr. Editor: Allow us through the medium of your paper, to return our heart-felt thanks, to the people of this section, for their many deeds of great kindness, and their warm and tender sympathy in our time of affliction.

J. F. Patterson and family.
Glade Hill Aug. 19.

Institute Notice 1889

The Institute for Pocahontas Co., will convene in Huntersville, August 26th, beginning at 9 o'clock., a. m.

Teacher's will be required to attend and put in full time. No excuse taken for non-attendance except those given by law.

Teachers holding four years certificates will be required to attend the Institute and pass an examination on Physiology.

M. G. Mathews,

Edray Items

W. C. Hull & Son, are holding forth at A. J. Shinnaberry's old stand. His family are residents of our town.

Wallace Irvine was kicked by a mule, last Saturday in the stomach, and is in a critical condition. He was riding behind the mule on a buggy rake, raking hay. The mule needed kicking, and Wallace kicked it, and the mule retaliated by kicking back.

Black berries are just beginning to ripen, and will be in fine case in 6 or 8 days for gathering. Xx.

Dunmore Doings.

Jno. A. Taylor and Miss Otie Cackley are off on a visit to Huttonsville.

Mrs. Flesher is here on a visit.

Mrs. Chas. Cook, of Edray was up last week.

Mr. Pitcher of Pa., is registered at Hotel Wakeman.

Most of our farmers are about done making hay, and are now ready to thresh.

Rev. Benj. Wilfong preached on Sunday last at the McGlaughlin school house and will preach the 3rd Sunday of Sept. at Baxter church, at 10, a. m.

Capt. J. C. Lakin has returned from Sutton.

Tom Sawyer.

Traveler's Repose Locals.

Mr. Editor: As you have no correspondent in this neighborhood, I have concluded to give you a few items.

The farmers are busily engaged in making hay, cutting oats &c.

Col. Driscol has made several purchases of timber in this vicinity and ere long the woodmen's ax will be heard.

Miss Mattie Sheey and brother Geddie of Galena, Va. are visiting in this vicinity.

B. M. Yeager has just completed a comfortable dwelling.

Mrs. Alice Flenner is improving slowly.

The Messrs Dewing are building a large splash dam in cheat river and will work a large force of hands next winter in the lumber business.

O. C. Casional.

Hillsboro Happenings

Prof Young and daughter Miss Bessie of Lewisburg are visiting friends in the Levels and also in behalf of the Lewisburg Female Seminary.

Prof. R. C. Loveridge and wife accompenied by Mr. Rice Clark left yesterday for their home at New Haven Conn. Mr. Clark will attend College at that place.

Dr. Hales, from Va. is now in our town for the purpose of locating and will be joined by his family in a fortnight.

Prof. Landes, of Fishersville came to see his brother George, while sick recently and was himself stricken with fever about two weeks ago and is still very ill. His wife arrived at this place last Monday night.

Mrs. John R. Marshall and four children left last Sunday for a two weeks visit to friends and relatives at Sangerville Va., her former home.

Rev. D. A. Penick and wife have returned to their home in Rockbridge Va.

The families of Messrs. Geo. Curry, John Bolton, John R. Marshall, Geo. Byrd, and several of the people in and near town attended the Presidential meeting at Swago last Sunday.

Dr. Jas. Larue of this place and Mrs. Rachel Wallace of Mill Point are on the sick list at the time of this writing.

Mr. A. R. Smith and his assistant Mr. Harry Campbell are building a large and commodius school house for Miss G. M. Shearer Prin. of the H. T. School.

The new church on Hill's Creek will be ready for dedication soon.

Rev. Wm. E. Miller is absent attending the Brushy Ridge Camp meeting.

Prunella.

Green Bank Items.

Mr. and Mrs. Scales and daughter of Mill Point are visiting relatives in our neighborhood.

Mr. O. W. Ruckman, of Monterey was in town Friday.

Mrs. Lou Sheets and daughter and Miss Mihta Wooddell are off on a trip to Cheat Bridge.

Rev. Ballengee, left Saturday for Healing Springs, where he will join his wife and go on to Monroe camp meeting.

Died.—At her home at Glade Hill, on Saturday the 17th inst., at 5 o'clock, Miss Sallie, eldest daughter of J. F. Patterson, The large crowd that listened to her funeral discourse and followed her remains to their last resting place, shows the high esteem placed on her by the people of this community. Truly "Death loves a shining mark." Her sorrowing friends have our deepest smypathy, and the full assurance that she has gone to rest.

Paulina.

The Lynching—A Verdict.

The Coroner's jury, which has been in session all told seven days investigating the hanging of John Carter, colored, on the 22nd of last month, adjourned yesterday, after agreeing to the following verdict:

"The jury, upon their oath, do say that the said John Carter came to his death from hanging on the morning of the 22nd of July, 1889, before daylight, and that he was taken from the jail of Greenbrier county about 4 o'clock that morning by a mob of ten or twelve men and hung on a tree about one mile from Lewisburg, near the road leading from Lewisburg to Ronceverte in Greenbrier county, by the said mob that took him from said jail, and that Chas. E. White, Thomas Patterson, Harry Bowers, James Pinson, and one Glass of Hinton, Summers county, W. Va., whose christian name is unknown to the jury, and six or seven other men whose names are also to the jury unknown, composed the said mob and unlawfully and feloniously hung the said John Carter as aforesaid until he was dead." [Signed by the jury.]—Independent, Aug. 15th.

Ex-Judge David S. Terry slapped Justice Stephen J. Field's face in a railroad restaurant at Lathrop, Cal., and was shot dead by Deputy United States Marshall Nagle. Sarah Althea Hill-Terry was with her husband, though not in the room when the shooting took place.

The gubernational contest will soon be brought to a close. The Legislative committee will probably complete its laborers by September 1st, and the extra session of the legislature will begin as soo thereafter as possible.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA.

To the Heirs of Reuben Buzzard, dec'd The Heirs of James wanless, dec'd, Henry D. Davis and John F. and w. S. Grimes, sons of Samuel Grimes, dec'd, David wilfong, Greeting:

we command you that you appear before F. J. Snyder, a Commissioner in Chancery of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County at his office in the town of Huntersville, in said County on the 9th day of Septembar, 1889, and show cause, if any, you, or either of you, can, why certain lands shall not be sold for the benefit of the school fund, which are mentioned in a petition filed in said Court by the Commissioner of School Land for said County, which was referred to said Commissioner, Snyder for report thereon by decree of said Court made on the 18th day of June, 1889.

witness: John J. Beard, Cl'k of on said Court, at the Court-house, of said County, the 8th day of August, 1889, in the 27th year of the State.

John J. Beard, Cl'k.

aug 8-4t Printers fee $7.66

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, West Virginia on the first Monday in August, 1889.

Augusta National Bank, of Staunton, Va., and M. J. McNeel, Sheriff of Pocahontas county and as such adm'r of M. Mustoe, dec'd.

vs.

Samuel C. Tardy, K. D. Urquhart and Samuel C Tardy Jr., late merchants and partners, doing business under the firm name and style of Tardy, Urquhart & Tardy; Wm. M. McAllister and Charles F. Jones. Trustee.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to enforce a payment of the sum of $2,351 due to the plaintiffs by the defendants. Tarday Urquhart & Tardy, by two protested negotiable notes, and the costs of protest; with interest on $1,018.65 thereof, from February 24, 1886, and our $1,333.78, the residue thereof from March 22, 1886, and the costs of this suit: and to attach the interest of the defendants, Sam'l C. Tardy & Sam'l C. Tardy, Jr. in a tract of land containing 1,197 acres, lying in the County of Pocahontas, sufficient to satisfy the same.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the said Defendants, Tardy, Urquhart & Tardy, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste:
John J. Beard, Cl'k.

Jones & McAllister, p. q.
aug. 8-4t Printers fee $11 94

NOTICE.

I will not hereafter sell mill stuff on credit, and all who owe me will please come forward and settle their accounts at once and save further trouble.

Flour $2.50 per 100 lbs and corn 75cts per bu.

Geo. H. McGlaughlin,
Edray.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of Hugh M. Carpenter deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of the said Hugh M. Carpenter, to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said Hugh M. Carpenter, for adjudication to L. M. McClintic, commissioner; at his office in the said county on or before the 9th day of September, 1889.

Witness, John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court this 20th day of July 1889.

John J. Beard, Cl'k.

july 25-4t. Printers fee $6.70

N-O-T-I-C-E.

The undersigned commissioners appointed at the July term of the County Court of Pocahontas, to rent the Infirmary or Poor farm in said county, will receive sealed bids until the 13th of September next, 10 o'clock, a. m. at which time the said bids will be opened. We reserve the right to reject any or all bids. The bids can be placed in the hands of either of the com'rs. The time of renting will begin the 1st day of April, 1890 and expire April 1st 1893, subject to be annuled at any time for good cause appearing to the Court. The way for bidding is what amount the renter is willing to pay annually for the farm and the amount he will charge annually to receive and keep each Pauper to comfortably clothe and feed and take care of them.

The farming of the land must be done after the manner of the leading farmers in this country. The renter to have privilege of cultivating in crop [illegible] acres each year if there is that much farming land to use for that purpose. The renter to furnish Clover and Timothy seed to sow the land he crops down in grass, also to return the farm at the expiration of the rent with the fences in a good repair as when he receives it, except as to new rails. The fodder, hay and straw made on the place to be fed in the barn on the place, and the manure applied where most needed on the farming land. The superintendence to be under a committee appointed by the County Court. The renter will be required to give bond with approved security in the sum of $500 for the faithful performance of the above contract.

S. H. Clark,
C. Edgar Beard, Com'rs
Isaac McNeel.

7-4.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

August 22, 1889.

The American Boy.

J. T. Trowbridge, in an article in the North American Review, both criticises and praises the American boy—criticises his irreverence and disobedience, praises his conscientiousness and generosity when these qualities are appealed to in a way to bring them out. To illustrate he tells too clever stories which he says are true. The first illustrates disobedience and disrespect, and shows how American parents are apt to encourage them. It is 'Sunday evening,' and a western farmer 'is smoking his pipe on the back porch, while young Josh, his namesake and heir, is playing with the dog in the yard. Old Josh takes dis pipe out of his mouth and remarks that it is time for young Josh to go for the cows.

The junior makes no reply, but keeps on teaching Congo to give his paw. Then the senior repeats his observation, to which he manages to give a little more of the tone of a command.

"'I tell ye, Josh, ye must go for the cows.'

"'I do' wonter,' grumbles young Josh.

"'Quit yer foolin' an' go along!' says old Josh.

"'I shant,' snarls back the junior.

"'I tell you to go, exclaims the elder.

"'I tell you I won't,' mutters the boy.

"'Wal, never mind,' says the father; 'mebby they'll come home.'"

The other story gives a more agreeable picture. It must be said however, that this boy was only six years old. What he would develop into can only be surmised. 'He had a cake,' says Mr. Trowbridge, 'a portion of which his cousin Minnie coveted. She accordingly reminded him, as she was fond of doing when she had a point to gain, of what 'the Bible says' about doing to others as we would be done by. 'Now you know Willie, if I had the cake you would want half of it. Willie hesitated a moment between inclination and a conviction of duty, and then said honestly: 'I should want all of it.' With tears in his eyes, but resolutely choking down his grief, he handed over to her the entire cake, which she walked off complacently nibbling.'

Wealthy Women in Plain Attire.

Some of the richest women are the least extravagant in their clothes, as is the case, for example with old Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, who does not spend above $1000 a year, and the late Mrs. Gould not so much. Nelly Gould, who will inherit $15,000,000 or $20,000,000 and already has income of $40,000 a year, spends about $2,500 in dress. The late Mrs. A. T. Stewart was a fortune to the dressmakers, who got ... $6,000 or $10,000 a year at her ... When she died and an inventory of her effects was taken her great white mausoleum of a house on 5th avenue was found to be overrun with the most marvelous amount of clothes, laces, furs, bonnets and jewels, most of them very youthful in appearance, though she was over seventy years of age. Mrs. Astor dresses with a solemn, handsome expensiveness at the cost of $4,000 or $5,000 a year, and and all of the younger Vanderbilt women spend a great deal of money on their clothes. Mrs. George Gould, who was Edith Kingdom, the actress, and who has been the quietest and most careful woman since her marriage, spends money like water when it comes to a question of clothes, and must put a good $10,000 a year in the hands of the dressmakers. Her dressmaker, by the way, is a woman who had a good deal of social position, but who, when financial misfortunes came, followed the example English women of rank have set of late years, and went into the milliner's business.

You Ought to Know.

That incivility does not pass for social superiority, even among the blind.

That nowadays you can tell a "gentleman" just as soon as he looms in sight.

That when men have to pay cash for a "vindication" they are worth watching.

That a frog in a thunder storm does not look as silly as the average "chappie."

That half the carriages seen in the park are either hired or not yet paid for.

That fashionable mourning nowadays does not always last as long as the crape.

That juries do not appear to be as much in sympathy with women as they were.

That genteel people are disgusted to hear the slang so many "society girls" use.

That the pomposity of a coachman is not lessened when his wages are overdue.

That education is better that fine clothes, abundant money, and laundry ancestors.

That there is a strong prejudice growing against the "shamefully re-married people."

That there are no feuds quite so mean as those in which "young ladies" are engaged.

That mothers ambitious for their daughters often forget the G. W. hatchet story.

That the labor of attending to other people's affairs is always voluntarily performed.

That the standard of business honor in Wall street isn't as high as the Eiffel tower.

That the superfluously athletic clergyman does not command the respect due his cloth.

That it is as much as a woman's good name is worth to belong to the "fast set" of to-day.

That too many rich men believe that they can take their money with them when they die.

That it is no wonder that the wives of some "society men" prefer the society of a pet dog.

That we need more rigid laws governing funerals of those who die of contagious diseases.

If "brevity is the soul of wit," dwarfs should be the funniest of men.

The best reasons.—Balkley—What's the matter, deah boy? Why don't you sit down? Calkley—Cawn't, you know. Got on a standing collah.

Talk of the scarcity of husbands! exclaimed Miss Longuate, throwing down the paper in vexation: I rather think the real trouble is the scarcity of single gentlemen.

Dude—Why is it that every clown has such a stupid face? Is he obliged to look stupid? Clown—Certainly. If I had your face my salary would be doubled at once.

At A Church Fair.

"Oh, Mr. Blank, you're the very man I'm looking for. You must take at least ten chances in the drawing for the crazy quilt. It's only twenty-five cents a chance, and——"

"Oh, Mr. Blank, you must give me fifteen cents and then guess how many beans there are in this jar, and if you guess——"

"There, Mr. Blank, isn't that a lovely bouquet in your buttonhole? A dollar, please."

"Aha, I've found you at last, Mr. Blank! We're voting an afghan to the prettiest young lady here, and you must put in at least twenty-five votes for Miss Brassy. It's only ten cents a vote, and——"

"Ah, Mr. Blank, I just know you want this smoking cap and jacket. They're only twenty-nine dollars, and——"

"Now, Mr. Blank, you're not gogoing by my table without buying something! Here's the very penwiper you desire, and it's only a dollar. There it is all done up nicely for you. What's this—a five dollar bill? Aoa, you foolish man! We never give any change at this table. Ha,ha, ha!"

"Oh, but you must buy this cigar case, Mr. Blank, I won't let you say no. Here it is. There! I've slipped it in your overcoat pocket. Four dollars, please."

"Oh, you bad, naughty man to try to go by my table when I've the very pair of slippers you've been longing for all these years. You're ever and ever so wicked! Wait until I do the slippers up in this lovely tissue paper, and——"

"Oh, Mr. Blank, have you seen Rebecca at the well, and the gypsy fortune-teller? Come, and I'll take you to them, and——"

"Stop, stop, Mr. Blank, not a step further until you've paid your quarter for a chance in the grab-bag!"

"Why, Mr. Blank, I'm so glad I ran across you. I want you to take six of the loveliest old ladies down stairs and get them oysters and ice cream. Oh, you shan't say no, I just won't let you!"

When Blank finally escapes by sneaking down cellar and out through the furnace room he walks three miles to his boarding place, because he hasn't a car fare left out of the fifty dollars he left home with.

He Knew the Signs.

When Mr. Spooner went home the other evening the door unexpectedly flew open while he was fumbling in his pocket for his latch key, and Mrs. Spooner had her arms around his neck and had given him a kiss on either cheek; then she said cheerily:

"Let me help you off with your overcoat dear. There, I'll hang it up, dear. You'll find your slippers by your chair and I'll put your shoes away. Did you have a good day down town, dear? You look tired. Poor, dear, old boy! There never was a woman who had a dearer husband than my dear, old George, anyhow! Sit right down, dear. There, there, darling, I'll get the evening paper for you. You just sit still and rest while I tell you about what a naughty little wife I've been to-day, for, oh, George, I got me the loveliest bonnet for only $19 and—and—you won't mind, will you, dear? I know you won't. That's a darling! It's so lovely! I'll run right up and get it and show it to you before tea!"

"Humph!" growled George, like the wretch he was, "I knew there was something of that sort coming. I know the signs!"

Make way here, gentlemen, said the officious policeman, clubbing the crowd right and left. We've got to have more room. There's an Englishman coming with a pair of new trousers on.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, September 12, 1889. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 7.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. - {C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first ... in April, 3rd Monday in June ... Monday in October.
... Court convenes on the 1st ... in January, March, October ... Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

A DREAM IN DOGDAYS.

The following was written and read before the Teachers' Institute last week by Miss Lula M. Burner, of Green Bank, W. Va.

Not very long since, as I sat by a spring,
Surrounded by forests, where merry birds sing;
My thoughts were of places, of pleasure and mirth,
Of scenes of delight, in this land of my birth.

Do you wonder, dear friends, as thus I sat mute,
My mind flew away to our dear Institue;
Well, wonder or not, it is all very true,
What I will endeavor to make known to you.

I thought of this hour, and wondered if I
Should shine as a spark in the glittering sky;
But when I considered how small I'd appear,
I shrank from the thought with something like fear.

Then the spring at my feet, seemed calling to me,
To note its small strength, yet it sped to the sea;
This set me to thinking, that, however small,
My help might be needed to roll the great ball.

An infallible teacher, I then, wished to see,
That such a one's rules, my own rules should be;
While thus I sat thinking, to dreaming I fell,
And how long continued, I really can't tell.

A lady approached me, and calling my name,
Said, "Follow me, I am a lady of fame."
"What's your name, and your mission, dear lady, tell me?"
But for once, she was silent, or tried hard to be.

Though, I found out her name, it matters not how,
It was rather ill fame, it was "Tattler," I vow,
At length to her mission, by querying I lit,
She was going to a teacher's assembly to-wit.

This was an occasion that suited my plans,
To meet with the wise, who would lend helping hands.
So with her I started, these dear ones to meet,
But some questions must ask 'ere I know who to greet,

First, I asked her if A. would be one I could trust,
To instruct me; but "Oh!" she replied, with disgust,
"Dear me, he is lazy and puffed up with pride,
And the poorest of children I think he'd deride.
And I'm told that he teaches alone for the dimes,
But sits quietly reading the POCAHONTAS TIMES.
The board says he's careless, and I've understood
He seldom, if ever, fills the stove up with wood.
The school-house is cold, and from Edward to Dick,
Poor dears, I am told, were every one sick."

I then wished to know, what she knew about B.,
If 'twould be worth my while this person to see.
"Nay he bids not adieus, when the children go out,
Nor hails them, good morning, the lazy old lout,
At play-time the children don't play on the green,
But scuffle and swear and do everything mean,
And when they are quarreling he chides with a grin,
But for fear of much trouble he quickly goes in."

When next I appealed to her knowledge for skill,
'Twas of a dear lady of whom I thought well,
But she quickly made answer, "Miss Prudence is wise,
Keeps very good order, seems knowledge to prize,
But see there's extremes, both ways dear," said she,
"She makes them write essays, or punished they'll be,
Now this is too much for children to do,
She ought to know better, now, say what think you?"

Of course I said nothing about her just then,
But spoke of another, the best among ten.
"Well, she is a lady, she's timid and careless,
She could not subdue large boys like ours.
Besides she's too young, should be playing with boys,
And the first thing we know, she'll be courting our boys."

"Now there's Mr. W., from Highland, he came,
Is he not a teacher of excellent name.
Would I meet with success if I patterned his ways?"
To this she made answer, and seemed much amazed.
"He reads not the scriptures, though laws of our State
Are very decided, and should have their weight.
He holds to no church, so all of them tell,
Is thoughtless and foppish and cuts quite a swell."

"Well there's Mr. Pious, Oh, how does he please?
For he reads the scriptures and prays on his knees,"
But here she made answer and went in a fit,
"Don't mention his name, he's an old hypocrite!"

"Well tell me my faults, you have told all the rest,
What are the failings of which I'm possessed?"
To this she made answer, "Now I am your friend,
Will speak of your faults so you may amend,
They say you're as poor as the poorest church mouse,
The cottage you live in is scarce called a house,
Your rules are quite faulty, and stinted your knowledge,
But the greatest objection you've ne'er been to college."

As thus she was talking, I found that her game,
Was just to give teachers an excellent name;
So I said I'd return, I was a dependant,
Would seek for instruction, our Superintendant;
I knew he was faultless, could help me along,
But again she commenced her detestable song,
"His business to visit the schools seems to be,
But he doesn't do it, or, so they tell me."

My mind was perplexed, seeing trouble in store,
Resolving to hear busy, "Tattler," no more,
I left her behind, made a hasty retreat,
And hoped that a wiser one next I might meet;
Not far had I traveled when my ravished eyes
Beheld a dear object just ... from the skies,
With love in her heart and wisdom in head,
"I will ever assist you with counsel," she said,
"Don't listen to all that is said of you here,
On the River of Life your own vessel steer,
Love the land of your birth while now in your youth,
Love God and his creatures, love virtue and truth,
Your pupils instruct, while they seem inclined,
But punish the same if rebellious you find.
Your heart must be touched with the finger of love,
Your aim in this life to lead others above,
Fear not the ill name your conduct may bring,
But trust the result to our Heavenly King."

Such was the instruction she tendered to me,
While I wondered much, what her dear name could be;
I asked her her name, when lo! in the skies
She vanished, and straightway I opened my eyes.
As homeward I went toward the sun's setting rays,
I resolved I would profit by the dream of the day.

JUSTLY PUNISHED.

BY THOMAS BURKE.

James Monroe and Mary Murdock were engaged to be married. They had known each other for years and their parents were fast friends and near neighbors it seemed the most natural thing in the world that they should wed. They were the children of farmers and from school days up had attended the country merry makings together. No "husking" or "paring bee" or "mite society" was complete unless James and Mary were there.

James Monroe was a tall, blue-eyed young man of five and twenty, with light hair and a light moustache, which latter all the girls voted, "just too cute, for anything." As a truthful chronicler, we must add he was quite conceited and rather inclined to flirt.

Mary Murdock was a brunette, a charming little black-eyed miss who, though generally light hearted, gay and laughing, had more than once shown that it was hardly safe to trespass too far upon her good nature. Her age was twenty.

One evening in July there was an ice cream festival in Payne's Wood's near the village of Barnesville and also near the homes of the two betrothed lovers, and, of course, they were in attendance. It was a merry gathering. Besides ice cream cake, candy, peanuts and lemonade were offered for sale, all for the benefit of the church.

The merry making was at its height when a sudden hush fell on the assemblage and all eyes were riveted on a gentleman and lady who were slowly making their way towark the head dispenser of ice cream. The gentleman was bowing right and left, and smiling with great urbanity, thereby displaying a white and glistening set of false teeth to much advantage. Evidently he was on the best of terms with himself, and as a natural consequence with all the world. Why shouldn't Josiah Hurtom, J. P., the wealthiest man in the neighborhood be on good terms with himself.

But it was the young lady who attracted the lion's share of attention. She was, perhaps, twenty-five years of age, very tall, with dark blue eyes, and hair denominated auburn by her friends, and red by her enemies, of which last it may be said she had her full complement. Her form was simply perfection. When I add that she was rich in her own right, and the prospective heiress to another large fortune, I have, perhaps, said enough to convince the reader that her lines had fallen in very pleasant places. Her name was Imogene Hurton, and she was on a visit to her uncle, Squire Hurtom. She had tired of Saratoga, she had tired of Newport, the White Mountains, and Bar Harbor and therefore in a sudden freak had left the latter place for Barnesville, arriving there just in time for the lawn festival.

After gazing with some degree of interest on the, to her, unusual and amusing scene, she seated herself at a small table to partake of the cream and cake her uncle had provided.

She had just daintly raised the spoon to her lips when a blonde young man deposited a glass of lemonade in her lap and fell prone upon the grass at her side.

It was James Monroe who had been drafted in as a waiter for a short period and who had unluckily stumbled over a chair standing in the shadow of a tree.

Of course Miss Barton was angry, not that her splendid satin dress was irretrievably ruined, but at the awkardness of the whole affair. To have a young man fling a glass of lemonade on her dress and then fall at her feet if sueing for pardon or her hand, and that too, before a whole grove full of laughing strangers was very mortifying to the proud and pampered Imogene.

James arose to his feet with a scarlet face and commenced stammering his apologies. At first she greeted all his explanations with a curt "It is of no consequence, sir," and a supercilious elevation of the eyebrows, when suddenly it occurred to her that as the young man was of fair appearance he might possibly be the means of relieving her of her ennui.

In fact she resolved to commence a flirtation with him then and there, and so when he had for the fifth time explained how the whole thing happened, and bemoaned his stupidity and awkwardness, glancing the while with rueful eyes at her discolored dress, she held out her white bejeweled hand with great frankness and smiled on him most sweetly.

James, though highly delighted, was somewhat taken aback at this sudden change of front, but as he, as has already been said, was rather inclined to flirt himself, and was flattered at her apparent interest in him, he made no audible comments on her changed behavior.

Taking a seat at the table he entered into an animated conversation with her, in the course of which she artlessly gave him to understand that she was very sad and very unhappy, and that she desired above all things, a friend who would sooth her when sad, rejoice with her when merry, and be true to her till death.

Miss Burton looked tenderly at James as she uttered the above sentiment and softly sighed. What wonder the young man's heart beat violently, and his brain was in a whirl? Was not he hobnobbing, so to speak, with the beautiful and aristocratic heiress of whom the whole assemblage stood in awe, whose praises had been so loudly and persistently sung by her uncle, the doughty squire.

The good people of Farnesville and vicinity being early risers were necessarily early retirers; consequently the festival came to an abrupt end at a far earlier hour than Miss Burton's accustomed bedtime.

How short the evening has seemed Mr. Monroe," she said, as she gave him her hand at parting, "and I have you to thank for it. Will you not call on me to-morrow afternoon or evening? Something tells me we are to be the best of friends. Will you come?"

"I shall be delighted to do so," said James. Squire Hurtom coming up at that moment, the young man reluctantly left the heiress and proceeded to seek out his deserted and till then forgotten betrothed. He found her seated near the entrance to the grounds, having with her an old lady whom she had prevailed upon to remain with her until her recreant lover made his appearance. She was very quiet, and as they passed near the large lantern at the gateway leading from the scene of the festivity, James noticed that she was deathly pale and that there was an ominous glitter in her jet black eyes.

The evening was a wonderful one. The stars shone brightly, the moon was at the full, and a cool breeze musically rustled the leaves and fanned the brows of the moody lovers as they silently wended their way toward the home of Mary which was near by. At last James broke the irksome silence with the query:

"How have you enjoyed yourself this evening, Mary?"

"Very well," was the reply; "it would be superfluous for me to repeat that question, for I saw you were enjoying yourself immensely. You doubtless found Miss Burton a very entertaining companion."

"I did," replied James. "She gave me a very cordial invitation to call on her to-morrow afternoon or evening."

"Do you intend doing so?" asked Mary, in a scarcely audible voice.

"I do," was the curt reply.

"Then," said the young girl, "you need never call on me again. We will henceforth be as strangers. Here is your ring." And before the dumbfounded James could reply she hurriedly drew their en-

[Continued on fourth page.]

Pocahontas Times.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

September, 12, 1889.

Pruntytown, Taylor Co., gets the State Reform School.

On September 1st the residence of Mr. A. G. Williams, near Job's Knob, this county, was burned, together with most of its contents. The family were all absent except his daughter, Miss Jennie, who did all she could to extinguish the flames and save the household effects. The fire was caused by a defective flue. Mr. Williams' loss is about $3,000 and no insurance.—Greenbrier Independent.

The crime record in West Virginia during the month of August was an appalling one. No fewer than ten murders, and many lesser offenses were committed, and only in a few instances have the criminals been apprehended. West Virginia's good name will suffer if this rising tide of criminality is not soon checked. If the authorities are too remiss to perform their duties properly, an aroused public sentiment should compel them to do justice. West Virginia is not a lawless State; its citizens are not lawbreakers, and a few criminal should not be allowed to bring discredit upon the law abiding.—Register.

The Young German Emperor.

There is some discussion in the prints as to the character of the German emperor. In the late Mr. Thorndike Rice's evening magazine we have a comparatively full discussion of the matter.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow went to school with the young man—by sufference or by means of money—and he thinks that the young emperor is one of the finest affairs on the top side of the ground.

It must be supposed that there is some mistake here. A young man doesn't love his mother and who has no respect for the memory of his father is not much of a person in any walk of life. As a peasant he would be accounted a brute, and as a king he must be somewhat worse.

There is no more mysterious affair in history than the fact that the German people, who are intelligent, and who are full of the fire and vigor of progress, should submit to be ruled over by a person who hates his mother and despises the memory of his father. It is only less mysterious that the German people should permit any person to rule over them in any shape or form with a power that does not proceed from the people themselves.

But this sort of disease will cure itself in Germany as it has in America and other enlightened nations. A Bismarck would be tolerated in this country about two minutes and a half, and then he would go back to his beer, his dog and his family.

It is a great thing for America that there can be no Bismarcks and no one horse emperors here. We are living in a great time, and to this extent we are a great people. Shew us an American in public life who insults his mother and flouts the memory of his father, and we'll show you the deadest duck that ever quacked.—Atlanta Constitutions.

Bride Removal.

ACADEMY W. VA. Sept, 7th.—ED. TIMES:

It is reported here, that our County Commissioners have at last concluded to take a step in the right direction, in regard to the bridge across Knapp's Creek, and to this end, advertise for bidders to move the bridge, from its present worthless location, to one on the line between Messrs Wm. Curry and Wm. Grose.

To all our citizens, who have seen Knapp's Creek when it was high, the last location mentioned seems the proper one; and in fact I have always been surprised that any other was ever selected. At this point the banks on both sides of the creek are high and the channel deep enough to raise the presumption that the bridge will not eventually span the bed of a dry creek, which was never the case where the bridge now stands. A good crossing can also be secured over Brown's Creek by running across the upper edge of the McGlaughlin place. As to the road on this side it is said that my old friend, Mr. Curry, will never consent for the road to cross his land, but "brethren I am persuaded better things" of Mr. Curry. We believe him to be a man of progressive ideas, and brim full of "the milk of human kindness"—a man whose gratitude will ever be ready to acknowledge his obligations to his fellow citizens of Pocahontas. Mr. Editor Mr. Curry was the clerk of this county years ago, when I was a young man. The people delighted to honor him then, and I know he will only be too happy to give us a road across the bottom if our County Court deem it right. I don't like to hear our old citizens slandered by intimations as above. Another thing, (and a member of the County Court mentioned that), this move would change the road running into Huntersville. Why, what of that my friend? Is the interest of all the people of the county, to come up for consideration before, or after the private interest of one or two citizens? Is this County the province of one or two or does it belong to us all? Does our County Court try to serve all the people, or only a select few? It seems to me, when we elect our Commissioners we elect them to look after the interests of Pocahontas County, and I am glad to say, I believe they have done their best with the lights before them, notwithstanding the howl frequently raised against them. Come fellow citizens, one and all and let us try to uphold the law and support the agents commissioned by us to see to our interests. If they sometimes err, in our judgment, don't let us curse them. We elected them to use their judgments, not ours, and perhaps we would look at this matter differently, were we in their stead. Now Mr. Editor, if you have no objections, I will stop the airhole until another time.

Yours,
A. CITIZEN.

The Gubernatorial Contest is nearing an end and Judge Fleming is Governor of W. Va.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON Sept., 6—Tanner will have to go. That this conclusion has been reached by Secretary Noble is the impression of nine out out of every ten people one meets here, no matter what their politics may be. It is said that Noble was disposed to look over Tanners official acts but his eternal talking was the straw which broke the camels back; as one of Noble's friends puts it "Tanner seems to think that instead of being a subordinate of the Secretary of the Interior he is that officials superior officer." That Tanner will go is extremely probable, but I should not hesitate to wager a big red apple that his resignation will not be asked for until after the Ohio election. Mr. Benjamin Harrison got his political education in Indiana, and is fully aware of the danger there is in attempting to swop horses while crossing a stream.

Senator Barbour, who called a conference of democratic leaders in Virginia this week, says everything is in excellent condition in that State and all the indications point to a big democratic majority.

Langston, the negro who is a contestant for a seat in Congress from the Fourth Virginia district announces that he will support Mahone, provided that Mahone, the Virginian state republican committee and the administration will support him (Langston) in his contest for a seat in the House. To appreciate the coolness of this announcement it must be remembered that Langston ran for Congress on an independent ticket, the regular republican nominee having been named by Mahone. A democrat was elected and Langston is contesting the seat on the ground that the Mahone people state votes cast for him. No matter what Mahone and the rest may promise it is very safe to say that Langston will not occupy that seat in the next Congress.

This administration has developed quite a faculty for disposing of Mr. "Nigger" in a manner that is pleasing to the white republicans. It has just designated Lieutenant Alexander, the only negro officer in the Army, as military attache of the American legation at Hati. Fred Douglass is the minister.

Washington will be designated as the place for holding the American Exposition of 1892 by more than a two thirds vote of Congress. Remember this prediction.

Owing to heavy bond purchases and pension payments the Treasury department for August shows an increase of $5,000,000 in the Public debt.

Ex-congressman Thomas, of Illinois, having declined ex-congressman Little, of Ohio, has been appointed to represent this Government on the Venzuela claims commission. The ex's have no right to complain of the administration.

Ex-representative and ex-senator Norwood, of Georgia, is visiting Washington. He was asked what he thought the administration would effect by its tariff crusade in the south. His answer was: "Ninety-nine out of every one hundred of the intelligent people of the South are tariff reformers. The republicans can do nothing with our people on the tariff question." He was next asked what he thought would be the effect of Congress passing a law to regulate Federal elections. His reply was: "They may pass them laws but they will be a dead letter. It is too late to interfere with the affairs of the South in that way. Our people will not regard any legislation intended to place the negro over them. And the sentiment in the North is against it. As a voter the negro is a failure. Some republicans accuse us of repressing the negro vote, because they are not cast. The fact is merely that the great mass of the negroes not knowing the use of the ballot have got tired now that the novelty is worn off and they do not want to vote, they stay at home."

President Harrison spent an hour in Washington Wednesday afternoon and is expected here again to-night.

MASONIC NOTICE.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 65, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6.31

HOME NEWS

—Clerk J. J. Beard, was down at Academy, the first of this week.

—Geo. Landes, of Academy, called to see us Monday.

—Several communications were crowded out this week, but will appear next.

—Jno. A. McNeel, little daughter Mary and son Paul, of Knapp's creek were in our office Tuesday.

—The small boy will soon dawn his cap and boots and start for the place of all places, the school house.

—Miss Maggie Slaven, of Green Bank, was visiting relatives in Huntersville a day or two last week.

—We failed to mention last week, that Rev. J. C. Thrasher, of Md., was in our town Sept. 1st and preached a very excellent sermon in the Methodist church.

—We notice in some of our exchanges, "It would be a good idea to have our side walks sprinkled during the big show &c." We would rather have ours drained now, than sprinkled.

—J. H. Doyle, and wife and J. C. Lowry, Jr., started last Friday for Baltimore, where they will spend a few days in buying their fall and winter goods and also "take in" the exhibition.

—Attorney C. F. Moore and wife, started for Green Bank, Tuesday morning to attend the wedding of Mrs. Birtie Barlow to Mr. Wm. Gladwell, also Rice Moore, Esq., of Dunmore came down to escort Miss Lucy Barlow to the same place.

—Now is the time to repair our sidewalks. Fall and winter is approaching, and the first thing we know, we'll have to wade through mud and water a half a foot deep to get our mails, or, to get to church. It won't cost much to have our walks repaired, and now is the time to do it. Here we are, now ready to head the subscription list with a quarter. How's that for a start? Who next?

—The turnpike between Marlinton and the top of Alleghany mountain is in a fearful condition. It can hardly be gotten over safely, even with an ox cart. Teams that have been in the habit of wagoning over this road to Millboro Depot are now going to Ronceverte, a distance of 10 miles further. This matter should be looked after at once, and the road put in, at least, a passable condition.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Prof. Landes is improving slowly.

Mr. Henry Shearer, wife and sister, of Virginia, and Jake McClure, of Edray, were the guests of the Misses Shearer last Saturday night.

Rev. J. C. Thrasher, wife and children accompanied by Miss Pauline McNeel will leave for their home at Ingleside Md. to-morrow.

Mr. A. A. Williams has arrived at this place and taken charge of the art gallery of A. A. Williams and Sons.

Mr. Fred Wallace left for Hampden Sidney college, a few days ago.

Miss Jessie Renick, left this morning for Alderson, to attend the Cottage Home School, taught by Miss Converse.

The Misses Shearer, commenced the third term of the Hillsboro Training School, Sept 4th, with an enrollment of sixteen scholars.

Mr. H. Nathan rented his house in town last Friday to Mr. John B. Marshall, for the period of six months.

Dr. Hales has rented Mrs. Cynthia McNeels property in town and has gone to Virginia for his family.

A handsome reception was given to Mr. E. I. Holt and bride, at the residence of his sister Mrs. Wm. Wysong, last Thursday. They were accompanied to this place by their attendants, Misses Lizzie and Lou Ligon and Mary Beatty, and Messrs Penick Wallace, Jake Hill, Piatt Marshall, and also by Rev. H. H. Bittinger and Miss Belle Price, Mr. Ligon Marshall and Miss Spaulding, and by one usher, Mr. R. K. Burns. The guests in all numbered over one hundred, and certainly were nicely entertained. The table decorations were a perfect marvel of art and loaded with every conceivable dainty that could please the eye or tempt the palate. The young couple certainly deserve to be congratulated on their good looks, as they were pronounced one of the handsomest couples in the Levels. The bride was attired in white surah silk, trimmed with white silk lace and bridal wreath, and the groom wore the conventional black. Every thing passed off nicely with nothing to mar the happiness, except the departure of Mrs. J. W. Holt, the grooms mother, who was called home the day before, by the illness of her daughter Mrs. Sallie Wilkinson, and every one left with many wishes for the future happiness of the young couple.

Sep. 9. PRUNELLA.

Brilliant Wedding.

In the Presbyterian church at Mingo Flats on the 4th inst, E. I Holt, of Hillsboro, and Miss Lucie Marshall, of Mingo Flats, the lovely and accomplished daughter of Capt. J. W. Marshall, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, by Rev. J. B. Bittinger. The ceremony was beautiful and impressive, and the church was crowded to its utmost capacity.

The church being darkened, was brilliantly illuminated, which displayed to the best advantage, the beautiful floral decoration. Over the aisle through which the bride and her attendants entered, was a large arch of evergreens; in the top of which was placed a beautiful M. made of exquisite white flowers. While the ceremony was being performed the handsome couple stood under an immense floral horse shoe suspended from the dome by white ribbons.

At the close of the ceremony, the bridal pair, led by the maid of honor, who strewed their path with flowers, and followed by the attendants passed down the opposite aisle under a corresponding arch in which was placed a beautiful H. The bride who looks lovely at all times, never appeared more beautiful than when robed in her exquisite bridal gown of white surah and elegant lace which was made entrain. She wore a veil and orange blossoms, and suspended from her left side by loops of white ribbons was an exquisite fan. She carried a lovely boquet of white flowers. The groom appeared in full dress.

The bride's maids and groom's men were as follows:

Miss Ligon, Clover Lick, with Mr. Penick Wallace, Mill Point; Miss Gatewood, Big Spring, Mr. James Reynolds, Roanoke Va.; Miss Lou Ligon, Mr. Jake Hill Clover Lick, and Miss Beatty, Mr. Piatt Marshall, Mingo Flats; Miss Minnie Moore, Maid of honor, Mingo Flats. Miss —— Ligon, wore blue China silk and moire ribbon and carried a bouquet of white dahlias; Miss Gatewood, cream India silk and pearls, bouquet of coral honeysuckle and ferns; Miss Lou Ligon, Pink India silk and illusion, bouquet of hydrangia; Miss Beatty pink surah silk and lace, bouquet of sweet peas and ferns. The brides maids wore their hair tastefully arranged each with a cluster of ostrich tips to correspond with her dress. Miss Minnie Moore wore nile green, and carried a basket of beautiful flowers. After having received the congratulations of their many friends, the bridal party accompanied by the Minister and wife started for Hillsboro, the grooms home, where a large reception was given.

The bride was the recipent of many elegant presents. Among which was a handsome gold watch and, fob present from the groom.

J. J.

Wayside Notes.

Wednesday, the fourth of September, was a red letter day with your correspondent. At eleven in the morning, the nuptials of Zane Moore and Miss Ida B. Herold were auspiciously celebrated at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Herold near Frost.

The vows, were pronounced by Wm. T. Price, in the presence of many friends and relatives.

While the wedding march, was being elegantly rendered by Mrs. Lizzie Lockridge, the bridal party appeared in the parlor. Misses Annie Moore, Minnie Dever and Myrtle Hannah were bridesmaids, attended by Messrs. Letcher Herold, Millard Herold and Pounts Moore, in the order named.

Festoons of evergreens, floral decorations, and Chinese lanterns rendered the scene of weird beauty. The bride's attire consisted of white sorrents, silk covered with lace. The attending ladies were tastefully attired, either in cream colored cashimere, or in henrietta cloth of snowy whiteness. A varied and bountiful repast, was much enjoyed by seventy five or eighty persons, served by polite and attentive waiters.

On the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Loring Kerr and Miss Laura E. Orndoff, were happily married at the home of the bride's widowed mother, in the vicinity of Green Bank.

The marriage ceremony was performed at five o'clock, by Wm. T. Price, which was witnessed by a large attendance of invited friends. Misses Otey Riley, Ollie Sutton, Maggie Gum and Cora Wooddell, attended the bride, escorted by Messrs. Mack Kerr, Joseph Kerr, Henry Wooddell and French Sutton, in the order indicated.

The bride and her lady friends in their pure white attire, presented a very engaging scene, as they appeared with their escorts upon the floor.

More than a hundred happy guests shared the feast of good things so profusely provided.

For genuine and innocent social enjoyment, nothing can easily excel marriage scenes like those witnessed the first Wednesday of September, 1889.

W. T. P.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

September, 12, 1889.

[Continued from first page.]

gagement ring from her finger, thrust it into his hands, and, as they had arrived at her father's gate, ran up the graveled walk and into the house without a word of parting.

"Little spitfire," said James to himself. "The idea of acting in this way just because I conversed with Miss Burton a short time."

He did not seem to realize that he had spent nearly the entire evening in Miss Burton's company, neglecting his betrothed to such an extent that even the dullest took cognizance of and commented upon it.

On the following afternoon after making a more than usually elaborate toilet, James presented himself at the door of Squire Hurtom's staring white house and inquired of the trim maid of all work who answered the summons of the bell, if Miss Burton was in. The maid replied in the affirmative, ushered him in to the "best room" where he found the heiress deeply absorbed in the latest society novel. She closed the book at once, and rising from her seat greeted him very warmly.

They were soon conversing as amicably and apparently as intimately as friends of long standing.

When at the end of two hours (which seemed but as two minutes to the infatuated James) he arose to take his departure he was warmly invited to call again. He did so on the very next day, when he was treated with greater kindness if possible than on his former visit. They played several games of croquet together during the course of which it was arranged that on the following afternoon they should take a boat ride on Lily Pond, a small lake in the neighborhood, noted for its white and fragrant water lilies. He also took her out riding behind his span of blood bay horses, and on one occasion escorted her to church where the heiress created an immense sensation as she swept down the central aisle in her trailing, rustling silken gown, while he with head erect, silk tile in hand, and curled moustache, was the envy and despair of all the young men of Barnesville. Even the gray-haired old minister was visibly disconcerted at the sudden and unexpected appearance of so much style and elegance and lost his place in the chapter he was reading, for be it known, Miss Burton always made it a point to arrive late at church as well as at all other public gatherings.

In less than two weeks it was whispered about by the gossips that James Monroe and Mary Murdock had quarreled, that the engagement was broken, and that he was "keeping steady company with that stuck-up, red-haired city girl at Squire Hurtom's."

And it must be said it was all true; James had become infatuated with the fair Imogene and danced perpetual attendance upon her. Her dainty ways, her city bred airs her varying moods, and above all the thought that she was already wealthy and destined at no distant day to become still more so, wrought such havoc in the heart of the unsophisticated youth that he resolved at the first favorable opportunity, to use a phrase much in vogue in those parts, to "pop the question."

Accordingly one pleasant afternoon when he and Imogene were seated on a rustic bench in the very grove where was held the memorable ice-cream festival, he, after much unwonted stammering, plumped down on his knees and proposed in the most dramatic manner imaginable—and was greeted with a loud and ringing peel of laughter. He had never heard Miss Burton laugh before, and the sound, however birdlike, or flutelike he might have considered it under other circumstances, was, just at that moment far from pleasant to him.

"Marry you," she said, when she could fully control her risibility. "Marry a farmer? And I suppose you would expect me to milk the cows, and sweep and cook and wash, as do all the good housewives of Barnesville and vicinity. No, Mr. Monroe, the idea is impracticable, and, I will add, utterly impossible; for I am engaged to a gentleman in New York and am to be married early in the fall. I have enjoyed your company very much indeed. You have helped to relieve the tedium of this beautiful though monotonous place, and for that I am truly thankful; but such a thing as becoming your wife has never once entered my head. You must learn to forget me. I leave for Boston to-morrow morning and you doubtless will exemplify the truth of the old adage; 'Out of sight, out of mind.' And now let me give you a little good advice. I have heard something of a little black-eyed girl to whom you quarreled, presumably over poor me. Return to your allegiance. Marry her; she will make you a good wife, and you will both live to laugh over your silly misunderstanding, and at me."

With these words Miss Burton arose, and swiftly and silently glided from the grove, leaving James Monroe dumbfounded and crestfallen, and yet with a secret feeling in his heart that he had been rightly served.

After the first ranklings of his wounded self love had died out, he bethought him of Miss Burton's advice and called at the Murdock homestead. He was ushered into the familiar parlor where had passed so many pleasant happy hours, by one of Mary's younger sisters, and, in a short time Mary made her appearance. She was as bright and cheery as ever and apparently harbored no ill-feeling because of his past conduct, but when he drew forth the engagement ring she had so long worn, and attempted to place it upon her finger and again gain her consent to be his wife, she drew back with a quick, proud movement and said:

"No, James, I shall always be a friend to you, but never your wife. You have shown plainly that you did not love me as you ought, and I feel it is best we should henceforth meet merely as friends and neighbors. I will own that I have felt very badly over the way—the way you have used me. But time heals all wounds."

"Yes, time and John Graves," said James angrily, as he seized his hat. "I have heard of his coming here, and if you care more for that lout than for me all I have to say is: Marry him."

Thus speaking, he flounced out of the room, and forgetting to slam the door behind him. Mary's black eyes fairly snapped with just anger and indignation. But the storm in her bosom subsided as rapidly as it had arisen, and in a low heartfelt voice, [illegible] said: "Thank God for my nar[illegible] escape."

John Gr[illegible], whom James Monroe had de[illegible]nated "a lout," was a young f[illegible]r living about three miles fro[illegible] Mr. Murdock's. He was a stea[illegible] upright young man, not given t[illegible] [illegible]ting on airs," but honest and [illegible] his friends as the needle [illegible] pole. He had a large fa[illegible] [illegible]athed him by his father, which he [illegible] to the very bes[illegible] advantage. In [illegible], he was considered the best farmer near Barnesville. His mother and a maiden sister attended to the household duties, while he and two "hired men" were constantly employed in bringing his broad acres into the highest state of productiveness. The following autumn, Mary Murdock married. And at about the same time Imogene Burton was lead to the altar by "a gentleman of New York."

A. (somewhat illiterate)—"I read something in a paper about idiots. Are they human beings?"

B.—"Certainly; they are human beingg like yourself."

Guest—"See here, waiter! There's a pin in this soup. Suppose I had swallowed it?" Waiter—"It wouldn't have hurt yer, sah. Don't you notice that it am a safety pin, sah?"

Miss Prue—What's that bit of red sticking out of Miss Lowcutt's corsage?

Miss Caustique—Perhaps it is the top of her stocking.

She—There! I've upset that vase and spilled the water all over me.

He (sympathetically)—Too bad. How will you dry your hand?

She (a divine inspiration lighting up her face)—Can't you ring it for me?

"I want to get a good hammock," said the customer.

"Strong enough to hold two, I suppose?" suggested the salesman shyly.

"No, sir," said the customer, with some show of resentment. "No, sir; I've been married for more than three years."

Three of a Kind.

Three things to love—Courage, gentleness, affectionateness.

Three things to admire—Intellectual power, dignity, gracefulness.

Three things to hate—Cruelty, arrogance, ingratitude.

Three things to reverence—Religion, justice, self-denial.

Three things to wish for—Health, a cheerful spirit, friends.

Three things to like—Cordiality, good humor, mirthfulness.

Three things to suspect—Flattery, puritanism, sudden affection.

Three things to avoid—Idleness, flippant jesting, loquacity.

Three things to govern—Temper, impulse, the tongue.

Three things to be prepared for—Decay, change, death.

"I am truly sorry to give you pain, Mr. Haukinson," said the young lady, "but please do not allude to the subject again. I can never be your wife."

"That is your final answer, Miss Irene?"

"It is."

"Nothing could induce you to change your decision?"

"My mind is fully and unalterably made up."

"Miss Irene," said the young man rising and looking about for his hat, "before coming here this evening I made a bet of $50 with Van Perkins that you would say no to my proposal. I have won. It was taking a risk, but I was dead broke, Miss Irene," he continued, his voice quivering with emotion, "you have saved a despairing man from the fate of a suicide, and won the life-long respect and esteem of a grateful heart. Good evening."

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

THE PATRIOT FUGITIVE.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Comely Mistress Sally Suydam sat on a low bench beneath the apple-tree in her back yard, shelling peas. Delicate petals from the fragrant blossoms overhead dropped upon her; the bluebird perched upon the hollow stump hard by sang to her a song of spring and sunshine; the fresh morning breeze that made ripples all across the golden surface of Flushing Bay to mark its progress, came to lift carelessly the soft, brown curls on her temples. Before her, on an upturned pail, rested a gaunt old man, with white hair, and long, bony fingers that were interlocked over his knobby knee.

"Indeed," spoke Mistress Suydam continuing her conversation, "it is hard that Abner should be so long away from his home and in peril of his life, but he would be no true American did he lag at his wife's apron string when his country has need of him. And, of a truth, instead of repining I should rejoice daily that he is still alive and at liberty. I think I would rather hear that he had fallen on the field than that he was a prisoner in the cruel hands of the British——"

"In that Jersey prison ship. Verily, it is wondrous that men endure to live in that hell upon earth if the half that is told of it be true."

"The half of its horrors hath not been told!" exclaimed a suppressed but distinct voice, from the clump of lilac bushes behind Mrs. Suydam. The good dame gave a little jump and an exclamation alarm, while the gaunt man sprang to his feet. Peering in the direction of the voice, they saw under the bushes, close to the ground, the haggard, yellow face of a man with great wild eyes and tangled hair and beard.

"Who are you, and what want you here?" demanded Mistress Suydam, stoutly.

"Robert Jameson; a fugitive from the Jersey prison-ship am I, and sore in need of all that man may need to live."

"Come forth, man; come forth. You shall need no longer here," responded the old man earnestly, going toward him.

"Back—back! Keep your distance, man! There is death in my garments—the poison of the prison-fever. Stand aloof; but I pray you lay some food where I may get it without coming anigh you."

While he spoke Mistress Suydam reflected, and when he had ceased, quickly took the ordering of affairs in her hands. Giving to the old man—who was none other than the patriot-parson Egbert Ellis—a suit of her soldier-husband's clothing, she instructed him to see that the fugitive, after casting away his infected garments, bathed in the creek at the foot of the garden, and then put on the clean raiment, by which time she would have a good breakfast ready for him.

When Jameson's hunger had been appeased, he told his story:

"I was taken prisoner through the running down of the boat I was in on the Hudson, and was put aboard the prisonship three months ago. The night before last I sprang overboard, being willing rather to die than live longer there; but coming ashore a little below the tide mill, I managed to make my way into the country, and since then, hiding when I could, and running when I dared, I have fled thus far, eating nothing until now. How anxiously I listened to your speech to learn if ye were friends or foes!"

"Is life on the prisonship indeed so terrible as men say?" asked Mrs. Suydam.

"Only the dead have learned all its horrors, but the living there know enough to madden them. Twelve hundred men are crowded in a space that would not suffice for the healthful keeping of one-fourth so many. They are scantily fed upon tainted meat and vermin-infested bread, so that violent and fatal disorders are rife among them. The dreaded fever hath broken out, and so rages that at times as many as two hundred die of it in a night. Through sheer malignity the British officers refuse water even to those parched with the fever, and find sport in seeing their burning thirst drive them mad. Often in the inky darkness of the lower gun-deck, where they are confined at night, the startling cry is heard: 'Look to yourselves! One here hath gone mad and he hath a knife.' And the madman, knowing not what he does, slashes right and left with his weapon, until in self-defense they must kill him—and all that in the dark. And this much amuses the British officers.

"Lord let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell," ejaculated the pastor, in fervent quotation of the psalmist.

"Amen!" responded Jameson between his clenched teeth, continuing his narrative. "It is a common sport with them to cast apples among the prisoners to set them fighting. The wretched men, whose minds are weakened by their sufferings, seem maddened, at sight of the tempting fruit, and will beat and tear each other, with claws and teeth, like starving, ravenous beasts to get possession of it—whereat the British officers laugh heartily and enjoy themselves mightily."

"Lord, let burning coals fall upon them; let them be cast into the fire into deep pits, that they rise not up again," broke forth the parson.

"Men are shot down like dogs by the sentries, who act under orders, excuse therefor being found in the slightest breach of discipline."

"Woe unto the wicked! It shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him."

"Again and again a cartel hath come for an exchange of prisoners, and those upon whom Death's hand is already laid have been sorted out to send away, while those with more life in them were put back with the cruel jibe: 'You have not been here long enough; you are too well to exchange.'"

"Lord, how long shall the wicked triumph?"

Mistress Suydam's cheeks were very pale, and her eyes blazed with indignation. Each of the excited parson's scriptural quotations were expressive of her sentiments, but she did not open her lips until he uttered, as a prayer:

"Lord, root them out of the land of the living; pity them not, nor spare, nor have mercy, but destroy them utterly."

Then she earnestly ejaculated "Amen!"

All that day Robert Jameson lay in hiding among the bushes back of Mistress Suydam's house, resting, sleeping and rapidly regaining his strength, while she watched over his safety and fed him.

Parson Ellis went away. Before taking his departure, he told the fugitive:

"I am sent here on a mission in which it may be God's will that I shall lay down my life, and, indeed, the chance for it is so great that I set small store by the boat that is moored in the bay near the mouth of this creek. If I come off alive, I shall easily find another boat. This one you had better take, and as soon as the moon hath set to-night, sail for New London, where you will be safe. Go not before, lest you be overhauled on the sound and recaptured."

"I will never be taken alive," answered Robert, firmly.

"You are a brave man, and I do not doubt your intent, but we are all in the hand of God. If you reach New London safely, give the boat in charge of Ebenezer Holden whom you will easily find. And now, farewell."

Robert feared to remain in the house, lest he might be surprised by a party of the British dragoons, who as he was informed, were continually scouring the island. Near nightfall Mistress Suydam came rushing down to him from the upper window where she had long been sitting, watching that she might note the approach of an enemy far off.

"The dragoons are coming!" she cried to him.

A dozen of them were coming down the road at an easy, swinging trot, with Captain Tileston at their head. Of course the fugitive imagined that they were in pursuit of him, but they were not. He was supposed to have been drowned and eaten by the sharks, numbers of which savage creatures were attracted to the vicinity of the prison-ship by the prey that was either tossed to them or that voluntarily leaped overboard. The dragoons had quite another object than his capture in their coming. But he thought only of flight.

He ran swiftly down the brook crouching below the line of rank grass that margined its banks, until he reached the bay, where he plunged in and disappeared. Day was ended by this time, but the early rising moon gave so clear a light that he did not dare to attempt reaching the parson's boat, though it was only four or five rods from where he took to the water. A couple of the dragoons rode leisurely down to the bay, and there sat upon their horses, chatting. They were discussing the catching of spies who were supposed to land there from the Connecticut or New York shore. Presently Captain Tileson, with four more men, joined ed them. They had stopped to search for rebels in Mistress Suydam's house. The captain had a plan.

"It is useless," he said, "for us to attempt the capture, upon the water, of these Yankee spies, who have eyes like hawks by day and owls by night, and could see us long before we could see them. We must let them land. As I have sharper sight than any of you at night, I will conceal myself in the boat and watch for them. You will hide in yonder clump of woods. When they land I will signal to you, by imitating the plover's cry, which way to dash to fall upon them—once for this way, twice for that—and at the same moment will seize their boat to cut off their retreat."

So it was arranged. One of the dragoons waded out to the parson's little sail-boat and drew her in so that the Captain could step aboard dry-shod, after he moored her out again. Then the dragoons went away into the woods, and the Captain laid down in the boat to watch and wait for events. Events were rapidly approaching him that he had no conception of.

A big, floating bunch of sedge grass drifted out from near the shore toward the boat, slowly approaching it closer and closer. At length it seemed to lodge against the boat. The Captain did not notice it. He was looking in the opposite direction. Noiselessly a head rose out of the water behind him—the head of Robert Jameson—close by the bunch of floating grass. The next moment a long arm reached over the low side of the boat, and a powerful hand gripped the Captain's throat—gripped it with such ferocious energy that it cut off his breath, made the world turn black before him, and seemed to paralyze him. Before he could make a movement of self defense, or a sound, a man rolled into the boat upon him, and seizing one of his big holster pistols that he had laid beside him dealt such a blow upon his temple that he was stunned and lay as still as if dead.

When the Captain recovered his senses he found himself bound hand and foot with the anchor rope. His captor had stepped the mast. The little sail was bellying full with a favoring southeast breeze, and the shore was far behind. The next morning he was turned over to the military authorities at New London as a prisoner; and undesirable as that fortune of war may be deemed, he at least had the consolation of knowing that in the hands of Americans he would suffer from no such fiendish inhumanity as was practiced under the English flag aboard the Jersey prison ship.

Robert Jameson was regarded as quite a hero in New London, where he promptly re-entered the service, and fought bravely until the end of the war.

Tasting the Scratch.

There had been some hard words between Julius and Moses before, as near as I could make out, says a writer in the New York Evening Sun. Moses was blacking my boots on the verandah when Julius came around from the kitchen and began:

"Look heah, boy; I'se done got my eye-ball on you, an' de fust thing you know I'll pound you to squash!"

"Shoo! Does you know who you is conversin' wid?" demanded Moses. "Doan' you talk to me dat way, black man."

"Who's black man?"

"You is."

"You was a liar sah!"

"So was you?"

"Look out, boy! A feller dun called me liah one time and de county had to bury him."

"An' you look out for me, black man; I'se mighty hard to wake up, but when I gits aroused I whoop all de way thru."

"Shoo! I just want to say to you dat de las' fight I was in it took eight men to hold me. Doan' you get me mad, boy—doan' you do it."

"Boss! I does put my hand right on yo' shoulder."

"An' I does put my hand on yours."

"Now what yo' gwine ter do?"

"Now what you gwine ter do?"

"Shoo!"

"Shoo!"

And after standing in defiance for a moment each walked slowly away and went about his business, to renew the "sh[illegible]" at [illegible] opportunity and always with the same result.

Miss Flimsy—But, Father, you must remember that I am to marry Charlie. It isn't you that will marry him.

Old Flimsy—Quite true, my dear. But you mustn't forget that I will probably have to support him.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Huntersville, W. Va.

September, 19, 1889.

"Jack the Ripper" adds one more to the list of the White Chapel victims.

Congressman "Sunset" Cox, died at his home in New York, on the 10th inst.

The Charleston Star has been sold, to the Kanawha Publishing Co., and will hereafter be run on republican principles.

The sale of lots at Iron Gate, Rockbridge county, Thursday last, aggregated from $75,000 to $80,000 some of the lots bringing 125 per cent above the company's price.

Three million five hundred thousand pounds of sugar, that the Sugar Trust had in store for a rise, was burned in New York on the 7th.

The Prosperous South.

The South is better off, as respects material wealth, than for many years past. Its social, intellectual, moral and political condition has improved, it is believed, at an almost equal rate. The white population, not been affected by immigration, is American still to the backbone, and it is animated by sentiments of devotion to constitutional which render the South the conservative element of the Union. Its growth in wealth, in culture, in population and political influence is, therefore, in the interest of free institutions, to be desired by the whole country.—Baltimore Sun.

John L. Sullivan for Congress.

New York, September 7.—John L. Sullivan in a letter in the Evening Sun announces that he is a candidate for congress from the Boston, Mass., district when the next fall elections are held. He will run he says as a Democrat. In the course of his letter he says: "Any man who doubts my popularity with the American people has only got to travel about with me to get rid of the notion. Some may misconstrue my occupation in life. They don't know what they are talking about. My business is and always has been ever since I came before the public to encourage physical culture. A man who can quiet a crowd in Madison square garden as I have done, can make his presence felt in Congress, or anywhere else on earth."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON Sept., 13.—Corporal Tanner is gone. The Pension office will know him no more, at least not as its chief. He will of course, continue to draw his pension. The long wrangle between the "Corporal" and Secretary Noble reached its culminating point this week, when the Secretary suspended Tanner from office, pending the result of the investigation now going on. Tanner refused to consider himself suspended unless the order came direct from the President. That brought the whole matter before President Harrison, who was compelled to delay his intended departure for Deer Park in order to hear the parties to this dispute. Exactly what was said when Tanner and Noble met in the Presidents private office, where they had been summoned will probably never be known, as the only witnesses were President Harrison and Marshall Randell. But it is understood that Secretary Noble told President Harrison that the investigation now going on in the Pension office had convinced him that Tanner was both inefficient and indiscreet, and that he had suspended him from office until the investigation was closed when he expected the result would be ample to demand his summary dismissal. Tanner claimed to be innocent of either wrong doing or indiscreetness. Exactly what the President did, has not yet been made public, but Tanner's resignation is known to be in the hands of the President. Secretary Noble is known to have been bitterly opposed to allowing Tanner to resign; he thinks he should be dismissed, and only wants to wait until he gets the official report of the investigating commission, in order to show the public that the dismissal is deserved. Assistant Commissioner Smith, is acting Commissioner of Pensions, and Tanner has not been to the office since Tuesday, when he shook hands with one of the employes, and told him that he (Tanner) never expected to come into the building again.

General Rosecrans, the democratic veteran who has been Register of the Treasury since the early days of Mr. Cleveland's administration, was removed by rumor this week to make a place for Tanner. As usual, rumor lied. Gen. Rosecrans has not been removed, and I have it from high republican authority that he will not be disturbed during Harrison's administration. My informant gave two reasons why: Many G. A. R. men had asked for his retention and, he is Chauncey Depews relative by marriage.

Think it of my countrymen the rolls of the Pension office contained on the last day of June 489,725 pensioners and is still increasing. The figures are from an official statement just issued.

Secretary Proctor is laying the wires to succeed Senator Morrill, of Vermont, whose term expires in 1891, and Senator Edmunds is doing all he can to assist him.

Representative Norwood of Georgia, has a level head. He says: "I think the worlds fair of 1892 will be held in Washington. It is the proper place for it—the only place where it could have a national character. The celebration must be national, must be the celebration of the whole people—every man woman and child—and must be held at its National capital. The Southern Congressmen are all for Washington."

Ex-Senator Riddleberger of Virginia has returned to the democratic party. He will stump Virginia in opposition to Mahone.

President Harrison has settled a long wrangle by making the rest of the Federal appointments for New York City.

The Baldwin District Fair at Staunton, Va. opens Oct. 1st and continues 4 days.

Ellison Hatfield has been sentenced by a Kentucky court to be hung on the 3rd of December for the murder of one of the McCoys in January, 1888, and Wall Hatfield Alexandre Messer and Doc and Sam Mayhon have been sent to the Kentucky penitentiary for life, for participation in the Hatfield-McCoy feud.

WHITE PINE LUMBER.

Having several orders for white pine lumber I have concluded if I get orders sufficient to justify to saw up a fine piece of choice pine timber I own a short distance east of Huntersville. Any one desiring lumber within six months will please notify me at once. Large bills will be sold to responsible parties upon a credit of six months.

Respectfully,
H. M. LOCKRIDGE.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE

Lands in Pocahontas County.

In pursuance of two decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term, 1889, in the chancery cause of

C. L. Austin &c.,
vs.
W. F. Arbogast &c.,

I will on

MONDAY THE 21ST DAY OF OCTOBER,

next, offer for sale at public auction in front of the Court house of Pocahontas county, two tracts of land, one of 692 acres and the other of 1,228 acres. These tracts of land are situate on the Alleghany mountain, and are known as lots No. 9 and 10, in the big survey and are valuable for the timber thereon.

TERMS:

Cash in hand to pay the costs of the two suits and the costs of sale and for the balance, the purchasers will be required to execute bonds with good security payable in six and twelve months, bearing interest from day of sale and the legal title to be retained as ultimate security.

L. H. STEPHENSON,
Commissioner.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that L. H. Stephenson, Com'r has given the bond as required by said decree.

J. J. BEARD, C'lk.

Sep 5. 19-4t. [illegible]

SHOEMAKER'S SHOP at Huntersville, W. Va.

I am prepared to make in the best style and order, Boots and Shoes of all kinds, also [illegible] in neat style.
May 16 6 m. [illegible]

GOOD FLOUR.

[illegible] bushel at H. H. McClintic's mill, [illegible] his flour at A. Barlow's [illegible] and Barlow & [illegible] [illegible]

MASONIC NOTICE.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 63, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—The threshing machine is in operation in this vicinity now.

—Mrs. Jos. Beard, of Academy, is visiting her son at this place J. J. Beard, Esq.

—N. J. Brown, of Mill Point, passed through town last Saturday with a drove of fine cattle for market.

—Atty. C. F. Moore, is attending Court at Beverly, Randolph Co., this week.

—J. H. Doyle and wife and J. C. Loury Jr., have returned from Baltimore.

—Hugh Adams, of Rockbridge Baths, Va., passed through town Tuesday, on his way to Elk.

PREACHING.—Rev. B. M. Wheeler, of Parnassus, Va., will preach in the Methodist Church, at this place next Sunday, the 22nd, at 11 o'clock A. M.

—Well, Sarah, what have you been doing to make you look so young. Oh, nothing much, only been using Hall's Hair Renewer to restore the color of my hair.

—A. Barlow had something over 400 bushels of wheat threshed on his farm at this place last week, and we understand will have about the same amount on his farm a mile from town.

—The use of calomel for derangements of the liver has ruined many a fine constitution. Those who, for similar troubles, have tried Ayer's Pills testify to their efficacy in thoroughly remedying the malady, without injury to the system.

FUNERAL.—We are authorized to announce that Mrs. David McGlaughlin's funeral will be preached by the Rev. Ballengee on Sept. 29th, at the church on Back Allegheny at 11 o'clock a. am.

—It is astonishing how rapidly the feeble and debiliated gain strength and vigor when taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. For what are called "broken down constitutions," nothing else has proved so effective as this powerful but perfectly safe medicine.

—We have received Vol. 1 first and second number of the *National Democrat*, published at Washington, D. C. It is a weekly paper devoted to the interests and promotion of the Democratic party. It is a contribution that has been sore mended at our national capitol, and should meet the hearty, substantial support of the entire Democratic party.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Mingo Flats, October 1st, and remain 3 days.

Edray, Oct. 8th, 4 days.

Mill Point, Oct. 15th 3 days.

Huntersville, Oct. 18th, 4 days.

Teeth extracted by the use of Cocaine with very little pain. Call early and make your engagements as his time is limited to the above dates.

See TIMES for other appointments.

The Count Ended.

The Committee [illegible] last completed the count of the vote cast last November for Governor, and adjourned to meet, in the near future, at the call of the Chairman, for the purpose of writing out the report. Exactly how the count now stands we do not know, but Judge Fleming, we think, has a majority of between 200 and 300.

Edray Items.

A funeral sermon in memory of Mrs. Margaret Jackson late wife of James H. Jackson Esq., will be preached on Elk at Mary's Chapel on first Sunday the 6th of October next by G. P. Moore.

J. C. Gay, received serious injuries last Tuesday in being thrown down and run over by his team running away. He is improving at this writing.

Mrs. W. C. Shearer and Miss Mamie McClure are off on a visit to relatives in Appomattox Co. Va.

Mr. H. Shearer and wife who have been visiting relatives in this section left for their home this morning.

Threshing is about done around here. Wheat yielded fine, Oats very light.

Sept. 10th. X.X.

Green Bank Items.

Mr. J. L. Jones, of Highland spent some time calling on patrons and former pupils of other days on his return from the Institute.

Mr. McCoy from the Levels has engaged our school for the coming session.

Guy Slaven of Huntersville is visiting friends and relatives in our neighborhood.

Mr. Townsend and wife and Miss Henry of Winchester, who were attending the marriage and reception of Mr. D. L. Kerr returned Saturday.

Mr. C. O. Arbogast and wife after sojoining a few weeks in our neighborhood retugned to Winchester last week.

Sept. 10th. PAULINA.

Dunmore Doings.

Auctioneer Swecker has returned from an auctioneering trip in Randolph county, and will return and commence on the 16th inst., one of the biggest auction sales ever in Beverly.

Business is booming on the W. Va. Central railroad.

Robt. M. Kerr is putting the Cheat Mt. road in first class order.

Elkins Randolph Co., will be the nearest place for us to haul our goods from; being about 25 miles nearer than Staunton.

Col. B. F. Jackson, of Rockingham Co., Va., is here on a visit.

Mrs. Jno. A. Noel is visiting in Randolph Co.

Miss Cora Jones commenced the Dunmore school the 9th.

Miss Kittie Lakin is off on a trip to Edray.

Miss Annie Wakeman will leave to-morrow for Warren Co., Va.

Dan'l O'Connell has opened up his lumber camp on Glade Hill.

Attorney C. F. Moore and wife passed through town to-day.

A good many persons are attending the big sale at Beverly.

Sept. 11 A TRAVELER.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Robt. Burns and brother Will, left last week for a visit to relatives in Bath Co.

Miss Kate McNeel is visiting relatives and friends in Greenbrier Co.

Miss Sallie Hamilton, of Sunset, is visiting Mrs. Enoch Moore.

The Marriage of Mr. Ludington and Miss Maggie Beard will take place in the Presbyterian church to-morrow morning.

Beverly Waugh and wife returned this morning from Lewisburg where Mr. Waugh has been for treatment by the cancer specialist, of Richmond. Mr. Waugh is very much improved in health.

Mrs. Jasper Payne was called to Columbia Sulphur by the illness of her mother.

The Hillsboro division of the sons of Temperance of W. Va., will give a free entertainment in the Methodist church Friday night. The public are cordially invited.

Mrs. D. B. Sydenstricker and son Lacy are visiting friends and relatives at Frankford.

Mrs. E. W. Hill and children are visiting her mother Mrs. Watts of Richlands.

Died, on last Thursday, Blanche, child of Mr. and Mrs. Wise Hul., of Locust.

Hymen's Festivities.

One of the most beautiful weddings of the season was that of Mrs. Bertie Barlow to Mr. William Gladwell, which occurred on the morning of the 11th of Sept. at the home of the bride's father, Major Arbogast, near Green Bank.

As the hour of 7 drew nigh the conventional march was played till the party had arranged itself in the parlor. The beautiful Methodist ceremony was most impressively rendered by the Rev. Mr. Ballengee.

The attendants were:

Miss Lucy Barlow with Mr. Rice Moore; Miss Mattie Hevener, Mr. Early Arbogast; Miss Flora Mooman, Mr. John Hevener; Miss Otie Cackley, Mr. Harry Moore; Miss Minnie Bradshaw, Mr. Snowdan Moomaw; Miss Lena Burner, Mr. Wilson; Miss Monte Arbogast, Mr. McMulty; Miss Minnie Patterson, Mr. Howard Arbogast.

The bride was most becomingly attired in a henrietta of Dove's grey with embroidery of white daises and wore a corsage bouquet of La France roses. The maids wore Directoires of the same soft shade, Doves grey.

The many pretty and valuable presents of which the bride was the recipient betokened the high esteem in which she was held. After a most delightful breakfast the bridal party started for McDowell, the home of the groom, and the guests took leave of their genial host and hostess, and started to their respective homes, feeling as if it were good for them to have been there.

CORRESPONDENT.

DIED.—Claude Turner, son of Prof. T. M. Turner, at the residence of his father in Lewisburg, Thursday Sept. 5th, in the 15th year of his age.

DIED.—Fanny Cleveland, infant daughter of J. O. and Eva Beard, near Green Bank Sept. 6, 1889, after a brief illness, aged 11 months, lacking one day. A sweet precious body, newly allowed to appear on earth, then was taken to bloom forever in the "Garden of Paradise." Cheer up dear sorrowing parents, brothers and sisters, you can not, would not, call her back, but you can all "go to her." A more affecting scene was never witnessed by the writer, than was that of the family, all kneeling around the little quiet sleeper bidding her "good bye" till they all met again.

W. H. B.

Obituary.

Again the cloud of gloom and death overshadows us. About 4 o'clock on Saturday Evening, Aug. 17, 1889 passed from earth to the heavenly world, Miss Sallie M. Patterson, daughter of F. J. and Rachel Patterson, near Glade Hill, this county in great peace.

Sister Sallie was converted to God at the early age of 13 years, under the Ministry of Rev. H. M. Strickler, and joined the M. E. Church, South, in which she lived a Christians life.

It is certainly true in this case, that death loves a shining mark. Sallie was the idol of the home; and she was known and loved by a large circle of friends, both young and old.

She bore her great afflictions which lasted for several weeks, with a Christians patience, saying the will of the Lord be done. Her resignation to her heavenly Fathers will, was perfectly beautiful. Her death, while it is sad to give up one so young, was sublimely beautiful, even beyond description. Just before her spirit took its contesting flight her Lord seemed to open to her vision, scenes in the heavenly world. After having looked to her beloved parents and sorrowing friends around her bedside and praying for everybody, she sank down as if asleep; when suddenly she aroused up and called her mother and said to her, "Oh mother, I was high up in heaven. God is all around my bed and in the room."

While thus engaged she passed into the blissful world shouting the praise of Him who with us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Thanks be unto God for such a triumphant victory over the lost enemy in the death of our Sister.

About her life, much might be said, but this will suffice:

She was a kind, obedient daughter, a gentle, loving Sister, an affectionate friend, a true genuine Christian.

May the consolations of divine grace be given the sorrow stricken family and in the end may they all meet in heaven.

After the funeral services, which were conducted the next evening, (Sunday), the large and weeping congregation of relatives and friends followed her remains to a newly made grave yard, just north, overlooking the home of her childhood, on a beautiful eminence, where with tender hands, her body was laid away, to rest till the resurrection morn.

HER PASTOR.

A terrible storm pervailed on the Atlantic last week, in which dozens of vessels were lost and a number of lives, and the coast is strewn for miles with wreckage.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE,

Of Valuable Lands.

Pursuant to, and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va., rendered at its June term, 1889, in the cause of

J. H. Arbogast, Adm'r,
vs.
J. H. Arbogast's Heirs &c.,

I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the premises, near Traveler's Repose, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5TH, 1889,

all the lands yet belonging to the Estate of Jacob H. Arbogast, dec'd, composed of part of a tract of 45 acres; part of a tract of 135 acres and part of a tract of 50 acres, all adjoining each other, and containing in the aggregate about 377 acres, lying in the forks of Greenbrier River on the S. & P. Turnpike. About 65 acres of these lands are in cultivation, with a good dwelling and other buildings and orchard &c. The balance affords a good outlet for young stock, especially sheep, and has some good Hemlock, Spruce and Oak timber upon it.

TERMS:

10 per cent. of the purchase money cash in hand, the balance in equal payments, falling due in 9, 18 and 27 months, from day of sale, with interest from that day. The purchaser to execute bonds with good security for the deferred payments, a lein will be retained until a future order of the Court.

B. M. YEAGER, Spec'l Com'r.

Sept. 12 4t. Printer's fee $10 50.

BRIDGE LETTING.

The undersigned Commissioner of the County Court, of Pocahontas County will receive Sealed Bids, until 12 m., Oct. 1st, 1889, for the following work. The construction of two Abutments on Knapp's Creek near Huntersville at or near the upper end of the "Derby Wall," said abutments to be of cut stone, well laid in Cement on solid foundation Joints well broken to a distance of 3 feet above high water mark, and the additional height of stone work to be ruble work well laid in lime and sand. Abutments to be 22 feet long at bottom and 18 feet at top, 8 feet wide at bottom and 5 feet at top. All cement to be of the best quality. And remove the bridge from its present location and place the same on the aforesaid abutments. The Contractor to give bond with approved security, for the faithful performance of his contract.

The Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

List of Fiduciaries

before the undersigned for settlement:

Amos S. Gillispie, adm'r of Jas. Cassell, dec'd.

Wm. H. Cackley, late Sheriff and as such adm'r of John [illegible] dec'd.

Jas. A McCollam, Adm'r of Rebecca McCollam dec'd.

Jas. A. McCollam adm'r of Lawrence D. McCollam, dec'd.

JAMES W. WARWICK, JR.,
Com'r of [illegible] for Pocahontas county
sept 12 3t.

Order of publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County W. Va., on the first Monday in September, 1889.

George A. Rivercomb, Special receiver in the Chancery cause of Bonner vs. Bonner &c.,
vs.
A. G. Bonner.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to subject to judicial sale a tract of one hundred acres of land, belonging to the defendant A. G. Bonner situated in the County of Pocahontas on the South East side of Middle Mountain, to satisfy a judgment confessed by the defendant A. G. Bonner to the Plaintiff for $[illegible] with interest thereon from 1st day of May, 1889 until paid and cost.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant A. G. Bonner is a non resident of the State of West Va., it is ordered that he appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Clk.

Sept. 5 4t. Printer's fee $5.00.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

September, 19, 1889.

Relics of the Johnstown Disaster.

With very few exceptions, all the New York "boys" of the press who did duty at Johnstown brought back relics of the eventful trip. Among a collection which I happened to see was a gravure type of the Madonna. The flood had evidently torn the picture from the frame, but the face was not marred in the least. The relic was pasted upon a large white sheet of card board, and the whole piece so framed that the ragged and torn edges were visible. Among the same collection was a marble which had been taken from the little hand of a dead child which the reporter had stumbled over the first night he spent in the village. A more interesting souvenir, but one fraught with more sad recollections, is the silver half dollar wrapped in a piece of brown paper, upon which was written the following sentences: "Three and a half pounds of brown sugar, one pound of starch; yeast cake." The handwriting was that of a woman, and the coin and paper were tightly clinched in the hand of a twelve year-old girl, whose body was found half buried in the sand.

"Were you ever engaged in a train robbery?" asked the prosecuting attorney, looking at him keenly.

"I was never indicted for train robbing," answered the witness, evasively.

"That is not the question," said the lawyer. "I will ask you again. Were you ever a train robber?"

"Judge," said the witness, turning imploringly to the dignitary on the bench, "must I answer that question?"

"You must," answered the judge. "And remember you are under oath."

The witness turned pale and his knees knocked together.

"I suppose it's got to come out. I sold books and bananas on the cars for a whole year when I was a young fellow," faltered the miserable man.

"Harry," exclaimed the blushing Laura, "this declaration is so sudden that I—that—that I hardly know what to say. I was unprepaired for it. It unnerves me."

"I was afraid it might," said the young druggist, rising with alacrity from his knees, "and I brought along a bottle of my unrivalled nerve anodyne. This preparation, darling," he added, soothingly, as he took a bottle from his pocket, quickly extracted the cork, and poured a quantity of the medicine into a spoon he had also brought along, "will allay any undue excitement, quiet the nerves, aid digestion, and restore lost appetite. I sell it at 60 cents a bottle. This is the dose for an adult. Take it, dearest."

Bob Bluger—"Have you heard the latest news, Miss Chester?"

Miss Chester—"Yes, indeed, I just heard the library clock strike twelve.

Jimmy Freshley (stopping in front of the new neighbor and gazing intently at her)—"Ain't I a brave boy, Mrs. Spinks?"

"Mrs. Spinks—"Why?"

Jimmy—"'Cause mamma said you were a perfect fright, but you don't scare me a bit."

She—O, George, I think ma is too mean for anything. She said last night if I ever married she would give the piano to my little sister.

He—Did she? By the way, dear, I'm ready to marry you at any time now. The last obstacle has been removed.

Miss Pique—I'll institute a breach of promise suit against you and show the letters you have written to me.

Mr. Jill—Well, I have no reason to feel mortified over any part of them, save the address on the envelopes.

In a police Court—"Prisoner, you've been brought before me three times within a year, and that's three times to often."

Well, your honor, my case is a hard one and no mistake. When I work at my profession I'm arrested for stealing. If I don't work then I get took up for loafing.

He—And you are sure that I am the first and only man who ever kissed you?

She—Of course, I am sure. You do not doubt my word, do you?

He—Of course I do not doubt you, my darling. I love you too madly, too devotedly for that. But why, O why did you reach for the lines the very instant I ventured to put my arm around you if you had never been there before?

Little Roger—"Uncle John, I heard papa say you got pretty well soaked last night. Did it rain very hard?"

Uncle John (with a sickly smile) —"I don't exactly remember, Roger; I know I was dry enough early in the evening."

Two Paris loafers are reading a notice: "Lost, a black poodle. One hundred francs reward." One of them says to the other:

"You must take the one you stole yesterday."

"But it is white."

"You must say that it has turned white through grief."

Colonel Kaw (of Kansas)—It's gettin' so that science, once the friend of man, is fast becoming his bitterest enemy. Here some son of a gun of a scientist has discovered that chloride of lime is a better antidote for snake bites than whisky.

Colonel Kent (of Kentucky)—What of it?

Colonel Kaw (of Kansas)—What of it? Why, man alive, you'd know what of it if you lived in a State where you have to get your whisky on a prescription!

Anxious Mother—"My dear, I'm afraid George is getting into bad company. He is out very late nearly every night."

Observing Father—"Oh, he's all right. He goes to see some girl or other. Shouldn't wonder if he'd announce an engagement soon."

"He hasn't said a word about any young lady."

"No; but he's keeping company with one all the same. His right wrist is full of pin scratches."

Bunco Steerer (to Farmer)—Isn't this Mr. Swansdown, of Graybeck Corners?" Farmer—"That's me." Bunco Steerer—"My name is Jim Sharper, son of old man Sharper, the banker in your town." Farmer—"Your looks don't show it; but, by gosh, Jim, I'm glad to see you! I dropped into Wall street to-day, and you've got to help me git back to the Corners, or I'll have to walk."

Mrs. Gadd—Does your boy take after you or his father? Mrs. Gabb—He takes after his father. You never can believe a word he says.

At a college examination—"And now, sir, let us see whether you know more about physical science than about the other subjects you have studied. What are the properties of heat?"

"One of its properties is to cause expansion."

"Correct give me an illustration."

"Oh, that's easy enough. In summer, the sun, being hotter, causes the days to lengthen, sir."

Mrs. Aleet—If you should make a thousand dollars unexpectedly, Tom, would you give me that diamond pendant I've been looking at so long?

Mr. Aleet—Why, yes, dear."

Mrs. Aleet—Very well, I'll order it to-morrow. I stopped wanting that ivory finished piano to day, and a thousand was just the price of it."

Hotel call-boy—Madam, you must hurry if you would save your life, The hotel is all on fire, This is the third time I have warned you.

Lady guest—Well, tell the firemen to keep the flames under control until I take out my curl papers and friz my hair I just know there's a great crowd of men down there, and some of them are newspaper reporters.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, September 26, 1889. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. No. 10.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

THE DRESSMAKER.

"Yes, I'm up early," said Mrs. Ford, leaning over the side paling to talk to her next neighbor. "I'm going to have a dressmaker to-day to start my henrietta cloth. She lives in town"—Mrs. Ford's charming home was a little out—" and my brother Jim has gone for her with the dog cart. Stowe is her name; I haven't even seen her. I sent Rob's nurse girl to engage her."

"Stowe? There, now, I guess you've done it!" said Mrs. Sayles, raising her inquisitive little upturned nose, with brisk enjoyment to Mrs. Ford's tall blonde prettiness. "It isn't best to have her if there's a young man in the house. They all fall in love with her so they say. She's pretty, you know, in that showy sort of way—red hair and pink cheeks—and I guess she knows it. Mrs. Ritter had her a while back, and Paul Ritter was crazy after her; and they say she flirted with him awfully, and then threw him over. I presume she thought she could do better. He isn't so well off as your brother Jim, for instance," said Mrs. Sayles, shrewdly smiling.

"But Jim," said Mrs. Ford, serenely—"Jim never falls in love. He never has once, do you know? I think it's because he's so superior to all girls. Oh, yes, of course, I should feel dreadfully! I feel that Jim is on my responsibility while he's with me, and I should be brokenhearted. But there isn't the least danger with Jim."

The dogcart was rolling in the drive, and Mrs. Ford went across the smooth lawn, with six-year-old Rob at her heels.

Jim—tall and blonde, and handsome like his sister—was driving slowly to the horse-block. He was turned squarely toward the dressmaker, and his gaily-enthusiastic tones were audible to Mrs. Ford.

He did not appear to know when he had reached the block; he talked absorbedly on. Mrs. Ford was thankful that Mrs. Sayles was out of hearing.

"Jim!" she said.

And Jim jumped out, lifted the dresmaker down, presented her to his sister, walked with her up to the porch-steps and pulled forth a chair. He was brisk and smiling.

Mrs. Ford sighed with relief that the bay window hid them from Mrs. Sayles.

"We've a nice view from here, don't you think, Miss Stowe?" said Jim eagerly. "Those woods over there, with the break where the sky—"

"I have everything ready for you, I think, Miss Stowe," said Mrs. Ford, distinctly, and took Miss Stowe indoors.

She intended sewing in the dining room—it was large and cool and light; but it was on that account that Jim was won't to lounge there. The upstairs hall would do. There was a window at the back.

She took Miss Stowe up stairs.

"It's rather warm," she apologized, "but it will be cooler later."

It would not be cooler before five o'clock, but Mrs. Ford congratulated herself warmly. For Miss Stowe was pretty, with a lithe form in a blue gown, and hair not red but darkly auburn, and cheeks not vulgarly pink but softly tinted, and bright eyes.

"It is very comfortable," she said cheerfully. "I will take your measure. Shall you like a basque?"

And Mrs. Ford forgot Jim in pleasurable plannings.

But at the end of fifteen minutes there was a clatter below and a rush up stairs.

"Why, I've been looking for you everywhere!" said Jim, in injured tones, lifting Rob from his shoulders to the top stair.

He sat down in the window seat. Miss Stowe sat near the window.

"Is there anything you want, Jim?" said his sister, with severe eyes upon him.

But it was doubtful whether Jim heard. He was springing after the spool Miss Stowe had dropped.

"I want to show you that old coin I told you about, Miss Stowe" he declared. "See—1740. Oh, stop that snipping and look at it!"

But Miss Stowe, smiling and faintly flushing, looked at it over her snipping.

"Who drove into the yard?" Mrs. Ford demanded, cutting a gore at a wrong angle with nervous hands.

"Oh, Jeff Loury! I must tell you about Jeff, Miss Stowe. He's been wearing a beard for two years, and he went down town the other day without it, and the fellows didn't know him. He's—"

"I thought you were going driving with him?" Mrs. Ford interposed.

"Oh, it's too warm!" Jim responded, as blandly as though rattling down shady roads were indeed warmer than the upstairs hall.

His sister watched him wofully. Jim, talking to a young lady, with smiling gusto and fascinated gaze, and foregoing a drive and the morning papers and his cigar for this alone!

He had stayed in his room for three hours to escape the Kenny girls, and come nigh to dying the evening Miss Markham had called. The Kenny girls did not have red lips and shining eyes, to be sure, and if Jim had told them stories, they could never have listened so prettily as did Miss Stowe. But was she the girl for Jim? Mercy, mercy, no!

It did not serve to calm Mrs. Ford that Mrs. Sayles should come over, and, after inquiring of the girl, bustle up stairs.

Her sharp gaze fixed itself on Jim, lounging in the window, his handsome head bent toward the dressmaker and his honest blue eyes unflinchingly upon her.

"You dressmaking, too?" cried Mrs. Sayles, with a triumphant glance at Mrs Ford. "You don't mean that you're staying away from the ball game—you?"

"Oh, I don't care for it this weather!" said Jim, unblushingly—Jim who had breathlessly watched a game last week from the sunny side of the grand-stand, with the thermometer at ninety-eight.

Mrs. Sayles laughed delightedly.

"Yes, I will have a point in the back, Miss Stowe," said Mrs. Ford with cold ignoring of Mrs. Sayles and her rejoicing.

But she was in a despairing mental tumult. Mrs. Sayles' small, keen eyes seemed periods which pointed and made complete and certain what she had tried not to believe.

He was in love with her. And with Jim, who was ardent and singleminded, it was likely—it was certain to be serious. And who was she? Mrs. Ford did not know—probably nobody did.

She stared at her bastings with unseeing eyes.

Jim, with his good looks and cleverness, and family histories for both sides of the family, with a coat-of-arms in each—the lions on their hind legs in their centres seemed to prance before her eyes—and a dressmaker whom they didn't even know!

What should she do? What would her father and mother say to it, and to her? It would never have happened if Jim hadn't been visiting her.

She was in a whirl of helpless agitation. She could not tell the right from the wrong side of the cloth.

And where was Rob? His nurse was setting the dinner table, and his mother had meant to oversee him, but she hadn't. He might be over playing with those rough little Beldens, for all she knew.

"Well, I just ran over," said Mrs Sayles, airily. "I won't stay since you're all so busy."

And Mrs. Ford knew, as she ran down stairs, that the Dwyers and the Bidwells at least would know the state of affairs within half an hour.

"You are basting those darts too high, Miss Stowe," said Mrs. Ford, sharply.

And Miss Stowe, who was basting the darts exactly right, flushed and raised wondering eyes.

"And I never have my collars so high—" Mrs. Ford stopped. "What is that?" she cried, nervously.

It was a sound of feet on the porch; feet and shrill young voices and sobs in a terrified little voice that Mrs. Ford knew.

"It's Rob!" she cried, flying down stairs.

It was Rob in the arms of the Beldens' gardener, and the three small Beldons were close behind and all talking together, rather enjoyingly than otherwise.

"He fell out of the hammock." "We was swinging him, you know, awful [illegible]." "And you ought to heard him holler." "And I guess he's broke his leg; he came down awful hard."

Mrs. Ford gatherad her boy into her arms.

"Go home you little wretches!" she sobbed, hysterically. "Oh, my baby! And I didn't watch him—I didn't know where he was! Is the leg broken?" she demanded, wildly, of Miss Stowe, who had come down with Jim and stood beside her.

"I'll see," said Miss Stowe.

It did not seem odd to Mrs. Ford that she said it, and she was not astonished when the pretty dressmaker took Rob into her own arms and laid him on a sofa.

She watched her dazedly, wringing her hands. Miss Stowe rolled down the small black stockings and leaned over them.

"There isn't anything broken," she said, tremulously; "but the right leg is dislocated at the knee. The sooner it is set the better, and I think, Mrs. Ford, if you will let me, I can do it."

The color was gone from her cheeks; but she held Rob's hands firmly.

"Let you," cried Mrs. Ford, "Oh, if you can!"

"It will hurt," said the dressmaker; "but only a minute."

And she gave a sudden, quick, strong jerk to Rob's leg; and then sat down quite pale and faint, while the little boy cried on his mother's arm.

"I never did it before," she said; "but I've seen it done, and I think I did it right. The doctor will know."

Mrs. Ford went up stairs an hour later. Jim was already there, watching Miss Stowe make buttonholes.

"How could you do it?" Mrs. Ford cried, with [illegible]. "The doctor says you did it right, and he couldn't have done it better, and Rob will only have to keep still a little to get well. Oh, I am so thankful, my dear girl! Where did you learn it?"

"My Grandfather Gorham was a doctor," said Miss Stowe, quietly overcasting; "and I used to drive about with him, and I saw him set dislocated limbs two or three times. It is simple enough just a jerk. I was sure I could do it, but it made me faint."

"Gorham?" said Mrs. Ford, forgetting dislocations. "My grandfather was a Gorham. I wonder if it's the same family? What was his name?"

"Andrew," said the dressmaker.

"And my grandfather had a cousin Andrew," cried Mrs. Ford, "in—"

"Fairfield, said Miss Stowe smiling.

"Yes, Fairfield," said Mrs. Ford, exulantly; and the lions in the centres of the coats-of-arms, still visible to her mental gaze, assumed a meek and vanquished mien. "Why we're cousins!"

"We're cousins," said Jim, and shook Miss Stowe's hand with an ardor disproportionate to the degree of kinship.

* * * * *

"Yes, she is a pretty girl," said Mrs. Ford, wheeling Rob about the lawn a week after the accident in his discarded baby carriage, and pausing to talk to Mrs. Sayles over the fedce. "She's lovely and so sweet tempered and bright! And you were right about Jim, too. He is in love with her already—dreadfully! He told me so. And of course she likes him. How can she help it? And they're to be married. She never encouraged Paul Ritter at all, do you know? She disliked him from the first. I asked her. And do you know that her mother was a Gorham, too, and we're distantly connected! We've the history of family for two hundred years back, and so we know what it is. We were so glad to discover it!"

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Sayles, in tones embittered by defeat and disappointment.

The Crisis at Waterloo.

All at once came the tragedy. To the left of the English and on our right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a fearful clamor. Arrived on the ridge, wild, furious and running to the annihilation of the squares and cannon, the cuirassiers saw between them and the English a ditch—a grave. It was the sunken road of Ohain. It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked for, gaping, before their very horses' feet two fathoms deep between its banks The second rank pushed in the first and the third pushed in the second. The horses reared, fell backward struggled with their feet in the air, heaping up and overturning their riders. There was no power to retreat; the whole column was but a projectile, the momentum gathered to crush the English, crushed the French. The pitiless ravine still gaped till it was filled, riders, horses, rolled in together pell mell, mangling each other, making common flesh in this gulf; and when the grave was full of living men, the rest rode on over them and passed on. Almost a third of Dubois' brigade plunged into this abyss.—World of Adventure.

In the country towns the circus comes one day and departs the next. In Chicago it stays a week, and then lots of people fail to get in to see it. Talk about country jays and circus lemonade! the city jays lay them all in the shade. After all, human nature is pretty much the same wherever you find it.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Huntersville, W. Va.

September. 26,1889.

Little Romances.

From the Omaha, Nebr., Bee.]

The village of Winchester, W. Va. has been much stirred up over the the announcement of the marriage of Miss Nannie Petticord, an heiress. During a visit to Missouri last summer she won the affections of G. A. Goodman, of Hamilton. After her return home she kept up a correspondence with him, and their affection for each other soon grew into love and from love into an engagement. Invitations for their marriage in Winchester were issued and one of them was sent to Thomas Jackson, of Clare county, who was also one of Miss Petticord's suitors. On receiving the announcement he at once sought an interview with Miss Petticord, and between sobs and tears, told how he loved her, and that her marriage to another would kill him. This softened her heart, and she then and there consented to cancel the engagement with the Missourian. She wrote him that she had changed her mind and that she loved another. Goodman, on receiving the notice, took the first train, arriving at Winchester more than a week ago. He, too, sought an interview with Miss Petticord, and she promised to be his partner. Thinking he had everything his own way, Goodman went to his hotel, but Jackson called and made another more affecting appeal, and her mind was again changed. This was kept up for a week, first one and then the other being the victor. Pools were sold on the result, and nothing else was talked of in Winchester. One Sunday evening Goodman had an engagement to call, and, getting tired of the fickleness of the woman, concluded to take with him a minister and a license and settle the matter beyond recall. Imagine his chagrin to find that Jackson had called half an hour before, armed with a licence and minister, and when Goodman arrived he found that Jackson had won the prize.

The United States a Century Hence.

In the last number of Science, Quartermaster General Montgomery C. Meigs presents some wonderful figures as to the increase in the population of the United States during the next hundred years.

Raising his calculations upon our our past increase, Gen. Meigs concludes that 33.3 per cent. will be the rate of increase for every decade from now till 1990, and then the inhabitants of the United States will be 1,205,562,248, or five sixths as many as the present population of the world. In 1920, he gives us 159,000,000 and in 1950 he puts the population at 381,000,000. Between 1980 and 1990 he figures a gain of 302,000,000. Gen. Meigs expresses the utmost confidence that science will have so progressed that in 1990 the United States will be fully able to support not only this vast population, which will average 400 to the square mile, but even twice the number.

All this is sufficient to take away one's breath, yet who can say it will not all come to pass, and that a hundred years hence the United States will not be the home of a consolidated nation of the English speaking people of the world—the most intelligent, most industrious, richest, most powerful, the grandest nation on earth, out-weighing all the remainder of the world!

It is a fairy like picture that General Meigs paints of the future of the United States, but our history, progress and growth has been so remarkable in our short past that no one can afford to laugh at Gen. Meigs' picture.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON Sept., 20—The Pension office muddle still furnishes the republicans with worry and the democrats with amusement. The trouble seems to have been to find a representative G. A. R. man for the position of Commissioner who was willing to reverse the methods of Tanner in the conduct of the office. Ex Representative Warner of Missouri to whom the position was first offered, was rather inclined to accept, but after spending a night with President Harrison at Deer Park, and finding out what was expected of him, he declined and it was given out that he could not afford to give up his private business. The real reason was that he would not agree to conduct the office on any other method than that adopted by Tanner. Then the position was tendered to G. S. Merrill, of Massachusetts, and it is understood that he has accepted it with all the conditions imposed by President Harrison. Gen. Merrill is an ex-commander in chief of the G. A. R, but he is very conservative on the pension question and has always voted with the minority of that organization in opposing the proposed service pension. The present acting Commissioner of Pensions, acting it is supposed under orders from President Harrison, has revoked the orders of Tanner allowing all pensioners receiving less than $4 per month to be examined upon application for a rerating, and the one making the evidence of a single private sufficient to prove original disability. The administration has taken the back track on the pension question. In the mean time Tanner is waiting to receive the appointment of Recorder of Deeds for this District, which his friends claim was promised to him if he would resign, while the citizens here irrespective of party are up in arms against his getting this position which President Harrison has promised them should not be given to any one not a citizen of the District of Columbia. President Harrison's position is far from a bed of roses.

The white clerks in the navy pay division of the Fourth Auditors office are in a bad humor because Secretary Windom has appointed a negro chief of that division. Those who remain under him deserve no sympathy.

Tanner's friends are starting a movement to drive Secretary Noble out of the cabinet. They want ex Representative Goff of West Virginia, to succeed him. But Mr. Clarkson's friends will probably have something to say about that.

The Civil Service Commission has written a letter to the postmaster at Minneapolis scouring him for violating the law in making appointments in his office.

Representative Cutchings, of Mississippi, thinks that the only legislation of importance which will be passed at the coming session of Congress will be the repeal of the tobacco tax, and that can only be passed with the assistance of democratic votes.

Secretary Tracy is getting on very dangerous ground. He is considering the advisability of building the two 3,000 ton cruisers provided for by the last Congress in Government navy yards. Mr. Tracy means well, but if he escapes the political strikers he will do well. It does not require a very long memory to remember what attempting to build vessels in Government Navy Yards a few years ago cost the people. Better stick to the contract system.

Representative Bynum, of Indiana, expects a very lively session of Congress. He says: "We have a lot to worry the republicans about and we will be very apt to make it interesting for them."

Members and Senators are getting quite plentiful around Washington. They recognize that the session of Congress which begins in December will be a long one, how long no man is at present in a position to even make an intelligent guess, and they come early to make preparation for it. The absence of decided opinion on both sides as to what will or will not be done is very marked.

Judge Groff, of Nebraska, is the new Commissioner of the General Land office. His appointment was a great disappointment to a number of aspiring gentlemen.

Senator Sherman still lingers here, and there are people who say that Foraker would prefer his staying here. He fears the assistance of the Senator more than his absence and has not yet asked him to take any part in the Ohio campaign. Somebody must have been whispering something in the governor's ear.

A Good Result of the "Protective" Tariff.—One of the severest cyclones ever experienced visited a portion of the West the other day, but no property was destroyed. Eastern men held such heavy mortgages on all the farms in the neighborhood that the cyclone couldn't budge 'em.—Norristown Herald.

A "Northern settler" in Virginia writes as follows to the Philadelphia North American: "I am a Republican from away back to 1856, but no inducement could make me or my two sons vote Mahone's ticket. Of the 10,000 or 12,000 Northern men who have come here since 1865 not 500 will vote his ticket."

A Bustle factory in Connecticut has suspended. A change of fashion is sometimes a serious matter. In this instance three hundred girls are thrown out of employment. Nevertheless, we do not want to see the bustle fashion revived.

MASONIC NOTICE

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 63, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—Plenty of rain this week.

—A big frost last Sunday morning.

—J. H. Doyle Esq., has the mumps this week.

—Sheriff M. J. McNeel was in to see us last week.

—Thanks to Mrs. A. P. McGlaughlin, for some nice peaches.

—Circuit Court will convene in Monroe Co., on Monday October 7th.

—Hermit Miller, Esq., of Mt. Grove, Va., was in our office last Saturday.

—We return thanks to Mitchell Beard, Esq., for a very fine sweet potato, which weighed 3 lbs.

—John R. Campbell, the Ed. of this paper is suffering with a right severe attack of rheumatism.

—Atty. C. F. Moore has returned from Beverly. He bought twelve horses at the sale at that place last week.

—Rev. R. M. Wheeler, preached in the Methodist church last Sunday at 11 o'clock, a. m. and Rev. Wm. Canter, preached at 7:30 p. m.

—The man who is in the habit of going to church to get up and leave after the sermon has commenced had better stay away if thats all he goes for.

—J. H. McClintic, of Warm Springs, Va.; C. G. McCorkle and wife and Mrs. Mary Wilson, of Rockbridge Co., Va., were guests at Hotel by Wagner, last Friday.

—The following persons were registered at Huntersville Hotel last week and this: Attorney Wm. M. McAlster and wife, of Warm Springs, Va.; A. F. and R. F. Wickline, of the G. V. Woolen Mills; A. W. Ladington, of Ronceverte and B. C. Hill, of Academy.

—Tuesday afternoon both Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Lockridge came near being drowned in Knapp's Creek. They were attempting to cross the stream in a buggy near the residence of Dr. Lockridge when the current capsized the buggy and carried them down the stream some distance, where they succeeded in getting ashore. Their escape was very narrow.

A Sad Death.

Tuesday afternoon, at about 1 o'clock, Newton Barkley, son of James Barkly, Sr., was drowned while attempting to cross Knapp's Creek in a boat. It seems that Randolph Harris (col.) had come to Mr. Barkleys mill just above Huntersville and, as the water had raised considerably while there, he asked Newton and [illegible] brother James to [illegible] across the Creek [illegible] The boys took Harris [illegible] but on their return lost [illegible] the boat and fearing they [illegible] carried over the mill dam [illegible] below them, the boys [illegible] jumped into the water, hoping [illegible] reach the bank. The strong current, however, rapidly carried them down over the dam, where with great difficulty James succeeded in getting out, but Newton was carried down the stream and lost.

At the time of going to press no trace had been found of his body. His death is a great shock to the family and community.

LATER.—The body has been found.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Mingo Flats, October 1st, and remain 3 days.

Edray, Oct. 8th, 4 days.
Mill Point, Oct. 15th 3 days.
Huntersville, Oct. 18th, 4 days.

Teeth extracted by the use of Cocaine with very little pain. Call early and make your engagements as his time is limited to the above dates.

See TIMES for other appointments.

Hillsboro Happenings

Mr. Beverly Waugh lies in a critical condition at his home from the cancer on his face.

The 5th term of the Hillsboro M. & F. Academy, commenced this morning with Mr. Hankla of Va. as Principal and Miss Kate Guthrie of Smithville Va. as assistant. Messrs. Guy Slaven and Freddie Beard of Huntersville were enrolled as pupils.

Messrs. Wm. H. Overholt and Charlie Callison left this morning for Ronceverte to look after their lumber at that place.

A heavy frost greeted us Sunday morning and caught some fine corn not cut.

Mrs. S. E. Wickline, of Va., is visiting friends and relatives in the Levels and at Jacox.

Misses Fannie Williams and Mary Pickering of Falling Spring are visiting friends in the Levels.

The entertainment given by the Temperance Lodge last Friday night was a success and consisted of select reading by Misses Verdie Clark, Katie Marshall, Belle Eskridge. The Quarterly Review, a Temperance paper edited by Mr. E. H. Moore and Jennie R. Clark assistant editor, was read by Jennie Clark and followed by a dialogue. Wine as a medicine by Messrs Harry Campbell, Gus Eskridge and Will Wysong and Misses Belle Eskridge, Katie Marshall and Verdie Clark. This was a good dialogue and was well prepared. The music was furnished by Mr. E. H. Moore, and Misses Lillie Overholt, Mary I. McNeel, and Rose Shearer. Owing to a little misunderstanding a speech by Rev. Wm. E. Miller and one by the Worthy Patriarch was left off the progame. The stage was handsomely decorated with Hydrangea and ferns.

Sep. 22nd PRUNELLA.

Dunmore Doings.

Quite a leaky day.

Died, at his home, near Green Bank, on Sunday 22nd inst., Frederick Phillips. I suppose he was at the time of his death, the oldest man in the county. He leaves a number of sons and daughters, friends and relatives to mourn his loss. Peace be unto his ashes.

Prof. Geo. E. Swecker, of Highland is out on a visit. He sold the St. Lawrence Boom & M'f'g. Co., one of the finest horses in the county.

Capt. E. A. Smith, lost a very fine horse this week.

Nathan Wallace lost his cow by a tree falling on her.

We still have lots of hooping cough.

Mrs. H. N. Moore, is not so well at this writing.

Mrs. Pitcher, of Pa., is registered at Hotel Wakeman for the winter.

B. M. Pritchard, and wife, of Hot Springs, Va., were here on a visit last week.

The thrashing machine is in our neighborhood finishing up for the season.

The Misses Ligon, of Clover Lick spent Saturday and Sunday with the Misses Siple.

Profs. O. W. Hackman and Geo. Beales assisted Prof. C. B. Swecker with the singing on Sunday last at Cross Road. The singing was largely attended. Singing every two weeks.

There will be a singing class organized at Baxter church on Sunday the 29, at 3, p. m. by Prof. C. B. Swecker, Miss Cora Jones and others. Come and bring your singing books.

Auctioneer C. B. Swecker has returned from the largest sale of personal property ever had in Randolph Co., and he says fine stock brought fine prices. Attorney C. F. Moore and R. B. Kerr, made the sale lively, and they both have some fine stock.

R. B. Kerr has done some excellent work on the Staunton and Parkersburg turnpike.

Swecker had a little chase across Cheat Mountain by a panther. They both squalled some, but we believe Swecker out squalled the panther. (Swecker should have that panther indicted for "crying" without lisence—Editor.)

Give us the news from all parts of the County.

Success to THE TIMES.

A. TRAVELER.

A Card of Thanks.

I desire to express my heartfelt gratitude to my friends of Hillsboro and vicinity for their unremitting kindness to me during my late illness there.

W. H. LANDES.

Staunton Va.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Miriam Beard, on the 18th inst., at her home near Lewisburg, Greenbrier Co., aged 81 years.

Wm. D. Gibson, at his home on the 15th, 2 miles South of Monterey, Highland Co., Va., aged 65 years.

Examination.

I will hold my second examination at Hillsboro October the 4th and 5th, beginning at 9 o'clock a. m.

M. G. MATHEWS.
Co. Superintendent.

Green Bank Items.

Mr. H. H. Slaven and wife and Mr. Willis Gibson of Meadow Dale Highland Co. Va. who were visiting friends in this vicinity for a few days returned Monday last.

Mr. Samuel Cooper has gone to Baltimore to visit his family, who reside in that city, and will remain about one month.

Mr. Frederick Phillips, who lived about seven miles above here, died on last Sunday morning at a very advanced age.

Mrs. Dr. Mooman has been quite unwell for some days, but, we are glad to learn, is now convalescent.

Sunday morning witnessed the first frost of the season in this community and it was a big one.

PAULINA.

Two Pendleton county farmers, named Rhodes and Anderson, were struck by lightning on Tuesday night of last week. Anderson was killed, while Rhodes injuries are considered fatal. The men were standing under a shed, whither they had gone to be out of the storm, and after being struck the building took fire and was consumed. Rhodes was badly burned before he could escape. Anderson's body was consumed in the building.

JOHN GORDON, in the employ of the Lake George Paper and Pulp Company, at Ticonderago, New York, fell asleep near the machinery. Two fellow workmen, it is said in a joke planned to scare him. They tied a rope about his feet and threw it over a shaft making 125 revolutions a minute. They could not cut the rope in time and Gordon was killed, the body being horribly mutilated. One of the perpetrators of the joke lost his reason from the shock.

The Atlanta Constitution says: It cannot be denied that there is more uneasiness in the South between the whites and blacks than has been known in twenty years.

Mrs. Robt. Ray Hamilton, gets two years in the N. Y. penitentiary for an atrocious assault on her nurse.

There have been several large failures in the wool trade, most of them, if not all, occurring where they were least expected. This result is considered remarkable, in view of the fact that protection has been maintained at the old standard. It is gradually becoming understood that the tariff is not the elixir of the life of trade, and that while it may protect the wool grower and the wool dealer, it affords no protection to the poor creditor.—Fur Trade Review.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE,

Of Valuable Lands.

Pursuant to, and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va., rendered at its June term, 1889, in the cause of

J. H. Arbogast, Adm'r,
vs.
J. H. Arbogast's Heirs &c.,

I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the premises, near Traveler's Repose, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5TH, 1889,

all the lands yet belonging to the Estate of Jacob H. Arbogast, dec'd, composed of part of a tract [illegible] acres; part of a tract of 123 acres and part of a tract of 309 acres, all adjoining each other, and containing in the aggregate about 577 acres, lying in the forks of Greenbrier River on the S. & P. Turnpike. About 65 acres of these lands are in cultivation, with a good dwelling and other buildings and orchard &c. The balance affords a good outlet for young stock, especially sheep, and has some good Hemlock, Spruce and Oak timber upon it.

TERMS:

10 per cent. of the purchase money cash in hand, the balance in equal payments, falling due in 9, 18 and 27 months, from day of sale, with interest from that day. The purchaser to execute bonds with good security for the deferred payments, a lein will be retained until a future order of the Court.

B. M. YEAGER, Spec'l Com'r.

Sept. 12-4t. Printer's fee $10 56.

BRIDGE LETTING.

The undersigned Commissioner of the County Court, of Pocahontas County will receive Sealed Bids, until 12 m. Oct. 1st, 1889, for the following work: The construction of two Abutments on Knapp's Creek near Huntersville at or near the upper end of the "Derby Hall," said abutments to be of cut stone, well laid in Cement on solid foundation. Joints well broken to a distance of 2 feet above high water mark, and the additional height of stone work to be ruble work well laid in lime and sand. Abutments to be 22 feet long at bottom and 18 feet at top, 8 feet wide at bottom and 5 feet at top. All cement to be of the best quality. And remove the bridge from its present location and place the same on the aforesaid abutments. The Contractor to give bond with approved security, for the faithful performance of his contract.

The Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

List of Fiduciaries

before the undersigned for settlement:

Amos S. Gillespie, adm'r of Jas. Caswell, dec'd.

Wm. H. Cackley, late Sheriff and as such adm'r of Julia Sage dec'd.

Jas. A McCollam, Adm'r of Rebecca McCollam dec'd.

Jas. A. McCollam adm'r of Lawrence D. McCollam, dec'd.

JAMES W. WARWICK, JR.,
Com'r of Acc'ts for Pocahontas county.

sept 13-28.

HILLSBORO MALE & FEMALE ACADEMY,

D. S. HANKLA, A. M. Principal.

—o—O—o—

The next annual session of this school will begin

SEPTEMBER 23rd 1889,

and will continue NINE months.

TUITION from $1.50 to $3.00 per month.

BOARD $8.00 to $10.00

Contingent fee to provide fuel etc. 15 cents per month.

Thorough instruction guaranteed; and the principal will exercise especial care over all pupils. Parents should consider the advantages of this school before sending their sons and daughters elsewhere.

Respt.,

D. S. HANKLA.

FOR BOARD.

During the next term of School at Hillsboro Male and Female Academy apply to

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If you want head stones Marble and granite Monuments etc., etc.; you can do no better than to buy from

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Green Bank, Pocahontas Co.,
W. Va.

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.

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Order of publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County W. Va., on the first Monday in September, 1889.

George A. Rivercomb, Special receiver in the Chancery cause of

Bonner vs. Bonner &c.,
vs.
A. G. Bonner.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to subject to judicial sale a tract of one hundred acres of land belonging to the defendant A. G. Bonner situated in the County of Pocahontas on the South East side of Middle Mountain, to satisfy a judgment confessed by the defendant A. G. Bonner to the Plaintiff for [illegible] with interest thereon from 1st day of May, 1889 until paid and cost.

And it appearing by affidavit filed [illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Half col'n	6 00,	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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Huntersville, W. Va.

September, 26,1889.

Two Excuses.

When the Board of Trade of Chicago moved from the old business center there was a rush for the old offices vacated by the nabobs of commerce. After awhile, these new tenants found the high-priced rooms didn't pay, and sought all kinds of excuses to move.

Among these unfortunates were Stubbs and Stobbs. Each had rented an office,Stubbs in the basement Stobbs in the attic. When the renting agent come around, Mr. Stubbs announced his intention of moving.

"But you can't do it you know," said the agent.

"Why not?"

"We've got you on a year's lease."

"Well, I have reasons for abandoning the case."

"What reasons?"

"This basement room is damp. The glue in the desks got so moist they fell to pieces. The books are all moldy,and I've got rheumatism from it. I'd ought to sue you for damages."

The agent looked scared muttered something about "being sorry; move, of course, if you must," and went to see Mr. Stobbs.

Stobbs surprised him with a similar declaration of intention to move.

"What's your complaint?" growled the agent "Dampness here, too I suppose?"

"No, sir, just the reverse. Why, sir, the sun has blistered the floor till it's all out of plumb, my new desk is all scorched, and I've got no blood left, with the dry rot in this place."

"You got very badly deceived by two very shrewd men," a friend told the agent, a day or two later. "Those scamps got rich on those offices."

"How so? They said wet and dry——"

"Yes, Stubbs was in the basement next door to the saloon. Kept full all the time, and got so jovial that everybody liked him. Business boomed on account of his rare good-nature."

"And Stoobs?"

"He was dry—very dry. Basement saloon eight flights down. Kept sober for a month from necessity, reformed, and saved a farm in drinks in two weeks!"

What Woman can Do.

She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it, and no sane man can do that.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first, rate, and no, two men can do that.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb nail.

She is cool as a cucumber in half a dozen tight dresses and skirts while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates while two men would be punching each other's head before they had exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a baseball pitcher.

"She can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes."

She can sharpen a lead pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy-five years after the marriage ceremony is performed.

She can go to church and afterward tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can give you some faint idea of what the text was.

She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms without once the desire of murdering the infant.

She can do more in a minute than a man can do in an hour, and do it better.

She can drive a man crazy for twenty four hours, and then bring him to paradise in two seconds by simply tickling him under the chin, and there does not live that mortal son of Adam's misery who can do it.—Boston Times.

Overhauling History.

The old story books made us believe that on April 20, 1775, Israel Putnam was plowing in his field, when a messenger arrived in hot haste with news of the battle of Lexington,and that the horo farmer unyoked his oxen and left them to their fate, mounted a horse and was off to the north without so much as saying "good-by" to those of his house.

And were we not brought up in the belief that this line—

They left the plowshare in the mold,

was inspired especially by his case?

And have not we, all of us, ever since our childhood been familiar with pictures representing him plowing, clad in a frock as long as a nightgown, which no farmer could wear at any kind of work without imminent and unescapable peril of being tripped up at every step he took—to say nothing of turning a forrow, when he would be indeed fortunate if he did not find himself under the plowshare?

And to know that after many years that there was no plow in the vase—to find out that that, too, is a myth!

It was, indeed, the day after the fight at Lexington, in the morning, and Israel Putnam was at work on his farm in *Pomfret*, Conn. But he was building a stone wall, with his hired men; and he had on a leather frock and apron—the frock must have been a short one; fancy one of that material coming to his heels! He took off the apron, but did not wait to change the check shirt he had worn in the field, and was off without delay. He rode the same horse 100 miles in eighteen hours and reached Cambridge at sunrise the next morning.

"Mr Smithers," said his wife, "if I remember rightly, you have often said that you disliked to see a woman constantly getting herself into print."

... and that a ... the United ... home of a ... the English ... world—the ... industrious, ... the grand ... weighing all ... world! ... sure that Gen ... the future of ... our history, ... has been so ... ort paid that ... ough of Gen.

Government navy yar... ey means well, but ... the political strikers ... It does not require ... memory to remember ... ing to build vessels in ... Navy Yards a few ye... the people. Better ... contract system.

Representative By... ana, expects a very ... of Congress. He sa... a lot to worry the re... and we will be very ... interesting for the...

Members and S... ting quite plenti...

Boys Should be Taught.

Not to tease girls or boys smaller than themselves.

When their play is over for the day, to wash their face and hands, brush their hair and spend the evening in the house.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room and put it directly in front of the fire, and forget to offer it to their mother when she comes to sit down.

To treat their mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be kind and helpful to their sisters, as to other boys' sisters.

Not to grumble or refuse when asked to do some errand which must be done, and which otherwise takes the time of some one or other who has more to do than themthemselves.

To take pride in having their mothers and sisters for their best friends.

"To try to find some amusement for the evening that all the family can join in, large and small.

To take pride in being gentlemen at home.

To cultivate a cheerful temper.

To learn to sew on their own buttons.

"If they do anything wrong, to take their mothers into their confidence, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN L. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, October, 3 1889. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 11.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, G. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

TIGER LILY.

A mid-summer moon was shining down on the uneven surface of the wild mountain plateau; the lights of the little settlement shone like yellow dots of flame, here and there. To-night the barracks—mere rude wooden enclosures they were as flimsily constructed as a child's card house—were in restless commotion, for the men were to break camp on the morrow.

Six months they had been stationed at Omayo. When first the straggling settlement sprang up around the mountain mine, whose hidden treasures had attracted the inhabitants, there had been trouble with the wandering Indians who haunted the slopes higher up—as much the fault of the whites as of the red men, it is but just to say.

But the United States protects its own, and a body of men were stationed at once at Omayo, until the settlement was strong enough figuratively speaking, to stand on its own feet. And now the emergency was over, and the soldiers had been ordered to a military post a hundred miles or so to the northwest.

Old Joe Jernigan sat smoking his pipe on the board platform in front of his "General Supply Store."

All the evening it had been full of customers, but now, as the hands of the wooden clock neared the figure nine, he was at liberty to come out to his splint chair and smoke his pipe and stare at the moon, while Captain Irving Ismay sat on the cracker barrel inside and talked with Lily.

Lily was Jernigan's niece and bookkeeper, and in addition to this the very apple of his eye—a tall, dusky-eyed, handsome girl, with a pearly complexion, and hair full of bronze glints and gleams.

"Tiger Lily" the miners called her, sometimes in reference to the fine spirit of her own that she had, and a self-assertion which she was very apt to show if once she suspected that any of them were not treating her with due respect.

Lily was adding up the books for the day. (Old Joe was no scholar, and knew nothing of bookkeeping by double entry. "The gal knows enough for us both," he was wont to say, with a certain pride, as he looked toward the wooden railed desk where she wrote down the various items of sale and barter with an eagle's quill pen, dipped in ink made of pokeberry juice.) And Captain Ismay was bidding her good by.

"She'll miss him, likely, will Lily," said Joe to himself, still staring steadfastly up at the moon. "He's been a deal o' company for her. It ain't as if she could bring herself to associate with every fellow at the Omayo Mines, for Lily always was particular. But then a hundred miles or so do 't count for much out here, and if he asks permission to come and see her once in a while I shan't say no. My poor little Tiger Lily! I brought her out here because there didn't seem no place to leave her in the State of Varmount, and she's been rare and useful to me, there's no denyin' that. But it's a lonesome place for a gal to come to; yes, it is. And the Captain's a fine fellow, but he ain't no handsomer for a man than Lily is for a gal. So fur's I can see, I shall be the only man who will be a loser by the bargain. Eh? Is that you, Reuben Dorsay? Set down a spell. No, we ain't shut up yet, but the pool leg's been gone twenty minutes and more."

"Gone, eh?" said Reuben Dorsay, the young foreman of the force now employed in establishing telegraphic communications between Omayo and Center City. "Well, it's no great matter. To-morrow will do very well. Nice night, Jernigan, isn't it?"

"Yes."

The old man smoked on.

"The military division is getting ready to move to-morrow."

"So I'm told."

"The captain's inside, isn't he, talking to Lily?"

Jernigan nodded without removing his pipe from his mouth.

Dorsay half rose, then sat down again.

"Well," said he, "I guess I won't disturb them."

Jernigan answered only by a sort of sly chuckle.

"A nice man, that young Ismay?"

Once more old Joe nodded.

"They'll get more civilized quarters, I've heard, at Morton's Pass," observed Dorsay, leaning back against the cedar post that formed one of the columns of the rude portico. "Ismay's wife is to meet him there."

"Ismay's which?"

"His wife. From Sacramento City. Didn't you know he was married to old General Purviance's daughter? A runaway match, two years ago. Quite a romantic story!"

"No, said Joe Jernigan, "I never heard it."

Dorsay talked a little longer, but old Joe paid no sort of attention to his words. He did not even know when the young foreman went away.

"Ismay's wife!" he kept repeating to himself—"Ismay's wife! What will Lily say—poor Lily!—when she knows it? By gum! I've a mind to pitch the fellow down into the gulley when he comes out! What business has a married man lurking around here, talking nonsense to the girls? But he'll find it won't pay to fool with my Tiger Lily! No, that it won't!"

Captain Ismay went away presently, with a careless, good-humored adieu.

The old man glared at him as he departed, with red, savage eyes like those of a Spanish bull who faces the matador.

The moment he had vanished behind the madrona thickets Jernigan sprang up and made for the solitary road by a short cut which would be sure to intercept the wayfarer some quarter of a mile below.

In his hand he grasped his open jack knife; his heart beat like a muffled drum.

"My Tiger Lily!" he kept repeating to himself; "my own little ewe lamb! There's but one way to deal with the scoundrel who comes here to make a football of her heart. No captain in all the United States army can do that, and hope to escape alive!"

He stood there waiting, but Ismay did not come that way.

"I'm baffled for once," Jernigan muttered. "He has taken the Redwood road this time. No matter! I'll hunt him down yet. He's to be in the place twelve hours longer. They'll have to detail another captain for duty at Morton's Pass, that's all. I shall hear him when he comes down past the Echo Rock and I shall be ready for him!"

He returned slowly—still drawing his breath quick and fast—to the wooden platform all steeped in moonlight, and sat down once more in the old splint chair.

Inside the store he could hear Lily's light steps moving around, as she locked the cash drawer and put the ledger and day-book away.

As she did so, she hummed a snatch of some tune. The sound went to old Joe's heart.

Poor child! how innocently happy she was!

In a minute or so she came out into the clear white moonshine.

"Well, Uncle Joe!" she said gaily.

"Well, my lass!"

The words were almost like a groan.

She sat down beside him, leaning her head against his arm.

He stroked down the bronze, gleaming hair with a dumb strength of longing tenderness in his heart.

Her cheeks were unwontedly red; her dark eyes sparkled beneath their long lashes.

"How shall I tell her?" thought the old man. "My pet lamb, that I wouldn't hurt for a king's ransom! I never was one to pick and choose my words, like a preacher or a lawyer. But she'd ought to know—yes, she'd ought to know!"

"Uncle Joe!" said Lily, after a moment or two of silence.

"Yes, my girl!"

"There—there's something I want to tell you."

"Is there, Lily?"

His heart sank within him. Was it coming now?

"You won't be vexed, Uncle Joe?" she said, nestling her head close against his arm.

"I—vexed with you, my girl? That ain't up-and-down likely, is it? But I've done wrong, Lily—I've forgot that a great rough man like me ain't the sort to look after a tender chick like you. I should 'a watched closer, Lily—that's what I should have done."

"What should you say, uncle," whispered Lily, "if—if I am to get married and leave you?"

"To—get married, Lily?"

"Haven't you suspected this, uncle, of late?"

"Yes, I have," said he, "but, oh, Lily, is your heart very much in this?"

"Uncle!"

"Has he asked you to marry him, Lily?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Then"—the old man flung his clay pipe down upon the ground, where it broke into a score of fragments, and muttered a deep execration under his breath—"he's a villian, that's all."

"Uncle!" cried out the girl.

"And a doubled dyed one at that!" said the excited old man. "Lily! Lily! he has a wife already at Morton's Pass! He's going to her now."

Lily had lifted her head and looked earnestly at her uncle.

"But uncle, he isn't going to Morton's Pass."

"Yes, he is—to-morrow. And I wish he'd fallen dead before he ever came to Omayo with his epaulettes and his jingling spurs, and his false, handsome face!"

"Uncle!" cried Lily, "whom are you talking about?"

"About Captain Ismay, to be sure."

"But what has Captain Ismay to do with it?"

"Everything, hasn't he?"

Lily knit her pretty brows in a puzzled fashion.

"Nothing at all," said she, "except that he's been an excellent friend to Reuben, and we're both ever so much obliged to him. Only think uncle—he's got the contract for Reuben to be chief electrical engineer at North Marino in the new works there, and whenever you can spare me uncle—"

"Reuben!" burst out Joe Jernigan.

"Yes, to be sure—Reuben Dorsay. We've been engaged a long time now. Do you mean, you dear, darling, stupid old uncle, that you never suspected this?"

"Never!" said Uncle Joe, smiting his knee with his fist. "But look here, Tiger Lily, do you love him?"

"Yes, Uncle Joe."

"And he loves you?"

"Of course he does."

"Then," said the old man, "I haven't a word of objection. I shall be awful lonesome without you, but as long as you're both happy, why, it's all right."

"And as he kissed her forehead, she thought she felt the touch of a teardrop on her brow.

"But it can't be possible," said Tiger Lily, to herself, "because who ever heard of Uncle Joe shedding a tear."

But Tiger Lily did not know that this tear was not one of grief, but rather of thankfulness that there was no bloodguiltiness on his hands.

THERE is not a man, woman or child living who will ever date a letter or document without using the figure 9, if the date of the document is made complete. Why not? See. The 9 has come to stay many years. It is now on the right—1889. Next year it will move a step to the left—1890, stay there ten years and then take another step to the left—1900, and there will remain until you are done dating letters.

"Say, doctor," he remarked, strolling into the office, "what do you suppose is the matter with me?"

"What are your symptoms?" asked the M. D.

"Well, I have a great tendency to sit still, and let my wife bustle around the house. Again, in winter, I don't seem to feel like getting up and making the fire."

"You have a bad attack of inertia," said the doctor, "superinduced by a liver trouble. You must be very careful."

"Then it ain't laziness?"

"Of course not."

"By George, then, I hope it will last."

Young Fitzpeter (waiting for Miss Gusher to come down, to Johnny)—"Your sister has some very pretty flowers in the bay window, Johnny."

Johnny (who is always around)—"Now your talking, mister. She told Miss Bustler, yesterday, that she'd like to add you to the collection."

Fitzpeter (delighted)—"Ah, how clever! What sort of a flower did she propose to call me?"

"A monkey plant."

When Miss Gusher comes home to receive her caller, Johnny is alone trying to tack the cat's tail to the floor.

Aunt Keziah (severely)—"So you're going to try the experiment of reforming young [illegible] after marriage. Is he worth reforming?"

Kittie (tearfully)—"Well, he's worth a million."

Sam Johnson happened to pay a visit to the county jail a few days ago, and who should he see inside of the bars but Gabe Snodgrass.

"How in de worl' Gabe, did yer git in dar?" asked Sam Johnson.

"I don't bodder my head 'bout dat ar, how I got in heah. How to git out ob heah is what I want's to talk about."

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Those terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

October 3.1889.

The Democratic Idea.

The difference between the Democratic and Republican parties on the question of taxation is not a difference between 47 and 40 per cent., which is a mere matter of detail, not a question between a prohibitory tariff on one side and free trade on the other, which is a mere academic discussion, of no interest to practical men. But it is a difference that lies at the very root of all government, a question upon which it depends whether our Government shall be of the people, for the people, and by the people, or a Government of all the people by a very few of the people for an extremely limited class of the people. The Republican party says that taxes are blessings, and the more the people of a nation are taxed individually, the more prosperous the nation is as a whole. The Democratic party declares that taxes are burdens, and the less we have of them the better, and that the idea of enriching the whole community by taking property in minute quantities from a great many people and giving it to a few people is simple rubbish. Sixty million dollars in one man's pocket is a very imposing evidence of his prosperity, but the nation would be better off if each one of 60,000,000 people had a dollar in his pocket, although it is true that the $60,000,000 would not make much show when divided up. Undoubtedly it makes money circulate to take it out of one pocket and put it into the other, but that doesn't make the whole amount any greater. And so it makes it circulate to take it from one man and give it to another, but the process does not bless the man it is taken from.—National Democrat.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON Sept., 27.—President Harrison returned to the White House to-day for the season, and once more that historic residence becomes the Mecca towards which all office-seekers wend their way. He will not lack for companionship or occupation for some time. It is stated semi-officially that the first question to be decided will be the appointment of a Commissioner of Pensions. Senator Sherman is trying to get the place for Ex-Representative Brown of his State. It is said that he told President Harrison that his removal of Tanner was raising Cain among the republicans in Ohio and unless Brown was appointed the democrats would certainly carry the State. No doubt Mr. Sherman told President Harrison that, in hopes of getting his friend appointed, but among those who know Mr. Sherman best it is not believed that he will shed any tears over the defeat of Foraker in Ohio.

The silver question is going to be a troublesome one for this administration. The trouble about this question is that what pleases the east does not please the west, and vice versa.

For some reason the idea is entertained among those who ought to know that Frank Hatton, editor of the Washington *Post*, speaks through that paper on many important public matters for the administration. It is certain that he refused to print in his paper signed communications from republicans criticising President Harrison for removing Tanner, and that the editorial columns of the *Post* have let that subject severely alone. Looking at the thing from this standpoint Hatton's attack on the civil service law, which has just broken out again in a most violent form is most significant.

Senator Quay who was here one day this week, is understood to have expressed a very uncomplimentary opinion of the administration which he did so much to bring into office.

"Mum," is the word at the Pension office these days. The only talking around the building is done by the attorneys who find it almost impossible to do any business there on account of the tangle in which everything is in. The new Commissioner has a herculean task before him, one that I would not undertake were the salary four times what it is.

Everything is in readiness for the meeting here next week of the Three America's Congress, which will really be only the precursor of the great American Exposition to be held in Washington in 1892.

This administration is very careful in some things. For instance, it sent Fred Douglass minister to Hayti from Washington to Fortress Monroe on a Government vessel for fear that the Potomac river steamboats would refuse to furnish him and his white wife with first-class accomodations, and that Fred would raise a big row in consequence thereof. That's what I call diplomacy, but it was rather expensive all the same.

The great conclave of Knight Templars to assemble here early in October will find Washington at its prettiest, and they will be so treated that every man of them will become an earnest advocate of this city as the proper place for the World's Exposition of 1892.

More than one democratic member of Congress has expressed to your correspondent the opinion that the republicans will make no serious attempt to pass a tariff bill at the coming session of Congress. They are afraid of the subject. They know from past experience that it is loaded.

Tanner's letter to private Dalzell printed here this week has proved a veritable bombshell in the administrative camp. Its veracity is a course denied, but most people believe it to be genuine.

Civil Service Commissioner Roosevelt says it will be party treachery for a republican to introduce a bill in Congress for the repeal of the civil service law, or to attack that law. If this be treachery several members of the House are, to my certain knowledge, preparing to be traitors to the party. But as Mr. Roosevelt draws a salary of $7,000 a year, besides liberal travelling expenses, under that law, it may be considered by many people that he is prejudiced.

Dr. Kimball, Director of the Mint, and Col. Switzler, Chief of the Bureau of statistics, have both resigned to take effect October 15. They were appointees of the Cleveland administration, and their places were wanted for republicans.

The Navy department has decided to build the two 3,000 ton cruisers at Government Navy Yards. Now keep your weather eye on the yards they go to, and their effect on local politics.

Of the twelve grand prizes granted at the Paris exhibition of 1889, four were awarded to citizens of the United States.

WHITE PINE LUMBER.

Having several orders for white pine lumber I have concluded if I get orders sufficient to justify to saw up a fine piece of choice pine timber I own a short distance east of Huntersville. Any one desiring lumber within six months will please notify me at once. Large bills will be sold to responsible parties upon a credit of six months.

Respectfully,
H. M. LOCKRIDGE.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE

Lands in Pocahontas County.

In pursuance of two decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term, 1889, in the chancery cause of

C. L. Austin &c.,
vs.
W. F. Arbogast &c.,

I will on

MONDAY THE 21ST DAY OF OCTOBER.

next, offer for sale at public auction in front of the Court house of Pocahontas county, two tracts of land, one of 683 acres and the other of 1,228 acres. These tracts of land are situate on the Allegheny mountain, and are known as lots No. 9 and 10, in the big survey and are valuable for the timber thereon.

TERMS:

Cash in hand to pay the costs of the two suits and the costs of sale and for the balance, the purchasers will be required to execute bonds with good security payable in six and twelve months, bearing interest from day of sale and the legal title to be retained as ultimate security.

L. H. STEPHENSON,
Commissioner.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that L. H. Stephenson, Com'r has given the bond as required by said decrees.

J. J. BEARD, Clk.

Sept. 19-4t. Printer's fee $9.84

MASONIC NOTICE

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 63, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—County Court met last Tuesday.

—J. Gibson, of Elk was in our town Monday.

—A good many drummers in our city last week.

—J. W. Bolton, of Academy was in town last week.

—Sheriff M. J. McNeel, of Mill Point was in the city Tuesday.

—J. C. Arbogast, of Green Bank was in town the first of the week.

—W. H. Cackley, of Dunmore was in Huntersville, the first of the week.

—Jas. Byrd, wife and child, of Academy were in Huntersville last Saturday.

—How's this? Kirke Snyder not yet 14 years old got out this issue of THE TIMES.

—The Editor of this paper has been confined to his bed with the rheumatism for several days past.

—N. J. Brown, Esq., passed through town to-day (Wednesday) returning from the Eastern Cities.

—Edward Barkley, who has been working near Washington City since last spring, has returned home.

—R. K. Burns, and brother Wm. of Academy who were visiting friends in Bath Co., Va., passed through Huntersville on their return last Saturday.

Thomas' Run Items.

The farmers are busy seeding their ground.

The threshing machine is in this vicinity finishing up the remainder of the crops. The crops are turning out well in this section of the county.

The St. Lawrence Boom & M'f'g Co. are busily engaged. They have about forty hands employed and have put in the river, this winter, about one million feet of logs.

Our school is progressing finely under the management of Mr. Floyd R. Stalnaker, of Randolph Co.

Miss Lena McGlaughlin will leave here soon, to teach a school near Huntersville.

Wishing THE TIMES success, I remain yours,

BILLY.

SHEEP SHEEP!

Public Sale of Personal Property.

I Will offer at Public Sale to the highest Bidder on Thursday the 31st, day of October 1889, at the Poor Farm the following property:

Thirty head of fine ewes, 11 2 year old Steers, 1[illegible] yearlings, 5 Cows, 3 Calves, 8 stacks of Hay, 300 bushels, of Wheat, 100 bushels of Corn, 180 bushels of Oats, 1 spring wagon, 1 Horse and other sundry articles. Terms of sale: All sums over $5.00, a credit of 8 months will be given, the purchaser giving bond and good security.

J. W. BOLTON.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. J. B. Weymouth will be at Mingo Flats, October 1st, and remain 3 days.

Edray Oct. 8th, 4 days.

Mill Point, Oct. 13th 3 days.

Huntersville, Oct. 16th, 4 days.

Teeth extracted by the use of Cocaine with very little pain. Call early and make your engagements as his time is limited to the above dates.

See TIMES for other appointments.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Mr. Hearns and Mr. James Harper are enrolled as pupils of the H. M. & F. Academy.

Miss Lena Hill has commenced her school at Droop, Miss Duffie Marshall at River View, Miss Alice Clark at Beaver Creek, and Miss Verdie Clark left last week to teach on Elk.

Messrs. Rob't and Will Burns returned Saturday from a visit to their home in Bath Co.

Misses Mary Beard, of River View, and Annie McNeel of this place, entered as pupils of the H. T. School this morning, also Norval and Lee Clark entered the evening class of the same shool. This is one of the best schools our town affords.

The Hillsboro Division of Sons of Temperance elected the following officers for the next quarter at their meeting last Saturday night. Worthy Patriarch, A. R. Smith; Worthy Associate, Miss G. M. Shearer; Recording Scribe, E. H. Moore; Asst. Rec. Scribe, Harry Campbell; Financial Scribe, James H. Weiford; Treasurer, Wm. Wylie; Conductor, Thos. Via; Assist. Con., Gus Eskridge; Inside Sentinel, G. F. Crummett.

Quite a crowd of boys attended singing at Marvin Chapel Sunday evening and as they were returning four were riding rather fast and Mr. Guy Slaven's horse fell with him, bruising and mashing him badly. Mr. Slaven was carried to Mr. Isaac McNeels where after an hour or two he regained consciousness. No bones were broken, and he is better this morning.

The Jamaica Ginger question is agitating our town at present.

Mrs. Sheets, of Rockingham Co., Va., is the guest of Mrs. Wm. H. Overholt.

Died, At his home near Hillsboro last Friday of cancer, Mr. B. H. Waugh. Mr. Waugh was converted and joined the M. E. Church in 1841, and was 67 years old at the time of his death. Mr. Waugh was a faithful earnest christian and departed this life with bright prospects of Heaven. We extend our sympathies to his bereaved widow and two children. May they remember a tie is binding them to that other world which was not, a short time ago. There is a hand that will beckon, a gentle voice that will be calling in softest tones "I am waiting for thee." May it brighten their dark days, and may they realize as he dons the robes of spotless white, the host which stand waiting about the pearly gates of glory, burst into song as of that morning of old, when the morning stars sang jubilee and the heavenly wings met beneath his released spirit and wafted it within, and may their hearts softly echo: "All is Well."

Sept. 26. PRUNELLA.

Some man went to the house of Mrs. Catherine Stows, an old widow lady eighty years old, living in Moore county, N. C. There was no one at the house but Mrs. Stows and her servant, Bettie Johnson, an old colored woman. The man rapped at the door and asked to be admitted inside. He was told to go away, no company could be entertained as there was no man at the house. He, however, broke down the door and shot the colored woman, and then with pistol in hand went into Mrs. Stows' room and demanded her money, threatening to kill her if she refused. When told there was no money in the house the burglar jumped upon the helpless woman and terribly beat her with a pistol.

Chris. Medlin, Mrs. Stows' nephew, is in jail charged with the crime.

The young city of Roanoke Va., which is not yet ten years old is talking about holding an industrial exposition next year.

Goff's Subsidence.

N. Y. Times.]

The best evidence that the final declaration of the result of the State election in West Virginia was in accordance with the facts and the law is the way which General Goff, the Republican candidate for Governor, has subsided after the loud and belligerent declarations of last winter. He has been busying himself with the dispensing of patronage in his State while waiting for the "good things" which the Administration is supposed to have in store for him personally. In fact, he has been allowed to have his way to such an extent in disposing of offices in West Virginia that "Steve" Elkins is dissatisfied. Goff himself did not fall outside the breastworks while leading an attack which carried them for the President; but he is a pushing person who expects, all the same, to be provided for, and the only difficulty seems to be to find something big enough to meet his expectations. If Partner Miller should go on the Supreme Bench, he thinks the place of Attorney General would about fit his case, and perhaps that is what he is waiting for.

DEATHS

Prof. Edward H. Henry, at his fathers residence in Covington, Va., on Saturday night, the 21st inst., aged about 24 years.

Ira Jarrett, in Alderson Monroe Co., on the 21st inst., aged about 30 years.

Dr. G. McDonald, of Union Monroe county on the 22nd.

The body of an unknown white man about twenty-five years of age, was found in Oakwood Cemetery, Richmond Va., on Sunday with a pistol ball in his head and the weapon in his hand. A note was found in his pocket saying that he was of sound mind and that he had $30 in his pocket to pay the funeral expenses. The money was found on his person.

The late Mrs. Eliza Gregory, of Portsmouth, Va., left in her will $10,000 to establish a Catholic school for boys in that city, and Rev. Father Brady has qualified as trustee of the fund.

Three men have been convicted in Union county, N. C, for robbing trains on the Central railroad and sentenced to the penitentiary—two for ten years and one for eight.

Ninety-nine per cent of ambition to try, and one per cent of talent, is all that is necessary to success in whatever we undetake.

Some of the herbs in Hall's Renewer, that wonderful preparation for restoring the color and thickening the hair, grow plentifully in New England.

Queen Victoria has a remarkably fine head of hair, for a lady of her age; but her son, the Prince of Wales is quite bald. Had he used Ayer's Hair Vigor earlier in life, his head might, to-day, have been as well covered as that of his royal mother. It's not too late yet.

Many young children become positively repulsive with sore eyes, sore ears, and scald head. Such afflictions may be speedily removed by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Young and old alike experience the wonderful benefits of this medicine.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE,

Of Valuable Lands.

Pursuant to, and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va., rendered at its June term, 1889, in the cause of

J. H. Arbogast, Adm'r,
vs.
J. H. Arbogast's Heirs &c.,

I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the premises, near Traveler's Repose, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5TH, 1889,

all the lands yet belonging to the Estate of Jacob H. Arbogast, dec'd, composed of part of a tract of 45 acres; part of a tract of 123 acres and part of a tract of 309 acres, all adjoining each other, and containing in the aggregate about 377 acres, lying in the forks of Greenbrier River on the S. & P. Turnpike. About 65 acres of these lands are in cultivation, with a good dwelling and other buildings and orchard &c. The balance affords a good outlet for young stock, especially sheep, and has some good Hemlock, Spruce and Oak timber upon it

TERMS:

10 per cent. of the purchase money cash in hand, the balance in equal payments, falling due in 9, 18 and 27 months, from day of sale, with interest from that day. The purchaser to execute bonds with good security for the deferred payments, a lein will be retained until a future order of the Court.

B. M. YEAGER, Spec'l Com'r.

Sept. 12-4t. Printer's fee $10 56.

BRIDGE LETTING.

The undersigned Commissioner of the County Court, of Pocahontas County will receive Sealed Bids, until 12 m., Oct. 1st, 1889, for the following work. The construction of two Abutments on Knapp's Creek near Huntersville at or near the upper end of the "Derby Wall," said abutments to be of cut stone, well laid in Cement on solid foundation Joints well broken to a distance of 2 feet above high water mark, and the additional height of stone work to be ruble work well laid in lime and sand. Abutments to be 22 feet long at bottom and 18 feet at top, 8 feet wide at bottom and 5 feet at top. All cement to be of the best quality. And remove the bridge from its present location and place the same on the aforesaid abutments. The Contractor to give bond with approved security, for the faithful performance of his contract.

The Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

List of Fiducearies

before the undersigned for settlemet:

Amos S. Gillispie, adm'r of Jas. Cassell, dec'd.

Wm. H. Cackley, late Sheriff and as such adm'r of Julia Gauge dec'd.

Jas. A McCollam, Adm'r of Rebecca McCollam dec'd.

Jas. A. McCollam adm'r of Lawrence D. McCollam, dec'd.

JAMES W. WARWICK, JR.,
Com'r of Acc'ts for Pocahontas county.
sept 12-3t.

NOTICE.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas at the Court house thereof

ON THE 18th DAY OF JULY 1889

It is ordered that in Medical attention to the poor, that no claims, hereafter be allowed, unless the Physician living nearest said pauper, shall be employed and it is further ordered that this Court will allow physicians for the first visit to a pauper, without an order from the overseer of the Poor; but will not allow for further visits unless the overseer of the District will certify that such other visits were necessary.

(At the rates established by this court)

A Copy Teste
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

HILLSBORO MALE & FEMALE ACADEMY,

D. S. HANKLA, A. M. Principal.

The next annual session of this school will begin

SEPTEMBER 23rd 1889,

and will continue NINE months.

TUITION from $1.50 to $3.00 per month.

BOARD $8.00 to $10.00

Contingent fee to provide fuel etc. 15 cents per month.

Thorough instruction guaranteed, and the principal will exercise especial care over all pupils. Parents should consider the advantages of this school before sending their sons and daughters elsewhere.

Respt.,
D. S. HANKLA.

FOR BOARD.

During the next term of School at Hillsboro Male and Female Academy apply to

E. H. MOORE.

Order of publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County W. Va., on the first Monday in September, 1889.

George A. Revercomb, Special receiver in the Chancery cause of

Bonner vs. Bonner &c.,
vs.
A. G. Bonner.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to subject to judicial sale a tract of one hundred acres of land, belonging to the defendant A. G. Bonner situated in the County of Pocahontas on the South East side of Middle Mountain, to satisfy a judgment confessed by the defendant A. G. Bonner to the plaintiff for $[illegible] with interest thereon from 1st day of May, 1889 until paid and cost.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant A. G. Bonner is a non resident of the State of West Va., it is ordered that he appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. [illegible] Printer's fee [illegible]

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Huntersville, W. Va.

October 3, 1889.

Curious Facts.

Melons were found originally in Asia.

The Mormons found Nauvoo, Ill., in 1840.

Sage is a native of the South of Europe.

An Atlanta (Ga.) store is built entirely of paper.

In France a seventh son in direct succession is called a marcou.

There is only one lawyer in Millville, N. J., a city of over 10,000 inhabitants.

It is an ancient belief that a change in the body of a man occurs every seventh year.

Mr. C. W. Oldrive walked five miles on the surface of the water near Boston recently.

There are 450,000,000 postal cards manufactured annually, and their use is increasing daily.

The New York Custom House has an efficient clerk, William O. Fitzgerland, who is a deaf mute.

The present English national debt may be said to have commenced in the reign of William III., 1689.

Ship building was begun at Salem, Mass., about 1640. So began the ship building industry in this country.

It is said that the number of derelicts recorded each month in the North Atlantic alone varies from twenty-five to forty-five.

About a week's association with a threshing machine will pith a farmer's voice fully an octave higher, as all town folks know.

A Jefferson City (Mo.) man manages to make a living by following up picnic parties and gathering up the empty bottles which they leave.

Toads from the squares loiter around the Philadelphia electric light poles to feast on the fried bugs that tumble to them sizzling hot.

The Minie rifle was invented at Vincennes, France, about 1833, by M. Minie, who from a common soldier raised himself to a high rank.

A Pennsylvania boy found a bird's nest that contained eggs of four different colors—white, pink blue and green. All were the same size.

A Chicago detective has just had his pocket picked of $[illegible], which he had drawn from a building association to make a payment on a house.

A goat at Dallas, Texas, which came upon a rattlesnake, walked back a few yards, and taking a running start, made a long jump, alighting with his legs bunched, and cutting the snake in pieces.

Spiders have been known to come out of their webs and crawl down the sides of the wall at the sound of music, seemingly enchanted by the sounds, but hurrying back to their hiding place as soon as the music ceased.

The latest development of the slot machine is a brass frame inclosing the city directory, which permits the volume to be opened only when a cent has been inserted in the slot. It is hailed as a blessing by druggist and others whose directories are in constant demand by the public.

It is believed by the Moslems that at the Judgement day painters will be required to furnish with souls all representations of human beings which they have made. Failing in this ordeal, they will lose their presumption imitation of the work of the Creator.

One method of keeping the railroad track clear of sand near the Caspian Sea is to soak the road bed with sea-water. In other places it is protected with an armor of clay. Palisades are erected sometimes to stop drifting. Another method employed is the cultivation of hardy plants, such as are used for the same purpose on the Danish coast.

Tramp—"Your barn was burned about two months ago, ma'am."

Farmer's Wife—"Yes."

Tramp—"Well, a chum of mine set it on fire that you might get the insurance money, and he asked me to call around and see if you'd got it yet, and see if you'd give him a few dollars of it."

Farmer's Wife—"You'll not get a cent of the insurance here."

Tramp—"Very well, ma'am, but you mustn't feel hurt if my friend never sets any more of your buildings on fire."

Mistah Johnsing, I t'ink you suffering wid affection ob de heart. Yo' heartbeats is terrible irregular." "Dat's all right, doctor; but, sah, yo' has yo' ear right 'gin my watch, an' it hain't varied a minit in de las' free months, sah' Wid all respect to yo', I guess I'll go ter some older practitioner, sah."

Happy Father—"Joe, old boy, give me suitable names for my twin babies."

Joe—"Are they boys or girls?"

"Girls."

"How will Kate and Duplicate do?"

Aspiring Author—"Wasn't there anything in the letters I sent you that you could use?"

Practical Editor—"Yes; the stamps you inclosed for their return we used, but there was nothing else available."

Small Bob (on the sidewalk)—"Ma, Ma! look out of the window!"

Ma (putting her head out of the window)—"What is it?"

Bob (pointing to his playmate)—"Mike didn't believe you were so cross-eyed."

Fond Momma—"What are you drawing on your slate, pet?"

Little Nell—"I was tryin' to draw my dolly; but I dess I'll tall it a tlothes pin."

Merritt—"Is it true that Mrs. Henpeck rules her husband with a rod of iron?"

Miss Ford—"I guess so. I saw her last night chasing him with the poker."

A YOUNG man was killed in a prize fight in St. Louis Mo., on the 14th for $35.

SUBSCRIBE

—FOR THE—

POCAHONTAS TIMES,

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry. It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interest to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, October, 10 1889. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 12.

OLD ROCK.

On the eve of their bridal day Jessie Glenn and John Marcus had their first quarrel. It was not a very fierce one, but it proved that such a thing could be between them and was not pleasant. Besides, it was a terrible time for such a thing. It began by Jessie asking John what he was going to do with Rock a big black dog he was very fond of.

"Do with him?" said John. "Why just what I always have—spoil him, I suppose."

"You don't mean to keep him, do you?" said Jessie. "You'll sell him."

"Sell Rock!" cried John. "Why, it would seem like selling your baby or your grandfather. He's been my friend for years—slept under my bed, followed me to work, shared my lunch. Why, I had him when I was a poor, motherless boy. Dad used to kick us out together. Many's the time, when he'd been drinking, and we'd cuddle up together for warmth in some area. Now I'm comfortable, I shan't kick Rock out. No, indeed. I couldn't."

"I hate dogs," said Jessie.

"Well, you've got to learn to love Old Rock," said John, laughing. "Love me, love my dog, and in this case; so you've got to, you see."

"I've got to!" cried Jessie, indignantly. "Ordering me like that already, when I refused Sam Williams for your sake, as well you know, John."

"Well," said John, "I always supposed that was because you liked me best, not out of self-sacrifice."

"At least" said Jessie, "he didn't keep a dog of that sort, and he was on his knees to me almost. Oh, dear! I don't think you care about me, John. I read a novel the other day, and in it the young man roasted a favorite falcon for his lady love's dinner, and never minded that all, he was so devoted to her."

"If I was to roast Old Rock, he'd be too much dinner for a regiment," said John, "and I'll bet you wouldn't take a bite of him. Do you want me to show my affection for you by carrying him to the sausage-makers and having him put up into bologna for winter use?"

This was not gallant, and naturally Jessie was displeased, as one may presume. They were not fashionable people. She was an honest, pretty, little factory girl. He a young plumber. But they have been very much in love with each other. This was a dash of cold water to both. They felt the impropriety of a squabble at this time and parted with a kiss, as usual; but the thought rankled in each mind.

Jessie thought of it as she made ready for her wedding, and as her friends looked at her new things. She had a pretty floor not far off, ready furnished for her, and things were all very nice, in a plain way. But what happiness could she expect if he was so cross about a little thing? And then to have ugly, black Rock, with his muddy feet, his way of snoring aloud and showing his tongue in gapes, always lying about. It was not a pleasant thought for the day before a wedding.

Meanwhile, the day wore on; the guests came. The bride was dressed. The minister arrived with his old wife. Everybody had come but the bridegroom and his best man.

The bridesmaids left the room and whispered in the little passage. The clock hands pointed to the hour for the ceremony. John had not come. Jessie tried to sit still to smile, to laugh and talk but she kept saying to herself: "What keeps him? Could he really have been angry? Could it be possible that he meant to break with her in this dreadful manner just about Old Rock?" She listened—the bell rang. Had he come? No! It was only the best man, alone. He reported that he had waited for John, and that he had not been home to supper. His wedding suit was spread on his bed, but there was no sign of John.

"I didn't know but he might be here," said the young man, looking about. But John was not there.

In her own room the bride wept and women came and went trying to comfort her. They lingered late. Eleven, twelve, one o'clock saw the minister still sitting in the great chair in the parlor, ready to marry John if he came, but though the bride's friends flew about the city and inquired everywhere, there was no news of the missing bridegroom.

That he had left her in wrath was Jessie's explanation of the matter; and it was she who at last declared that people had better go home, for that she would not marry John if he came on his bended knees to ask pardon.

Meanwhile the missing bridegroom had gone to work as usual, expecting, as it was Saturday, to get off earlier than usual, and had been pleased that he finished his work at four o'clock; but coming in eager to ask leave to go home, he found all in a commotion. A gas pipe had burst in a public building, where there was danger of leaving it unrepaired very long, and only one other man was in the place—Sam Williams, his old rival.

"You too must go," said the proprietor, waving his hands about. "I know it is hard, John; but Sam can bring the furnace and tools in, and you can get straight home. You have time, and you shall be paid for overwork, both of you, and I'll send a present to the bride on Monday. This is a necessary job, or I'd let you off."

John did not grumble, though he felt irritated. He hurried off as fast as he could, followed by Williams. The men did not like each other, and Williams was still jealous.

They spoke very little. Old Rock followed at John's heels and crouched out-side the building, when he was locked out, as usual.

The men's work took them down into the cellar, and into some great vaults there. They worked without any more talk than was necessary, and at last the job was done.

Williams had tested the leak at his part of the work and was about to call to John, whose light shone at the other end of the dark cellar, when suddenly the light went out. There was a crash, a cry. Williams did not know what had happened, but judged that a great beam that had been lifted out of place had fallen. He waited; there was silence. And now having the opportunity, the demoniac spirit of revenge asserted itself. He would not have planned to kill his rival, but he thought with joy that some bad accident had happened to him. He thought, too, that it was not his work, and that he was not called upon to alter it. If John was dead Jessie would be free again. Then he said to himself with Satan's sophistry:

"How do I know anything has happened? John has gone home, banging the door after him. That's all. A fine way to go off and leave a fellow," he said aloud; and gathered up the furnace and bag of tools and went his way locking all the doors behind him, and leaving the keys with the person who had charge of them, saying that his mate had gone off without a good-bye, leaving him alone in the cellar.

"Queer I never saw him," said the old man; but Sam did not relent. He took a night train out of town to spend Sunday at his mothers in the country and be out of the way of questions.

And this is how John did not come to his own wedding. He lay in the cellar hardly conscious, unable to lift the beam from his leg, and in a sort of dream, thinking of his Jessie and seeming to hear Old Rock's voice somewhere.

The poor girl arose wretched, and quite sure that John had jilted her. She never thought of any accident. As she sat at her late breakfast, trying not to show her grief and shame, and wondering how she should go home and face the girls, something pushed at the door.

The mother opened it, and the dog she hated so, Old Rock himself, walked in. He looked forlorn and hungry, his coat covered with mud, his eyes red, his appearance miserably hideous, his manners, too, had altered for the worse, for instead of galloping playfully about, striving to lick Jessie's face and wagging his tail, as usual, he sat down on his hind legs and began at once to deliver a series of those piteous howls with which his species are supposed by the superstitious to celebrate the departure of an immortal soul from this vale of tears.

At this, a sudden revulsion took place in Jessie's feelings, and with a wild scream she uttered her conviction that John was dead, and that the dog knew it.

In this the family coincided to an indivividual. Then the dog began to pull at Jessie's flounces.

"We have had our doubts, we have had our doubts," groaned the father. "John's not a man to jilt a girl that way, quarrel or no quarrel."

"And the dog just says it plain as words," sobbed the mother. "When my grandfather was drowned his dog came home just like that. Oh, poor John! You'll never see him no more, child, never no more!"

Meanwhile, the dog pulled and howled harder than ever.

"Silence, there," cried the old grandmother, from the cosy corner, where she was breaking her bread into a bowl of coffee. "Mebbee the parted sperit came along with the dog. The creeter is going to lead you to the body. Stop your cryin', an' go. Follow him. He knows better than you, for John's along of him. Go."

With her blood curdling in her veins, Jessie obeyed. She tied on her hat, and buttoned herself into a sacque, and went down the stairs and out into the streets, with the Sabbath stillness upon them. It was not easy to keep peace with Old Rock along the pavements; but she did so, and at last stopped with him before a great, empty-looking public building. Here the dog burrowed at a grating, and began to howl again.

It was more than Jessie could stand. She burst into bitter tears and was obliged to sit down on the sidewalk and hide her face in her hands.

"Is he down there, Rock?" she sobbed. And Rock wagged a "Yes" with his queer, bushy tail.

Then Jessie went to work. A policeman, kindly disposed; an old man with a bunch of keys; much talk a disclosure of the fact that plumbers were down cellar late Saturday afternoon, led at last to a descent into the cellar, where Old Rock, in a state of delight past all bounds, led to the spot where John lay, with a broken leg and bruised arm, but conscious and not fatally injured; and when she was sure of this, Jessie took Old Rock's head in both her hands, and kissed it fondly over and over again.

"You told me I'd have to love him, and it's come true; and he's brought us together, and as long as he lives he shall be as dear to me as he is to you. There, now!"

It was some time before they were married, but there was no more quarreling; and Jessie and John are a very happy couple. It is reported of Old Rock that the first time he met Sam Williams he bit him; and that, Jessie declares, is a proof that Sam knew all about John's being in the cellar, though he swears he did not.

Last evening two youths, each about 14, met in the street, when the following dialogue took place:

"I say, Bill, got my knife."

"No, I ain't."

"'Pon your word?"

"'Pon me word."

"'Pon your soul?"

"'Pon me soul."

"Hope you may die if you have?"

"Hope I may die if I have?"

"You ain't got my knife?"

"I ain't got your knife."

The querist seemed to be incredulous, but was on the point of giving it up in despair when a bright idea occurred to him, and he returned to attack with:

"'Pon your honor?"

"Oh," said the other, "now you touch me honor; take your darned old knife," and he handed the article over.

"Well done, Bill," said his chum, "I allus knowed you was a honorable chap."

A burglar who had been arrested while in the act of breaking into a bank pleaded guilty to the charge when arrested in Court, but claimed extenuating circumstances.

"What possible excuse can you present to mitigate this offense?" asked the Court.

"My lord, had I succeeded in getting my hands on the cash it would have removed temptation from the path of the cashier."

"H'm said the Judge, after mature reflection. "I see the point, which is well taken. I'll let you off on about three years."

Moral—If you can steal a man's horse it may save his hostler from going to State prison.

McCorkle—"And so you're engaged, McNichol. Do tell us all about it?"

McNichol—"Yes, it's a go this time You see, Isabella and I were out on the beach."

McCorkle—"Yes."

McNichol—"And the mosquitoes were very thick—"

McCorkle—"Yes."

McNichol—"And I wanted to get in."

McCorkle—"Yes."

McNichol—"And Isabella for some reason wanted to stay out."

McCorkle—"Yes."

McNichol—"That's all. It was propose or be eaten by mosquitoes, so I proposed."

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

October 10, 1889.

Next year the modest, retiring North Pole is to be the object of another search, involving expense and possible loss of life. Dr. Nansen, a Norwegian, is going for it this time.

Mrs. Philip H. Sheridan and her children are living at the cottge in Nonquitt, Mass., in which the General died. Mrs Sheridan has entirely recovered her health and strength.

John I. Blair, the New Jersey railroad magnate, who confesses to a fortune of $40,000,000, earned his first dollar by walking to Easton and back, a distance of twenty five miles, to sell a lot of rabbit skins.

A process has been invented by means of which photographs can be printed almost as fast as newspapers, and without dependence on sun or light. They are said to be of the first quality. That of course would make photographs much cheaper.

There is a woman in Milwaukee who is the mother of nine children. Not one of them were named until it was twelve years old. They were simply called by their nicknames and their numbers, "One," "Two," etc. As each one became twelve years old he chose his own name and was baptized.

Johnstown, Pa., which was devastated by flood some months ago is forging ahead, and will soon have in operation a number of large industries, employing 5,000 or 6,000 workmen, and pay out between $100,000 and $200,000 each week in wages. The steel works of the Carnegies are being rebuilt and enlarged, costly residences are being rebuilt and business houses are being completed and plans matured for a much more extensive city than it was before the waters swept it away.

A Monument to Columbus, erected by a Frenchman, and the only one in America, has remained in obscurity in Baltimore for more than a hundred years. It is now likely to come into prominent notice. New York will probably get up a magnificent Exposition in honor of the discoverer of America; but well is it, perhaps, that the considerate Frenchman did not leave the monument enterprise to that city.

Why is It.

The editor of the Catlettsburg Democrat, Captain Thomas D. Marcum, late of the Union Army, has asked the question, "Why is it?" and comments as follows:

"Why is it that most of the ex-Confederates are stout and well preserved men for their age, while most of the ex-Union soldiers are broken down from their service and are on the pension rolls or trying to get there. It is a fact that none will dispute that the Confederate army was not as well fed nor clothed as Union soldiers were; that they were physically more exposed than were the Union troops, yet most all of the ex-Union soldiers claim to be suffering from injuries and disease from their service, while the Confeds are robust and look as though they would be able for several years' good service in the field were it required of them. However, there are many who believe that the ex-Union soldier would be stouter and more robust and prosperous in the various avocations of life if there were no pensions attachment to alleged disability incurred while in the service. It seems to be more trying on a man's constitution to be loyal to the Government than it was to be a Rebel. Some how there is something about the matter that needs explanation."

WASHINGTON LETTER

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON Oct., 4.—The Cabinet meeting held to-day was a little strong Pension affairs raised a small cyclone, and before that had passed away the vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court brought about a hurricane. At least two members are bitterly opposed to the appointment of Attorney General Miller, which President Harrison seems determined upon. It must have been a rather embarrassing position for Mr. Miller, who was present.

President Harrison is still wrestling with the problem of tryi g to find a man for Pension Commissioner who can satisfy the applicants for pensions without creating a financial deficiency. The thing is impossible, but of course its none of our business, if the administration wants to wear itself out in that way let it go ahead. The latest man named as likely to have an opportunity of declining to occupy Corporal Tanner's shoes is Ex-Gov. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania. Two men stand ready to occupy the position, Brown, of Ohio, and Campbell, of Kansas, but their readiness makes President Harrison shy of them.

Mr. Blaine is at last President, not of the United States, but of the Three America's Congress. He was elected to the position Wednesday when the Congress met and organized. Ex-Senator Henderson of Missouri was elected President protempore. Mr. Blaine's speech of welcome to the members of the Congress was a model of its kind, and is highly praised here by members of both parties. Immediately after adjourning to November 18, the Congress called on the President with whom the members took lunch. Thursday morning they left on a special train for a tour of the North East and West. They are certain to be impressed by what they will see and will return to Washington prepared to discuss more intelligently the matters brought before them. It is thought at the State department that the Congress will sit about three months.

Democrats here express considerable disappointment over the result of the elections in the new states. They had been led to expect something different. Secretary Tracy's difficulty in getting a Naval officer to command the Kearsage, which started from New York Tuesday for Hayti with Fred Douglass, our minister to that country as a passenger, has been the subject of a great deal of joking around Washington this week. As soon as it was known that the commanders cabin had to be given up to Fred, nobody who knows the personal habits of that individual blamed the Naval officers for getting out of the dilemma in any way possible. Secretary Tracy got very mad, but all the same I'll bet a big red apple Tracy would not entertain Douglass five or six days at his private residence for a years salary. Douglass is a very brainy man, but he is a negro for all that, and no white man who respects himself will care to be closely associated with him in a social way. I am inclined to believe with the Kentuckian that "there's as much in the blood of people as of horses."

Ex-Representative Harris, of Virginia, who has just made a trip through that state, says the democrats will have a walk over, and that Mahone will never again be heard from politically. I have it on good authority that several members of the administration have given up all hope of Mahone's election.

Senator's Hampton, of South Carolina, and Harris, of Tennessee are very wide apart in their ideas of a correct solution of the race problem. Senator Hampton has for a long time advocated the purchase of land in Mexico, or of an island, and the colonization thereon of the negroes of the Southern states. Senator Harris being asked what he thought of such a scheme replied: "I do not consider it practical at all. The negro doesn't want to be colonized, and if the devil only had those who are trying to make practical capital out of him there would be no trouble to speak about." Senator Harris is one of the large number who believe that the business of Congress has grown to such dimensions that continuous sessions ought to be held.

Representative Breckenridge, of Arkansas, thinks all the republican talk about the Rules of the House is intended to work the courage of the weakened republicans up to the point of seating all eighteen of the republican contestants.

Charges have been filed at the department of state against Reed Lewis, of Pennsylvania, consul agent at Morocco. He is accused of having attempted to extort a large sum of money from a vice consul as the price of his retention in office. Mr. Reed is one of President Harrisons appointments.

The Knight Templars are beginning to arrive for the Conclave. They will remain here ten days.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE

Lands in Pocahontas County.

In pursuance of two decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term, 1889, in the chancery cause of

C. L. Austin &c.,
vs.
W. F. Arbogast &c.,

I will on

MONDAY THE 21ST DAY OF OCTOBER,

next, offer for sale at public auction in front of the Court house of Pocahontas county, two tracts of land; one of 685 acres and the other of 1,228 acres. These tracts of land are situate on the Allegheny mountain, and are known as lots No. 9 and 10, in the big survey and are valuable for the timber thereon.

TERMS:

Cash in hand to pay the costs of the two suits and the costs of sale and for the balance, the purchasers will be required to execute bonds with good security payable in six and twelve months, bearing interest from day of sale and the legal title to be retained as ultimate security.

L. H. STEPHENSON,
Commissioner.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that L. H. Stephenson, Com'r has given the bond as required by said decrees.

J. J. BEARD, Clk.

Sept. 19-4t. Printer's fee $9.84

MASONIC NOTICE

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 63, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—H. Nathan, of Hillsboro, was up on business this week.

—Jacob Boner, Esq., went to Staunton and returned this week.

—We've been having some right cold weather the last week or two.

—E. I. Holt, of Hillsboro, made a flying trip to Huntersville Tuesday.

—Dr. Matt Wallace, of Mill Point was in our Burg to-day (Wednesday).

—Quinn Marton, Esq., Cashier of the Ronceverte Bank, was in town Tuesday.

—Harry Campbell, of Academy, came up home Saturday and returned Sunday.

—The free school at this place began last Monday, with Harry Patterson as teacher.

—Editor John E. Campbell is still confined to his room though somewhat improved.

—Next Monday a week Circuit Court begins. Don't forget to call to see us while in town.

—H. P. McGlaughlin, Esq., has returned from Clarksburg, where he was invited to attend Judge Jackson's Court as witness.

—Misses Maude Taylor, of Williams's river and Elva Friel, of near this place made this office quite a pleasant call last Tuesday.

—An Ohio lady was so frightened by a snake that her glossy black hair turned white as snow. It was soon returned to its original color by Hall's Hair Renewer.

—D. A. Fisher and Son Olga are still at work on the house of John W. Warwick, Esq., on Stony Creek. Mr. Fisher was home a few days ago and says he expects to begin work on the new road near the Lockridge ford next week.

—Professor Gauthier, of Paris, states that certain vital processes of the body develop putrefying substances, in the tissues, which, if not speedily eliminated, produce disease. Ayer's Sarsaparilla effects the removal of these substances, and thereby preserves health.

—Mrs. Dr. Wm. P. Rucker, of Lewisburg, W. Va., Mrs. Bettie R. Ward and Mr. Sam'l B. Scott of Lynchburg Va., have been the guests of their relatives Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Rucker of this place for the past week. Mrs. Rucker and Mrs. Ward left to-day (Wednesday), for their respective homes. Mr. Scott will remain with us having begun the study of law in the office of H. S. Rucker.

—When you need a good, safe laxative, ask your druggist for a box of Ayer's Pills, and you will find that they give perfect satisfaction. For indigestion, torpid liver, and sick headache there is nothing superior. Leading physicians recommend them.

—A Tennessee editor gives this account of the troubles under which he labors: "How is it that our readers here, twelve miles from a railroad, twenty-five miles from a river, millions of miles from heaven about two miles from the devil, and only two hundred yards from a whisky shop, expect us to get out a newsy, lively and interesting paper.

Green Bank [illegible]

Mr. J. B. Bradshaw, of McDowell, spent Wednesday in town, and will start for Baltimore this week to lay in his stock of fall and winter goods.

Miss Eliza Ralston of Green Hill, is spending some time visiting her uncle at this place.

The Ladies of Green Bank and vicinity will hold an Ice Cream Supper Saturday, the 12th of Oct. They will endeaver to make it enjoyable and hope to have a liberal patronage. It will be for the benefit of the M. E. Church South at this place

Married, Near Perry, Mo., Sep., 12th, Wm. T. Carry, formerly of Green Bank, to Miss Nora Richards, of Woodland, Cal. We extend to Willie, hearty congratulations.

PAULINA.

Traveler's Repose Locals.

Dr. Snyder was recently called to the bed side of Mrs. Henry Flenner. We are happy to say she is convalescent.

Miss Anette Ligon and her brother made us a short visit last week.

Mr. Flenner has not found nor heard of the horse that was stolen a week ago.

Mrs. Martha Cleek left here the 3rd, accompanied by Mr. W. J. Yeager. She has been visiting her sister Mrs. Betsy Yeager, who has been ill for some time and left her not much improved.

Rev. Wm. H. Ballengee has closed a very successful protracted meeting. Twenty conversions, of which seventeen joined the M. E. Church South.

S. P. Ward and Miss Lucy Quick made a flying trip to this vicinity.

Miss Ella Pritchard is visiting Miss Gertrude Yeager.

Boys get your sleighs ready, we have had snow and still look for more.

Died, little Bertie Bliss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Burner, Sunday evening at 6 o'clock, aged 7 years and 5 months. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the entire neighborhood.

E. G. W.

To All Whom it May Concern.

I expect to be in Huntersville on the first day of October Circuit, Court, and all who are indebted to me on subscription, job work, or advertising, as former owner of THE TIMES, are requested to pay the amounts to my former agents at their respective places, or to Attorney L. M. McClintic, on or before that date. All accounts not paid on or before that date will be put out for immediate collection. This is positively the *last* notice.

Respectfully,
JAS. B. CANFIELD.

SHEEP SHEEP!

Public Sale of Personal Property.

I Will offer at Public Sale to the highest Bidder on Thursday the 31st, day of October 1889, at the Poor Farm the following property:

Thirty head of fine ewes, 11 2 year old Steers, 10 yearlings, 5 Cows, 3 Calves, 8 stacks of Hay, 200 bushels, of Wheat, 100 bushels of Corn, 100 bushels of Oats, 1 spring wagon, 1 Horse and other sundry articles. Terms of sale: All sums over $5.00, a credit of 8 months will be given, the purchaser giving bond and good security.

J. W. BOLTON.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Mingo Flats, October 1st, and remain 3 days.

Edray, Oct. 8th, 4 days.

Mill Point, Oct. 15th 3 days.

Huntersville, Oct. 18th, 4 days.

Teeth extracted by the use of Cocaine with very little pain. Call early and make your engagements as his time is limited to the above dates.

See TIMES for other appointments.

Joaquin Miller is writing a life of Christ. The daughter whom he has abandoned is living in poverty at Denver.

PUBLIC SALE.

I will sell at public auction at the store House of H. Nathan, at Academy, Pocahontas Co., W. Va. on

THURSDAY THE 24TH DAY OF OCTOBER 1889

Continuing from day to day, the following property, levied upon by me, to satisfy, executions in my hands for collection, against said H. Nathan, in favor of Ellis McCarty, N. Stalting, Boykin Carmin & Co., Ockmulga Tobacco, Co., Greer & Laing, Simon Barrs & Co., and Parsons & Emmins, to-wit, the stock of goods of said H. Nathan consisting of Dry Goods, Hardware Queensware, Glassware, Nails, Shoes, Hats and all other articles in said store Machine oil, about 2,000 feet of lumber partly dressed, Tin Roofing &c.

Terms of Sale, Cash. Sale to begin at 10 o'clock a. m.

J. M. CUTLIP.
Constable Pocahontas Co.

A Horrible Double Murder.

On the 4th inst., Felix Kamp, living near Charleston, went to his house, and having missed some articles he went to a cabin about a quarter of a mile away, where his daughter Mary aged 20 and his son aged 18 lived and accused the girl of having stolen some "flat irons" from his house. The old man became violently angry and when the daughter denied taking the irons he drew a two edged derk from his belt and assaulted her. He stabbed the girl several times, once in the stomach and once the abdomen. The boy who was eating his supper with his sister jumped and grabbed his father in order to prevent the murder of his sister, when the enraged father plunged the knife into his son's abdomen, letting out his bowels and cutting them in several places. They both died the next morning. The father is in jail.

The Edray District Institute will meet at Edray school house Oct. 19. Teachers and patrons from all parts of the County are cordially invited.

PROGRAMME.

Address to teachers—Rev. Geo. P. Moore; Primary teaching—Miss E. N. Warwick; Select Reading—Miss Lillie Friel; Penmanship—J. B. White; Arithmetic the decimal—J. M. Sydenstricker; Orthography—L. J. Dysard; Grammar the verb—Taylor McNeel; Select reading—Miss Maggie Eagle; History Federal constitution—C. N. McNeel; Manners in school—Miss E. J. Buckley; Grammar analysis—Miss Carrie Thomas; Physiology—J. A. McGlaughlin; School government—Miss Bella Clark.

Closing remarks by Rev. Mr. Morgan.

M. G. MATHEWS, Pres.

It Will, Indeed.

Kansas City Times.]

The Republican party has upset the faithful business system of Mr. Cleveland's administration. It has swung into its old habit of robbing the Treasury for class bribery. It has committed the financial crime of making a deficit in the Treasury accounts, something which the present generation regarded as impossible with our enormous revenue. Expose these blunders and crimes before 10,000 people and the widening wave of indignation will sweep the robber party out of any semblance of ascendenty it may have in that region.

Old Judge Jere Black was once asked to join the Republican party and said he: "You Republicans are a fine lot of fellows for all the purposes of this world—for power and plunder and good fellowship it is the best party that could be created. If I was quite sure that there is no future state of rewards and punishments I would join you instantly. Nothing but the fear of hell deters me."

COMMISSIONER'S SALE,

Of Valuable Lands.

Pursuant to, and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va., rendered at its June term, 1889, in the cause of

J. H. Arbogast, Adm'r,
vs.
J. H. Arbogast's Heirs &c.,

I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the premises, near Traveler's Repose, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5TH, 1889,

all the lands yet belonging to the Estate of Jacob H. Arbogast, dec'd, composed of part of a tract of 45 acres; part of a tract of 123 acres and part of a tract of 509 acres, all adjoining each other, and containing in the aggregate about 377 acres, lying in the forks of Greenbrier River on the S. & P. Turnpike. About 65 acres of these lands are in cultivation, with a good dwelling and other buildings and orchard &c. The balance affords a good outlet for young stock, especially sheep, and has some good Hemlock, Spruce and Oak timber upon it

TERMS:

10 per cent. of the purchase money cash in hand, the balance in equal payments, falling due in 9, 18 and 27 months, from day of sale, with interest from that day. The purchaser to execute bonds with good security for the deferred payments, a lein will be retained until a future order of the Court.

B. M. YEAGER, Spec'l Com'r.

Sept. 12-4t. Printer's fee $10 56.

List of Fiduciaries

before the undersigned for settlement:

Amos S. Gillispie, adm'r of Jas. Cassell, dec'd.

Wm. H. Cackley, late Sheriff and as such adm'r of Julia Hoage dec'd.

Jas. A McCollam, Adm'r of Rebecca McCollam dec'd.

Jas. A. McCollam adm'r of Lawrence D. McCollam, dec'd.

JAMES W. WARWICK, JR.,
Com'r of Acc'ts for Pocahontas county.

sept 12-2t.

NOTICE.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas at the Court house thereof

ON THE 13th DAY OF JULY 1889

It is ordered that in Medical attention to the poor, that no claims, hereafter be allowed, unless the Physician living nearest said pauper, shall be employed and it is further ordered that this Court will allow physicians for the first visit to a pauper, without an order from the overseer of the Poor; but will not allow for further visits unless the overseer of the District will certify that such other visits were necessary.

(At the rates established by this court)

A Copy Teste
JOHN J. BEARD, C'lk.

HILLSBORO MALE & FEMALE ACADEMY.

D. S. HANKLA, A. M. Principal.

The next annual session of this school will begin

SEPTEMBER 23rd 1889,

and will continue NINE months.

TUITION from $1.50 to $3.00 per month.

BOARD $8.00 to $10.00

Contingent fee to provide fuel etc. 15 cents per month.

Thorough instruction guaranteed, and the principal will exercise especial care over all pupils. Parents should consider the advantages of this school before sending their sons and daughters elsewhere.

Respt.,
D. S. HANKLA.

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Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Order of publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County W. Va., on the first Monday in September, 1889.

George A. Rivercomb, Special receiver in the Chancery cause of Bonner vs. Bonner &c.,

vs.

A. G. Bonner.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to subject to judicial sale a tract of one hundred acres of land belonging to the defendant A. G. Bonner situated in the County of Pocahontas on the South West side of Middle Mountain, to satisfy a judgment confessed by the defendant A. G. Bonner to the plaintiff for $2,248.58 with interest thereon from 1st day of May, 1889 until paid and cost.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant A. G. Bonner is a non resident of the State of West Va., it is ordered that he appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, C'lk.

Sept. 5-4t. Printer's fee $5.00.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Postoffice at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	5 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

October 10, 1889.

Tramp—"Thankee kindly, mum; I'd no hope gettin sich a fine supper to day, mum. May heaven bless ye!"

Housekeeper—"As you've had a good supper, I think you might chop some wood."

"Yes, mum; but you know the old adage: 'After dinner rest a while; after supper walk a mile.' I'll walk the mile first, mum."

"Hear the news from down below?" "No. What?" "A lady down there near Santa Cruz, unaided and alone, held up an entire train." "What nerve. Who was she?" "A San Francisco belle. She wanted to cross the dusty road and held it up to keep it clean."

"That was a brave act of yours in stopping the runaway horse, young man. Here's a hundred dollar bill for you."

"That's a good deal of money for me."

"Nonsense. When a man saves my life I believe in paying him what it is worth."

Mrs. Brown—"Why is it, my dear that you will never sit on this side of the room when a gentleman calls?"

Cora—"Because, ma, my foot makes a shadow on the wall and it magnifies so."

Poet—"I have a few verses here, sir, which I should——,"

Editor—"Certainly. Will you kindly drop them into the waste-basket yourself? I am busy just at present."

Jack Overstroke (who is unwillingly giving Miss Olecrop a swimming lesson)—"Now don't be afraid Just trust yourself to me, and let me support you."

Miss Olecrop—"It's rather an unfair advantage to take in the water, but you may ask P-P-Papa."

"And pray why didn't you put new buttons on my shirts?" asked a Bohemian of his washerwoman.

"Shure, sir, because it's meself was thinkin, ye'd be afther needin, new shirts on the buttons."—Judge

Polite Gentleman (to lady in front, at the theatre)—I beg pardon, madam, but won't you be kind enough to press that flower on top of your hat, just a little?

Lady—Certainly. There. Will that do?

Yes, thank you. Now I can see the leading lady's bangs very nicely. I was wondering what color her hair was.

Biddy—Mr. Smith called to night when you were out.

Miss Clara—Oh, it is too bad! I think he would have proposed.

Biddy—He did, miss. He'll marry me next week.

Mamma—"Now remember, Bertram, you mustn't run too hard or you'll perspire and spoil your Fauntleroy shirt."

Bertie—"Yes, dearest."

Mamma—"And you mustn't wipe your nose on your Fauntleroy sash or mamma will have to whip you."

Bertie—"No, dearest."

Mamma—"Above all things, remember under no circumstances take your hat off because your Fauntleroy curls are sewed in the brim

Bobby—"Ma, I've pretty near out-grown my slippers, haven't I?"

Mamma—"Yes, Bobby.

"And say, ma, how long will it be before I outgrow your slippers?"

SUBSCRIBE

—FOR THE—

POCAHONTAS TIMES,

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interest to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN R. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, October, 17 1889. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 13.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. (C. E. Beard, Pres't. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

DOWN IN THE DELL.

"I will bring you a lovely cluster of wild roses, papa."

"Very well, Fannie; don't hurry back, for I think you linger too constantly beside my chair, and I want you to take a long ramble. I will read, dear."

And Andrew Mahr drew one of the papers that lay on a table near him on his knee, and unfolded it. Fannie bent and kissed his worn, tender face; and then, with the soft refrain of an old song on her lips, ran lightly down the path, and left him there in the shadow of the great tree before his door, with that ever-growing wistfulness in his eyes as they followed her, and that terrible, gnawing pain in his heart of which she was the centre.

"My only one—my one ewe lamb!" he murmured; "and have guided and guarded her for sixteen years, kept her life free of shadow or trial. And now—now when I know that my days are numbered, I can find in this whole wide world no single heart on which she can lean in that dreadful hour when she knows that I am no longer with her. If I might leave her wealth—gold will buy kindness; but she will be alone, poor, helpless—my tenderly cherished child!"

The cough that came so often and shook him so terribly stopped his murmured words, and when he drew down the handkerchief which he had lifted to his lips, it was stained with blood.

"My child!" he moaned—"my child! and she does not know my danger. How can I tell her?"

For she did not know that a shadow dark and dismal was upon him. He was weak; but that was all she knew. When the summer was over and autumn came, he had told her that he would be well and strong once more, and she believed him.

When two are all to all to each other, and there are none to whisper the warning, one of them never dreams of an hour when he or she will live in a world which shall know the other no more forever.

And so it was with the motherless girl who trilled her soft song as she went through the sunlight. She had but her father in all the vastness of the earth, and she did not dream that he was dying, as dies a tree, to the root of which some parasite has fastened itself to drain the stately life, unseen.

She went through the small garden of the Mahrs—for they were poor and their acres scanty—and out at a little gate and along the quiet country roadway. It was such a still, secluded spot to which Albert Mahr had taken his motherless child in that fierce tempest of grief which had swept over his soul as the clods fell on his dead wife's coffin.

There was no need for her to keep the broad hat over her sunny hair—no curious eyes would see—so she hung it on her arm and tripped lightly onward, stopping now and then to gather a wayside rose, as late, and fresh and sweet as any of the soft hued flowers that presently filled her hands.

She left the road at last and penetrated into a green dell beside it, where ferns grew thick and green.

"I will take some home," she said aloud, "papa will like them."

And she bent over some feathery friends, when a low moan made her start erect, pale and breathless.

"It sounded like a smothered cry of pain," she whispered. "What shall I do?"

But as the moan reached her again, this time sounding very clearly, the warm young heart in her bosom answered her question and sent her forward toward the sound.

Down in the deep, green heart of the dell she saw a man's form lying prostrate among a few loose stones and broken branches; and fearing nothing but loosing all her soft, sweet bloom in sudden pity, she hastened to the side of the fallen man.

"What is it?" she asked, falteringly. "You are in pain, are you not?"

But there was no answer; the moans had ceased. She bent lower, lower, then knelt and turned the face, until now hidden from her sight.

It was clear cut, handsome young—a face which she had seen many a time and oft flit by her simple home in the early morning or the twilight hours—the face of one who was looked up to for his wealth and position, his pride and his nobility. But as she looked on it now she saw only a blue line of pain about the well cut lips, and a white, senseless rigidity upon the whole handsome face.

"What shall I do!" she cried out, trembling so that the head slid from her hold and lay once more on the earth.

She looked about her. Yes, there was a small stream near. She ran to it, dipped in her handkerchief, and hastening back, bathed the white, set face.

Then a fear stole over her that he was dead—dead! and actual terror made her gray eyes fill with tears and sobs burst from her.

"Oh, please speak to me!" she cried imploringly—"try to speak! I am so—so frightened."

And suddenly the color rushed into the face below her, the lids flew up, and a pair of bonnie brown eyes met hers.

Would she ever forget the sense of relief, of joy, of gladness, that came as she knelt there and saw life flush back into Glynn Herno's face! Would he ever forget the strange sweetnes he found in those tearful, gray eyes, on those tremulous, red lips, in the soft, shy, troubled face that colored as he looked upon it!

"Have I alarmed you?" he asked, lifting himself on his elbow, as she drew away. "I had a fall here, and my ankle is sprained. That is all, I think, but the pain was terrible. I felt myself growing faint with it, and called."

"Yes," she said, trying to check her sobs; "I heard you, and when I reached here I thought you dead."

She shivered as she said the last word, and he smiled a little.

"Poor child! he said, gently; "you are terribly shaken, and I am so sorry to have been the cause of it. Now, what is to be done with me? I cannot walk, for it was the attempt to stand that gave me such agony."

He sat up, and made a wry face as he moved the injured foot.

He had removed the boot before Fannie's arrival, and she could see that the foot was swelling rapidly.

"If you would let me help you," she said, shyly "perhaps you could get to my home and papa would know what to do for you. It is not far—only beyond sight there."

"Perhaps," he said, dubiously, looking at the slight figure, with the ghost of a smile in his eyes. "I will try not to tax your strength too greatly; but if I might lean a little on your shoulder—my foot is perfectly useless, and the ankle burns like fire."

So, after a few moments of hesitation and many a keen pang to Glynn Herno, which he bore in silence, but with whitening lips, the two reached Fannie's home, and considerably startled Mr. Mahr, who saw them advance haltingly toward him.

In half an hour the young man—until then a stranger to them, but to be a stranger no more forever to Albert Mahr and his fair daughter—was lying comfortably on a sofa in the tiny parlor, his foot swathed in bandages, which Fannie kept moist and cool, awaiting the carriage which had been sent for but half wishing that he might remain where he was, ministered to by those small, white hands—looked on so sympathetically by those tender eyes—and spoken to so kindly by that gentle old man, whose face was so wan and shadowy in the fading day that it made his heart ache to look upon it.

Perhaps it was the shadow that touched her unconscious brow—the terrible pain and loss which he so clearly foresaw for her, and which he saw she neither dreamed of nor feared—that first awakened a tenderness for her in Glynn Herno's breast.

Be it as it may, when he was borne toward his home, the memory of a girl's sweet face went with him and made him half unconscious of his pain.

And during the week that followed, while he was unable to use his foot in any way, that sweet face seemed to hover near him always, and the longing to see it again grew with every passing hour.

When at last he could wear a slipper, he allowed his longing to send him to her pretty, simple home; and he found such a charm there that he went again and again day after day, even after his ankle had grown strong and well.

And Mr. Mahr, praying daily for a friend for his child in the time when she would so sorely need one, did not perceive the the fact that God, in sending Glynn Herno, had sent her all for which his tender lips supplicated, until the evening in the gloaming, when the two men sat alone in the little porlor, and Glynn told him of the love which had grown in his heart for Fannie and asked him for permission to woe her for his wife.

The old man bowed his white head, and a thanksgiving to heaven lay softly on his lips; then he put out his hand and clasped Glynn's weakly but warmly.

"Good bless you!" he said with a falter in his voice. "I am gooing from her, and it was so hard to leave her all alone! Now—now I shall not fear for her future, for you are all a man should be, and she cares for you, I know. Win her whole heart, make her love you as her mother loved me in my youth, and I shall close my eyes knowing that she will sorrow for me indeed, but be firmly sustained with her hand in yours, your love about her."

And so it was. She was a happy wife when the shaft of sorrow struck her, and Glynn's heart was her shield against it.

Jones—"I saw Blinkins yesterday. He is doing first rate and has a new watch and chain."

Brown—"He must have gotten down to steady work."

"Yes, he has. He's in the penitentiary."

His Life for His Brothers.

The following story is preserved in the Bodleion Library at Oxford:

The tower door of St. Leonard's Church, Bridgenorth, England, was left open, and two young boys wandering in, were tempted to mount up into the upper part and scramble from beam to beam.

All at once a joist gave way. The beam on which they were standing became displaced. The elder had just time to grasp it when falling, while the younger, slipping over his body, caught hold of his comrade's legs.

In this fearful position the poor lads hung, crying vainly for help for no one was near. At length the boy clinging to the beam became exhausted. He could no longer support the double weight. He called out to the lad below that they were both done for.

"Could you save yourself if I were to loose you?" replied the lit, tle lad.

"I think I could," returned the older.

"Then good-bye, and God bless you!" cried the little fellow, losing his hold.

Another second and he was dashed to pieces on the stone floor below, his companion clambering to a place of safety.

He Got a Loan.

The other evening a citizen who stood at the corner of Woodward and Jefferson avenues was asked by a stranger for a nickel to pay car fare up Michigan avenue.

"You look able to walk," was the reply.

"So I am; but I'm in a great hurry."

"It strikes me as pretty checky for a tramp to beg money to ride on when his legs are all right."

"My dear man this is an exceptional case. I was up that avenue to day and met a citizen who pitied my forlorn condition. He didn't have any boodle with him just then but promised to give me fifty cents if I would meet him at the corner of Fifteenth street at 9 o'clock.

It is now 8:30. I can't make it on foot. If I don't get a nickle I am gone up for that half. Please look at the case with a business eye and favor me with the loan."

He was favored and he got on the front end of the car, so as to get there seventeen feet ahead of the rear platform.

Mrs. Chitchat (caller)—"Why, my dear Mrs. Starvem what is the matter? You look distressed."

Mrs. Starvem (boarding house landlady)—"Oh, the awfulest thing has happened! You remember Mr. Griggs, who used to board here at $9 a week, and was such a comfort to me?"

Mrs. C.—"Yes. You said he had scarcely any teeth left, and could barely eat a thing. Didn't cost any more to keep than a kitten."

Mrs. S.—"That's the one. Oh, he's a villian! He came back yesterday, and I let him have board at only $8 a week, and now I find he's got a new set of false teeth, and eats like a [illegible]."

Superintendent of an Electric Railway, to applicant for a position.—"What is your name?"

Applicant—"Wood, sir."

"You want to be appointed conductor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can't take you, sir."

"Why not?"

"Electric experts say that Wood is a poor conductor."

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL.
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Half col'n	4.00	12.00	20.00	30.00
One col'n	10.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

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Huntersville, W. Va.

October 17, 1889.

Thomas Dunn, murdered Geo. Moore, on the 13 inst. at Rawlsburg by shooting him in the head.

Charles Adkins, a notorious Raleigh county, W. Va., cattle thief, has been arrested and jailed.

The Wheeling, W. Va., business men have subscribed $12,000 to make a thorough test for natural gas in that vicinity.

Mr. Dana's $20,000 solitaire for the world's fair is grand, gloomy and peculiar in its unrelieved loneliness.

Learned philosopher in Hartford has announced the discovery that the dust of the streets is mud dried and pulverized.

Jack the Ripper sees so little of detectives that he probably would not know one of these astute officials if he were to meet him.

The famous Tabernacle, of which Dr. Talmage is pastor was destroyed by fire in N. Y., on the 13. Loss about $150,000, insurance $125,000.

William Young, of Putnam county, W. Va., was at the bottom of a forty foot well cleaning it out, when a heavy oak box dropped on his head. He will recover.

Harry E. Seymour, of Wheeling, W. Va., who was indicted for stealing $27,300 from the Bank of Wheeling, has skipped his bail bond of $4,000.

In a single blast at the Sawyer mines in Montgomery county, Md., five tons of rock were thrown out, which will average $3,000 per ton. Particles of stone were held together by threads of gold.

William Craig is one of the most remarkable men in Pulaski county, Va. He is 85 years old, the father of twenty-one children, the youngest being twenty-nine years of age. His wife is eighty-four, and his oldest son sixty-five. He works on the farm every day, and says he feels as young as he did forty years ago.

The Aylesbury and Durham Railroad are experimenting with the Norman invention. This consists of the track and ties being covered with dirt, only the top of the rail being exposed. The spikes are not driven down tightly, but give the rail three-eighths of an inch play. This allows the rail to crawl somewhat in front of the train, giving a smooth riding road. The experiment was a success.

The Conviction of Tom O'Connor, Jr., of Meridan, Texas, in a murder Case, is somewhat remarkable. O'Connor killed a man named John Lee eighteen years ago. He escaped and went to New Orleans. He heard of his father's death, and instructed an attorney to bring suit for $25,000 his share of the estate. The filing of the suit led to his arrest. The court sentenced him to ninety-nine years' imprisonment.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Oct 11.—President Harrison has not passed a pleasant week, politically speaking. First Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson, returned from a pilgrimage he made to Mahone's home, at President Harrisons suggestion, and brought back bad news. That was a terrible disappointment as Mahone had made the President believe that he was certain to carry Virginia. Then came the news that Indianapolis his old home, had gone democratic, and to add to the discomfort caused by this news, several private telegrams gave the information that the Ex Union soldiers were responsible for it, and that they intended it as a rebuke for the removal of Tanner. The same news has created a stampede among the Ohio republicans here. They recognize the fact that if anything like the same rate dissatisfaction is shown in the soldier vote in that state as was exhibited at Indianapolis their chances of carrying the state are gone glimmering into the limbo of might have beens.

The only member of the administration that is not disappointed at Mahones waning prospects in Virginia is Mr. Blaine. He has never liked Mahone, and has never taken any trouble to conceal his dislike.

Much excitement was created among democrats here early in the week by the publication of a telegram stating that Hon. Samuel J. Randall would never again be able to occupy his seat in the House. Later news allayed it. A telegram direct from Mr. Randall stated that his health was much better than for several years, and that he would be in Washington in the course of a few weeks prepared to take an active part in the proceedings of the House. Samuel Randalls valuable services will be constantly needed by the minority this winter.

Some amusement has been created here by the fact that ex Senator Kellog went all the way to Chicago to fire a broadside into Harrisons manner of distributing the offices in the South, through the medium of a newspaper interview. Kellog got very badly left, and the grapes are consequently very, very sour.

The Knights Templar and their friends in attendance upon the twenty fourth triennial conclave of the order here had entire possession of Washington this week. They have paraded 25,000 strong have been reviewed and received at a special reception by the President; have been wined, dined and feted by hospitable Washingtonians; have made pilgrimages to and held special services at the grave of their deceased brother, G. Washington Esq., and have to a man eye, and to a woman too, expressed themselves in favor of Washington as the place for holding the Worlds Exposition in 1892.

S. G. Brock, of Missouri, who was defeated in the first Congressional district of that state at the last election by Representative Hatch, has been appointed chief of the bureau of statistics of the Treasury department.

The silver senate jubilant over the appointment of Edward O. Leech, of the District of Columbia, to be Director of the Mint. They expect that the new official will so construe the law as to compell the Government to purchase and coin the full amount of silver bullion authorized by law—$4,000,000 per month. A curious thing about his indorsers, which were principally from the Pacific coast, was that both New York Senators were among them. He has been connected with the mint bureau since its organization in 1873.

Secretary Noble is not popular with his colleagues in the Cabinet, and if the republicans lose Ohio, as now seems extremely probable, they will doubtless make things too unpleasant for him to stay. They blame him for not smoothing up the Tanner business and saving the administration from its present embarrassing position with the soldier vote. He takes things very easily and says he has nothing to regret, and further that he intends to see to it that no subordinate official shall usurp any of prerogatives belonging properly to the Secretary of the Interior.

The navy department has decided to accept the gun boat "Petrel," and the contractors have been notified to deliver her at the Norfolk navy yard.

Considerable surprise has been created here by the announcement that ex Representative Glover, of Missouri had entered the Senatorial contest in that State in opposition to Senator Vest.

The government of Switzerland has voluntarily apologized for the imprisonment of an American citizen travelling in that country.

Examination.

I will hold my last examination at Green Bank, on Saturday Octb 26, beginning at eight o'clock, A M.

M. G. MATHEWS,
Co., Supt.

The teachers of Green Bank District are requested to meet me the 26, at 2 o'clock, for the purpose of organizing a District Institute and a reading circle.

M. G. MATHEWS.

MASONIC NOTICE.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE NO. 63, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'ty.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—"The melancholy days have come",
And now we change our ways,
We've got to put our flannel on
And scratch for forty days.

—THE TIMES is one day late this week on account of the illness of our pressman, and being unable to get one in time.

—Mrs J. J. Beard, is quite ill.

—A little snow the first of the week.

—See change in Dr. J. H. Weymouth's notice.

—We understand Mrs. M. Wallace, of Mill Point is very ill.

—Everybody come to court next week and come in to see us, and the rest, you know.

—Wm. H. Cackley, of Dunmore passed through town last Saturday, on his way to Ronceverte.

—Mr. McElwee of the firm of Smith & McElwee, of Dunmore was in Huntersville last Saturday.

—C. J. Stulting and family, of Hillsboro, were at the Huntersville Hotel one night this week.

The thief who stole H. Flenner's horse near Traveler's Repose was lodged in jail at this place last week.

—The Huntersville Hotels have been making extensive preparations for the entertainment of their guests next week during Court.

—We acknowledge a pleasant call from Bernard McElwee Esq., of Dunmore, of the firm of McElwee & Nottingham.

—Jno. E. Campbell is still unable to attend to the publication of the TIMES; his brother Harry came home a few days ago to help him.

—The next session of the Pocahontas County Musical Association will be held on Elk, Oct. 24,25 and 26. All lovers of music expected to attend.

—The funeral sermon of James Pyles, will be preached Oct. 27 in the Beaver creek school house, by Rev. Josia Miller, of Augusta Co., Va.

—Thanks be to the Good, there is one more Democrat in our old State, in the person of a fine boy, born to Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Snyder, on the 12th.

—Rev. G. P. Hannah, of Frost, held a quarterly meeting on Top of Alleghany, from last Saturday in Sept. to first Friday in Oct., resulting in the conversion of 23 souls.

—Judge J. A. Guthrie, of Charleston, is expected to hold the approaching term of the Circuit Court for Pocahontas County. Judge Campbell not being able to attend.

—Baldness is catching says a scientist. It's catching flies in summer time. Use Hall's Hair Renewer and cover the bald place with healthy hair and flies won't trouble.

—Rev. James H. McCown, formerly in charge of the Presbyterian Churches in this section of the County, has been in the neighborhood for some days visiting his friends.

—Mr. Fonts, who carries the mail from Mountain Grove to Huntersville, is past 75 years' old but is still more active and vigorous than half the young men. One evening last week he climbed to the top of a large tree by the roadside and shook down a coon for his dog.

—When the hair shows signs of fading, being at once to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. this preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of new hair, restores the natural color to gray and faded hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.

—Catarrh is in the blood. No cure for this loathsome and danger disease is possible until the poison is thoroughly eradicated from the system. For this purpose, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best and most economical medicine. Price $1. Six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Green Bank Items.

Mr. John Hevener and sister Miss Mattie, started to Monterey, Saturday, to meet their sister Miss Lou, who has been on an extended visit to relatives in Va.

The Ladies succeeded with their festival on the 12th, beyond their expectations, notwithstanding the storm which no doubt prevented several persons from attending. A handsome sum was realized. The liberality manifested was highly appreciated. Fine music was rendered by Miss Jones, of Doe Hill, which added very much to the interest of the occasion, which, all things considered was a very enjoyable one.

Married, on the 9th inst., by Rev. W. H. Ballengee, Mr. Joe Sheets, of Augusta Co. to Miss Annie R. Sutton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs Sam'l G. Sutton.

PAULINA.

Traveler's Repose Locals.

The horse which was stolen from H. Flener has been recovored an also the thief.

Miss Ella Pritchard has returned to her home at Dunmore, after a short visit in this vicinity.

Miss Lena Burner has left for Dr. Ligon's, where she expects to spend a few weeks.

Miss Jennie Clark, of Academy will commence school at this place Nov, 4.

J. Flenner, of Dunmore, is visiting his brother Henry.

We have a very successful prayermeeting both Wednesday and Thursday nights.

C. M. Keller is quite ill, supposed to have diphtheria.

E. G. W. W.

Thomas' Run Items.

Dr. Ligan, was recently called to the bedside of Jas. Bird, but we are glad to say he is convalescent.

Mr. Zinn and family, of Huttonsville were visiting relatives in this vicinity, but has returned home.

Robt. McGlaughlin and family are visiting in Va.

Rev. Ballengee will commence a protracted meeting at Baxter church Tuesday night Oct. 15th.

Rev. Jas. McCown, is visiting Mr. Jno. McCutcheon.

Floyd R. Stalnaker, has returned from a trip to the top of Alleghany.

Prof. Swecker, the wellknown architect, of Dunmore has completed Robt. McGlaughlin's house.

Success to THE TIMES, as it comes out in fine stile and good print, and we believe it receives a warm reception wherever it goes.

OBSERVER.

Dunmore Doings.

A little snow.

Jas. Bird is on the sick list.

C. B. Swecker, has been "laid up" for a week or more with a couple of large carbuncles on the back of his head.

Mrs. Newton Moore is some better.

Dr. O. J. Campbell was here last week operating on the mouth organs.

Mr. Pritchard and wife are off on a visit to Covington, Va.

Mr. Zinn and wife, of Huttonsville are here on a visit.

Geo. Taylor, of Highland and Joe Taylor, of Rockingham, are visiting their brother Jacob, K. Taylor.

Mr. Kircandall lost a fine horse at Dunmore, Monday.

Singing at Baxter church Sunday night.

Jessie Patterson has returned from the Webster Springs, much improved in health, but brought a pair of mumps back with him.

This is about the time for the grandjury to look up the Jamaica ginger business and also the bad roads, and persons who act the fool fight &c.

Dunmore is to have a new organ for her church soon.

Miss. Mary Beard has commenced her school at Cross road.

B. McElwe is off for Ronceverte

C. H. Heighton, the jewelryman of Elgin, O., is here.

Jno. A. Kerr is off on a visit to Weston, to see his betsy.

If nothing happens, Swecker will be in Huntersville next week.

Zane B. Grimes, of this place received his pension last week, and back pay amounting to $1,284.

TOM SAWYER.

To All Whom it May Concern.

I expect to be in Huntersville on the first day of October Circuit, Court, and all who are indebted to me on subscription, job work, or advertising, as former owner of THE TIMES, are requested to pay the amounts to my former agents at their respective places, or to Attorney L. M. McClintic, on or before that date. All accounts not paid on or before that date will be put out for immediate collection. This is positively the *last* notice.

Respectfully,
JAS. B. CANFIELD.

SHEEP SHEEP!

Public Sale of Personal Property.

I Will offer at Public Sale to the highest Bidder on Thursday the 31st, day of October 1889, at the Poor Farm the following property:

Thirty head of fine ewes, 11 year old Steers, 10 yearlings, 5 Cows, 3 Calves, 8 stacks of Hay, 200 bushels of Wheat, 100 bushels of Corn, 100 bushels of Oats, 1 spring wagon, 1 Horse and other sundry articles. Terms of sale: All sums over $5.00, a credit of 8 months will be given, the purchaser giving bond and good security.

J. W. BOLTON.

An Editor's Adventure.

From the New York Star.

"I once had another experience," the old editor continued, "not far from the same locality, between 2 and 3 o'clock of the morning, after I had got out from my night's work at the editorial desk. In a solitary and dimly lighted part of Frankfort street, through which I was trudging. I became aware, unexpectedly, that some one stood in the shadow of an old building. I was suddenly confronted by three rough looking characters, one of whom brought his face close up to mine, and said in a low voice: 'Got any money, mister?' 'Money?' I replied, while standing as cool as a cucumber, 'Money! Yes, I've got a pocketful;' and I jingled some silver in the pocket of my trousers. 'How much do you want?' I asked. 'Got a quarter about yer?' he gruffly said, as he stood beside his two pals. 'A quarter, you fool?' I replied, 'a quarter! take a half dollar, and go away from me.' 'And you,' I said to each of the two others 'here is a half for you and go away from me!' The men were astounded, took the money, cried, 'Hurrah for you!' 'Thank you,' and decamped along a side street. I suppose that, if I had not done as I did, I would have been knocked down and robbed, but, as it happened, I saved myself from that fate, and am waiting for other adventures after midnight."

The Problem of Education.

Mr. W. H. H. Murray, of Boston, once a preacher, and now a Bohemian, has been called many rough names, but nobody has ever called him a fool.

The other day Mr. Murray lectured in Boston on "The *Problem* of Education," and some of his views deserve to be considered by every thoughtful citizen.

Our present system of education, the lecturer thinks, falls short of what it should be. It is a great mistake to suppose that wisdom is to be found between the covers of a book and absorbed by the reader. It is not true education to stuff a child's mind with the contents of text books. Too much of what is taught in our schools educates the pupil away from a useful life. The child is led to believe that useful lines of employment are beneath him, and that it is more genteel to be idle than to be a toiler. Such a system of education is a mistaken system. It is not peculiar to the public schools alone; it runs through our entire educational system. What is needed is an education that will send every pupil into the world prepared and determined to do something useful.

Undoubtedly Mr. Murray is on the right line, and the popularity of our industrial schools shows that the people are with him. In this practical age education is judged by its results. The system yielding a product of well equipped, industrious and successful men is the best.

What makes success? The Scientific American answers this question. It says: "Ninety-nine per cent of ambition to try, and one per cent of talent, will insure success in whatever we undertake."

NOTICE.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas at the Court house thereof

ON THE 12th DAY OF JULY 1889

It is ordered that in Medical attention to the poor, that no claims, hereafter be allowed, unless the physician living nearest said pauper, shall be employed and it is further ordered that this Court will allow physicians for the first visit to a pauper, without an order from the overseer of the Poor: but will not allow for further visits unless the overseer of the District will certify that such other visits were necessary.
(At the rates established by this court)

A Copy Teste
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

PUBLIC SALE.

I will sell at public auction at the store House of H. Nathan, at Academy, Pocahontas Co., W. Va, on

THURSDAY THE 24TH DAY OF OCTOBER 1889

Continuing from day to day, the following property, levied upon by me, to satisfy, executions in my hands for collection, against said H. Nathan, in favor of Ellis McCarty, N. Stalting, Boykin Carmin & Co., Gokmalga Tobacco, Co., Greer & Laing, Simon Barrs & Co., and Parsons & Emmins, to-wit, the stock of goods of said H. Nathan consisting of Dry Goods, Hardware Queensware, Glassware, Nails, Shoes, Hats and all other articles in said store Machine oil, about 2,000 feet of lumber partly dressed, Tin Roofing &c.

Terms of Sale, Cash. Sale to begin at 10 o'clock a. m.

J. M. CUTLIP.
Constable Pocahontas Co.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	8 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

October 17, 1889.

Nurse (to fashionable mother): "The baby is very restless, ma'am. I can't do anything with her."

Fashionable Mother: "She's teething, I suppose?"

Nurse—Yes'm. I think if you was to take her in your arms a little while, it might soothe her."

Fashionable Mother—"I? Impossible. I haven't the time to spare. I am just making ready to attend a meeting of the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Give baby some paregoric."

Yellowly—"Why, Brownly, how bad you look this morning. Did you sleep any last night?"

Brownly—"Not a wink."

Y.—"Anybody sick?"

B.—"I am."

Y.—"What's the matter?"

B.—"Well, you see, my wife has been in the habit of going through my pockets at night, and I thought what was good for the gander was good for the goose, so after she fell asleep last night I arose and set out to go through her pocket."

Y.—"Get anything?"

B.—"No. Searched the dress over and over, spent the whole night at it, but couldn't find the pocket."

Sharp Parent (at head of stairs)—"Clara! It's time for you to go to bed."

Clara (in the parlor)—"Why, pa, Mr. Greene is here!"

"Oh! I beg pardon. I thought it was Mr. Brown, and I haven't any patience with Mr. Brown. He always kisses you with such loud smacks that it wakes me up. Stay as long as you please, Mr. Greene. You are always welcome."

Mr. Greene—"I'm!—thank you, but I was just getting ready to go, and I—I promised my chum I'd be back early. Good night!"

Editor' fiercely, to office boy—"See here, boy! If you let another poet in here this week, I'll break every bone in your body and hang you up for a towel. Mind you, now. No long haired person comes into this office hereafter."

Office boy, meekly—"Yes, sir."

Editor, three hours later—"Who was that beautiful young lady who turned in from the street and then went away again?"

Office boy—"That was the new bankers, daughter Miss Lovelydot, and she wanted to subscribe. But I had to follow your orders, sir."

I have just perfected a machine— His Wife: Yes that's it. Why don't you invent a machine to help me with my work instead of inventing something to do the work for the men so that they can loaf about and drink beer! Inventor: Thats just what I have done. I've invented a contrivance that will save two-thirds of your time. Wife: is that so? You are a dear darling of a husband after all! What is it you have invented for me? Inventor: A talking machine.

Mrs. Norash—I don't see why you can't be more careful. You might save a good deal out of your income if you'd try.

Mr. Norash—Huh! Look at Lighthead. He saveh up $2,000 and went to a horse race yesterday, bet on the wrong horse, and lost every cent of it. Now he's dead—killed himself. I was there with him and lost all I had, too, but it wasn't enough to bother about.

Wife—"The 29th of February we shall celebrate our silver wedding. Don't you think we ought to kill the fat pig and have a feast?"
Husband—"Kill the fat pig! I don't see how the unfortunate animal is to blame for what happened twenty five years ago."

"Young man," said the long haired passenger to the occupant of the seat ahead," do you know that I have never spent a dollar for liquor in my whole life?" Really,"responded the young man, turning half way round with a look of great interest in his face. How do you work it?"

Scrupulous post office clerk—"No, sir, I can't cash your money order unless you can prove your identity."

Stranger, after searching his pockets in vain for letters' etc.—"Oh, here is my photograph, won't that convince you?"

Clerk' examining it closely—"Well, yes' there seems to be no doubt about that. How much is your order for, sir?"

Brown—"It is a very strange thing about that suicide last night No apparent motive can be found."

Mrs. Brown—"Was the poor man married?"

"Didn't I just tell you there was no apparent motive?"

American editor, in a town which has just been swept by fire and flood—"Was anything saved from the wreck?"

Foreman—"I have dug out a few handfuls of type some boot blacking and a bundle of wrapping paper."

"Good! Tell the newsboys we will have an extra out in half an hour."

Mrs. Sevenup—"Yes I like this flat very much but, fortunately, we have only taken it by the month because we will have to move out."
Caller—"Why, what is the matter?"
"Some very dear friends of ours have taken a flat in this same building, and you know it's perfectly horrid to have friends so close."

Little boy—"Our cook has gone away and I'm awful glad. Now mamma will have to make the cake and mamma's cake is always heavy."

Guest—"Well, I declare! Do you prefer heavy cake?"

"Yes'm. You get more chewin' in one piece."

"Hello, Lamb, are you still striking it rich in Wall street?"

"No; in fact, I lost all that I had there!"

"I'm sorry for that. What are you doing now?"

"Just now I'm writing 'Tips for Speculators, for the daily press."

SUBSCRIBE

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POCAHONTAS TIMES,

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry. It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interest to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, November, 14 1889. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 17.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Co. Court, (G. B. Beard, Pres't, M. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,
Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,
Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. SNYDER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

DR. S. P. PATTERSON,
Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

MARCHHARE'S WILL.

If there hadn't been a touch of—well, to put it mildly—a touch of eccentricity about old John Marchhare, he would have hardly made such a will.

Several years before the vessel in which he was returning from the West Indies went down at sea with near all on board John Marchhare was picked up by one of the boats, clinging to a little girl—a mere child—whose life he had saved, while her relatives and all who knew her were among the lost.

From the little stranger thus thrown upon his care he did not turn away. She was too young to give any account of her parents or family; and all subsequent efforts to discover her kindred or whence she came proved fruitless. John Marchhare adopted her and took her to his home and heart.

Having neither wife nor child, he felt free to do as he would with his handsome fortune; and it pleased him that it should go to his adopted daughter—"provided," so ran his will "that if my said adopted daughter should marry during the lifetime of brother, Edward Marchhare, whom I hereby constitute her guardian, without the approval of my said brother, then the foregoing bequests and devises shall become void, and my whole estate shall go to my said brother."

This was an eccentric will; but, we have already said John Marchhare was an eccentric man. It is easy to see that it was left to Alice Marchhare, as she was called, the threefold choice of accepting a husband of her guardian's selection, of remaining single during his lifetime, or of forfeiting her fortune. That it was thus made the interest of Edward Marchhare to oppose any match that might be offered to Alice was a point that probably did not occur to the testator, or, more likely still, he knew his brother better than to suspect that sordid motives would ever sway him in fulfilling a trust committed to his conscience.

Alice had barely reached womanhood when her benefactor died; but when it was known how John Marchhare's will read and the power it gave his brother, suitors swarmed around about the young lady and her guardian, and it is hardly told to which they were the most obsequious.

George Preston had not waited for the publication of John Marchhare's will as the signal for falling in love with Alice, as several others had done, in spite of her beauty. The truth is, he had been in that state as far back as he could remember. And Alice, we may as well let the reader know, had always liked George.

But when George Preston asked Mr. Edward Marchhare's permission to tender his hand to Alice, the old gentleman shook his head.

"Have you a home to offer her?" he asked, "or means to support her?" he added, before George, in his confusion, could find an answer.

"Perhaps," he continued, giving the young man no time to recover himself—"perhaps you think Alice's fortune sufficient for both. Now, whether she shall have one or not"——

"Is a question I have never stopped to ask," broke in George, indignantly.

"Whether she shall have a fortune or not," said Mr. Marchhare, disregarding the interruption, "depends on her not marrying in opposition to my wishes; and I shall certainly never wish to see her wedded to a man willing to be dependent for a living on the bounty of his wife."

"You much mistake me," cried George, with flushed face, "if you rank me in that class. I have strength and energy"——

"But as yet they are untried," said Alice's guardian, without waiting for him to finish. "I am willing to put you to the test, however. Return in three years the possessor of $5,000 saved from your own earnings, and if Alice then consents to hear your offer I shall not oppose it."

George's face brightened. A much severer ordeal would not have daunted him. And when he took leave of Alice though there was no formal plighting of troth between them, he had no misgiving lest the end of three years should not find her faithfully waiting his return.

* * * * * *

The allotted time had nearly gone by before George, after many struggles and hardships, had succeeded in laying up the sum which entitled him to appear and claim of Marchhare the fulfillment of his promise.

At a railway station, the last stopping place on his journey home he went into the refreshment room for supper. He had not half finished the scanty repast when the bell, and the summons of the porters, caused a general commotion and rush for the train. George caught up his overcoat, and followed the rest.

On reaching his destination he was about to draw on his overcoat preparatory to leaving the carriage, when for the first time he discovered that the garment he had brought from the supper-room was not his own. It was similar in color and material, but the attempt to put it on at once revealed the difference. He was thunderstruck at the discovery. In a secret pocket of his own coat was the banknotes which had cost him three years of anxious toil, and which represented so many precious hopes.

He wildly ran among the dispersing passengers, looking sharply at every man he met, as though expecting to find upon him the object of his search. But all in vain; it was nowhere to be seen.

With a vague purpose of advertising everywhere, and telegraphing in all directions, he was hurrying rapidly along, when whom should he meet but Mr. Marchhare?

George's first greeting was to blurt out his loss.

"I am very sorry," said the old gentleman, gravely; "but you know my conditions; and with respect to their fulfillment, it seems you are just where you started."

"Give me but another chance," cried George. "I can earn double as much in the same time. I will work night and day to do it!"

"Your time is up to-day," said Mr. Marchhare, "and I have promised my old friend, Wells, in the event of your failure, that his son Lawrence may pay his addresses to Alice to-morrow. The young man, though well enough in something of a fop, and I doubt if Alice will listen to his suit. Ah, here he comes! Shall I introduce you?"

"Stewp thief! stewp thief!" shouted a foppish look youth, rushing forward and seizing George by the collar.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed George, flushing under the hand so rudely laid upon him.

"What's the matter, Lawrence?" asked Mr. Marchhare, astonished at the proceeding.

"Mattah! mattah enough, I should say! Why, that the fellah stawle my cwoat! There it is now on his arm."

"Come, come!" interpose Mr. Marchhare; "mistakes will happen sometimes."

"Mistwake!" sneered Lawrence Wells. "A vewy likely mistwake, seeing mine's twice the best cwoat, and his is more than a yeah behind fwashion. I'm almost ashwamed to be sween in it; I am, upon my swoul. But I'll have satisfaction. I'll cawll the police!

After a quick glance at the young man's apparel, George flung aside the coat on his arm, and, placing a hand on each of the dandy's shoulders, got him out of the one he had on, in a manner more expeditious than gentle. Hastily examining the secret pocket, George found his money safe; and Lawrence Wells was convinced, under all the circumstances, that there had, indeed, been a mistake. Mr. Marchhare took him aside, and explained that his call on Alice must be postponed for the present. We need scarcely add that it never took place.

Franklin's Words of Wisdom.

If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

If you would know the value of money, try to borrow some.

Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open.

Want of care does more harm than want of knowledge.

The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands.

By diligence and perseverance the mouse cuts the cable in two.

Now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good morrow.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

Industry need not wish; and he that lives upon hope will die fasting.

For age and want save while you may; no morning sun lasts all the day.

Lying rides upon debt's back; it is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

Work to-day, for you know not how you may be hindered to-morrow.

Long—I wonder if Brown has had any trouble since he moved out West, Short. He was continually getting in a tight box when he lived here.

Short—Yes, he has had some trouble. He's in a tight box now, so I am told.

Long—Indeed?

Short—Yes; he's dead and buried.

Discharged Employe—Have you any doubts of my honesty?

Employer—Not the least.

Employe—Then why do you discharge me?

Employer—For that very reason.

"Darling, when we are married will you stay at home every night?"

"Yes, Ethel."

"And I can have a box at the opera?"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"And I can go to all the fashionable balls?"

"Yes, beloved."

"I shall be so happy!"

Don't be too severe on the man who scolds his wife in public. Perhaps that is the only time he dares to do so.

CANDIDATE BOWSER.

"Well what do you think?" queried Mr. Bowser, as he looked up at me across the supper table one evening.

"You—you haven't been and bought another horse, Mr. Bowser?"

Horse! Can't you think of anything but horse? I suppose you'll throw that horse up to me to your dying day?"

"I'm so glad you have decided not to buy another! Is it some more chickens, or a new fire-escape, or another dog to eat us up?"

He turned pale and refused to say another word for two hours. Then he could hold himself no longer, and he [illegible] observed:

"I suppose you will feel proud of the title Mrs. Ald. Bowser."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. You are soon to be known as Mrs. Ald. Bowser."

"Are you going to run for office?"

"I am. It was all settled this afternoon. I am going to be nominated for alderman of this ward."

"Mr. Bowser, is it possible that you are going to let them lead you into any such foolishness? I thought you had a more level head than that, in spite of your mistakes."

"My mistakes!" he shouted. "I never made one in my life, except when I married you! Level head! I'd like to see someone who carries a more level head than I do!"

"And so you are going to be alderman?"

"If I live."

"But what for?"

"Because it is the wish of the people. My country calls. The committee have canvassed the ward and concluded that I was not only the best man for the office, but the only one who stood any show against the vicious opposition. It is a sacrifice on my part, but the true patriot must sacrifice."

"I'm so sorry!"

"So sorry! For what? Because I have been selected above all others! Because honors have been thrust upon me! Mrs. Bowser, you have never appreciated the man you married, and you probably never will."

"Well, I shan't say any more. I think it is a put-up job to get money out of you, and I know what a gang will be running here after you. It's your own affair, however. Don't blame me if you get left."

"There you go! Always opposed to me! I can plainly see why some men never get along. If I had a wife like some I know of I'd have been Governor of the State long ago. I'm going to run, however, and after I'm elected you'll probably be just mean enough to say you brought it about."

I didn't say any more. As soon as he left the house next morning I prepared for visitors, and I wasn't disappointed. He was hardly out of sight before the bell rang, and I opened the door to find a dirty-looking fellow with his hat on his ear who asked:

"Is Bowser at home?"

"No, sir."

"Gone out pretty early, doesn't he? Leave any money for me?"

"No, sir."

"He didn't, eh? Purty specimen of a candidate he is! Expects us to do all the figgerin' for nothin, does he?"

"Who are you, sir?"

"Who am I?" he repeated as he cocked his hat a little more and spit over his shoulder. "I'm the [illegible]

[Continued on fourth page.]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

November 14, 1889.

DEMOCRATIC VICTORY

EVERYTHING DEMOCRATIC.

A GRAND WALKOVER FOR THE DEMOCRATS.

The South is Faithful to the Democracy of Jefferson and Jackson.

VIRGINIA.

Virginia gives McKinney a majority of over 42,000. The House stands 19 Democrats, 14 Republicans; doubtful, one. The Senate stands: Democrats, 29; Republicans 9, and one doubtful. This is the smallest representation the Republicans have had in the Legislature in the history of the State.

OHIO.

Campbell's plurality in Ohio is over 10,000 and the Legislature will be Democratic by nine on joint ballot.

IOWA.

Boies, Democrat, elected Governor of Iowa by 7,000 votes. The legislature has eight Republican majority.

NEW YORK.

New York is Democratic by over 20,000.

NEW JERSEY

New Jersey elected her Democratic Governor by over 10,000.

The Democrats make large gains all over the country.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

The President has issued a proclamation appointing Thursday, November 28th, as a day of national thanksgiving. He says: "A highly favored people, mindful of their dependence on the bounty of Divine Providence, should seek fitting occasion to testify gratitude and ascribe praise to Him who is author of their many blessings. It behooves us, then, to look back with thankful hearts over the past year, and bless God for His infinite mercy in vouchsafing to our land enduring peace, to our people freedom from pestilence and famine, to our husbandmen abundant harvests and to them that labor a recompense of their toil."

He recommends that the day "be set apart as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer, and that the people of our country, ceasing from the cares and labors of their working day, shall assemble in their respective places of worship and give thanks to God, who has prospered us on our way and made our paths the paths of peace; beseeching Him to bless the day to our present and future good making it truly one of thanksgiving for each re-united home as for the nation at large."

SALE OF REAL ESTATE FOR TAXES.

—o—O—o—

Notice is hereby given that the following decribed tracts or lots of land, in the county of Pocahontas, which are delinquent for the non-payment of taxes for the years 1887 and 1888, will be offered for sale by the undersigned sheriff, at public auction at the front door of the Court House of said county, between the hours of ten in the morning and four in the afternoon on the 10 day of December, 1889, that being the second Tuesday in the month. Each tract or lot, or so much thereof as shall be necessary, will be sold for so much cash, as is sufficient to satisfy the amount due thereon, as set forth in the following table:

NAME OF PERSON CHARGED WITH TAXES	QUANTITY OF LAND.	LOCAL DESCRIPTION.	Total am't of taxes int. cost of pub. com. being am't necess'ry to red'm before sale.	Total am't of taxes int. cost of pub. commission and fee for receipt.
EDRAY DISTRICT.	Acres.			
Armstrong, B. F.	51¼	Swago.	$1.07	$1.32
Arbogast, Benj. (Va.)	356	W. R. & W. E. T. Cr	4.93	5.18
Same	293	W. R	3.60	3.85
Same	63	Tea Cr. & Elk	1.11	1.36
Buzzard, L. E.	94	W. Clover Cr.	1.47	1.72
Brown, Dan'l Sr. (col)	100	Brushy Lick.	1.73	1.98
Burgess, David M.	112½	W. Swago.	6.41	6.66
Same	150	Same	1.27	1.52
Camern, Geo. H.	279	Dry Branch	4.39	4.64
Chavons, Jarrett	100	Brushy Lick.	1.10	1.35
Carter, Lloyd L.	104	Laurel Cr	2.49	2.74
Clayter R. J.	140	Swago Knob	1.05	1.30
Dorr, C. P.	4,533¼	Gauly River.	21.12	21.37
Friel, Israel	210	Gr. River	2.14	2.39
Friel, John	100	W. G. River.	2.80	3.05
Gay, Martha J	11	Sulphur Spr.	1.65	1.90
Hovey, Wm. H.	1,320	W. & C. River.	6.16	6.41
Same	28,500	Laurel Cr. Wm. R	123.44	123.69
Same	2,760	Wm. River	12.34	12.59
Same	2,460	Same	10.61	10.86
Same	1,656	Same	7.52	7.78
Hepler, Sam'l M.	11	Dry Branch	1.57	1.82
Hogsett, Josia T.	69	Old Field Fork	2.53	2.81
Hovey, W. H.	2,050	Gauley River	9.28	9.53
Same	2,450	Same	23.97	24.22
Same	2,450	Same	11.02	11.27
Same	2,216	Same	10.04	10.29
Same	575	Same	2.95	3.20
Same	450	W. Elk	2.29	2.54
Jackson, Wm	100	S. Fork	5.15	5.40
McDonald, Geo. W.	304	Thorny Flat.	16.83	17.08
Same	1,633	Big Spring	88.36	88.61
Same	167	Same	2.28	2.53
Moore, I. B.	1¼	N. Elk Rv.	58	.83
Scott, Mary A. (Va.)	683	Wm. River.	9.10	9.35
Smiley, Wm	1,000	W. Elk	10.09	10.34
Skiles, Janey B.	1	Marlins Bottom.	7.22	7.47
Ware, Letetia	89	Poage Place.	1.60	1.85
Williams, Sarah E.	91¾	Brushy Lick.	1.04	1.29
Whitemore, John H'rs	339	Big Spring &c.	27.42	27.67
Warwick, J. W. & Hull's H'rs.	361	Clover Creek	4.31	4.56
Same	20	W. Greenbrier.	66	.91
Same	266	Same	3.76	4.01
LITTLE LEVELS DIST.				
Bruffey, Mary J.	89	Bruffy's Cr.	2.05	2.30
Cackley, Valentine Est.	206	S. & W. G. Run.	2.58	2.83
Dean, J. P.	87	Mill Run.	1.02	1.27
Gardner, J. A	38	G. River	1.93	21.18
Hubbard, H. B.	820	L. & L. Run	14.79	15.04
Hubbard, Thos. & Jas. Bidwell	6,877	Pt. of 32,000.	94.23	94.48
Layton, Absolm	295	Droop Mtn.	15.83	16.08
McNeal, Rachel C. & Jas. Beard	38	Droop Mtn.	98	1.23
McClure, Rachel	50	W. S. Creek.	3.91	4.16
Piles, John	420	Mill Run.	1.94	2.19
Same	230	Steven Ridge.	3.62	3.87
Smith, Thos. Est	550	P. Flats.	8.01	8.26
GREEN BANK DISTRICT.				
Bowers, Geo. W	460	Lot No. 26 S. Land	1.83	2.08
Same	20	" " 27 " "	55	.80
Same	400	" " 31 " "	1.62	1.87
Bird, Peter H.	120	All Mtn.	1.28	1.53
Bright, John	40	Station Ridge	1.28	1.53
Chestnut, Wm. & John's Heirs	30	All Mtn.	2.56	2.81
Chestnut, Wm. Jno. & Jas.	507	Same	3.96	4.21
Campbell, J. B's H'rs	60	W. G. River.	1.24	1.49
Crouch, H'rs & G. D. Camden	1,300	Hd. G. Run	10.50	10.75
Devers, John Est.	245	All Mtn.	1.97	2.12
Erwin, Edward Est.	50	Same	1.10	1.35
Kimble, Jasan & Ault	140	Hd. G. River	1.70	1.95
McGlaughlin, Dan'l Est.	45	Deer Creek	1.68	1.93
Sharp, Jno. Sr. Est.	2,308	All Mtn.	15.53	15.78
Slator, Mary A.	391	Brush Run	5.68	5.93
Smith, Henry E.	2,000	Forks G. River	51.88	52.13
Wilfong, Michael	337	W. Alleghany.	9.17	9.42
HUNTERSVILLE DIST.				
Beard, Joseph, R. C. McNeel & Wm. Skeen,	2,400	Buckley Mtn	8.31	8.56
Buzzard, J. M., Sampson & Joe Moore	1,700	Alle. Mtn	4.79	5.14
Craig, Geo. Est.	24	Adj. Huntersville.	6.33	6.58
Courtney, Geo. W.	111	Buckley Mtn	1.13	1.38
Grimes, David's Est.	277	Thorny Cr	1.52	1.77
Same	100	Same	85	1.10
Gammons, Thos. Est.		Ball Alley.	1.11	1.36
Gammon, Jas. Est.	¼	B. Alley, H'nt'rsville	72	.97
Holcomb, Jas.	48	E. Cochran's Crk.	1.86	2.11
Judy, Samuel	55¼	Adj. F. Burr[illegible]	1.90	2.15
Killey, John Sr. Est.	219	W. Knapp's Cr	6.07	6.32
McNeel, Rachel & Jos. Beard	2,400	Buckley Mtn	8.31	8.56
Matheny, Daniel	25	Alleghany Mtn	68	.93
Sharp, Jno. Sr. Est. and E. Buzzard, Est.	608	Alleghany Mtn	2.45	2.70
Shafer, R. P. G.	15	Buckley Mtn	50	.75
Townsend, W. T.	100	E. G. River	2.50	2.75
Young, Chas.	189	Marlins Mtn.	95	1.20

Recapitulation—State tax, $278.32; County tax, 301.44; District tax, $204.26. Total, $784.02.

Any of the aforesaid tracts or lots may be redeemed by the payment to the undersigned Sheriff, before sale, of the amount due thereon. Given under my hand this 4th day of November, 1889.

M. J. McNEEL, S. P. C.

HOME NEWS.

—M. G. Mathews, Co., Supt., was in to see us last Friday.

—Rice Moore, Esq., of Dunmore is in town.

—Dr. M. Wallace, of Mill Point, was in our burg Tuesday.

—The roads are in a very bad condition.

—It rains promptly every other day, and very frequently between times.

—I. B. Moore, Esq., passed through our city Tuesday, with some nice cattle.

—Lemuel J. Pyles, we understand started Tuesday to Dakota for his wife and child.

—Mr. Geo. W. Beverage, of Traveler's Repose was in to see us last Friday.

—Knapp's creek got high, and the mails failed to get in Saturday night.

—Mr. Hugh Adams, of Rockbridge Baths, Va., passed through town Tuesday with a drove of fine cattle.

—Dr. McClintic and wife, of Edray, passed through town Tuesday, on their way home from their bridal tour.

—Our Republican friends are a little down in the mouth over the results of last Tuesday's elections. We know how you feel, we've been there.

—For restoring the color, thickening the growth, and beautifying the hair, and for preventing baldness, Hall's Hair Renewer is unsurpassed.

—H. P. McGlaughlin, Esq., was at Elkins, Randolph Co., last week and reports that Elkins is now quite a town, and growing rapidly.

—Here's to Grover Cleveland next President of the United States, and Jas. E. Campbell, of O. Vice-President.

—We have enough of wood to do us until Xmas and smoking tobacco to do us nearly that long and a subscriber that promised to pay his subscription in buckwheat, so we can feel pretty sassy for awhile.

—The republicans say this is an "off year." They are mistaken it is a year of Harrison's administration, and if it keeps on at the same rate, for the next three years, '92 will be a year of wiping the republicans "off" the face of the earth.

—The combination of ingredients found in Ayer's Pills renders them tonic and curative as well as cathartic. For this reason they are the best medicine for people of costive habit, as they restore the natural action of the bowels, without debiliating.

—There is no more fruitful source of disease than vitiated blood. It involves every organ and function of the body, and if not immediately corrected by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, sooner or later leads to fatal results. Be warned in time.

NOTICE TO OUR PATRONS.—With this issue of THE TIMES the year expires, with the majority of our subscribers, and those who receive a statement of their account by letter, are expected to respond promptly, and our large, mailing lists such as, Academy, Mill Point, Edray, Dunmore, and Green Bank, you will find a statement with the Post Master to whom you are expected to pay promptly, and our subscribers at this place who are in arrears will call at our office and settle.

This is the first time for a year that we have asked you for money, [illegible] year will be all that is necessary, as we very much dislike to see the columns of a newspaper filled with duns, instead of something more wholesome to read.

—Harry W. Campbell, who has been at Academy for two or three years past, has gone to Elkins, Randolph Co., to work at the carpenter trade.

—Messrs. Wm. T. Perry and family and W. P. Shiplett, and family who sold their farm on Beaver Creek sometime ago to Mr. D. O'Connell, started Tuesday for Texas, where they will make their future home. These excellent people will be greatly missed by our entire community, and we sincerely wish them health and prosperity in their new homes.

Green Bank Items.

On last Saturday morning, Mess. W. E. Grogg and Jno. F. Wooddell met a heavy loss, and came very near losing their lives. They had come over from the west side of Greenbrier river, on the day before to Hevener's mill, with a wagon and three horse team, loaded with grain. On their return in attempting to cross Deer creek, which had been very much swollen by the heavy rain the night before, they had their wagon and team carried down the stream, and only saved their lives by clinging to to foot bridge below the ford as they passed under. The lead horse was rescued and the other two were drownd, and their grain, besides a quantity of goods they had purchased at the stores, were almost a total loss.

Mrs. Dan Ralston and children, Mr. Hook and Miss Lizzie Cook, all of Highland, are visiting Mr. J. H. Ralston of this place.

Mr. Jas. H. Curry, Sr., who has been suffering very much from an attack of erysipelas for the past week, is somewhat improved at this writing.

Miss Gracie Hull, has been quite ill with diphtheria for several days, and is not much improved.

Rev. W. H. Balleugee, will go to Sunset this week to hold a protracted meeting.

Died, Nov. 2nd, near Green Bank, Adam Richard, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Arbogast, aged about three years. The bereaved parents have our sympathies in this sad dispensation.

PAULINA.

Traveler's Repose Locals.

Miss Monte Arbogast, who has been visiting relatives and friends at this place for several months left for her home in Texas last week.

Mr. Mack Yeager, is off to Cheat Bridge, on a hunting expedition.

Mrs. Chas. Pritchard, and son of Red Creek, Tucker Co., are now at her father's M. P. Yeager, of this place.

Mr. C. M. Kellar, while hunting Tuesday succeeded in killing a bear and a fawn.

Mr. Brown Yeager is off on a business trip to Cheat Bridge.

The cook at the lumber camp has left and his place will be filled by George D. Houchen and wife and J. D. Wilmoth and wife, the coming winter.

Will Arbogast and wife of Green Bank are visiting at C. M. Keller's.

Mrs. Sarah Arbogast, is visiting her daughter Mrs. Chris Arbogast, of Green Bank.

Last Sunday night while Rev. Geo. Hannah and P. D. Arbogast were holding a meeting at Pine Grove school house, the floor which was densely packed with people suddenly gave way, some fainted, and Mr. A. losing his presence of mind proceeded forthwith to demolish a window. No one was injured and quiet was soon restored. The last that was seen of Mr. A., he was wandering around the school house wondering what he would do.

L. G. W.

The Savannah News tells of a woman in Wadely, Ga., who has become a grand-mother at the age of 30. She married when only 14, and her daughter did likewise.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8.—President Harison introduced an innovation in White House customs this week that is deeply regretted by conservative people, who believe that the dignity of the Presidential office should be increased instead of lessened. To such people it was a positive shock to find that the President had had himself interviewed by a newspaper, on the election returns, in order to try and counteract the dampening effect they had upon his party associates, and also to furnish them with a cue to explain the crushing defeat away. If President Harrison really believes as he says he does, that the result of the elections held last Tuesday was not intended as a verdict upon his administration, then he has not the sense that he has generally been credited with by even his opponents. A curious coincidence in the same paper is an interview with Mr. Halford, the President's private Secretary, which in sentiment is precisely the same as that with President Harrison. These interviews are regarded here, even by republicans, as a very weak and undignified attempt to fool the country. Republicans of prominence openly admit that the result of the election is a stinging rebuke to the administration and its methods. Old soldiers quietly chuckle and whisper "I told you so" to one another.

Battle in Court.

Lexington Va., November 8.—At Brownsburg, Rockbridge county, Virginia, to-day, Dr. P. J. Walker, a prominent physician, was arrested on complaint of Henry Miller, a wealthy citizen, whom Walker had threatened for insulting his wife. In court both men drew their revolvers and a battle ensued. Miller was killed. Walker was fatally wounded, and Mrs. Walker, who was in court as a witness was killed. Dan and Wm. Miller, sons of the accused, were shot and seriously wounded. Others, whose names were not learned, were hurt. A sheriff and posse have gone to the scene.

Petersburg, Va., had a $50,000 fire last week, in which a policeman was killed by a falling wall.

D. Williamson, of Indianapolis, purchased a curly walnut log from a Logan county, W. Va., man for $3,000.

A desperate fight occurred with pistol and knife between two prominent men, of Key, in the Louisville postoffice in which one was killed and the other dangerously wounded. Col. Wm. Cassins was the slayer and Col. A. M. Swope his victim.

NOTICE.—The District Division Sons of Temperance will meet at Hillsboro, Saturday, Nov. 19, 1889, at 11 o'clock, A. M. All members of the Order, in good standing cordially invited to attend. Delegates are especially enjoined to be on hand.

Night Session at 7 o'clock to which the Public are invited.

C. W. E[illegible], D. W. P.
J. C. LOCKY, Jr., D. S.

IT IS A CRUEL DEATH

A Dakota Sheriff Tells How It Feels to Be Hanged.

From the New York Star.

James E. Morgan, sheriff of Sherman county, S. Dak., is a native of this city, but has been in the west over thirty years. He is here on a visit, on Staten island, and he finds New York has undergone a mighty change since he left it in 1861 to go to the front.

"I find," said the sheriff to me the other night, "that the question whether a man should be hanged or executed electrically has been settled. I am glad to find that electricity has carried the day, for I assure you that death by hanging is intensely painful."

"Why, sheriff," I said, "is it possible that you were hanged?"

"Quite so, and it was no joke. When the war closed I went west to seek my fortune, and had a pretty hard time before I found anything even resembling it.

"One hard winter two others and myself went into Wyoming on a prospecting expedition, and had to maintain ourselves chiefly by hunting. Antelope was very scarce just then, and we suffered considerably by hunger.

"One morning we separated, the better to scour the country, agreeing to meet on a distant hill at noon My companions were hardly out of sight when I shot a steer, and was in the act of cutting it up when three fierce looking cowboys swooped down upon me.

"I am, as you see, swarthy, and they took me for a Mexican. As they also, were dirty looking, I made the same mistake, and saluted them in the little Spanish I had picked up.

"I happened that a tall cotton tree was conveniently close, and, without saying a word, one of them threw his lariat around my neck tossed the other end of the rope over a stout limb; his two companions pulled upon it, and I was in the twinkle of an eye going through all the agonies of hanging. The pain was frightful. There was a tremendous rushing through my ears, the sky and everything else turned blood red, pins and needles seemed to be sticking in every part of my body, and at the same time the back of my head felt as if it were being sandbagged at the rate of forty strokes a second. How long it lasted I couldn't tell. To me it seemed hours.

"When I regained consciousness, one of my friends was paring whisky down my throat and the other was rubbing my chest with the same liquid.

"It appears that my comrades had returned in time to cut me down before life had fled, but just then I wished they had let me be. The process of resuscitation was, if possible, still more agonizing than the hanging; but as the man condemned by law does not suffer in that regard, there is no use in dwelling upon it."

"But why did they hang you?"

"They were driving a herd of cattle to Idaho, and it was one of their steers I had shot. When my friends arrived and explained, the cowboys cut me down, and when I was ready to receive them they were profuse in their apologies.

"That is how I know that hanging is one of the most cruel deaths to which you can put a man."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of J. B. Hannah dec'd.

At the request of C. F. Moore and L. M. McClintic, Administrator of J. B. Hannah, dec'd, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said J. B. Hannah dec'd, for adjudication to me at my office in [illegible] on or before the 15th day of January 1890.

Witness: James W. Warwick Jr. Commissioner of accounts of Pocahontas County this the 12th day of November, 1889.

JAMES W. WARWICK, Jr.
Com'r of acc'ts of P. C.

Nov. 14-4t. Printer's fee $4.75.

Roanoke, Va., has ten miles street railway in operation at present, and eight more miles will be added in a few months.

[illegible] Times.

[illegible] CAMPBELL,

[illegible] AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

November 14, 1889.

[*Continued from first page.*]

party as carries this ward in his vest pocket, I am, and if old Bowser don't cum down liberally he gets left. Tell him to come and see me."

Nine times that forenoon I answered the bell to find a ward heeler or some other sort of political parasite on the door-step. One of them even went as far as to ask me to pledge Mr. Bowser to vote for him to run one of the City Hall elevators. There were three others waiting for him when he got home to dinner, and I saw him give them money, He came in excited a d jubilant, and when I told him what had occurred he replied:

"Let the dear people come! They know that I am the man to do all I can for them if I am elected, and elected I shall be as sure as the sun rises on that day. What do you think? I was talking with a prominent man belonging to the opposition and he said it would be no use for his party to put up a man against me. Bowser stock is way up, hey?"

For a week I lived in a state of miserable agitation. Every hour in the day a ward-heeler rang the bell, and when he wasn't ringing, it was some man who wanted a sewer or other contract. Every evening the house was full of politicians laying plans and guzzling down my currant wine, and on three nights Mr. Bowser had to "go the rounds" of the ward and "see the boys." On the last night I had to help him up stairs, and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he whimpered:

"Shap, Mrs. Bowser, it just breaks my heart to shee how e'r people love me. They cry f'r me, and—I cry f'r them'l."

This went on for a week, and then the caucus was held to nominate. Mr. Bowser said he would go through by acclamation, but as the boys would expect some sort of speech, not to say a keg of beer, afterwards, he would have to be on hand. As soon as nominated there would be on more heelers running after him, and a nomination meant election by a large majority. I didn't say much, but I felt pretty sure how it would come out.

"Along about 9 o'clock he came home. He was running. He also breathed hard and looked white.

"What on earth is the matter now?" I asked as he banged into the hall.

"G—gone!" he gasped

"How gone?"

"Gone up."

"Mr. Bowser tell me what has happened. You act as if you had met a ghost and lost your senses.

"I—I didn't get the nom—nomination!" he whispered, his knees quaking so that he had to sit down on a chair.

"Why didn't you?"

"Because they concluded that Sir Scott was the more popular and the stronger man."

"What! That cross-eyed loafer who was arrested one day last week for whipping his wife?"

"Y—yes."

We looked at each other for a long time without speaking. Then I said:

"I thought the dear people loved you, Mr. Bowser.

"Yes."

"You were to be selected above all others and honors were thrust upon you."

"Yes."

"Your country called upon you to down the vicious opposition. You were the patriot who was reedy to sacrifice himself."

"Yes."

"How much has this experience cost you?"

"Four hundred"

"Well, you have made a fool of yourself, and I hope it will be a lesson to you. You'd better go to bed."

"I—I guess I will."

At midnight he woke up, sat up in bed, and exclaimed:

"Look here, old lady, I hope you feel better, having accomplished your villianous object?"

"What do you mean?"

I mean that you defeated me in the caucus! Everybody knows you, and this opportunity for revenge could not be passover. Mrs. Bowser, you have gone a step too far! To-morrow I shall consult a lawyer about divorce proceedings."

"Go to sleep."

"Yes, I'll go to sleep, but don't imagine I shall forget or overlook your base, duplicity. I have borne and borne, but this is the end!

Next morning, however, he made no reference to the matter, and as some of his party made him believe that he had been withdrawn in the interests of harmony, he came home one day to observe:

"I hear that my name is being mentioned for Mayor, but I shan't take the nomination. I prefer to be a plain, humble citizen."

MISSION DOLORES.—"What is your mission here, sir?" asked the old man, with a frown.

"I am on three missions, sir," replied the poor young man, who was also a humorist.

"Well, what are they?" inquired the old man impatiently.

"Per mission to marry your daughter, ad-mission to your family circle, and sub mission to the regulations to your household."

"Ugh!" grunted the old man, who was something of a joker himself. "I have one little mission to offer before I conclude any arrangements with you."

"Name it," cried the poor young man eagerly. "I will only be too glad to perform it."

"Dis mission!" shrieked the old man with a loud, discordant laugh, and the poor young man fell dead at his feet.

"There's Blank over there—let's go and speak to him," he said to his friend as they were waiting at the Third street depot for a train.

"I'd rather not."

"Anything between you?"

"Well, yes. In fact, we have been rather cold for the last six months."

"Indeed! But I didn't know that. Some business transactions, I suppose?"

"Partly. I got the start of him in buying some property at a bargain, and to spite me he went out to Denver, hunted up my divorced wife and married her and brought her back here."

"Is it possible!"

"And he even rented the house next door to me, and she walks past forty times a day with her pug dog. Blank is a pretty good fellow, but he doesn't know when to stop. He ought to have stopped out west after marrying her."

Guard—Now, miss, jump in, please; train going on.

Child—But I can't go before I have kissed mamma.

"Jump in, miss. I'll see to that."

"What induced a married woman of your standing," said the newspaper man, "to leave such a charming family and elope?"

"Because," sobbed the wretched creature, "I had never had a compliment in my life, and I knew if I did something atrocious all the papers would say that I was handsome and attractive."

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POCAHONTAS

TIMES,

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interst to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, November, 21 1889. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 18.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

OUR LOVE STORY.

"We had been so happy!" I kept saying to myself—"We had been so happy!" And now it was all over—everything was over for me. He would take what he had chosen instead; but I—

I burst into tears as I sat on the rock by the spring where we had met so often—where I was waiting for him now—but I never faltered in saying to myself: "We must part. He is neither true to me nor to heaven—we must part."

And what was he? Only the village doctor—Benjamin Rue. And what was I? Only a little school teacher. Our united incomes were far less than anything that the wise-acres of society papers declare it "possible to marry on." but we had no fear. He was winning his way, and we loved each other; and, as I began by saying, we had been very happy.

But there had come to Johnstown where we lived, a lady of wealth, who gathered about her a certain little clique of scornful stylish people. They were openly infidel in opinion; all that I had been brought up to believe right and good they mocked at. All this would have been nothing to me in my school-house or in my own little room. I might never had done more than notice the handsome dresses of the ladies when they walked out or rode with their attendant cavaliers, and never have asked what their opinions were, but that soon after their arrival Mrs. Norland was take ill and sent for Dr. Rue. Ben was handsome, well read, full of bright fancies, and ready to enjoy himself at any time.

He relieved the lady of the pain she suffered, and became the family doctor at once. It was a step toward success. Naturally, he did not turn a cold shoulder to his patrons when they offered him social invitations.

From the first he was fascinated by the freedom from restraint in thought and action that prevailed in the house. No doubt I was straitlaced, but what he thought delightful I thought wrong. It seemed to me, from what he said, that Mrs. Norland was a very immoral woman. Certainly she had no religion whatever. When I saw Ben gradually forsaking all I so clung to, when he refused to go to church with me, and began to beg me not to go; when he said, openly, that when we were married I must give all that up; when, at last he began to deny the existence of a Diety, and say, as they did at the Norland's, that man had no soul that all ended here, and that to be happy while we lived should be our only object, my heart sank within me. I loved him so dearly that I was quite willing to marry him if he would let me go in my own way. I believed that my influence and perhaps my prayers might win him back to heaven.

A young man with good principles would surely do what was right at last, but when he began to talk of forbidding me to listen to the good words I heard in church, or even to kneel [illegible] at home, I felt that I should [illegible] wrong to promise to obey him, and that there could be no hope for a home divided against itself.

I shall not tell you what particular sect I belonged to—that does not matter. All Christians worship God and try to follow Jesus and [illegible] that he might, out of [illegible] me, give me my own way. I [illegible] hardly have spoken with him—such is the weakness of woman's heart—but that tales reached me that made me feel that he was not true to me.

It was hard for a girl to speak of such a thing as the beguiling of her lover's heart by a wicked married woman; but I had no one to speak for me, and with my first words we quarreled. He called me an old fashioned little Pharise, and said that my husband would be a slave if I had my way—a slave to superstitions of all sorts; that he was a man, and knew what was right and best; that I need not think that he should never look at a pretty face or take a glass of wine with a friend.

At the moment he was flushed with what he had been drinking at the Norlands'. He said more than he meant, no doubt, but it spurred me on to do what I had resolved to do and at last I said:

"Benjamin Rue, just here where we now sit I promised to marry you; here I take back that promise. We should only make each other wretched for life."

All he answered was:

"No doubt you are right."

And then I took my ring from my finger and gave it to him. He turned away, and I heard his feet amongst the rustling autumn leaves long after I could see him.

And it was all over—all over! And then indeed I wept and wished that I could die just there where I had been so happy.

Time passed, and I grew used to it. As for Ben, he got on well. Fashionable people "called him in." In fact, he was the fashionable doctor of the place, and had an office in the handsomest portion of the town. For my part, I kept my school, and boarded with the motherly old widow who had been kind to me when I first came to the place a stranger.

My happiest day was the Sabbath, which I spent in church, teaching my little ones and attending all the services; and then I tried to think only of heaven and its joys, and to do what good I could. But I cannot say I was ever more than quietly cheerful—the brightness had gone out of my life.

It is natural for young people to look forward to something and to enjoy their lives, and I think that God meant that every girl should have a lover and every woman a husband and children of her own, and that we should all be grateful for the good things he has given us and take our own share.

I might have had lovers—I might have married—but, with all his faults, I could not care for any one as I did for Benjamin Rue; and a wretched thing indeed would married life be without true tenderness. I was on my way to be a spinster.

As for Ben, one day there was a great scandal in the town. He had had a quarrel with Mr. Norland about his wife. More than a quarrel—blows had been struck, shots fired. The woman's character was now entirely gone; their home was broken up.

Mr. Noland sought a divorce and gained it. Respectable people dropped a doctor who had such evil notoriety, and one day I heard that he had left Johnstown.

"Better for him," I thought, "the quiet life he would have led with me—better even from a worldly point of view." And still I believed what he had sought to prove—that he had only been free and foolish, not criminal.

And again time passed on without any new events of importance coming into my life, and I expected to live and die in Johnstown a school teaching spinster—Johnstown, of which the rest of the world knew nothing to speak of.

You all know how sadly it became famous one wild day. I shall never forget that day for many reasons.

I had just given my scholars their summer holiday and had my time to myself, and I had been all through the rain to see a poor, sick woman who was quite destitute. The good widow with whom I lived was away, she had gone to another State to visit a married daughter, and the house was lonely. I had heard that Dr. Rue was in the place—that he had come down to see about some lots of ground, almost worthless when he bought them, but lately become valuable—and at every step I half feared, half hoped to meet him. The idleness of my holiday left me time to think of myself, and I was very sorrowful.

As I passed the church door it stood open, and an impulse led me enter.

An old woman was dusting the cushions, polishing the pew doors, and setting books in order in the racks, and I went forward to the front of the church and sat down before a painted window I loved to look at. Jesus, the Shepherd, with the lamb on his arms, smiled on me as though between earth and heaven.

I began to feel a strange peace steal over me—a promise of happiness. My heart went forth to my old love, and for all the pain he had given me I forgave him. I hoped that he was leading a better life and thinking better thoughts.

I remember saying to myself that so I should like to feel on the day of death—loving all men and having no fear whatever of the mysteries beyond this life, whatever they might prove to be.

I think that I had fallen asleep listening to the wind and the beat of the rain upon the roof, when suddenly I was aroused by screams and cries. People came rushing into the church, crying out in terror. The water was already making a pond of the place, and those who sought safety had climbed to the pulpit or rushed up to the gallery.

As I stood dazed and trembling an arm seized me about the waist. "The dam is down!" shouted a voice in my ear. I was hurried away up beyond the gallery into the bell tower. The crowd followed us and now we saw the water coming down toward us like a great black wall. Such a sight was never seen!

I turned to look into the face of the man who had helped me to the loft. I had no doubt as to who he was even before I looked, but when I saw Benjamin Rue I felt happy and had no fear. Death was before me; but he had sought me, hoping to save me, and in his arms I should die.

"God have mercy on our souls!" said I.

He answered:

"Amen!"

He helped me to a little wooden hood above the belfry, and there we clung together. It was the highest point we could reach. The waters were at hand.

"Forgive me," he said in my ear. "Forgive me, Agnes; I have repented, heaven knows—and I never was as wicked as they made me out. I flirted with Mrs. Norland. I admired her, but I did not wrong her husband; he lied when he swore that he believed it. He wanted to marry another woman. I have loved you all along; I came back to tell you so and win you again if I could. I am a better man."

All I could do was to answer him with a kiss, for at that moment the black water struck the church.

Then I was floating, floating—beaten this way and then that; but his arms were always about me. Some broken plank gave us support; I never moved, but I prayed without ceasing; I prayed to be saved with him or to die with him, as was God's will.

And others prayed—prayed earnestly as I—better people—and yet were drowned. Let no vainglorious fancy that my prayer was better than theirs seem to dwell in my heart, for indeed it is not there; but I am humbly thankful that God saw fit to let me live a little longer and that at last, cast upon dry land, we knew that days were given us in which to live together.

It was sad and terrible indeed to stand hand in hand and look upon what seemed almost the destruction of the world. We shall never forget it or be as glad as if we had not seen it, but we were the world to each other after all.

I am Ben's wife to-day, and I believe him to be a good man. As for me, may I know my own faults too well to be severe on any of his I may discover.—Mary Kyle Dallas.

Society Rosebud—"Then you think that Jack cares for me?"

Old Stager—"I'm sure of it. His eyes followed you every movement last night."

(Alarmed)—"Gracious! Do you really think he saw all I ate at the supper?"

Mrs. Youngwife (three months after marriage)—Charlie, dear, let me shave you some time, will you?"

Mr. Youngwife—"No, my darling, I can't trust you with a razor, you might cut your little fingers."

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Youngwife (three years after marriage)—"Charlie, let me shave you will you?"

Mr. Youngwife—"No, old woman, you'd be sure to cut my throat, let alone spoiling the razor. Take the carving knife and go practice on the butter."

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

November 21, 1889.

Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel.

In a word, Jordan is a hard road to travel, and what with the tariff tiger and the pension elephant, it will be simply a mercy of God if the administration gets out of the jungles alive. In six months there will be discord worse confounded. In 12, the surplus will be gone, and the Treasury will be shinnying around to raise the money necessary to defray the expenses of the Government. So, with the vote of Tuesday behind it, and hell itself before, the Republican outlook is about as reassuring as that which faced the gentleman in tde fable, who found himself betwixt the devil and the deep, blue sea.

All things augur well for the Democracy. In the first place, we are right: right on tha great questions of the day. In the second place, we have had it out among ourselves, and are a unit in head and heart. And, finally, God has raised us at least three new leaders one in New Jersey, one in Ohio and one in Iowa, so that we are no longer limited to a single State, or individual, for a national standard-bearer in 1892, but may pick and choose from a good field, selecting him, who, as events shall disclose, is fittest to lead and surest to win.

Let the dead past bury its dead. Turn to the glorious future. The Democratic sun is in the ascendant. Be that sun at once our guide and oriflamme as it rises in the Heavens, a sure harbinger of Democratic triumph in 1892.—Henry Watterson in the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Lincoln on Corporations.

"Yes, we may congratulate ourselves that this cruel war is nearly to a close. It has cost a vast amount of treasure blood. The best blood of the flower of the American youth has been freely offered upon our country's altar that the nation might live. It has been indeed, a trying hour for the Republic, but I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of our country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned, and an era of corruptions in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working up the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the Republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my suspicions may prove groundless."

The largest family in Wetzel County, W. Va., consists of eighteen persons—father, mother eight sons and eight daughters.

Miss Mary Clymer, recently wedded to Ex-Secretary Bayard, is thirty-nine years old. Her distinguished husband was sixty-one years of age last month.

SALE OF REAL ESTATE FOR TAXES.

—o—O—o—

Notice is hereby given that the following decribed tracts or lots of land, in the county of Pocahontas, which are delinquent for the non-payment of taxes for the years 1887 and 1888, will be offered for sale by the undersigned sheriff, at public auction at the front door of the Court House of said county, between the hours of ten in the morning and four in the afternoon on the 10 day of December, 1889, that being the second Tuesday in the month. Each tract or lot, or so much thereof as shall be necessary, will be sold for so much cash, as is sufficient to satisfy the amount due thereon, as set forth in the following table:.

NAME OF PERSON CHARGED WITH TAXES	QUANTITY OF LAND.	LOCAL DESCRIPTION.	Total am't of taxes incl. cost of publication being am't necessary to red'm before sale.	Total am't of taxes incl. cost of pub. commission and fee for receipt.
EDRAY DISTRICT.	Acres.			
Armstrong, B. F.	51¼	Swago.	$1.07	$1.32
Arbogast, Benj. (Va.)	356	W. R. & W. E. T.Cr	4.93	5.18
Same	293	W. R	3.60	3.85
Same	63	Tea Cr. & Elk	1.11	1.36
Buzzard, L. E.	94	W. Clover Cr.	1.47	1.72
Brown, Dan'l Sr. (col)	100	Brushy Lick.	1.73	1.98
Burgess, David M.	112½	W. Swago.	6.41	6.66
Same	150	Same	1.27	1.52
Camern, Geo. H.	279	Dry Branch	4.39	4.64
Chavons, Jarrett	100	Brushy Lick.	1.10	1.35
Carter, Lloyd L.	104	Laurel Cr	2.49	2.74
Clayter R. J.	140	Swago Knob	1.05	1.30
Dorr, C. P.	4,533¼	Ganly River.	21.12	21.37
Friel, Israel	210	Gr. River	2.14	2.39
Friel, John	100	W. G. River.	2.80	3.05
Gay, Martha J	11	Sulphur Spr.	1.65	1.90
Hovey, Wm. H.	1,320	W. & C. River.	6.16	6.41
Same	28,500	Laurel Cr. Wm. R	123.44	123.69
Same	2,760	Wm. River	12.34	12.59
Same	2,469	Same	10.61	10.86
Same	1,656	Same	7.52	7.78
Hepler, Sam'l M.	11	Dry Branch	1.57	1.82
Hogsett, Josia T.	69	Old Field Fork	2.55	2.81
Hovey, W. H.	2,050	Gauley River	9.28	9.53
Same	2,450	Same	23.97	24.22
Same	2,450	Same	11.02	11.27
Same	2,216	Same	10.04	10.29
Same	575	Same	2.95	3.20
Same	450	W. Elk	2.29	2.54
Jackson, Wm	100	S. Fork	5.15	5.40
McDonald, Geo. W.	304	Thorny Flat.	16.83	17.08
Same	1,633	Big Spring	83.36	88.61
Same	167	Same	2.28	2.53
Moore, I. B.	1¼	N. Elk Rv.	58	.83
Scott, Mary A. (Va.)	683	Wm. River.	9.10	9.35
Smiley, Wm	1,000	W. Elk	10.09	10.34
Skiles, Janey B.	1	Marlins Bottom.	7.22	7.47
Ware, Letetia	89	Poage Place.	1.60	1.85
Williams, Sarah E.	91½	Brushy Lick.	1.04	1.29
Whitemore, John H'rs	339	Big spring &c.	27.42	27.67
Warwick, J. W. & Hull's H'rs.	3[illegible]	Clover Creek	4.31	4.56
Same	20	W. Greenbrier.	66	.91
Same	266	Same	3.76	4.01
LITTLE LEVELS DIST.				
Bruffey, Mary J.	89	Bruffy's Cr.	2.05	2.30
Cackley, Valentine Est.	256	S. & W. G. Run.	2.58	2.83
Dean, J. P.	87	Mill Run.	1.02	1.27
Gardner, J. A	38	G. River	1.97	2.18
Hubbard, H. B.	820	L. & L. Run	14.79	15.04
Hubbard, Thos. & Jas. Bidwell	6,877	Pt. of 32,000.	94.23	94.48
Layton, Absolm	295	Droop Mtn.	15.83	16.08
McNeal, Rachel C.& Jas. Beard	38	Droop Mtn.	98	1.23
McClure, Rachel	50	W. S. Creek.	3.91	4.16
Piles, John	420	Mill Run.	1.94	2.19
Same	230	Steven Ridge.	3.62	3.87
Smith, Thos. Est	550	P. Flats.	8.01	8.26
GREEN BANK DISTRICT.				
Bowers, Geo. W	460	Lot No. 26 S. Land	1.83	2.08
Same	20	" " 27 " "	55	.80
Same	400	" " 31 " "	1.62	1.87
Bird, Peter H.	120	All Mtn.	1.28	1.53
Bright, John	40	Station Ridge	1.28	1.53
Chestnut, Wm. & John's Heirs	30	All Mtn.	2.56	2.81
Chestnut, Wm. Jno. & Jas.	507	Same	3.96	4.21
Campbell, J. B's H'rs	60	W. G. River.	1.24	1.49
Crouch, H'rs & G. D. Camden	1,300	Hd. G. Run	10.50	10.75
Devels, John Est.	245	All Mtn.	1.97	2.12
Erwin, Edward Est.	50	Same	1.10	1.35
Kimble, Jasan & Ault	140	Hd. G. River	1.70	1.95
McGlaughlin, Dan'l Est.	45	Deer Creek	1.68	1.93
Sharp, Jno. Sr. Est.	2,308	All Mtn.	15.53	15.78
Slator, Mary A.	391	Brush Run	5.68	5.93
Smith, Henry E.	2,000	Forks G. River	51.88	52.13
Wdfong, Michael	337	W. Alleghany	9.17	9.42
HUNTERSVILLE DIST.				
Beard, Joseph, R. C. McNeel & Wm. Skeen,	2,400	Buckley Mtn	8.31	8.56
Buzzard, J. M., Sampson & Joe Moore	1,700	Alle. Mtn	4.79	5.14
Craig, Geo. Est.	24	Adj. Huntersville.	6.33	6.58
Courtney, Geo. W.	111	Buckley Mtn	1.13	1.38
Grimes, David's Est.	277	Thorny Cr	1.52	1.77
Same	100	Same	85	1.10
Gammons, Thos. Est.		Ball Alley.	1.11	1.36
Gammon, Jas. Est.	¼	B. Alley, H'nt'gsville	72	.97
Holcomb, Jas.	48	E. Cochran's Crk.	1.86	2.11
Judy, Samuel	55½	Adj. F. Bure	1.90	2.15
Killey, John Sr. Est.	219	W. Knapp's Cr	6.07	6.32
McNeel, Rachel & Jos. Beard	2,400	Buckley Mtn	8.31	8.56
Matheny, Daniel	25	Alleghany Mtn	68	.93
Sharp, Jno. Sr. Est. and R. Buzzard, Est.	608	Alleghany Mtn	2.45	2.70
Shafer, B. P. G.	15	Buckley Mtn	50	.75
Townsend, W. T.	100	E. G. River	2.50	2.75
Young, Chas.	189	Marlins Mtn.	95	1.20

Recapitulation—State tax, $278.32; County tax, 301.44; District tax, $204.26. Total, $784.02.

Any of the aforesaid tracts or lots may be redeemed by the payment to the undersigned Sheriff, before sale, of the amount due thereon. Given under my hand this 4th day of November, 1889.

M. J. McNeel, S. P. C.

HOME NEWS

—Right cold.

—Snow, snow and still it snows.

—Some cases before justice Grose last week.

—For nice job printing, call at THE TIMES office.

—The roads are in a dreadful condition, from the recent rains.

—Next Thursday, 28th, is thanksgiving.

—We would like to have a bushel of small white beans.

—Send us the news from your post office.

—Several wagons passed through town this week for the depot.

—E. H. Moore, of Academy was in town last Saturday.

—Several drummers in town the past week.

—S. L. Gibson, Esq., of Frost passed through town to-day (Wednesday) with some fine cattle.

—Messrs. N. Stolting and J. M Cutlip of Academy spent Monday night in our city.

—Fix up the sidewalks, and keep out of mud a half a foot deep this winter.

—Fifty-six indictments were made at the last term of the Circuit Court in Greenbrier Co., for violating the liquor law.

—We are indebted to our excellent merchants Mr. A. Barlow and Mess. Loury & Doyle for business favors lately.

—There is comfort for the man with a prematurely gray beard in Buckingham's Dye, because it never fails to color an even brown or black as may be desired.

—J. C. Loury, Jr., went down to Academy last Saturday and returned Monday, accompanied by Miss Lucy Renick, who will visit friends and relatives in our city for a short time.

—We are under many obligations to our young friend Davis Dilley Esq., for some of the nicest apples we have ever had the pleasure of sticking a tooth into.

—The marriage license market has been quite dull for some time. Now we don't know what the cause of this is, but we, with all seriousness, would advise our young men to get married and—and—subscribe for THE TIMES.

—The Lady Godiva must have had exceptionally long hair since it completely concealed her lovely person. Since Ayer's Hair Vigor came into use such examples are not so rare as formerly. It not only promotes the growth of the hair, but gives it a rich, silken texture.

—We will furnish to all new subscribers and old ones who pay up and a year in advance the National Democrat, a purely Democratic 7 column 8 page paper, published at Washington, D. C., and THE TIMES for $1.75. The National Democrat alone would cost you $1.50.

—Boils, carbuncles, and other skin eruptions indicate that the system is endeavoring to reject poisonous acids, and that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is imperatively needed. It is the most reliable of all blood medicines. Ask your druggist for it, and take no other.

Killed by a Falling Tree.

As we go to press, we learn of the death of Randolph Harris, (col.) a few hours ago, about two miles from this place. The particulars, as we learn, are, that one Titus Carter, (col.) was cutting down a tree, when Randolph came along and stopped below the tree to talk, and Titus told him to get out of the way, that it was ready to fall, but before he could get away the tree fell and struck him, killing him instantly.

Spanish postage stamps bear the picture of the baby King.

Meeting.

A meeting of very marked religious interest held by Rev. S. C. Morgan at the Edray Church for nearly three weeks past has just closed, and resulted in the conversion of about thirty persons, among them, several young men. Very large congregations attended and the behavior of all was exceptionally good. Xx.

Green Bank Items.

Died, Nov. 5th, 1889, Minnie Lee, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Lightner, of diptheria, aged nearly five years.

There are no new cases of diphtheria and it is hoped that this much dreaded disease has died out in this community.

Messrs. McKerr, R. N. Gum and his son Wm., are at home on a visit from Randolph Co., where they have been working during the past summer and fall.

PAULINA.

Traveler's Repose Locals.

Mrs. Charlie Burner is quite ill at the time of this writing.

Messrs. Granville, Caswell, Keller and Jacob Arbogast, killed four deer while out hunting one day last week.

Miss Lena Burner who has been at Dr. Ligon's for some time past, returned to her home at this place last Sunday.

Col. Driscoll and Mr Swecker of Dunmore, made a flying trip to this place last week.

Maj. Arbogast and wife of Green Bank, spent last Saturday, and Sunday, visiting Mrs. A's sick sister, Mrs. Burner.

Mrs. Sarah Gum and Mrs. Maupin of Green Bank, who have been visiting friends in this neighborhood for a week or two, returned home last Saturday.

Mr. O. W. S. Gum is off on a trip to Elkins.

Mr. Jim Stone is thinking of purchasing finger rings by the gross so as to be able to supply all the girls he waits on.

The new school house out at Mr. Lafayette Burners, has been completed and is now ready for use.

The Ministers who have been holding the meeting at Pine Grove school house are still having good success. Up to this time there has been twenty-seven conversions and there is still ten penitents.

I. G. W.

Supreme Court.

State vs. Gilman, from Barbour county; opinion by Snyder; judgment reversed and case dismissed. In this case the Court holds that that portion of sec. 1 chap. 32, code of 1887, which provides that no person without a State license therefor shall "keep in his possession, for another, spirituous liquors" &c., is unconstitutional and void.

In sawing a spruce log at the Brunette mill, Victoria, B. C., the saw struck an iron bullet one and three quarter inches in diameter. It was shot from a culverin used by the Spaniards 100 years ago, and it was fully eighteen inches from the surface.

San Francisco, with a population of about 400,000, has only 120 churches, with a seating capacity of 80,000 and an average attendance of 35,000.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—Senator Blackburn is one of the most popular, if not the most popular man, in public life, with the "boys." A little incident that occurred here this week shows how he obtains and how he keeps that popularity. He has a friend here who is in the toils of the law. An application was to be made in his favor to one of the local courts and "Joe" Blackburn, as nine people out of every ten here call the junior Senator from Kentucky, was asked to join several other lawyers in this move on behalf of the prisoner. He readily consented, but at the last minute it was discovered that Senator Blackburn was not a member of the local bar. Did he allow that to freeze him out of the case? Not a bit of it. He had himself admitted to the bar and took his place with the prisoner's other counsels and now the prisoner is out on bail.

This has been a great week for our Catholic fellow citizens. First they celebrated their centennial in Baltimore. Then on Wednesday they dedicated their big University here. The dedication ceremonies were attended by the President, Vice President, the entire cabinet, several justices of the Supreme Court and quite a number of Senators and Representatives. At the banquet which followed the ceremonies Secretary Blaine responded to the toast "Our Country and our President," in a manner that has won the commendation of everybody.

The Three America's Congress is back in Washington but owing to the fatigue of its members, regular sittings will not begin until next week. The delegates are enthusiastic over what they saw during their forty days trip around the country.

Mr. Wanamaker does not like the name of "Ananias" which Senator Hamptons stinging letter has hung to his coat tail for the rest of his life.

In view of the fact that Vice President Morton's big apartment house in this city has become or bids fair to become a National issue, your correspondent deems it only fair to say that there is no bar room, as such a place is commonly known, in the building, but, in one end of the cafe there are a number of tables at which you can sit and be served with all the liquor you care to pay for.

Senator Sherman has returned from Ohio in the best of humors. He finds it impossible to hide his elation over Foraker's defeat. Here's what he said to a newspaper man: "We are defeated as everybody knows, but the republican party has been defeated in Ohio before with the result of doing it good." Could anything be plainer than that? As soon as Mr. Sherman arrived here he went to the White House, presumably to congratulate Mr. Harrison on the summary removal of what looked at one time like a dangerous rival of his in 1892. Doubtless President Harrison chuckled as he thought that the Ohio election removed two rivals instead of one as Mr. Sherman thinks. For just as certain as Sherman helped to remove Foraker in 1889 will Foraker help to "down" Sherman in 1892. It isn't often that your correspondent indulges in making predictions, but this paragraph to be fully appreciated should be put away until the Summer of 1892.

President Harrison's message is complete. It will not be printed before its delivery to Congress, as has been the custom for many years past. Fearing that it may be prematurely published President Harrison has decided that only two or three type-writer copies of it shall be made for the press associations, and they are to be made in the White House and not given out until it is known that the reading of it has been begun at the Capitol.

It begins to look as if there would be no fight over the speakership. The only candidate that does not appear to be afraid of "big Tom Reed" as the Representative from Maine is generally called here, is Representative Cannon. He tried to get the other candidates to join him in a combination against Reed, but they all decline. Things may grow more exciting as the number of members in town increases, but unless the opposition shall make a great deal more showing than it has so far done, the big Maine man is as good as elected speaker.

One of Washington's most prominent printers has been discharged from the Government printing office because while on the street on the night of the recent elections, he gave a cheer over the bulletined announcement that Ohio had gone democratic.

If democrats here are correctly informed the next democratic Senator from Ohio will be either John R. McLean or Calvin S. Brice.

Moving a Bridge.

The Norwich Bulletin says recently the Pennsylvania railroad wanted a big iron bridge, 258 feet long and weighing 25,000 tons, moved from its place over Mill Creek, near Lancaster, to a new site forty-five feet away. Master Carpenter Beard took the job. He had 100 men to help him. He made his preparations leisurely, and, when the last train had passed over the bridge, with his hundred men and his trestles, rollers, jacks and cranes he set to work. In just fifty eight minutes from the time the work began the bridge was in its new place and a freight train of such size as to require two locomotives was passing over it. Now the ancients couldn't have done that in the same time if they had had 10,000 men. What we know about iron and its uses and how to work it is worth more to the world than all the lost arts of all past ages combined.

The United States is credited with 10,319 papers of all sorts, 1,494 of them being dailies.

A Chinaman is about to enter the law department of Michigan University.

Secretary Blaine has moved into the old Seward house in Washington.

Large fortunes sometimes have queer beginnings. The Gardiner (Me.) News says that one of the wealthiest firms in that state began business on $5,000, which a sister of the partners got in a breach of promise suit for damages against a rich man.

The Fall of Foraker

Great Foraker, and can it be
You are a buried Buckeye?
Henceforth you'll not be "Joey B"
But "Joseph th' Unluckeye."
Great Scott, Great Guns, great everything.
How soon the hopes of man take wing!
Now drop a nickel in the slot
And get a grave in a four-acre lot.

Are you the hero who spat fire
And breathed out speeches gory;
Twanged loud your red, unflagging lyre,
And thrilled the path to glory;
Said sooner could a Campbell go
A little needle's eyelet through
Than be elected Governor
While you were there to wag your jaw?

Great Hevings! No, it must not be,
Mon cher petit, oh, me child!
Rally your friends from sea to sea,
Let loose your wah-dawgs wild!
March, Joseph Benson, on the foe
Who'd rout you in your Ohio!
Give one good "rebel yell" for fun,
Then wave a flag and see them run.
—N. Y. World.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of J. B. Hannah dec'd.

At the request of C. F. Moore and L. M. McClintic, Administrator of J. B. Hannah, dec'd, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said J. B. Hannah dec'd, for adjudication to me at my office in Huntersville on or before the 15th day of January 1890.

Witness: James C. Warwick Jr., Commissioner of accounts of Pocahontas County, this the 12th day of November, 1889.

JAMES W. WARWICK, JR.,
Com'r of acc'ts of P. C.

Nov. 14-6t. Printer's fee $6.79.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

November 21, 1889.

"How He Did Run!"

A Virginian was showing a company of Northern men over a battle field, when one of them said:

"I am reminded of an incident which occurred here. I had charge of a gun over there near Fort Norton. One Sunday, while there was no firing going on and we were all loafing about I saw a man come over that hill by the cemetery and down across this slope toward the rear of the Confederate lines. His comfortable and serene manner irritated me. I determined to see how close I could come to him, and we all chuckled at the idea of scaring the life out of him. I took good aim and landed a shot about six feet from him. You ought to have seen him. He was the most demoralized chap you ever saw. How he did run, and now we laughed to see him!"

"So you are the man who fired that shot, are you?" said the Virginian.

"Yes; do you know anything about it?"

"Well, yes, I think I do," was the reply; "I was the fellow you shot at. I was a lad coming with some thing for my father, who was in the works. I didn't suppose there was a Yankee fool enough or mean enough to shoot a cannon at one little fellow carrying grub to his father. But you don't exaggerate the scare. I didn't grow another inch in a year."

Old Doctor—How are you coming on with your first case?

Young Doctor—Well, I haven't got the invalid out of his bed yet.

"Not out of his bed yet! Great Esculapius! "Why, man, you ought to have had him in his grave by this time."

Mistress—"It seems you haven't got sense enough to know how long to let the eggs stay in the water. Did they never have any soft-boiled eggs for breakfast where you served before you came here?"

New Servant—"No, indeed. The lady where I served before I came here was so kind hearted that she never allowed me to boil an egg."

"Are you going to deny that charge you made against me in yesterday's paper?" he thundered at the editor.

"No, sir!!" thundered back the editor.

"That's right," he said quickly, "if there is one thing I admire it is a man who sticks by his convictions."

"I'd like to ask you, sir," said the young man, in hesitating tones "might I—might I—marry your daughter?"

"Humph," replied her father. "You might——"

"Thanks, sir."

"You might, I repeat, but it would be one of the most inexplicable accidents that ever happened in this country."

"Here's a pointer for ye, Bill," said a tramp to one of his companions. "Don't never go to that house on the hill yonder."

"Why not?"

"'Cause whenever they've got pie they haven't any cheese, and when they've got cheese they haven't any pie. I wouldn't eat at no such place as that."

Wickwire—"What have you got your coat all buttoned up for, Yabsley? You surely are not suffering from the cold this warm evening?"

Yabsley—"I'm going to see my best girl, and I've got on a necktie she bought for me the other day at a dry goods store."

Will—"I don't feel like myself at all, this morning."

Bill—"What's the matter?"

Will—"Oh, I am all out of sorts."

Bill—"Well, your case isn't half so bad as mine—I'm all out of money.

Little Freddy (aged six)—"Mamma's the nicest lady in the whole world, papa's the nicest man and sister Ethel is the nicest girl."

Mr. Stickney (who is courting sister Ethel)—"What am I, Freddy?"

Little Freddy—"You's nobody."

"See here, do you want to ruin me entirely?" he shouted as he flung a pair of trouser's on the tailor's table. "Those pants are two inches too long."

"Nonesense. They are the best fitting trousers I have ever cut."

"That may all be true," he said, "but I couldn't maintain my literary reputation an hour if I were seen with them on."

Landlord—"Well, sir, how did you sleep last night?"

Guest—"Oh, first rate, until along to-ward morning the trains woke me up."

Lanlord—"There are no trains through here in the morning, sir. It must have been our new hash machine."

Dolly—"That seems to be a good rule which Mr. Gladstone and his wife observe."

Cumso—"What is it?"

"When he insists his wife submits when she insists he submits."

"Yes, that's a good rule. My wife and I follow it, too—at least the last part of it."

Young Man (somewhat agitated)—"I have called, Mr. Means, to ask permission to pay my addresses to your daughter, Miss Ruth."

Banker Means—"My daughter Ruth, Mr. Peduncle? Why, she is engaged to Mr. Swackhammer."

Young Man (still agitated, but reflecting that all is not yet lost)—"Did you think I said Miss Ruth, Mr. Means? I said Miss Gwendolen. The—er—similarity of the names probably caused you to misunderstand me."

Laura—"I tell you, Emily, I will never marry a man who doesn't love me!"

Emily—"And I will never love a man who doesn't marry me."

Physician—"You must have made some big blunder in cleaning my watch. It won't run at all now."

Watchmaker (taking the watch)—"I will put it in good order. A jeweler's blunders are easily repaired."

"There goes a man whom I should say labors under some peculiar trouble."

"You are right, my boy. He is a man whose wife is better known than himself."

Customer (in cheap restaurant)—"Waiter, bring me a napkin, please."

Waiter—"All in use at present, Cap; but that chap with the heavy moustache eating soup over there will be through with his soon."

Editor—"You want to run right down into the press room and get caught in a belt. It will be an easy death compared with the one you will have otherwise."

Proofreader—"Why, what's up?"

Editor—"What's up? Why, in this account of the Comeoff's ball, in the description of Miss Teteatete's dress, the copy she gave me read 'trimmed with a jabot of pale seraphane,' and you let it go 'trimmed with a job lot of pale seraphane.' Go on downstairs and commit suicide—I'll write up a good account of your death."

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

"Come on dear," said Amy, putting up her parasol.

"Dear" came, a chubby five year-old.

"We'll take a stroll up the road, Malcolm," said his young aunt.

"All wight," said Malcolm.

They had come, Malcolm and his parents and his father's pretty sister, to pass the summer in Gloster.

Gloster was only a hamlet, but it was cool and green and delightful.

"We'll go along by this stone wall, dear," said Amy.

They passed a maple grove; a little, old church, some farm houses, and then came suddenly upon a square, white building, with two doors in front and yellow blinded windows. Out of the doors bare footed children, with dinner pails, were coming.

"A district school" said Amy. "And it looks so much like—But of course you don't remember, Malcolm. You were only two years old.

Smiling in a pleasantly retrospective way, Amy strolled up to the door.

She would have a congelial little chat with the teacher. Probably it was a spinster with a pointed nose and a shoulder shawl, but—

She and Malcolm went in, and the teacher rose from the desk.

He was hardly a spinster! He was a tall, bright-eyed, dark moustached, indisputably good-looking young man.

"Oh!" Amy faltered.

"Come in!" said the schoolmaster, though they were in.

Amy mustered her courage. It was embarrassing, but after all it didn't alter the case. She would have her congenial talk just the same.

"We thought we'd come in," she said, sweetly smiling. "You see, I taught a term in a district school once myself, and——

"Certainly," said the master. "I am always glad to have visitors. I'm sorry my school is out."

He hastened forward to meet her, and walked back down the aisle with her.

"I'd have been glad to see it," said Amy—not very regretfully, however. "See, Malcolm, dear, that rat on the blackboard."

"Yes, I illustrate their lessons for my primer children," said the teacher, laughing. "They like my pictorial efforts."

What a pleasant laugh he had, and what a clearness and gaiety in his eyes!

Amy's heart beat a little faster.

"It's such work, isn't it, teaching, babies?" she said. "I had an infant of three in my school."

"Oh, I draw the line there! But I have them as small as this young man."

He pinch Malcolm's fat cheek.

"Malcolm is five," said Amy. "Have you many pupils? I had only sixteen."

"Oh, I can beat that! I have forty."

"And you, do it all?" said Amy, her admiring eyes raised to his. "I'm afraid I'm presumptuous to try to have a congenial talk," she laughed, ambiguously. "You see, I taught only one term. I was spending the summer at Hinton, and the teacher was taken sick the first of the term, and I taught it for her. But I'm afraid I did it for fun."

"I shall rank you among the pedagogues, all the same," the young schoolmaster declared, gaily. "You've taught a school, and the [illegible] of your [illegible] doesn't matter. I don't know why we can't have a congenial talk."

"Perhaps we can," said Amy, with pretty laughter and a blush.

They had it.

Malcolm, sitting close to his pretty aunt on the bench, listened round-eyed, interested if not comprehending.

Amy wondered afterward how ever they drifted from school methods and monthly examinations to the prettiness of Gloster's rambles and the pleasantness of the Clark's front porch, where Amy boarded, and the excellence of their croquet ground. But they did; and they were honestly amazed when the clock on the wall gave its "tchick" for half-past five.

They looked at each other in flushed alarm.

Their acquaintance was an hour and a half old.

"I've hindered you!" Amy cried. "You've got lessons to make out, or something."

"I haven't," retorted the teacher, with a bright laugh. "I was going home. I live beyond the Clarks', and I hope you'll let me go with you."

"Come, Malcolm dear," said Amy turning aside her smiling face.

"I don't suppose you will care for my commencement," said the schoolmaster, at the Clarks' gate. "It's day after to-morrow evening. I call it commencement in some irony—its the mere stepping off of my higher class. Only its something of a celebration, here, you know. Everybody comes, and the school-board and my graduates and I ornament the platform put for the occasion, and it's a grand time—for Gloster. But, It wouldn't pay you."

"But I shall come, of course, said Amy, and then blushed for having said "of course."

But the schoolmaster looked happy.

She went up the path in a smiling daze. Indeed it had been a congenial talk—amazingly congenial!

"Yes, Gloster's pretty quiet," said Mr. Clark at the supper table. "I 'spose commencement, now,'ll have to last us rest o' the summer. It'll be worth seein', though. We've got as smart a teacher as you'll find. Born and brought up in Gloster, too, Phil Oakes was. Ain't but twenty-two. He's puttin' himself through college with his own hands—or his own head. Keeps up with his classes, somehow, right along with his teachin'. Goin' to have a first rate berth with his uncle in Marsden when he's bound to get educated first. He'll amount to something, Phil Oakes! Wal, you better go to commencement. You'll enj'y it."

"I shall go," Amy muttered, but tering her roll.

Commencement was drawing to a close. The audience, which was large, had listened and applauded, and tossed flowers, and vigorously fanned itself for nearly two hours. The graduates had read their essays, and the chairman of the school board had presented their diplomas and made a short address.

Now it was the turn of the young master, and the audience gave him a little round of cheers as he rose to speak the parting words to the graduates. For Phil Oakes was certain to say something worth hearing.

So he did. The conventional sentiments about the voyage of life and the port of success were [illegible] neglected. The young master's speech, was short, but good; terse, but bright and interesting and amusing.

Amy looked and listened.

She was with her brother and sister in law, and she was rather in doubt as to the thing she intended doing; but she did not falter.

How nice he looked! And his bright eyes were turned toward her more than once. And she determined to do it if it was eccentric.

She grasped firmly the handsome nose-gay of flowers she had carefully arranged, red and white and yellow roses, with a border of delicate ferns, and as the young master bowed, amid sincere applause, she threw it with vigor directly at him.

There was a general laugh at the novel feature, and then a spreading "Ah!" of consternation.

The big bunch had hit the rather rickety lamp on the organ and knocked it to the floor. There was the expected crash of breaking glass; but worse, there was a burst of flame. The oil had caught fire.

Of course there was a panic. Even men, in their first fright, pushed toward the door. Women screamed and children cried.

Everybody was certain that the building would burn, and there was a general rush and hubbub.

But Amy stood still. Her sister-in-law had grown almost hysterical and her brother had borne her out and called to Amy to follow.

But she did not. She stood motionless and watched one figure on the platform.

Phil Oakes had snatched up the carpet from the temporary platform, and was valiantly smothering the flames.

Amy waited. She had done it. If he was badly burned—if he was smothered—it would be her fault—hers! And how differently she had meant it! She had been foolish, but surely she did not deserve that her foolishness should be to his injury.

The time she stood miserably waiting—waiting till he should see and come to her, as she knew he would (for he must know from whom that bouquet had come)—the time seemed endless.

When he came, white faced but smiling, the tears rushed to her anxious eyes.

"I was such a goose!" she said. "What made me do it? You are burned—both your hands—and I did it!"

"No, no! A small burn or two—nothing!" said the schoolmaster, looking handsome as he bent toward her. "Don't think it! I have your flowers, and they are worth it! Are you alone? Let me take you home."

She took his arm. He was not much hurt, and he held her flowers tightly in his hand, and they were going out into the cool night together, and she was almost glad.

For otherwise she would be going home with John and Margaret.

"My sister in law was hysterical with fright," said Amy, laughing and half crying together, and almost hysterical herself. "And my brother took her home. He told me to come, but I—"

"Your brother!" said Mr. Oakes.

"Yes."

"And your sister in law?"

"Why, yes."

"But I haven't seen them!" he expostulated.

"But you haven't called on me," Amy retorted, dryly.

"And I thought you were alone," he declared.

"But I'm not," she replied, [illegible] ering.

The schoolmaster stopped short, and faced her.

"Is it possible," he said, solemnly,—"is it possible that that child is your nephew?"

"Of course! What else could he be?" Amy cried.

There was a silence of some minutes.

"I thought he was your—son," said Phil Oakes, almost inaudibly. "I thought you were a widow."

"A widow!" she gasped.

She leaned against the fence and laughed until she was weak.

"I was sure you were a widow," he said. "You had on a black dress, you know."

"With yellow bows on it!" she replied in a soft scream.

"And the little boy was with you."

"Oh, yes! Malcolm loves me And Margaret was away that day."

"And he looks like you."

"Yes, everybody says so."

"And you called him 'dear.' And I thought he called you 'mammy.'"

"Aunt Amy," she corrected, faint with laughter.

"I see," said the schoolmaster, slowly. "Do you know," he added, gazing down upon her, "that it has worried me ever so much? Somehow I didn't like to think of you being a widow. I liked you," said the schoolmaster, rather breathlessly. "I liked you right away. That was a congenial talk, wasn't it? and I—I admired you. But I was entirely persuaded that you were a widow with a young, hopeful, and somehow I didn't like the idea in the least. On my soul I don't know why," said the young man, laughing as he looked down upon her.

And he didn't know, though he blushed as he said it, and though she of the rose-boqnet had her pretty fase turned away.

But he knew later. The summer was long, and the Clarks' front porch and croquet ground were rich in opportunity. When the young schoolmatter went back to college in the fall he left a modest diamond ring behind him. And when, two years later, the bright graduate went to fill a remunerative position in Marsden, he, took his young wife with him.—Saturday night.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after [illegible] months, $1.50; after 12 months, $1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

November 28, 1889.

Make the Best of It.

One of the best of all the adages is, "Take things by the smooth handle."

Life is chock full of small (and occasionally large) vexations. They are never helped by irritability.

SALE OF REAL ESTATE FOR TAXES.

—o—0—o—

Notice is hereby given that the following described tracts or lots of land, in the county of Pocahontas, which are delinquent for the non-payment of taxes for the years 1887 and 1888, will be offered for sale by the undersigned sheriff, at public auction at the front door of the Court House of said county, between the hours of ten in the morning and four in the afternoon on the 10 day of December, 1889, that being the second Tuesday in the month. Each tract or lot, or so much thereof as shall be necessary, will be sold for so much cash, as is sufficient to satisfy the amount due thereon, as set forth in the following table:

NAME OF PERSON CHARGED WITH TAXES	QUANTITY OF LAND.	LOCAL DESCRIPTION.	Total am't of taxes int. and of publication being am't necessary to red'm before sale.	Total am't of taxes int. and of pub. commission and fee for receipt.
EDRAY DISTRICT.	Acres.			
Armstrong, B. F.	3½	Swago.	$1.07	$1.32
Arbogast, Benj. (Va.)	308	W. R. & W. E. T. Cr	4.53	3.18
Same	203	W. R	3.60	3.83
Same	83	Tea Cr. & Elk	1.11	1.36
Barnett, L. E.	84	W. Clover Cr.	1.47	1.72
Brown, Dan'l mc (col)	100	Brushy Lick.	1.73	1.98
Burgess, David M.	112½	W. Swago.	6.41	6.66
Same	150	Same	1.27	1.32
Cameron, Geo. H.	278	Dry Branch	4.39	4.64
Chavoms, Joseph	100	Brushy Lick.	1.10	1.35
Cutler, Lloyd L.	194	Laurel Cr.	2.49	2.74
Clayton R. J.	140	Swago Knob	1.05	1.30
Davis, C. F.	4,333½	Gauly River.	21.12	21.37
Irvin, Daniel	230	Gr. River	2.14	2.39
Irvin, John	300	W. G. River.	2.80	3.05
Gay, Matilda J.	31	Sulphur Spr.	1.05	1.30
Hevener, Wm. H.	3,320	W. & C. River.	6.16	6.41
Same	28,300	Laurel Cr. Wm. R	223.44	223.69
Same	3,700	Wm. River	15.34	15.59
Same	2,400	Same	10.61	10.86
Same	1,600	Same	7.32	7.78
Hughes, Sam'l M.	35	Dry Branch	1.57	1.82
Hogsett, Jesse T.	60	Old Field Fork	2.33	2.58
Hevener, W. H.	2,400	Gauley River	9.28	9.53
Same	2,400	Same	23.97	24.22
Same	2,430	Same	10.02	10.27
Same	2,310	Same	10.04	10.29
Same	575	Same	2.95	3.20
Same	400	W. Elk	2.29	2.54
Jackson, Wm.	190	S. Fork	3.10	3.40
McDonald, Geo. W.	364	Thorny Bra.	16.83	17.08
Same	1,000	Big Spring	88.36	88.61
Same	167	Same	2.28	2.53
Moore, L. B.	1½	N. Elk Riv.	.58	.83
Scott, Mary A. (Va.)	685	Wm. River.	9.10	9.35
[illegible]	1,000	W. Elk	10.09	10.34
[illegible]	1	Marlins Bottom	7.22	7.47
[illegible]	50	Droop Mtn.	1.60	1.85
[illegible]	312	Brushy Lick	1.04	1.29
[illegible]	550	Big Spring Br.	27.42	27.67
[illegible]	263	Same	4.31	4.56
[illegible]		W. Greenbrier	.06	.31
[illegible]	200	Same	3.76	4.01

HOME NEWS

—Rev. W. T. Price, was in our office last Monday.

—Benj. Varner Esq., of Split Rock was in to see us Tuesday.'

—I. B. Moore, Esq., of Knapp's Creek was in town the first of the week.

—W. H. Overholt, Esq., of Academy, spent the night in our City last Thursday.

—Attorney C. F. Moore, was down at Academy last Thursday on professional business.

—Attorney H. S. Rucker, went down to the Levels this evening (Wednesday) on legal business.

—Z. T. Webb, Esq., has had a very serious case of mumps for sometime passed, but we are glad to say is able to be out again.

—J. H. Curry, Esq., and wife of Mill Point, passed through town Monday on their way home from Green Bank where they have been visiting friends and relatives.

—As soon as you discover any falling of the hair or grayness always use Hall's Hair Renewer to tone up the secretions and prevent baldness or grayness.

—What's become of the bridge across Knapp's creek at this place? We haven't heard of any one crossing it lately. Has the approach never been built since the water washed it away last spring? Reckon not.

—To-day is Thanksgiving, and when we consider the vast growing wealth of our southern states the late elections, our health, happiness and prosperity and many other things this ought to be a day of thankfulness indeed.

—When, from any cause, the digestive and secretory organs become disordered, they may be stimulated to healthy action by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. These Pills are prescribed by the best physicians, and are for sale at all the drug stores.

WHEAT FOR SALE.—Having five hundred bushels of wheat to sell, I offer it for the next 30 days for cash at 90 cts. per bu. at my granary. Respectfully,

n.28-4t H. M. LOCKRIDGE.

—The use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, stimulates the secretions, and imparts new life and vigor to every function of the body. For nearly half a century, it has remained unrivaled as the best blood medicine ever discovered. Be convinced by a trial.

Driftwood Doings.

More rain and mud.

Our school is flourishing under the management of Miss Lulu M. Burner, of Green Bank.

Miss Emma McAlpin, who has been visiting in this neighborhood for the past week has returned home, accompanied by Miss Susie Weeks.

It is rumored that a wedding is soon to take place in our neighborhood.

Rev. Jno. McNeel closed his protracted meeting last Sunday.

Mr. Uriah Hevener removed some of his cattle from the Huffman backing this week.

Dunmore Doings.

As we have seen nothing from Tom Sawyer for some time we suppose he is as dead as Billy Mahone.

We are having all sorts of weather, and mud, and some of the roads are almost impassable. We must have better roads or stop traveling.

We have some good R. R. news again.

The best thing W. Va., can do is to stop the free schools for two years, and apply the money to the roads and bridges, so that all may be benefitted thereby.

Mr. Newton Moore and Wm. Carpenter are very ill at this writing.

Our school is flourishing. Miss Jones has a large class of music scholars and expects to teach music at Dunmore when her school is out.

Jacob Taylor has gone into the lumber business.

There will be singing at the Baxter church Saturday night and music on the new organ. Come and bring your books. Preacking Sunday at 3 p. m.

C. B. Swecker, got a load of coffins and chairs this week.

TRAVELER.

Traveler's Repose Locals.

Mr. Oliver Gum and wife of Monterey Va., were visiting Mr. O. W. S. Gum a few days ago.

Mrs. Maggie Hughes and son Charlie of Highland Co., were visiting her mother Mrs. Comfort Houchin who has been quite ill, the past week.

Mr. H. Malcolm and wife of Crabbottom Va. are visiting their daughter Mrs. Bonnie Burner.

Mr. Lee Burner is off on a trip to Monterey, and Mr. Robt. Kerr to Staunton Va.

A couple of Mormons Preachers passed through this place last week and distributed a few tracts as they went, but did not succeed in getting a building to preach in.

Mrs. Eva Beard, of Green Bank who came to this place to visit relatives last week was taken quite ill at the residence of her brother Mr. Mack Yeager.

Mr. Walker Yeager had the misfortune to cut his foot badly, while chopping wood last Saturday morning.

Mr. Charles Pritchard arrived at this place last Wednesday, from Red Creek, Tucker Co., and he and wife are now visiting his parents at Dunmore.

Mr. Kelley, who lives about nine miles from here killed eleven deer in a day and a half last week, also Mr. Willie Yeager of this place killed one last Thursday evening. Your correspondent has not ascertained whether the deer was tied, or whether some one held it while Mr. Y. shot it.

I. G. W.

Pocahontas Musical Association.

A very interesting and prosperous meeting of this association was held in the Mary Gibson Chapel Oct 24th, 26th, 1889.

This institution has exerted a very fine influence in promoting a taste for sacred music and developing social amenities in our grand and improving county, wherever its sessions have been held the past six or eight years.

The meeting on Elk was opened Thursday evening by the President Sam'l B. Moore at whose request Wm. T. Price read a scripture lesson, sang a hymn, beginning

"Sweet is the work my God and king
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing."

and offered prayer.

There was an increasing attendance to the last and the interest taken by the people young and old was extensely gratifying.

Messrs. S. B. Moore, Jacob Smith, John Waugh, Kenney Gay, Wm. T. Price, led the singing, and gave the lectures. Mr. Luther Sharp, a young beginner of marked promise, was induced to lead in one piece, which he did to the satisfaction of all.

The presence of Prof. C. B. Swecker one of the founders of the association and one of its most efficient supported was much missed as well as that of others.

Mr. Ellis Hannah, performed the duties of secretary, with much ability.

Mr. William Gibson, James Gibson his brother and others entertained the visiting members very sumptuously, and through them and several others, the Association has a standing invitation to come there and stay long enough to eat two or more beeves, and other good things in proportion.

What a nice world would there be were there more Billy Gibsons Jim Gibsons, John B. Hannah's and Clark Riders to move up things with wives to correspond.

H. K. S.

Died.

[From (Ord, Neb.,) Democrat of the 14 inst.]

Mr. William Butler Lockridge died at the family residence in Michigan township last Friday, after a long and tedious illness, his bedside being surrounded by his aged father, two brothers, and a few kind friends and neighbors. Mr. Lockridge was born in West Virginia about 33 years ago and came to Valley county in 1884 in company with his brother Lee, and shortly afterward was followed by his father and younger brother Gus. The brothers secured a large tract of land and opened up an extensive cattle and grain ranche, which they have operated since. About a year ago the subject of this sketch took cold from the result of wading the river and was attacked with lung trouble which ran into consumption. He fought this dire monster manfully, but without avail. During the entire period of his sickness he seemed mindful of its fatality and demeaned himself with great patience and forbearance, and never for a moment appeared despondendt. Some time before his death Mr. Lockridge united with the Ord Presbyterian church and went down to the valley and shadow of death professing full and complete faith in the saviour of mankind. His remains were interred in the Ord cemetery Sunday afternoon. Rev. Pearce conducted the religious exercises, making a short but oathetic address at the church upon the life and character of the deceased.

William Butler Lockridge was a quiet, unpretentious man, yet his kindly smile and cordial handshake gave token of his great large heart and liberal mind. In business he was the soul of honor, making practical application of the golden rule in every transaction with his brother man. He came west to lay up for himself riches. That he succeeded in doing this we all know. Let us hope that in the later days of his all too short life he attained those spiritual riches which the world cannot give nor take away.

WASHINGTON LETTER

[From our regular correspondent.,

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.—President Harrison now has an opportunity to show how sincere he was when he indorsed the civil service law. In his hands has been placed a report of the civil service commission showing the violation of the law by republican officials by the collecting of money for the Mahone campaign fund. The Commissioners say that their report is accompanied by evidence which leaves no doubt of the guilt of the parties, and that whether they shall be punished or not lies entirely with the President. It is intimated that at least two of the Commissioners will resign if the President refuses to order the prosecution of the guilty parties. What the result will be is hard to say. But I don't see why President Harrison should hesitate a minute. Laws, whether good or bad, are made to be enforced.

The new Commissioner of Pensions is up to snuff when it comes to getting around the Civil Service law. Here's a specimen case: the first or second day the commissioner was in office he promoted a watchman to be superintendent of the Pension office building. this week the same man was transferred to a high grade clerkship and a new man was made superintendent. Wasn't that a slick way of making the watchman a high priced clerk without submittting him to a civil service examination? Is it any wonder that people here who are necessarily familiar with such cases as this should consider the whole civil service business, as at present conducted a farce? Mr. Raum has also developed another trait peculiar to republican officials—that of looking out for their families has created a new division in his office and appointed his son to be its chief at a salary of $2,000 a year.

Now that Secretary Proctor has resigned the presidency of his Vermont marble company, he will be able to devote his entire time to the War department and to the laying of wires to succeed Senator Morrill.

The Speakership contest, although very quiet, is developing a great deal of bad blood among the republicans. Representative Cannon and his friends are extremely bitter against Reed, and are striving hard to bring about a combination that will defeat him, in fact that is the only reason that Cannon ever became a candidate. He has never had the remotest chance of being nominated, and no one knows it better than himself, but he has not yet given up the hope of "downing" Reed. McKinley, who would be looked on as the winner if Reed was out of the way, is having a fight made on him from several quarters. Senator Quay says that McKinley shall never be Speaker if he can prevent it, and he thinks he can. Foraker too, it is said, is bringing the little influence he has to bear against McKinley. It grows worse as the time approaching for the holding of the caucus, all of which is very encouraging to the democrats, for it makes it absolutely certain that no objectionable legislation will get through the House as long as this bickering among the majority lasts.

President Harrison promised a committee of the National convention of Commercial bodies, which called on him this week, that he would consider the question of recommending in his annual message the adoption of a national bankrupt law.

The proposition of Mr. Arkell, Russell Harrison's partner, to pay $1,000,000 for the privilege of putting an advertisement on the back of postage stamps will be rejected. Uncle Sam does not believe in running opposition to the newspapers, which he considers the best, and the only legitimate advertising mediums.

There seems to be a screw loose somewhere in the republican machine, or else United States Treasurer Houston, who during the Presidential campaign was chairman of the Indiana republican state committee, would hardly have taken pains to use the language he did, when he appointed Miss Tanner, daughter of the deposed "Corporal" to be his private secretary, just after Mr. Raum, her father's successor had accepted her resignation of a similar position in his office. Mr. Houston told the young lady that it afforded him much pleasure to be able to show his appreciation of the valuable services rendered the republican party of Indiana by her father, Corporal Tanner, during the last Presidential elections, and he told it where he knew it would be published. Isn't that treason towards the man who kicked Tanner out of the Pension office? Or was it only intended as a gentle reminder to the gentleman in the White House that he was in danger of being called ungrateful?

Between the candidates for speaker and the candidates for the smaller offices under the House, the republican Representatives are having a hard time, and it is not to be wondered at that they are slow in turning up.

Mr. Carlisle will receive the democratic nomination for speaker of the House. No other man has ever been thought of in this connection.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of J. B. Hannah dec'd.

At the request of C. F. Moore and L. M. McClintic, Administrator of J. B. Hannah, dec'd, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said J. B. Hannah dec'd, for adjudication to me at my office in Huntersville on or before the 15th day of January 1890.

"Witness: James W. Warwick Jr., Commissioner of accounts of Pocahontas County, this the 12th day of November, 1889.

JAMES W. WARWICK, Jr.,
Com'r of acc'ts of P. C.

Nov. 14-6t. Printer's fee$6.79.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

November 28, 1889.

Two Ways to Propose.

Here are two kinds of "proposing." This one is the kind you read about, but the other is the most popular in the realm of fact: "My angel, I have long waited for this opportunity. You must have detected ere now the growth of my love for you. From the day I first met you that love took root, and to-night it is strong and sturdy, unwavering, undying. Your sweet smiles have lighted up my life, your every word has been to me a note of exquisite music, thrilling, enthralling me. You have filled a place in my heart, in my affections, that no one before has ever occupied. My life-long happiness depends solely upon the answer you give me. Say you will be mine to love, caress and cherish, idolize through time and eternity, and make me of all men most envied. But if you refu——Oh, I cannot! I cannot! The thought is madness. You will be my wife! I see the answer of your heart mirrored in your lustrous eyes; you know I love you as no other man ever has loved you, or ever can love you, darling. I know you will not thrust me off."

The angel assumes a stereotyped really-this-is-so sudden expression, and assures Mr. Wordie she would derive great pleasure from being his sister.

Here is the other way:

"Maud, I've been thinking seriously lately."

"Really, Fred, you ought to be more judicious than to do anything so rash as that."

"Yes, I know it is a heavy tax on my mental capacity, but then I always was reckless that way. This time, however, I think I have been thinking you wouldn't object to having your name changed."

"When?"

"Just as soon as possible."

"Will it be home or church?"

"Church, of course; we want to do this thing in style."

"Have you asked pa?"

"Certainly not. I don't want to marry your father."

"Well, I know; but for form's sake."

"All right, dear; for form's sake I will see pa, and maybe you had better prepare ma for the ordeal."

"Oh, she won't mind it."

Deep silence reigns again, save as it is broken by the soft sighing of the treetops, swayed by a gentle breeze. Gleefully the stars twinkle; the moon looks beamingly down from Heaven to earth, and discovers on a vine-bowered piazza two forms with but a single chair.

Emperor William's visit to Constantinople cost the Sultan over $1,000,000.

The survivors of the London steamer Odessa, which foundered at sea, have arrived in England. They were carried down with the vessel but were blown to the surface through the boiler bursting, the explosion saving their lives.

Eastern Man—"How is Cosmopolo City, the 'Occidental Wonder of the Western World,' and 'Belle of the Plains,' prospering?"

Western Man—"Finely! Finely! We've got two stores and a blacksmith shop in full blast now."

"Any arsenic?" softly asked the little woman as the druggist came forward with his usual retail smile.

"Yes'm."

"I'd like a quarter's worth, please."

"Yes'm. How are you going to administer it?"

"Why—why, on cheese or bread, I suppose. Isn't that the general way?"

"Some give it in coffee."

"Why, rats don't drink coffee, do they?"

"Oh! its for rats, eh? Then cheese is the proper thing."

Miss Parsay (calling on Mrs. Bunscomb, picks up a card from her table)—Blodgekins! What a homely name! I'd have it changed.

Little Bobby B. (sweetly)—Is that your name?

Miss P. (also sweetly)—No. What makes you think that's my name?

Bobby—I heard mamma say you were dreadful anxious to change it.

Sounds of distress from Bobby fifteen minutes later.

Edith—I promised to marry Fred last night.

Ella—It was only last week that you told me that you really hated him.

Edith—So I did; and I meant it, too.

Ella—Then you have changed your mind. What caused you to do so?

Edith—No, I have not changed my mind; but, you see, Fred used to be a life insurance solicitor, and so he would not take "no" for an answer.

New York Judge—Prisoner, you are found guilty of murder in the first degree. Have you anything to offer to the court before sentence is passed upon you?

Prisoner—I have, your honor, I object to being executed by electricity on account of the uncertainty of its ability to destroy human life with dispatch.

N. Y. J.—Then I sentence you to work for the Delay, Linger & Wait Railway Company as freight brakeman until you are dead; and may God have mercy on your soul.

Improvements in Trotting Records.

New York Herald.

Until 1874 no horse ever trotted a mile in 2:14. In that year the feat was accomplished for the first time by Goldsmith Maid, then 17 years old. Goldsmith Maid then reighned queen of the turf four years with this record. It was unbeaten till 1878, when Rarus went a mile in 2:13¼.

This season no fewer than six horses have trotted below 2:14, and two of them are only 3 year-old. Two have scored records 2:12, and a third has made a mile in 2:10¾

These figures show a remarkable development of trotting speed in 11 years.

Sympathizing Deacon—Why do you groan so, brother?

Distressed Brother—Oh, I have been a great sinner. I have blasphemed and stolen and smoked five cent cigars and got drunk and forged and killed my man in a quarrel out in Bloody Gulch.

"Ah! well, all these things can be forgiven."

"But I haven't told the worst. I am one of those blotches on humanity who wear a stove pipe hat with a sack coat."

"I am afraid there is no help for you, sir."

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

The Queen of the Gnomes.

Nobody would ever have imagined that Peggy Leamington had a will of her own, or that she was anything but a charming little atom of the feminine flotsam and jetsam cast by the relentless sea of circumstances upon the barren shores of existences. Her mouth was irresolute, her eyes anything but determined looking, yet in Peggy's case appearances were decidedly deceptive. She had an undeniable will of her own, luckily for her and for the querulous old mother dependent upon her exertions.

Poor Peggy's life had been one tumultuous struggle ever since her father died. He had left his wife and daughter penniless; and even that was not the full extent of their discomfort. Mrs. Leamington felt that she had appearances—the bane of existence—to keep up; in fact, she was perfectly willing to live in threadbare uneasiness, if she could only succeed in convincing the world that she was basking in the comparative sun of luxury.

Peggy had sewed industriously night and day for a large wholesale shop that paid her but a miserable pittance, yet afforded her the means of keeping from the door the wolf—that terrible black master—the cruel extorter of so much blood-money. Mrs Leamington saw her little flat ever bright and pretty, she ate many a luxury that Peggy pathetically pretended she herself didn't like, there not being enough to "go round." Her life was as free from care as an unselfish little daughter could make it.

Then there was Jack—Jack Ruffington. Since he had come into Peggy's life things have been much more endurable. He had met the little lady at the house of her school friends, and Peggy's flaxen locks and azure eyes had charmed the susceptible young man. He didn't think he was susceptible, however. No man does. Peggy, with as much dignity as nineteen summers could command, had asked him to call and see mamma.

"I am sure you would like her," she said, after she had met Mr. Ruffington several times at this accommodating friend's house. Then she added, wickedly: "You can come and she her often, you know—when I'm out."

Peggy did not have many opportunities to indulge in those little harmless coquetries so necessary to many women. Stern realities claimed her almost entirely. The butterfly beauties of life seemed to have flitted past her. Cold, solid facts remained. Try and be coquettish, young woman, in the presence of these facts, if you can. Jack Ruffington called at Mrs. Leamington's modest apartments. He called once reluctantly; then again, with less timidity; finally he spent his almost every evening there, and seemed to enjoy it, too. There is no use beating about the bush and pretending that it was Mrs. Leamington's brilliant conversation that enchanted him. That would be absurd for two reasons. First, because the poor old lady when she spoke at all talked of nothing but the better days she had once known, and, second, because she was generally impolite enough to sleep long before Mr. Ruffington took his departure. Peggy was the attraction. She listened to all Jack's stories, sympathized with his plans for the future, and while she plied her needle and stitched away her dear life and the dear life of her mother gave him the benefit of her girlish advice. Those were delightful evenings. The stuffy little flat was a far-extending paradise; the dreamy little clock a cruel, inconsiderate time-slayer.

Then the night came when Jack asked Peggy to be his wife, and she in her enthusiasm utterly ruined a dainty lace ruffle that she had been manipulating.

"You must wait for me, Peggy," he said, looking at her blushing, coy face. "The governor has promised to raise me as soon as ever I step into Smith's place, and then Peggy—we'll have a flat larger than this, and your mother shall live with us—and—and—oh, Peggy, shall we not be happy!"

Peggy actually shed tears of joy as she looked upon the glowing picture painted by the anticipative imagination of Mr. Ruffington. Might he exact a lover's privilege and take a kiss? Peggy crimsoned at the question, but nevertheless held up her pretty face a very kissable distance and Mr. Jack made not the least ceremony. Two days later an unpretentious little engagement ring encircled Miss Leamington's pretty finger.

The girl sat thinking of all these pleasant moments one cold, dark afternoon when the days had slipped away from autumn and were speeding winterward as rapidly as possible. Since her engagement nothing but ill luck seemed to have fallen to her lot. The very next day she had received a letter from her employers at the large wholesale shop that had kept her, supplied her with work. Business was very bad, said the letter, and orders had been given to reduce expenses. Perhaps at some future time the services of Miss Leamington might be needed, but at present——

It was hard very hard, Peggy felt completely dazed. What could she do? She could not remain more than a fortnight without work. If she did, the small hoard of savings that she kept as an emergency fund would be exhausted.

She trotted patiently downtown and visited each of the big stores, determined to obtain work by some means. But the polite answer she received on all sides rendered argument impossible. She had thought of making some sort of desperate appeal to these frigid autocrats. But once in their presence and she found it impossible. Reasoning was out of the question.

"Leave your address" was the only balm volunteered, and what balm that is to the workseeker!

On her way home from this discouraging quest, her eyes were attracted by a glaring poster, fitfully lighted by a neighboring lamp. In big blue letters the announcement was made that a glittering spectacle would shortly be presented at Niblo's Garden, with "bevies of beautiful girls and hundreds of stalwart men." A sudden inspiration came to Peggy. She had been to the theatre but twice in her life and knew very little about it, but she had seen girls much uglier than she was joining in stage crowds and playing small, unimportant parts. If only she could get a chance in one of the "bevies of beautiful girls!" It would pay her better than the sewing and it would be a pleasant change. Without giving herself time for reflection she went there and then to the stage door of the big theatre and asked to see the manager of the company that was to give the production.

He came to her and she did not [illegible] when he appeared. On the contrary, she was very much on the alert and answered all questions with a self assurance that evidently pleased the gentleman who put them.

He apparently liked her appearance, and he smiled with a sort of gratitude when she said she couldn't act, and wasn't at all accomplished, because managers very rarely meet that kind of person. Applicants for positions on the stage are nearly always the greatest people on earth—in their own estimation.

"I will give you a chance, young lady," he said at last, "and will cast you for a small part called the Queen of the Gnomes. You have but a few lines to speak, and have finished at the end of the second act, when you can go home to your mother."

For Peggy had told this kindly looking manager everything. She was delighted at her luck and went home "on air." It was not till later, when her mother had fallen asleep over her knitting, that Peggy began to feel a little doubtful. She would not dare to tell Mrs. Leamington what she was going to do. The old lady had a perfect horror of theatres, and, after all, Peggy reflected, it would not be necessary to divulge her secret. She could look for work in the shops every day, and then when she found it she could resign from her queenship of the gnomes. It was absolutely necessary that she earn money. Starvation stared them in the face without it.

And Jack—no, she could not tell Jack. Mr. Ruffington would certainly not care to imagine that his affianced wife was every evening a queen of the gnomes for the benefit of a critical public. Poor Peggy! She rebelled at the idea of deception. It is easy to be frank and straightforward when there is no reason why you should be otherwise. One thing she remembered with joy. Jack was obliged to work every night now. He would not miss her. They could spend their Sundays together just the same as ever. So Peggy went to rehearsal, and was pronounced entirely competent. The work was very distasteful to her; the people with whom she came in contact disgusted her. But she associated with them as little as possible, and was careful to avoid giving offense.

Peggy's trials began during the first week. The King of the Gnomes persisted in persecuting her with attentions. He was a very objectionable creature, and she tried hard to let him see that she thought so. She longed to confide in Jack—dear, old Jack—but there she was without a soul in the world to whom she could tell her troubles. In her principal scene with the King of the Gnomes she had to tear from his face a black veil which he wore, and manifest astonishment at his features which she was supposed never to have seen before, having married him by some weird rite. The King always seized this opportunity to smile sweetly and to press her hand affectionately as possible.

One night as she reached her home, she was going to her room, tired and discouraged, when, standing in the parlor, with an angry pallor on his face, she saw Jack. In an agony of apprehension she tried to mentally formulate some excuse for her absence before she went to him, but he gave her no time. He rushed to meet her, and drew her into the room.

"Peggy," he said, his eyes big with reproach, "you out alone at this time of night! Where have you been?"

Peggy was silent. Her load of woe seemed really greater than she could bear.

"I asked your mother," Jack went on, looking into her tear-dimmed eyes, "and she told me that you were out every night now, working. Is that true?"

"Jack"—Peggy gulped down a big sob—"how do you think we should live if I didn't work? Do you suppos we have an income or—or—that it—it rains money.

"No, dear," he said, tenderly stroking the smooth little head, and the light of deepest compassion in his eyes—which she couldn't see. "I know you go to work, but I do not believe that you still do the sewing as your mother thinks. Am I right?"

Peggy moved away from him, indignant.

"I refuse to answer," she declared. "You have no right to question me. I am old enough to do as I think best. When I am your wife you can command me, but until then—no."

"Won't you trust me, Peggy?"—very diffidently.

"I cannot—just yet."

Peggy cried bitterly when Jack had gone. Of course, he had the right to question her, but she resented his interference. Then she was afraid of his anger when he learned what she was doing. But men were so inconsiderate, she thought. They would sooner hear of a woman starving than working for her livelihood. If Peggy had applied to Jack he might have helped her, but the independent little lady would have cut out her tongue rather than apply to the young man.

The idea of work next night sickened her. She went to the theatre depressed and ill. Queen of the Gnomes! How utterly silly the term queen sounded applied to herself. She felt she was the most inferior gnome in the gathering. Then the thought of meeting the King face to face again! How horrible it was. Was life always to be as dark and unpleasant as it seemed just now? Peggy donned her black goblin attire with the strongest inclination she had ever felt to tear it to pieces. She was thankful that she had not been called upon to be one of the smiling radiant fairies. She could not have smiled upon this occasion.

The curtain rose upon the dark, subterranean cavern, where the gnomes had their home. Peggy was thinking of Jack all the time. If only she had told him what she was doing! She would have felt more at her ease, at any rate. This weight on the conscience was killing her. She would tell him tomorrow. Further concealment was utterly impossible.

She felt better after she had come to this determination and nerved herself for her work in the second act when she had to meet the King of Gnomes. She had not seen him behind the scenes at all to-night. Usually he was a most determined lounger, although he was not obliged to appear until the second act.

Ah! There he was. As she saw him approaching she turned away in an irrepressible ecstasy of repulsion. He did not attempt to come near her, strange to say. He stood at one wing while she waited at the other. A feeling of gratitude took possession of her. Perhaps he intended to cease his persecutions after all.

[Continued on fourth page.]

[illegible]ontas Times.

[illegible]N E. CAMPBELL,

[illegible] AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 2 [illegible]	$ 3 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50.

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

December 5, 1889.

In 1867 there were 35,000,000 sheep east of the Mississippi river; now there are 18,[illegible]. More protection, less sheep.

The Tribune building in Minneapolis, Minn., was burned the 30 inst., and 11 lives lost.

John L. Sullivan will accept the offer of $35,000 made by the Pacheco, California Athletic club to fight Jackson the negro.

The next census, it is estimated upon the based of an increase, of 1,700,000 a year, will give the United States a population of 70,000,000.

Here's what an exchange says. "A bushel of corn makes 4 gallons of whiskey. It sells for $16. The Government gets $3.60, the farmer 40cts, the railroad $1.00, the manufacturers $4.00, the vender $[illegible] and the drinker all that is left—the jim jams.

In the first eight months of 1888, thirty five woolen mills failed, with liabilities of $2,[illegible]. In the first eight months of the present year forty six woolen mills failed with liabilities of $[illegible]. There were two causes of these failures. One was bad management; the other that, instead of depending on themselves, the manufacturers depended on protection. Protection helped them to overproduce, but ruined them when they tried to undersell in outside markets.

Destroyed by Fire.

The large frame dwelling house of Mr. John C. Burdett, at Second Creek, just across the county line, in Greenbrier Co., caught fire from a defective chimney flue at an early hour on Saturday morning last, Nov. 23rd, and was totally destroyed. Mr. Burdett also lost the greater part of his furniture, and $[illegible] money which he had laid aside with which to pay his taxes. His total loss is estimated at about $[illegible], of which $[illegible] is covered by insurance. Mr. Burdett, we understand will soon build again.—Ronceverte Watchman.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—Ex-Speaker Carlisle was this evening nominated by the democratic caucus for Speaker of the House. All of the former House officials received the compliment of a renomination. No action was taken by the caucus as to the course of the party in the House, it being thought best to wait until the republican programme was known.

[illegible]

[illegible] against Benjamin F. Butler for $[illegible] damages for slander.

This has been an unusually quiet week in Washington. Probably the lull that always precedes a storm. The storm will begin next Monday when the Fifty first Congress comes together, and will last —goodness only knows how long.

Mr. Blaine entertained the delegates to the International Marine Conference at dinner last Tuesday. The conference expects to get away in two or three weeks, in fact the English delegates have already gone.

Representative Randall hopes to occupy his seat in the House Monday. He also hopes to be able to take as active a part in the legislation of the session as he has always has done. The last hope can hardly be realized, unless Mr. Randall possesses a great deal more strength than his appearance indicates.

Assistant Secretary Bussey, of the department of the Interior takes up the greater portion of his annual report in defending the pension decisions he has made since last March. A judicial decision should always be its own defense, but then perhaps Mr. Bussey doesn't consider his decisions judicial. Anyway there is something about his report that seems out of keeping with good taste and the general fitness of things.

Secretary Tracy may now claim to be even with Secretary Noble for the Tanner dismissal. Last week Mr. Noble made a call on five of the most prominent of the re-rated officials of the Pension office for their resignations. One of them is a protege of Mr. Tracy, to whom he at once went in his trouble. The result of the interview was that the officials refused to resign, and announced their intention of fighting for their places. In the meantime it was whispered around that Mr. Tracy had determined to make this a fight to the death, and that if he failed to keep his man in the Pension office he would leave the cabinet. Just as things had reached this interesting stage the semi-official announcement is made that out of personal consideration for the men concerned, Secretary Noble had decided not to dismiss the officials who refused to resign. Personal [illegible]. He found out that Secretary Tracy's Congressional backing was about ten times heavier than his own and concluded it was better to back down than to get knocked down.

Representative Reed thinks the recent elections have reminded the republicans that minority and republicanism may be synonymous sometime and that they will not attempt to pass a set of rules in the House which will deprive the minority of its parliamentary rights.

Arrangements have been made by the Navy department to secure the new smokeless powder for the small arms in that branch of the service.

Senator Berry says the democrats of the Senate will be able to say what will not be done by that body but they will have to allow their opponents the privilege of deciding what will be done.

The speakership nomination will be settled at the republican caucus to-morrow night, and not before. The field is still energetically working to get up some sort of combination to "down" Reed, but unless they make a good deal more progress in the next twenty four hours than there is now any indication of they have little hopes of success.

Gen. Mahone has come to Washington for the winter. Notwithstanding his defeat he continues to control the Federal patronage of Virginia.

Ex-Attorney General Garland will practice law in this city, while [illegible] his residence in Arkansas.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE
OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Randolph county, West Virginia, rendered on the 20th day of September, 1889, in the suit in equity of C. Aultman & Co. vs. Jacob S. Wamsley and others, And three other causes, heard therewith, the undersigned, on the 3rd day of January, 1890 at the front door of the Court House of said county, will offer for sale at auction to the highest bidder the following described tracts of land:

30 acres, 30 acres, 300 acres, 110 acres, 135 acres, 800 acres, 190 acres, 7½ acres, 2,000 acres, 182 acres and [illegible] acres owned by Jacob S. Wamsley; so much of the 135 and 110 acre tracts as was not embraced by the convey ance from said Wamsley to Jacob Crouch will be sold; and so much of the 190 acre tract as was not embraced by the deed from said Wamsley to Edgar D. Wamsley will be sold. The two tracts of 30 acres each and the parcels of the 190 acres, the 135 acres and the 110 acres, not conveyed as aforesaid, together with the 7½ acres and the 41 acres compose what is known as the home farm of the said Jacob S. Wamsley and is situate on the Tygarts Valley River in said county. The 300 acres adjoins the said farm and is principally unimproved. The 800 acres is situate in said county on Elk Water. The 2000 acres, the 182 acres and the 36 acres, adjoining each other and are situate on the waters of Greenbrier River in Pocahontas Co. and known as the "Hamilton Place." And the 10 or 12 acres lying on mill creek, Randolph county between lands of L. C. Conrad and S. M. Wamsley and the 30 acres, Andrew Wamsley land, situate on said creek owned by Melvin Currence; And the 113 acres and 107 acres owned by Patrick Crickard, and being the same lands conveyed by him in trust to Leland Kittle; and the [illegible] acres, [illegible] acres and 2 acres owned by Phoebe A. Crickard and being the same lands conveyed to her by James Moyers. The five last named tracts compose what is known as the Patrick Crickard home place, situate in Randolph county on the Tygart's Valley River near Huttonsville. A plat of the lands to be sold composing the home farm of the said Jacob S. Wamsley, as well as the lands of the said Patrick and Phoebe A. Crickard will be made by the County Surveyor and exhibited at the sale. The home farm of the said Jacob S. Wamsley is largely improved, with barn, two dwelling houses, other out buildings and orchards thereon, partly composed of the finest river bottom, with good uplands and in a fine state of cultivation. Upon the said 300 acre tract there is valuable timber, accessible to the Tygarts Valley River. The 800 acres on Elkwater has on it about 300 acres of fine soil, the richest soil and a good quality of timber. Upon the said "Hamilton Place" there is about [illegible] acres [illegible], about 100 acres of which is in sod and produces the finest blue grass. The residue of the land is very rich soil with limestone, and first class timber, such as cherry, ash, hemlock, &c., the 10 or 12 acres, Currence land is improved and the 30 acres is partially improved and is of rich soil with a very fine orchard of young and well selected fruit trees thereon. The said "Patrick Crickard Home Place" except the 113 acres is principally improved land of the finest river bottom, upon which is a new dwelling house, other out buildings, a good orchard and is in a high state of cultivation. The 113 acres lies on the east side of the Tygarts Valley River, from the improved lands, is good soil, upon which there is the finest timber, such as white oak, poplar, &c. Such an opportunity for the purchase of valuable timber and improved lands at judicial sale is rarely offered in this section, and parties desiring to make investments in this beautiful valley with its prospects of further development by the extension of its railroad facilities, will do well to investigate the properties to be sold.

TERMS OF SALE.

Said lands will be sold for five per cent of the purchase money cash in hand and the residue in equal amounts upon a credit of 6, 12, 18 & 24 months with interest from the day of sale and purchasers to give notes with good security for the deferred payments.

[illegible], Special
[illegible], Commissioners.

I certify that bond and security has been given by the above named Commissioner as required by the decree of sale.

[illegible]

Clerk of the Circuit Court of Randolph Co.

Dec. [illegible]. Printer's fee $[illegible]

Jefferson Davis is still very sick in New Orleans.

HOME NEWS

—A few drummers in the city lately.

—Rice Moore, Esq., of Dunmore, was in our town Sunday.

—Everybody should attend the sale of real estate for taxes next Tuesday, Dec. 10th.

—Attend the sale of real estate for taxes in front of the Court House at this place next Tuesday.

—Our young friend N. C. McNeel, Esq., of Buckeye was in to see us last Saturday.

—The mail is now coming in from Millboro at 12 m. instead of at night, a half a day later.

—Thanksgiving is o'er, and the gobbler that was gobbled, will gobble no more.

—Wm. H. McAlister, of Warm Springs Va., spent Tuesday night and part of Wednesday in town.

—Guy Slaven, Esq., who has been in town for several days past has returned to his studies at the Hillsboro Academy.

—Hunt up wash up and hang up your stockings for, providence permiting, Santa Clause will be here about the 25 of this month.

—Joe McNeel, Esq., and Freddie Beard, of Academy came up to our city Saturday and returned Monday.

—Albert Sharp, Esq., will run a steam saw mill on Alleghahy Mountain near Rider's this winter for Mr. H. M. Lockridge.

—Mrs. S. L. Brown, and Mrs. J. R. Slaven, of this place are visiting friends and relatives at Green Bank.

—We acknowledge a pleasant call from Mr. R. H. McCormick, of Grant, Pa., who has been in this county for sometime, surveying the St. Lawrence Lumber Co's. lands.

—Mrs. Susan Barr, living on Brown's mountain about two miles from this place was paralyzed entirely on one side, on the 29th. inst., and is now in a very percarious condition

—"I use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral freely in my practice, and recommend it in cases of Whooping Cough among children, having found it more certain to cure that t oulle some disease than any other medicine I know of." —So says Dr. Bartlett, of Concord, Mass.

—Auburn Friel, Esq., who has been working on a saw mill on William's river for a year past, will start with Mr. Jno. Peters to New York, shortly to resume the same occupation.

—Miss Lillie Friel, of near this place, who has just finished a four months school on William's river, has gone to Traveler's Repose to teach another.

—To strenghthen the hair, thicken the growth stop its blanching and falling out, and where it is gray to restore the youthful color, use Hall's Hair renewer.

—N. A. Williams & son, potographers, are closing up business in Huntersville with the intention of going home to Penn., to spend Christmas.

—In this issue will be found Commissioners' sale of real estate of C. Aultman & Co., vs. Jacob S. Wamsley and others of several thousand acres of very valuable land in Randolph Co., and a part in this Co., and will be sold at public auction at the front door of the Court house in said Randolph Co., on the 3rd day of January 1890.

—We learn from the Greenbrier Independent that Wm. E. Leonard, a most worthy and estimable young man of Lewisburg, died in that town on Nov. 23rd, aged 33 years 3 months and 11 days. He held the position of Teller in the Bank of Lewisburg for a long time and was most faithfully and efficient in his duties.

—Rev. C. F. Moore was up at Dunmore the first of the week and returned Tuesday accompanied by his brother Harry.

—The fountain of perpetual youth was one of the dreams of antiquity. It has been well-nigh realized in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood, gives vitality to all the bodily functions, and thus restores to age much of the vigor and freshness of youth.

LOST.—A revolver, on Dec. 2nd between Marlinton bridge and Huntersville. A reward will be paid the finder by leaving it at THE TIMES office.

EDWARD RUTLEDGE,
Mail carrier.

Locals from Hillsboro.

Miss Rella Clark has returned from Split Rock, and is conducting a school near this place.

Mr. John Bolton is moving back to the village, so Hillsboro can boast of another family.

The M. P. S. Society, of H. T. School has again resumed its meetings: Miss Mary Beard, President; Miss Annie McNeel, Vice Pres; Miss Delia Edgar, Secretary and Miss Rose Shearer Treasurer.

Mitchell Beard was through town Monday last. We suppose he found the magnet that so much attracts him.

Hillsboro Division No. 14 has recv'd notice of a promised visit from Mt. Lebanon Division No. 19, next Saturday night, December the 7th.

Thanksgiving has passed, and was quietly spent in Hillsboro.

The Quarterly examinations of H. T. School are just over.

JUSTITIA.

Dunmore Doings.

On the sick list—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Carpenter, Mrs. H. N. Moore, Miss M. M. Wakeman and Isaac Daugherty.

Mrs. David Snyder and daughter and Sam'l Grogg, Esq., and wife, of Crabbottom, were out last week on a visit.

Mrs. Chas. Pritchard and wife, are home again; they spent the summer in Tucker Co.

John B. Wilson and Jas. Blag, of Doe Hill, Highland Co., were out on a visit last week.

Phil Edmiston has moved into his new house.

The Messrs. Rayburns are making big improvements in String town.

Prof. J. T. Little came very near cutting his thumb off.

The new organ at Baxter church is said to be a fine instrument. Singing Sat. night, come and bring your books.

TRAVELER.

Green Bank Items.

Mrs. M. P. Slaven and daughter Mrs. S. L. Brown, of Huntersville, are visiting relatives in this vicinity.

The hunters are making good use of the time the law allows them.

Wm. H. Hull and W. A. Gladwell shipped 20 whole deer last week.

We hope the sheep in this vicinity will be undisturbed for a while as Dr. C. L. Austin has despatched nearly all the dogs.

Mr. B. M. Arbogast is building a dwelling on his farm near Hevener's mill, and we learn, will move his blacksmith shop there also, where he will hereafter wield his hammer.

Misses Mary Brown and Hattie Patterson, of this place are off on a visit to Glade hill.

The Organ for the Presbyterian church at this place arrived last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Arbogast of Cheat Bridge are visiting relatives in this neighborhood.

We had a splendid sermon, Thanksgiving day, by Rev. W. H. Ballengee.

Mr. Willie Gibson, was called home Sat. by the illness of his mother, who we are sorry to learn is no better.

PAULINA.

Buckeye News.

Any one would think from the dignity of Mr. Robert Withrow, for the last few days, that he had suddenly become a millionaire—but it's only a boy.

Mr. O. H. Kee, who is teaching school at Dilley's Mill, was home thanksgiving day on a visit.

Mr. J. B. McNeill of this place is working for Whiting and Denning.

The two schools at this place are flourishing under the careful and able management of Messrs. N. C. McNeill and D. T. McNeill.

Whooping cough is raging in our neighborhood.

Mr. John Weiford has been quite ill for the past week or so but is better at this writing.

Rev. Anvil, Pastor of the M. P. Church, commenced his protracted meeting here last Sunday.

Rev. Morgan, Pastor of the M. E. Church, closed his meeting here last Friday night, and left for Elk where he holds his next meeting. The meeting here resulted in the conversion of three souls and several penitents were left at the altar.

The young people of this vicinity have organized a Society callde "The Copernican Literary Society of W. Va." And we are gratified to note the interest manifested by the most sprightly of our young people, and the co-operation of some of the older and best citizens of the neighborhood. Long live the Copernican and success to the members.

Success to THE TIMES.

LUCIAN.

Obituary.

"Alas! how changed that lovely flower
Which bloomed and cheered my heart;
Fair fleeting comfort of an hour,
How soon we're called to part."

One of the most pathetic incidents that has recently come to the writer's notice was the sudden decease of little Minnie Lightner aged five years, youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Lightner near Green Bank, Nov. 5th.

This was a bud of rare promise and was idolized by her parents and greatly beloved by all friends and acquaintances of the family. Her mother had taught her to sing portions of the hymn.

"Little ones like me" and the little daughter was often heard repeating them with her sweet voice.

So insidious was her disease that no fears were entertained until a few hours before she closed her eyes in the last sleep, gently hoping away.

Her death having occurred in the absence of her fondly attached father, rendered the affliction still more mournful.

Nevertheless "it is well with the child." Her spirit is gone to be with Jesus, and her little form rests near her loved Grandfather, waiting for the resurrection morn.

"Hope looks beyond the bounds of time
When what we now deplore;
Shall rise in full immortal prime
And bloom to fade no more.

Cease then fond nature, cease thy tears
The savior dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
There joys shall never die."

W. T. P.

Iowa claims a corn crop of 336,000,000.

Terrible Conflagration

In Lynn and Boston, Mass., and Elsewhere

Lynn, Mass., the shoe city, was visited Nov. 26th, by the third largest fire that has ever visited New England. It wiped up a square mile of the business part of the city. Consisting of bank buildings, newspaper offices, factories, churches, homes of workingmen &c. The loss is estimated at $10,000,000.

Boston

On Nov. 28, fire broke out in Boston and leaves six business blocks of that city in ashes. Loss about $5,000,000.

Manington, W. Va.

The Manington woolen mills, one of the largest and most complete in the State was totally destroyed by fire on the 26th inst. Loss $18,000.

Leechburg, Pa.

A fire broke out in that town about 6 o'clock on the 26th inst., destroying a large portion of the town. Loss about $80,000.

WHEAT FOR SALE.—Having five hundred bushels of wheat to sell, I offer it for the next 30 days for cash at 90 cts. per bu. at my granary. Respectfully,

n.28-4t H. M. LOCKRIDGE.

The corner-stone of Dr. Talmage's new Tabernacle in Brooklyn, N. Y., will be taken from Mars Hill in Athens, Greece, on which Paul, the Apostle, preached.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of J. B. Hannah dec'd.

At the request of C. F. Moore and L. M. McClintic, Administrator of J. B. Hannah, dec'd, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said J. B. Hannah dec'd, for adjudication to me at my office in Huntersville on or before the 15th day of January 1890.

Witness: James W. Warwick Jr., Commissioner of accounts of Pocahontas County, this the 13th day of November, 1889.

JAMES W. WARWICK, JR.,
Com'r of acc'ts of P. C.

Nov. 14-6t. Printer's fee $6.75.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

December 5, 1889.

[*Continued from firstpage.*]

Five minutes later and she was upon the stage, and the time for the unveiling of the King had arrived. Peggy trembled at the idea of again suffering this wretch's brutal smile, of feeling his hated arms around her waist. Well, she reflected, it could not be helped. She must be patient. After this week she would submit to such indignity no longer.

With an effort she tore from his head the veil, and then recoiled without looking into his face. The dreaded moment was at hand. His arm was around her waist. He was unnecessarily close. It was horrible. It was—

In a frenzy of wrath she looked up, words of burning indignation on her lips. They were never uttered. The color fled from her cheeks; her eyes were rounded with a vast surprise; her breath came and went most alarmingly; she would have fallen but that the King held held her firmly and masterfully in his arms.

And in this King she recognized her own Jack Ruffington.

* * * * * * *

"How did you manage it, Jack?" asked Peggy, excidely, as they were in the street, on their way home.

Jack laughed. "Dearest girl, he said, "did you imagane that you could have done anything for any length of time without my knowing it? A week ago I called at your house and found you out. I made your mother promise not to tell you of my visit. Next night I discovered what you were doing—no matter how. Last night I gave you an opportunity to confide in me. No, you were too self-willed. So I puzzled the thing over, and finally decided upon this scheme. I knew the stage manager of the company, and also the manager. It appears that the fellow who has played the King of the Gnomes left suddenly after last night's performance. They have engaged somebody for Monday. I persuaded them to let me go on to-night."

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed Peggy. She could say nothing more.

"Well, Miss Leamington."

"Will you ever forgive me, Jack, for my deception. I am vere awful I know; but, but—oh! I had to do it!"

Mr. Ruffington put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out an envelope. From this he extracted something that looked like a check, and presented it to Peggy.

"That," he said, "is a receipt for one month's rent in advance of a lovely little flat in Harlem, beginning from the first of next month. I've been 'raised,' Peggy, and—and"——

"What, Jack, dear?" asked Peggy, innocently.

"Can't you guess?"—bashfully.

"You've been 'raised' you tell me, and you show me the receipt for the rent of a flat. I suppose you are going to live there. That is it, isn't it, Jack?" (All this with the most bewildering unconsciousness.)

"Yes, I'm going to live there, Peggy," said Jack, "with you as my wife, if you will."

Then, although they were in the street, he gave her a tender, unmistakable kiss—a most disgraceful proceeding—she, a willing accomplice, raised not the least objection. Luckily it was very dark and the neighborhood was deserted.

"You haven't given me my answer," said Jack at last.

"Well," declared Miss Leamington, "as you have secured the flat and paid the rent in advance, I don't rally see why you can't take my answer for granted. But for the sake of formality, Jack, I will say yes. I should not like your plans to be spoiled by such a trifle as—as a wife."

A business man and financier of the first rank is so absent minded that he occasionally forgets to go to his lunch. His customary hour for this meal—when he remembers it—is 2 o'clock.

The other day, quite absorbed in business, he worked steadily on until 4 o'clock, and then began to have a quite natural sence of emptiness and yearning in his stomach.

"Dear me," he said, musingly, applying the flat of his hand to his waistcoat, "I wonder what I ate for lunch that disagrees with me."

Snagly—"Got the dead wood on the shoe-black just now, Bogg."

Bogg—"How?"

Snagly—"Rung in a lead quarter on him, and skipped while he went for the change."

Bogg—"Was it that red-headed boy with the big ears?"

Snagly—"Yes."

Bogg—"Thought I saw him trying to put up a job with the boy who struck you for a *Times*. How much did you give him?"

Snagly—"Why, half a dol—— Great Scott! I've got the same lead quarter back."

Mr. Blunder (visiting studio)——Aha that's awfully good, by Jove. What interesting subject to paint those old tramps are. Such rattling strong color, you know. This one seems to be a regular old soak—got an awful beak on him—regular "terrible example" for a temperance lecturer. Where did you pick him up?

Mr. Brush (the artist)—Oh—a—that—oh—that's a portrait of myself I've been working on lately.

A friend of mine was visiting in the family of a well-known Maine man not long ago. A lovely flaxen-haired child of 6 years, the pet of the family, attempted to open a door, which stuck. She pulled and pulled, but could not move it.

"D——n it!" they were astonished to hear her say, as she gave a supreme tug and the door yielded.

"Why, what do you mean Maud?" exclaimed the horrified mamma.

"That's the way papa opens it," said Maud, innocently.

First Democrat—Talk about the morality of the Republican party! Look at their Vice President! Running a bar in Washington! Second Democrat (better posted)—That turns out to be a mistake. There isn't going to be any bar in the Vice President's building. First Democrat (indignantly)—No bar? Is he going to run one of these dashed temperance hotels?

Three generations back, or more,
two grand pas had a fray;
Their grandsons still are in it just
as actively to-day.
First one on this side bites the dust
and then one falls on that.
And year by year they cultivate
the game of "tit for tat."
And while there's one remains on
either side the fight's renewed—
Naught but extermination ends an
old Kentucky feud.

Bowery Swell to his best girl—O what'll you have to drink? Best Girl—I guess I'll take champagne. Bowery Swell—Goes again.

She—What under the sun makes broken down widowers so anxious to marry again? He—Possibly because they want to get repaired.

"Any fellow that comes along can get the pull on you," said the doorstep to the bell handle. "Not till he has walked over you," was the bell handle's retort.

"I don't feel at all well this morning," complained the Funny Man belonging to one of our daily contemporaries. "Take Bunsby's Blood Burner," replied the Managing Editor, "it's warranted to remove all bad humors.

When men are condemned to be executed, for some time previous to the fatal day they seem to be given to sportiveness. However there is one pastime in which they are not permitted to indulge, and that is skipping the rope.

Lady Visiter—"I'm going now, Tommy; wouldn't you like to walk home with me?"

Tommy—"No, I'm afraid I couldn't keep up."

"Could not keep up! Why child?"

"'Cause I hear folks say you're rather fast."

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, December 12, 1889. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 21.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

THE OLD STOVE.

"Nancy!" said Mr. Moppet.

"Sir?" responded Nancy.

Mr. Moppet was coming in from the garden path. Nancy, with plump white arms bared to the elbow, was washing the breakfast dishes in a deep pan of hot soapsuds.

Mr. Moppet was a hard featured elderly man, with whitish blue eyes, a straggly fringe of white beard beneath his square chin, and a bald cranium. Nancy was fresh colored and bright eyed, with silky tendrils of auburn hair drooping over her freckled forehead, and a certain dimple perpetually playing at hide and seek on her left cheek. The two completely realized Shakespeare's ideal of "Crabbed Age and Youth."

"I'm a-goin' to town," said Mr. Mopet. "You won't need to bile no pot victuals for dinner. Waste makes want. A cup o' tea and a biled egg and what's left o' yesterday's pork and greens—that'll be all you need."

"Yes, father, acquiesced Nancy.

She was thinking of something else all the while.

"And, talkin' 'bout eggs," added Mr. Moppet, "you may take four dozen up to Peach Farm. Mrs. Wixon wants plenty on 'em to make cake for her niece's party. Better go early this morning.'"

Nancy colored scarlet under the aburn rings of hair.

"Can't I send 'em up by little Bill Becker, father?" said she. "Webster Wixon will be there, and—and I don't like Webster Wixon, with his red nose and his compliments."

Mr. Moppet frowned.

"Nancy," said he, "don't be a fool. I can see through ye, like ye was a pane o' glass. Webster Wixon's a well-to-do man, with money out at interest, and you'd oughter be tickled to death that he's took a notion to you."

"But, father—"

"Not another word," grumbled Mr. Moppet. "I know jest exactly what's comin.' It's that foolish nonsense about Absalom Parker, that I hoped you'd got over long ago. Absalom hain't no property, and ain't like to have none, and no daughter o'mine ain't goin' to marry your Grandfather Atkin's hired man not if I know it."

He paused with this multiplicity of double negatives. Nancy set her small, pearl white teeth together; her eyes flashed with hazel fire. It was a clear case of true love versus money.

"Take them eggs straight up to Peach Farm," reiterated Mr. Moppet, shaking his forefinger at Nancy, "an' don't argufy the p'int no further. I'm your father, and I know what's best for you!"

"But your going right past the Wixons' door."

"No, I ain't neither. I'm goin' the Horn Hill Road. I've been ap-p'inted by the Supply Committee to buy an airtight wood stove for the church," he added with some complacency. "The old one's rusted clear out, so there's danger o' fire every time its used, and the brethren have subscribed twenty dollars for a new one—leastways, a second hand one, if its just as good."

Webster Wixon, a fat, middle-aged bachelor, was out helping to gather the October apples on the north side of the house when Nancy came up. He made haste to welcome her.

"Good mornin', Miss Nancy," said he. "As bloomin' as ever, I see."

"Here's your eggs," spoke Nancy, curtly.

"Sit down a spell, won't ye" simered Mr. Wixon.

"I'm in a hury," said Nancy.

"But, Nancy——"

"My name is Miss Moppet sir!"

"I've got something very particular to say to you, Nancy," urged the middle aged suitor.

"It'l have to keep," said Nancy. "I've got to get right home."

"Can't I walk with you a piece?"

"I'd rather go alone," she persisted.

"Nancy—Miss Moppet—I must speak!" blurted out the old bachelor. "I love you better'n all the world! I want to make you Mrs. Webster Wixon! There, that's what I had on my mind! And your good father, he says it would suit him exactly, and——"

Nancy wheeled around and faced her eager swain.

"Is it me, or father, you're a-courting?" said she.

"Why you, of course!"

"Then take my answer—No!"

And without waiting for the return of her basket, she hurried away, her cheeks blazing, her breath coming quick and fast.

"Father'll be awful mad," she thought, "but I'd sooner die than marry that man!"

Webster Wixon stood a minute gazing after her in crestfallen silence; then he went back to apple harvesting with an ominous compression of his lips.

"The madder she gets the prettier she looks," thought he. "Well, well, time will show. Brother Moppet says she shall be my wife, and that ought to count for considerable."

Mr. Moppet drove leisurely on to Horn Hill, drove an excellent bargain for a highly ornamental wood-stove, after having successively interviewed every hardware dealer in town, and set forth to return with it in his wagon just at dusk.

"It's a warm day for the time o' year," said he, "and it's easier traveling for the horse arter dark. It ain't a bad day's work, come to think on't, I beat Brother Piper down pretty well on the price, and it's worth a dollar'n half to cart the thing home over these bumpy roads. They 'lowed twenty dollars for it, and I got it for fifteen. Takin' my time and wheel wear and horseflesh into consideration, I guess I won't say nothin' about the odd five dollars. Business is business. It's a proper pretty pattern, too—thistle leaves and acorns. I'd like one the same fashion in my best room, and"—"why shouldn't I have it? There's that second handed stove Gran'ther Atkins took for a debt from Solon Grubb. It's jest standin' rustin' away in his back wood shed. I'll fetch it home tomorrow and black it up, and let Elder Meachan suppose I got a bargain from somebody; and I'll have the nice new stove for myself, and nobody'll be none the wiser, now that Gran'ther Atkins is confined to his bed with creepin' paralysis and Absalom Parker's up in the wood lots, choppin' down trees for winter firewood. It's a good idee. I'm glad I happened to think of it!"

He drew rein opposite the Atkins house. All was dark and quiet there save the one red light that burned in old Mr. Atkin's bedroom.

At that identical moment, had he but know it, Absalom Parker—the old man's general factotum—was hanging over the garden gate of his own place, talking to pretty Nancy among the purple dahlias and quilled asters.

And it was no difficult task for a man of John Moppet strength skillfully to lift the old stove out of its place in the outer shed into his wagon.

"Git up, Prince," he muttered to his horse, shaking the reins, and away they went.

Elder Meachan was not quite satisfied with the bargain. The church brethren, too, would have preferred a new stove, considering the money they had spent; but Brother Moppet was a man in authority, and they were compelled to acquiesce in his choice.

Nancy was delighted with the new acquisition for the best room.

"Oh, isn't it pretty!" said she.

"Yes," nodded Mr. Moppet, rubbing his hands, "it'll sort o' dress up the room for your weddin'."

"My wedding?"

"Jest so. I've arranged matters with Webster Wixon, and——"

Nancy burst into tears, and ran out of the room.

Mr. Moppet glared balefully after her.

"She shall marry him," muttered he, "or she shall be no darter o' mine! I won't be set at defiance by—— Why, hellos, Absalom Parker, what brings you here?"

"Mr. Atkins is took wuss this afternoon," said Absalom, standing at the doorway, like a rustic Apollo "Wants to see ye—right off!"

It was a Saturday afternoon. As Mr. Moppet drove by the church door, he saw the load of wood being delivered for the first fire of the season.

"Jest in time!" said he to himself. "There's a frosty feel in the air."

Grandfather Atkins lay among his pillows, like a wrinkled ghost.

"John," said he, "all I've got in the world is yours; but I think I'd ought to tell you where I've hid it, sence the bank robbery give me such a scare."

"Certainly, certainly!" said his son-in-law, with eager eyes, like those of a bird of prey.

"I've hid it away——"

John Moppet placed his ear close to the pallid lips.

"Six five-hundred-dollar bills——"

"Yes, yes—go on!"

"Folded up in an old number of the Horn Hill Gazette——"

"An old number of the Horn Hill Gazette—I understand!" repeated Moppet.

"In the old stove out in the shed!" gasped the old man. "I knowed nobody wouldn't be likely to look there. It's yours, Jno. Moppet—every cent of it. And mind you, don't spend it in no extravagance!"

So speaking, the old miser closed his dim eyes and went where there is neither money nor counting of money.

John Moppet uttered an exceeding bitter cry as he remembered the lighted match he had put to the crumpled papers in the stove, to make sure of a draught when it was put up in the northwest corner of the church—the roar of the blaze through the lengths of Russian pipe. In his excellent management he had contrived to overreach himself.

He went home and sat all the evening in a sort of stupor, with his head in his hands.

Nancy busied about her household tasks, watched him with hazel eyes of surprise.

"I didn't know he thought so much of Gran'ther Atkins," pondered she.

"Six times five is thirty—six times five is thirty," mused Mr. Moppet, rocking to and fro. "Six five-hundred dollar bills! Three—thousand—dollars—and all gone up chimbly in one breath o' wind and me as done it! I shall go crazy. I shall lose my mind. Three—thou—sand—dollars! It's a judgment on me. I've been a miserable sinner, and cheated the church. I've tampered with my own conscience. Six five hundred dollar bills! Oh, Lord, there ain't no calculatin' what a mis'able sinner I've been!"

As the old kitchen clock struck nine, Absalom Parker came in, bringing with him a gust of fresh, frosty air.

"Evenin' Squire," said he. "I'm sort o' looking up the watchers. Spose you'd like to be one of 'em? But I'd like to speak a word to you first."

"If it's about Nancy, it ain't no use, said Mr. Moppett, rousing himself to the affairs of the world with some petulance.

"It ain't about Nancy," Absalom answered, with a smile. "It's about Mr. Atkin's money."

Mr. Moppet gave a start.

"Oh, you needn't jump so," reassured Absalom. "It's all safe."

He took a flat parcel out of his pocket.

"Count 'em," said he. "Six, ain't there?"

Mr. Moppet stared at Absalom Parker as Aladdin might have started at the Genii.

"How—where—" he stammered.

Absalom gave a low chuckle.

"Hush!" said he. "Don't speak loud. I seen the old man hide 'em there, like a human magpie as he was. I knowed it wasn't safe, so I quietly took 'em out, arter he'd had that last stroke, and locked 'em in his black leather trunk up in the garret. And you may thank me that they wasn't all burned up in the first fire you lighted in that identical stove!"

Mr. Moppet turned a purplish red.

"You know about that stove?" said he, with a gasp.

"It wasn't likely no such conjuring would go on about Mr. Atkins place, and me not know it," said Parker, drily. "The stove wasn't of no great consequence, though, except for old iron. I guess the church folks 'll get sick of it before a great while."

Mr. Moppet drew a long breath.

"When they do," said he, "I'll mak 'em a present of a brand-new one. And, Absalom—"

"Yes, Mr. Moppet?"

"You won't say nothin' to nobody?"

"No," said Absalom, "I ain't one o' the talkin' sort."

"And, Absalom—"

"Yes, Mr. Moppet?"

"Since you and Nancy really are attached to each other—"

"We're just that, Mr. Moppet."

"I don't see no objection to your gettin' married this fall," said Moppet, with an effort. "You may tell Nancy that she has my consent!"

Nancy cried a shower of happy tears when Absalom told her the good news.

But he never imparted to her the story of the stove. As he himself had remarked, "he was not one of the talkin' sort."

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

December 12, 1889.

A young brakeman was knocked off a train and killed while passing through a bridge near Moundsville the other day.

A man in Wheeling the other day deliberately crawled under a moving train.—It is scarcely necessary to say that he died.

The editor of a newspaper in Germany is on trial in that country for stating that Emperor William rode in a second class cab.

Chas. W. Tabler a young man was arrested a few days ago in Taylor Co., charged with the brutal and mysterious murder of Jacob Morgan about 18 months ago on Bushy run that Co.

Judge Thomas C. Greene, of the West Virginia Supreme Court, died at his home in Charleston the 4th inst., at the age of 78. He had been on the bench since 1875, and was regarded as one of the ablest jurists of the country.

Cyrus Fillmore, brother of him once President, died at his home near Lagrange, Ind., Monday, of typhoid fever, at the age of 87. His wife, aged 85, is dangerously sick. A son of the ex President died a short time ago at Buffalo.

Some negroes in Wheeling a few days ago while in a barber shop thought they would have some fun out of a sleeping negro by pouring a pint of Alcohol over him and lighting it, which resulted in burning him very seriously and may die. They have been arrested and their practical joke may land them in the penitentiary.

One of the keepers in the Raymond Street, New York, Jail made a canvas of the prisoners to ascertain how their opinions stood as to the guilt for innocence of John Greenwald, condemned to die for murder, and whom Governer Hill refused to reprieve. All but two of the 348 voted him innocent. The inquiry was not so absurd as it seems, as it shows how crime sympathies with crime and can always be expected to protect it when that is possible.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, December, 9.—Senator Vance is in dead earnest in his fight on the humbug civil service law. He thinks it ought to go and he has the courage of his convictions; hence he has introduced a bill in the senate providing for its repeal, and he says it is his purpose to force a vote upon it if possible during the session. If there is anything done in this matter it is more probable that it will be accomplished by failing to make the necessary appropriation for the support of the commission than by a direct repeal of the law, though the latter course would be much more manly.

The non-action of the democratic House caucus leaves ex-Speaker Carlisle in full charge of the party's interests on the floor of the house. No better or abler leader could be found, and experience will soon show that it is far better to have one man in control than a committee of fifteen, as was at first proposed.

It argues well for future democratic success in the House that one of the republican caucus nominations—Rev. C. B. Ramsdell for Chaplain—was defeated at the organization of that body, and the old Chaplain, Dr. Milburn re elected.

Speaker Reed is having a high old time trying to satisfy the wants of his republican colleagues in the matter of committee chairmanships. It is extremely doubtful whether the committees will be announced before the Christmas recess.

Mr. Harrison has gone to Chicago, and it is stated at the White House that he will go to Indianapolis before returning home.

David J. Brewer, of Kansas, has been nominated to be associate Justice of the Supreme Court. He has been United States Judge, of the eighth Kansas circuit since 1884. Little is known of him here further than the fact that he is a nephew of Justice Stephen J. Field. The republicans do not fancy the appointment much, but there is no open opposition, and Mr. Brewer will probably be confirmed by the Senate.

Eight columns of solid nonpareil without a single original idea. That's the feat accomplished by President Harrison in writing his annual message to Congress, and the manner of presentation is equally as hackneyed as the ideas presented. Never, during an experience in Washington covering the administrations of five Presidents, has your correspondent seen a Presidential message fall as flat as this one has. The message will make Mr. Harrison no friends, and with the exception of the absurd paragraph relating to politics in the South, will make him no enemies. Mr. Blaine's worst enemy will not accuse him of having had any hand in the preparation of this message, for whatever else Mr. Blaine may be, he is always original and brilliant. More republicans than ever, now refer to Mr. Harrison as Hayes.

The House adjourned from Tuesday to Thursday.

Three Federal election bills have already been introduced in the Senate, two by Mr. Spooner and one by Mr. Sherman. Mr. Chandler's bill applying only to some of the Southern States will also shortly be introduced in the House. All of which is a useless waste of time on the part of these gentlemen, for if there are any one thing upon which the democrats of the House are thoroughly agreed, it is that no Federal election Bill shall go through the House.

Mr. Randall has not yet been able to resume his seat in the House. He thinks he is well enough to do so but his physician positively forbids it.

The District bill, which caused the great dead lock in the last House, has been again introduced in the Senate. The bill is certain to pass Senate, but owing to the large number of new members in the House its fate there is not so certain, although the probabilities are all in favor of its passage.

The national wool growers association has been in session here this week. Its members feel somewhat alarmed at the outlook. They fear that the demand for free wool that is constantly being made by eastern manufacturers will at least have its effect upon Congress. They are afraid of Reed, who is believed to squint towards free wool, and will not feel relieved until the republican members of the House committee on Ways and Means are announced. They are at present doing their level best to have a hand in naming them.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Randolph county, West Virginia, rendered on the 28th day of September, 1889, in the suit in equity of C. Aultman & Co. vs, Jacob S. Wamsley and others, And three other causes, heard therewith, the undersigned, on the 3rd day of January, 1890 at the front door of the Court House of said county, will offer for sale at auction to the highest bidder the following described tracts of land:

50 acres, 50 acres, 500 acres, 110 acres, 125 acres, 808 acres, 180 acres, 7½ acres, 2,000 acres, 132 acres and 20 acres owned by Jacob S. Wamsley; so much of the 125 and 110 acre tracts as was not embraced by the conveyance from said Wamsley to Jacob Crouch will be sold; and so much of the 180 acre tract as was not embraced by the deed from said Wamsley to Edgor D. Wamsley will be sold. The two tracts of 50 acres each and the parcels of the 180 acres, the 125 acres and the 110 acres, not conveyed as aforesaid, together with the 7½ acres and the 41 acres compose what is known as the home farm of the said Jacob S. Wamsley and is situate on the Tygarts Valley River in said county. The 500 acres adjoins the said farm and is principally unimproved: The 808 acres is situate in said county on Elk Water. The 2000 acres, the 132 acres and the 20 acres, adjoining each other and are situate on the waters of Greenbrier River in Pocahontas Co. and known as the "Hamilton Place;" And the 10 or 12 acres lying on mill creek, Randolph county between lands of L. C. Conrad and S. M. Wamsley and the 50 acres, Andrew Wamsley land, situate on said creek owned by Melvin Currence; And the 113 acres and 107 acres owned by Patrick Crickard, and being the same lands conveyed by him in trust to Leland Kittle; and the 94 acres, 34 acres and 2 acres owned by Phoebe A Crickard and being the same lands conveyed to her by James Moyers. The five last named tracts compose what is known as the Patrick Crickard home place, situate in Randolph county on the Tygart's Valley River near Huttonsville. A plat of the lands to be sold composing the home farm of the said Jacob S. Wamsley, as well as the lands of the said Patrick and Phoebe A. Crickard will be made by the County Surveyor and exhibited at the sale. The home farm of the said Jacob S. Wamsley is largely improved, with barn, two dwelling houses, other out buildings and orchards thereon, party composed of the finest river bottoms, with good uplands and in a fine state of cultivation. Upon the said 500 acre tract there is valuable timber, accessible to the Tygarts Valley River. The 808 acres on Elkwater has on it about 300 acres of fine soil, the richest soil and a good quality of timber. Upon the said "Hamilton Place" there is about 800 acres haceed, about 100 acres of which is in sod and produces the finest blue grass. The residue of the land is very rich soil with limestone and first class timber, such as cherry, ash, hemlock, &c., the 10 or 12 acres, Currence land is improved and the 50 acres is partially improved and is of rich soil with a very fine orchard of young and well selected fruit trees thereon. The said "Patrick Crickard Home Place" except the 113 acres is principally improved land of the finest river bottom, upon which is a new dwelling house, other out buildings, a good orchard and is in a high state of cultication. The 113 acres lies on the east side of the Tygarts Valley River, from the improved lands, is good soil, upon which there is the finest timber, such as white oak, poplar, &c. Such an opportunity for the purchase of valuable timber and improved lands at judicial sale is rarely offered in this section, and parties desiring to make investments in this beautiful valley with its prospects of further development by the extension of its railroad facilities, will do well to investigate the properties to be sold.

TERMS OF SALE.

Said lands will be sold for five per cent of the purchase money cash in hand and the residue in equal amounts upon a credit of 6, 12, 24 & 36 months with interest from the day of sale and purchases to give notes with good security for the deferred payments.

CYRUS H. SCOTT, } Special
L. D. STRADER, } Commissioners.

I certify that bond and security has been given by the above named Commissioners as required by the decree of sale.

W. H. WILSON,
Clerk of the Circuit Court of Randolph Co.

Dec. 5-4t. Printer's fee $27.50.

Jake Kilrain expresses himself as willing to fight Sullivan again.

HOME NEWS.

—The President's message is long tiresome, tedious and tasteless.

—C. P. Dorr, of Addison, was in the city Tuesday.

—Look out for Xmas it will be here just in two weeks.

—J. C. Loury Jr., started for Washington City, this morning (Wednesday).

—The Post Office at Aylmer has been ordered discontinued, to take effect Dec. 31st.

—Messrs. K. O. Wade and John Waugh, of Academy, called to see us Tuesday.

—Quite a number of gentlemen attended the sale at this place Tuesday.

—W. R. Tyree, of the firm of Tyree & Rollins was in town last week.

—Mr. J. R. Poage, Sr., of Edray, is visiting his daughter Mrs. A. Barlow, at this place.

—Rev. Jas. E. Moore and wife, of Mill Point, were in attendance at preaching Sunday.

—THE TIMES job office has had a big run of job printing for some days past, among which was work from Virginia towns.

—We printed for Atty. H. S. Rucker this week a brief for the Court of Appeals in the case of Auldridge vs. McNeel, Beard, &c.

—We would like to have President Harrison in our town to write legal ads. for our paper, for we get 2½ cts a word for such, and we believe he can talk more and say nothing than any man in the United States.

—We have recv'd a letter from Mr. W. T. Perry, who moved from Beaver creek, a few weeks ago, to Waxihachie, Texas, and he says they are very well pleased with the country and thinks he has made a good move.

—While Jas. Harr's (Col.) and his wife living about two miles from this place, were away from home Monday night their house was broken into and about 163 lbs., of beef stolen.

—The harsh, drastic purgatives, once deemed so indispensable, have given place to milder and more skillfully prepared laxatives; hence the great and growing demand for Ayer's Pills Physicians everywhere recommend them for costiveness, indigestion, and liver complaints.

—Mr. R. H. McCormick, of Grant Pa., who has been in our Co., for sometime looking after the interests of the St. Lawrence Lumber Co., had his leg sprained so badly that he had to return home.

—Rev. Wm. T. Price's protracted meeting was held at this place last Friday night, Saturday and Sunday; during which time he preached a series of most excellent sermons, and a great deal of interest was manifested.

—When the blood is impure, thick, and sluggish, or thin and impoverished, there can be no health. With these conditions, all the functions of the body are impaired, and the result is a variety of dangerous complications. The best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

—Last Saturday night, through our worthy agent at Academy, we received, with scarcely an exception from our patrons at that place, their arrears to THE TIMES, and a year in advance, for which we return most heartily our sincere thanks And will say, if our subscribers at other places, will come up as well, there can be no paper in the state that has a more worthy, cash paying list of patrons; and from the short time we have had control of THE TIMES and the daily increase of our subscription list, we feel our selves most highly flattered, and our support is far beyond our expectations.

—Did you read that message—we mean Harrison's message.

Dead Letter List.

The following is a list of letters remaining in the Post Office at Huntersville W. Va., on the 30th day of November 1889. If not called for within 30 days they will be sent to the Dead Letter office.

John M. Lightner, 1 letter.
Mary B. May, 1 "
J. F. Hull, 1 "
Pashet Hutter, 1 "
George Carmine, 2 "
Rev. L. N. Auvil, 1 "

Parties calling for above letters will please say they were advertised.

G. W. WAGNER, P. M.

Locals from Hillsboro.

Mr. E. L. Holt and his better half have moved and are keeping house in the residence of Widow McNeel.

Rain, rain! mud, mud! The roads are as bad as they ever get to go here.

Mrs. Henry Shearer of Williams River is visiting her daughters of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Povath of this place celebrated their Golden Wedding Tuesday Dec. 10.

Mrs. Wissinger, of Ronceverte, passed through town last week on her way to visit relatives near this place.

The matrimonial Market of Hillsboro has been quite dull this fall but the signs are changing a little.

JUSTITIA.

Buckeye News.

Born to J. Edgar Auldridge and wife—a little daughter, on the 28th inst. Mr. Auldridge thinks this better than thanksgiving turkey.

Mr. Jeff Killingsworth and wife returned last Saturday from Bath Co., Va., where they have been visiting for the past two weeks.

Mr. John Wooford is still confined to his bed, being but little better.

The meeting at the M. P. Church of this place, which is being held by Rev. Auvil is still going on and up to this time has resulted in the conversion of five souls, and five penitents still at the altar.

O. E. McKeever, Esq., is working on Capt. Apperson's new house.

R. E. Overholt and Sons sent away a wagon load of poultry, venison, Butter &c., this week.

LUCIAN.

STORE BROKEN INTO.

Edray Items

Messrs. Moore & Hannah's store, at this place was broken into a night or two ago and quite a lot of goods are missing. The thief cut his way through a window shutter and window, broke open the cash drawer and got about three dollars, a $10.00 suit of clothes, two gold rings, a pair of gloves, several pocket knives, some candy and a little tobacco, are among the things known to be gone, it is hard to tell how much is gone.

Mrs. Ruth Moore, who has been quite ill for several days with inflamatory rheumatism, is slightly better today, (Monday).

Mess. Overholt & Callison, have bought a lot of Cherry lumber from Jas. Gibson Jr., last week.

Mr. J. F. Hull, is home again, off his trip to Charleston.

Xx.

Greek Bank Items

Mr. Willis Gibson returned yesterday, and has taken charge of his school. His mother is somewhat improved. Mr. Jordan from Highland, one of his pupils taught in his absence.

Mrs. Sarah Gum "Aunt Sallie" as she is generally called, has been quite ill for two weeks past, having had three severe attacks of cramp. She is better and we hope will soon be restored to health, also "Aunt Jane" Arbogast has been indisposed for some time and had the misfortune of getting her foot badly burned, from which she is suffering a great deal the old ladies are sisters and highly esteemed.

Harry B., little son of Jas. P. Wooddell has been quite sick with croup the past few days.

Mr. Bernard Slaven of Highland was visiting relatives in and near Town a few days last week.

Messrs W. H. Hull & W. A. Gladwell have bought over 300 rabbits and about 7 dozen pheasants.

PAULINA.

Death of Jefferson Davis.

Jefferson Davis closed his eyes in death at fifteen minutes before 1 o'clock on the morning of the 6th surrounded by friends and relatives who were within call.

He was a man of great bearing and of great integrity and purity; and many a statesman of to-day will go down to his grave that will not be missed so much as Mr. Davis; and the south for generations to come will mourn the death of this noble man, and well they might for they mourn for one who represented more than any other the cause for which a million of her most chivalrous sons drew their swords and joined battle with the most formidable of adversaries, their own countrymen, for rights and liberties that freemen must ever hold most dear.

Of the might captains and great statesmen he gathered around him when he presided over the destinies of the South, but few survive. They passed away before him, as did the rulers and nearly all the great soldiers of the cause that he confronted so boldly and opposed so stoutly, Lincoln, Grant and McClellan. He has outlived his great, and noble adversaries. He saw them pass away, mourned by by a nation and worthily wearing its honors, secure in the love of the people, to whom he was faithful to the end.

Gone to be with the Redeemer

The 26th of August, 1889, brought very sad hours to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Amos P. McGlaughlin, near Huntersville.

It was then there daughter Mary Minnie aged four years and two months departed this life.

On one Sabbath she becomes seriously ill, the day following, hearing a young Christian Lady singing a hymn accompanied by an organ, she looked upward and asked her mother would there be organs in heaven.

Mamma I love to hear you sing
"Though the dark waves roll high,
we will be undismayed
Let us pass over the river and rest
under the shade of the trees."

She always had a verse to repeat to her sabbath school teacher; her last golden text was: "Fear God and keep his commandments."

For more than a year she never closed her eyes at night without repeating her evening prayer.

"The bird like voice, whose joyous tone,
Make glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now her everlasting song
Amid the tree of Life.

And when He sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint of vice,
He bears it to that world of light
To dwell in Paradise."

W. T. P.

Cashier Silcott, of Sergeant-at-arms Leedom's office, in Washington, has skipped to Canada with about $75,000 that was intrusted to his care.

The Monongahela House in Pittsburg was damaged by fire on the 5th inst., to the extent of about $100,000.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of J. B. Hannah dec'd.

At the request of C. F. Moore and L. M. McClintic, Administrator of J. B. Hannah, dec'd, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said J. B. Hannah dec'd, for adjudication to me at my office in Huntersville on or before the 15th day of January 1890.

Witness: James W. Warwick Jr., Commissioner of accounts of Pocahontas county, this the 13th day of November, 1889.

JAMES W. WARWICK, Jr.,
Com'r of acc'ts of P. C.

Nov. 14-6t. Printer's fee $6.79.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

December 12, 1889.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

The other night I was taken with a sort of a pleurisy pain, and I nudged Mr. Bowser and asked him to get up and mix me a mustard plaster. He lay on the broad of his back, hands locked under his neck, and was snoring as if he was hired to give a midnight performance on a fog-horn.

"Eh! Yes," he growled as I nudged him.

"Mr. Bowser, get up."

"Yum! Lemme 'lone."

Mr. Bowser, I am in great pain."

"Yes, I know."

"Will you get up?"

"Whaz the mazzer now?" he demanded as he tried to sit up in the bed.

"I am threatened with pleurisy."

"Hey! Who is it?"

"I am threatened with pleurisy, and I do wish you would get up and mix a mustard plaster for me."

"Josh!" he growled now fully awake. "You just lie quiet and the pain will go away.

He dropped back and began to snore again, but after 10 minutes' hard work I got him out of bed. He sat on the edge, staring blankly into vacancy, and ready to fall back at any moment, and even while I was telling him that I might not live till morning he fell over, kicked himself under the clothes, and went to sleep while I was pulling his hair.

A night or two later, just after the bells had struck 12, I dreamed that I was being chased by a locomotive. It gave an extra toot and awoke me. I discovered that toot to be Mr. Bowser's voice groaning.

"For land's sake get up, or I shall be a dead man."

"What is it?"

"Terrible cramps in my stomach. I'm just tied in a knot."

"Oh, it's only a passing pain," I replied as I sought my pillow again. "Lie still and it will soon go off."

"Lie still thunder!" he yelled, as he got one leg out of bed. "I tell you I shall be a corpse within an hour if I don't get relief!"

"Well, you'll find the Jamaica ginger on the sideboard. Take a big dose of it in wine.

"I'll never find it! Oh! Heavens, what a pain!"

I wanted to get up, of course, but I was determined to pay him back in his own coin. I therefore apparently fell asleep, and after banging around the room for a few minutes, he went out. He was back again in three minutes, however, to exclaim:

"Are you going to lay there and let me die like a sick horse?"

"But you didn't get up for me."

"I know it, that was because I—I—whoop! Blue blazes, but I know I'm dying.

I had to get up, of course, and, of course, I had him relieved in a quarter of an hour. Man-like, he was frightened to death at a pain which he would have expected me to keep perfectly still about.

Mr. Bowser is also like all other husbands in another matter. We got started for the theatre, the other night, and I discovered that I had forgotten my opera glasses. He offered to run back for them and I said:

"They are hanging in the bag by the gas jet on the left hand side of our dresser. You can't fail to find them."

Five minutes slipped away—then 10—then I hurried back myself. He was seated in a chair in the hall, hat and overcoat off, and as I opened the door he growled:

"Might as well take of your things."

"But why?"

"We are not going to any theatre this night."

"Not going! Has anything happened?"

"I should say there had! I've looked this infernal house from top to bottom for those glasses, and they are not to be found. We'll put in our evening trying to discover whether they are in the garret or down in the vegetable cellar."

"Mr. Bowser, I told you where those glasses were."

"They are not within 40 rods of it!"

"Come up stairs."

"No use. If there even in your room I'll buy you five million silk dresses."

"Come on."

He followed after, and there hung the bag just where I told him he he would find it. I looked from one to the other, and Mr. Bowser finally said:

"I see how it is. You'll probably say you told me to look here, instead of in the spare bed-room dresser! Take off your things, Mrs. Bowser—we don't stir a foot outside to-night."

One night when baby was sick I got Mr. Bowser out of bed to get the paragoric. After a great deal of yawning and growling he marched off down stairs, and for the fifth time I told him:

"I remembered to have placed it on that bracket over the lounge."

I heard him threshing around and knocking about in the sitting room, rummaging in the pantry and upsetting chairs in the kitchen, and after about 10 minutes appeared at the bottom of the stairs and shouted:

"I've looked the consarned house all over and can't find it."

"I told you it was on the bracket."

"I know you did, but it isn't there!"

"Sure you have looked?"

"Do you take me for an idiot?"

"Well, I'll come down."

I went down, walked him to the bracket and there sat the bottle before his eyes.

"But it wasn't there a minute ago," he protested. "I looked the bracket over at least five times, and I know I'm not blind. Mrs. Bowser, there are some queer happenings in this house. I think it best that we sit down and have some straight talk."

One day at noon he wanted me to tighten a button on his overcoat and I sent him up to my room for a box of thread and needles.

"You'll find it on the sill of the bay window, where I left it half an hour ago," I cautioned, as he went up stairs.

I heard him prancing and slamming things about, and after seven or eight minutes I went up to ascertain the cause of delay.

He had pulled every bureau drawer out, taken down most of the garments in the clothes press, and was then overhauling my jewelry case.

"I'd like to know if there's another woman like you in Detroit!" he exclaimed as I appeared.

"You came up here for the thread box, didn't you?"

"Of course I did."

"And I told you it was on the sill of the bay window."

"But it——"

I pointed it out to him, and after changing countenance and swallowing a lump he braced up and said:

"Mrs. Bowser it is time to quit this tomfoolery! You are too old for such girlish tricks. Next time you try to make a fool of me, I'll ask you to select such furniture as you want and settle on the amount of alimony!"

As He Was Saying.

A man led a raw-boned, humble-faced mule down Clifford street, yesterday morning, turned into Griswold, and finally disappeared inside a blacksmith shop.

"Shoes?" queried the stalwart smith.

"Yes."

"Hind?"

"Yes."

"As I was a-saying when you came in——"

Here he picked up one of the mule's legs and was sent half way across the shop by a twist of the animal's hip. He returned to the attack with unruffled calmness, saying:

"As I was a-saying when you'n the mule came in——"

This time he gets a hind foot in the ribs and was almost knocked over his anvil. He braced up, opened his eyes a little wider, and making another grab for the same foot he repeated:

"As I was a-saying when the mule and you hove——"

This time he got both feet in quick succession, and was driven to the wall ten feet away.

"What is it you are trying to tell me?" asked the owner of the mule.

"Why, I was a-saying as you turned the corner that if you brought that infernal brute to this shop I'd break his back with a crowbar, and now you get him out or I'll do it!"

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

AN EARTHQUAKE CURE.

As she stood there in the window, with her pretty hands clasped behind her, the soft September sun throwing a golden ray on her bright hair, she was thinking and calling herself all manner of epithets, of which "insane" was, perhaps, the mildest. And yet looking at Sophy Schuyler's arch, lovelay face, you would have thought him a fortunate man who could call that wistful troubled smile into the gray eyes which filled their liquid depths just then.

"It's all in a tangle," thought Sophy; which, being translated, meant that she was partly engaged to one man, and awaking to the consciousness that she was growing rather to deeply interested in another.

Vaughan Hesketh, the unlucky man to whom she fancied she owed allegiance, was an artist, and poor, while Owen Nugent was a wealthy bachelor whom half the girls in town were crazy about.

Sophy was an orphan, perilously pretty, and destined to be the heiress of a very rich old grandfather. Aunt Cynthia, grandpa's sister, abetted her wilful little niece in half her naughtiness.

Aunt Cynthia and Sophy had come up to Catskill quite early in the season, and among the guests at the boarding house where they were located was this artist. Hesketh was very handsome; had fascinating manners and great, mournful eyes, with a poetical way of expressing himself that did him good service; and finding this young, fresh girl (with an aroma of grandpa Schuyler's fortune about her), picturesque and pretty enough for a "study," he proceeded to study her in another way, and played the role of a man wearied, misappreciated and lonely—wouldn't she just try to comfort and console him a little, poor fellow?

Nugent was not near as handsome a man as Hesketh; but there was something better than mere beauty in the broad, white forehead and the frank, blue eyes that met yours so clearly; and his physique was certainly superb. He towered half a head above most of the other gentlemen in the house and, like most very large, powerful men, his manner toward women was peculiarly gentle and deferential.

Sophy would have gone on some time longer, probably in a vague state of discontent and uneasiness scolding herself because Vaughan's society did not give her unalloyed pleasure, if Ida Cochran had not come to Catskill, in all her radiant, successful beauty fresh from a score of triumphs at Newport.

Miss Cochran was a belle of several years' standing, and understood herself, as the prase goes, thoroughly; that is, she had accidentally heard of Owen Nugent's return from Europe and his presence at Catskill—and nothing but mountain air would content the beauty after that intelligence. So her obedient mamma gave a mild assent to the plan; and Ida, conscious beauty as she was, had never looked handsomer than when she walked out on the piazza the evening of her arrival and renewed her acquaintance with Nugent, as he was walking up and down with Sophy's hand on his arm.

For two weeks past Ida had posed, smiled and ogled for the golden prize, while Nugent seemed provokingly unconscious of the entire proceeding. To be sure, he was with her half the time (it would have been a difficult matter to avoid her without undue rudeness), and Sophy missed his little attentions and wondered why it gave her an odd twinge of something she had never felt before when she saw him playing chess with the beauty every evening. And to night, as she sat in the window, she was speculating whether Vaughan would engross her all the time upon the trip which they were expecting to take up the mountain next day.

The mountain party assembled early the next morning, but they did not get off without several secret heartburnings. Heskete, very much to his annoyance, found that he was, as it were, obliged to go in Aunt Cynthia's wagon; and that much enduring lady was separated from Sophy and compelled to matronize Ida and Annot Osborne, a very tall, sallow young woman, whose rather too easy manners were forgiven because of her papa's millions down in Wall street. And Sophy being, unhappily, wedged in between Mrs. Cochran and a priggish chap named Clay, became more resigned to her situation when Owen Nugent climbed up by the driver, directly behind her.

Hesketh was a good deal piqued with Sophy for her innocent gayety on the way up. Every time her blithe, girlish laugh echoed down the path, he chose to feel personally aggrieved because she could be merry when any one but himself was beside her; and therefore, when she lingered a little, and looked rather wistfully up at him as they started forth from the hotel, he pretended not to see the glance, but went on flirting with Annot Osborne.

Annot admired the handsome artist, and was privately exulting at drawing him away from Sophy—so the pair pursued their ramble very contentedly. And, somehow, Sophy dropped behind, and Mr. Clay was more of a prig than ever, she thought, when she saw Ida's blue feather disappear in the distance, with Nugent in attendance.

The party got separated, of course, and Sophy artfully contrived to send Mr. Clay back with a message to Aunt Cynthia, and then she strayed on alone, and very narrowly escaped coming to serious grief. She was going along the edge of a lovely little ravine, pausing now and then to admire its beauty, when suddenly somebody said, just behind her:

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Sophy."

The voice startled her, she stepped on a round pebble, which turned treacherously under her foot; she felt herself falling—gave a gasping cry—and then oblivion!

A warm hand clasped hers as she trembled back into consciousness.

"My dear child!" Owen Nugent's voice was a trifle unsteady. "Are you hurt by my terrible carelessness?" Sophy essayed to stand upright!

"I believe, I felt a little faint," she, the color rushing back to the pale face as she realized against whose shoulder she leaned. "How shall we ever get up, Mr. Nugent?" He smiled. She had fortunately escaped the rocks and landed on a little green ledge, [illegible]; they were about midway, and the ascent was not very great.

"I think I could carry you up," he said, quite gravely. "You are not a very great weight, you know." She laughed.

"No; but I think I will try to climb it with your assistance," and she put her hand in his with a child's simplicity. They were fully ten minutes climbing however, for Nugent would not let her go fast and watched her steps with such solicitude that her varying color came and went more fitfully than ever. By and by they reached the top.

"I don't know what I should have done without you," Sophy said, with a shy, happy glance utterly upset his discretion. "I wish I could thank you properly."

"Do not be said softly; then, quite abruptly: "Will you solve a problem that I have been asking myself all morning? Do you think in time I could make you love me?"

Every particle of color died out of the lovely face. "Mr. Nugent!" and she burst into tears.

"My dear child! have I frightened you?" he asked, a pained look crossing his face.

"No! yes!" she answered, vaguely, terrified because of a guilty throb of joy in her heart, which she instinctively felt ought not to be there. "Oh! you don't understand! What would Vaughan say?"

"Have you given him a right to say anything?" Nugent's tone was sterner.

"I—at least he would think he had," she faltered out, feeling utterly wretched.

"My dear!" he touched the little cold hand with his lips. "Do not look so troubled. I must not lose your friendship"—— He broke off abruptly. There stood Hesketh and Ida.

"Truants! We have had such a hunt for you!" cried the beauty, with an angry sparkle of her eyes. Hesketh slipped Sophy's hand within his own.

"How dared that man kiss your hand?" he said, in a wrathful undertone, as they followed the others.

"Vaughan!"

"Oh, my love! do not you desert me! I have no one left in the wide world to care for me if you do."

And Sophy felt miserable guilty, and descend into the valley of humiliation, and Vaughan talked desperate stuff and persuaded her (and himself very nearly) that she was his sole hope of redemption, while his thoughts, carrying on the double train that they often do, were busy speculating whether Sophy Schuyler, with her pretty face and prospective fortune, was as rich a prize as sallow Annot Osborne, with half a million already her own. And for the rest of the day his mind ran upon a certain old proverb, which demonstrates the superiority of a bird in the hand, with curious pertinacity.

The weather for some days had been conducive to the dire bewilderment of all weather prophets. Such stifling hot mornings for October and torrents of rain at nightfall, with mists and damps at all hours of the day. Therefore, when Sunday morning dawned without an actual storm, people congratulated themselves as declared their intention of going to church, and being pious, regardless of the dull, heavy air.

Sophy was late and when she came down at last she hurried Hesketh off down the hill and got into church after service had begun. The little edifice was very full, and she walked hesitatingly up the aisle, feeling grateful when Nugent's hand quietly opened a pew door next his own for them, and she sank down into a corner farthest away from Hesketh.

Ida's blue feather nodding in front of her, beside Nugent's broad shoulder, distracted her attention for awhile; but when the choir joined in a hymn, solemn and subdued as the music was, Sophy's head dropped forward between her hands and she began to weep softly.

Sitting there, she realized with a sudden flash of self understanding that she could not, must not, marry this man, who had so bewitched her girlish senses. Could she ever stand in a holy place like this and give him the most solemn vows that can be spoken? Sophy shivered and grew faint at the bare thought. No, she would not bear it another day; she would tell Hesketh tonight, and then, if he wasn't generous enough to release her, she would confess the whole matter to grandpa; his wrath was better than the burden of a secret engagement to a man whom she was beginning to realize she did not love.

Suddenly the church seemed to grow darker; the gaslights on the altar quivered; the ground beneath her shook violently, and the walls seemed to totter at their very foundation. The music ended in a prolonged shriek; people sprang to their feet; women screamed and fainted; and everybody rushed into the aisles, crowding and crushing each other in their panic.

Had the end of the world come? What was about to happen? Sophy's soul rushed to her lips in one agonized shriek.

"Owen! Owen! Where are you? Oh, come!"

Hesketh, with the frantic terror which seizes men in an unknown danger, was far in advance of the strugling crowd in the aisles; but Sophy's light form was lifted from the seat, and a voice said tenderly:

"My own darling! it is a slight earthquake—trust me!"

Sophy closed her eyes; in all her terror for one hot throb of joy thrilled her as no joy had ever done before. If they perished, they would die together. The air blowing on her face and a gust of rain drops revived her; she opened her soft eyes.

"Owen, before we die, just let me tell you——"

"What, love?" for Sophy hardly knew what she was saying.

"That I am—Oh! do you love me so very much?"

He set her down out of his arms, and right there in the village street he kissed her till the lovely face was rosy.

Hesketh married Annot Osborne, and had the supreme satisfaction of sending his wedding cards to Sophy and grandpa Schuyler. How angry he would have been if he could have seen the lovely, unclouded face that bent over grandpa's shoulder as he opened the envelop, and the laughing, half-deprecating voice that said to Nugent:

"What a little goose I was last summer! Oh, Owen! to think that I had to be cured by an earthquake!"

But Sophy's husband closed her lips with a kiss, that said he, at least, was fully satisfied with an earthquake's results.

"And what answer do you make to my appeal?" he asked, as he knelt at her feet.

"James I will be frank with you," she murmured.

"Oh, speak!" he implored, "and relieve me from this agony of suspense."

"Then let me say it cannot be."

"Why not? Oh! why not?"

"Because, James, I do not feel able to support a husband."

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Huntersville, W. Va.

December 19, 1889.

One hundred thousand persons viewed the remains of Hon. Jefferson Davis as he lay in state in New Orleans.

Hitherto Goff has claimed that he would be Governor of West Virginia. Now he says that the Democrats will "count him out."

MR. HARRISON, in his message, insists on civil service reform. He has himself inaugurated it by appointing a negress as postmistress in Louisiana.

Robert Browning, the English poet died peacefully at Venice at 10 o'clock on the 12th. He was born in 1812, and in 1846 married Elizabeth Barrett, herself a poet, and to her genius almost as much as to his own, he owed his wide reputation.

Another heavy-weight colored pugilist has loomed up at Viselia, Cal. His name is Dan Hatch, and rejoices in the sobriquet of "Black Demon." He stands 5 feet 11½ inches in height, weighs 196 pounds, and has issued a challenge to any colored pugilist in the world, barring Peter Jackson, for a purse of $500 or $1,000.

IS PRESIDENT HARRISON A FREE TRADER.—The Republican Press and speakers, almost without exception, have proclaimed every Democrat as a free-trader who advocated the reform or modification of the tariff. Now that Harrison, their own President, favors a change of the tariff and an extension of the free list, will they charge that he is a free-trader, and, if not, why not? Will they so charge him, or will they admit that they did not believe what they said when they affirmed that the Democrats favored the policy of Free trade, and that they did so merely for party effect?

WASHINGTON LETTER

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, December, 13.—Mr. Harrison and Mr. Morton are no longer on friendly terms. As much has been suspected for some time, but it was not until the trip to Chicago from which both of them returned Wednesday morning, that the suspicion became a certainty. They would not go together, not even on the same line of railroad. One had a special car on one line and one on the other, although one car would have furnished ample accommodations for both parties. In Chicago they had nothing to do with each other, and at the dedication of the auditorium, which both attended, they entered, separated, although, it was the intention of the managers of the affair that they should make their entrance arm-in-arm. It is not probable that any one thing brought about the present state of feeling between the two gentlemen—it has been steadily growing since March. Mr. Morton was a very liberal, one might say extravagant, contributor to the republican campaigne fund, and he very naturally thought that he was entitled to a little more than the fifth wheel sort of influence usually accorded the Vice President. Mr. Harrison, it seems, thought differently, hence they now confine their association to barely speaking as they pass by.

Senator Call has created a mild sort of a sensation by introducing a bill authorizing the President to open negotiation with Spain for the purchase of Cuba. Whether we want Cuba, or whether Spain wants to sell Cuba, have suddenly become interesting questions. To the first question there are many answers, mostly different. The last every one, nearly, answers in the affirmative.

Poor Mrs. Harrison! Everybody is sorry for her. She has been worrying herself to death because she could not live in the White House as she did at Indianapolis, and now to add to the good, little woman's trouble her sister Mrs. Scott Lord, has died. It will not be at all surprising if Mrs. Harrison's health should break down under the burden of sorrow. She has not been well for months.

No man ever spoke to an audience which more nearly represented the entire civilized world than was the one which gathered in the Hall of the House of Representatives, Wednesday afternoon, to hear Chief Justice Fuller deliver an address on the inauguration of Washington. The Chief Justice, though making no pretence of being an orator in the popular sense of the word, acquitted himself in a manner that was highly creditable to him, and enjoyable to his hearers. The ceremonies were held in commemoration of one hundreth anniversary of Washingtons inauguration. The real anniversary was the 30 of last April, but as Congress was not in sessio at that date it postponed its part in the centennial until December 11.

Speaker Reed has already proven that the republican managers knew what they were about when they slated him for Speaker. Never before has any Speaker announced any of the committees of the House until they were all completely made up, but so anxious are the republicans to oust some of the democratic members and give their seats to the republican contestants, that precedent was set aside and five committees announced last Monday. The committees named are Ways and Means; Appropriations; Manufactures; Elections; and Mileage. The committee on Elections is the one they wanted to get to work, as no contested election case can be acted on by the House until it is reported from that committee.

The defalcation and absconding of E. C. Silcott, Cashier of Sergeant at arms Leedom office is still worrying the members of the House and the question of whether the Treasury shall lose the $72,000 stolen or the members for whose pay it was drawn, is not decided. It is probable that it will be dead loss, as it is the opinion of shrewd lawyers that Mr. Leedoms bond of $50,000 is so drawn that it cannot be touched to make good any part of the money stolen by Silcott.

It was not intended by the administration that any official notice should be taken of the death or funeral of the late Jefferson Davis but the closing of all the departments at noon on Wednesday, on account of the Congressional centennial, caused many people to think they were closed in honor of Mr. Davis, that being the day of his funeral.

The most of the bills so far introduced are back numbers, that is, they were before Congress at the last session and failed to be acted on.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE
OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

In persuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Randolph county, West Virginia, rendered on the 28th day of September, 1889, in the suit in equity of C. Aultman & Co. vs, Jacob S. Wamsley and others, And three other causes, heard therewith, the undersigned, on the 3rd day of January, 1890 at the front door of the Court House of said county, will offer for sale at auction to the highest bidder the following described tracts of land:

50 acres, 50 acres, 500 acres, 110 acres, 125 acres, 808 acres, 180 acres, 7½ acres, 2,000 acres, 182 acres and 30 acres owned by Jacob S. Wamsley; so much of the 125 and 110 acre tracts as was not embraced by the conveyance from said Wamsley to Jacob Crouch will be sold; and so much of the 180 acre tract as was not embraced by the deed from said Wamsley to Edgor D. Wamsley will be sold. The two tracts of 50 acres each and the parcels of the 180 acres, the 125 acres and the 110 acres, not conveyed as aforesaid, together with the 7½ acres and the 41 acres compose what is known as the home farm of the said Jacob S. Wamsley and is situate on the Tygarts Valley River in said county. The 500 acres adjoins the said farm and is principally unimproved: The 808 acres is situate in said county on Elk Water. The 2000 acres, the 182 acres and the 30 acres, adjoining each other and are situate on the waters of Greenbrier River in Pocahontas Co. and known as the "Hamilton Place;" And the 10 or 12 acres lying on mill creek, Randolph county between lands of L. C. Conrad and S. M. Wamsley and the 50 acres, Andrew Wamsley land, situate on said creek owned by Melvin Currence; And the 118 acres and 107 acres owned by Patrick Crickard, and being the same lands conveyed by him in trust to Leland Kittle; and the 94 acres, 34 acres and 2 acres owned by Phœbe A Crickard and being the same lands conveyed to her by James Moyers. The five last named tracts compose what is known as the Patrick Crickard home place, situate in Randolph county on the Tygart's Valley River near Huttonsville. A plat of the lands to be sold composing the home farm of the said Jacob S. Wamsley, as well as the lands of the said Patrick and Phœbe A. Crickard will be made by the County Surveyor and exhibited at the sale. The home farm of the said Jacob S. Wamsley is largely improved, with barn, two dwelling houses, other out buildings and orchards thereon, party composed of the finest river bottom, with good uplands and in a fine state of cultivation. Upon the said 500 acre tract there is valuable timber, accessible to the Tygarts Valley River. The 808 acres on Elkwater has on it about 300 acres of fine sod, the richest soil and a good quality of timber. Upon the said "Hamilton Place" there is about 300 acres haceed, about 100 acres of which is in sod and produces the finest blue grass. The residue of the land is very rich soil with limestone and first class timber, such as cherry, ash, hemlock, &c., the 10 or 12 acres, Currence land is improved and the 50 acres is partially improved and is of rich soil with a very fine orchard of young and well selected fruit trees thereon. The said "Patrick Crickard Home Place" except the 118 acres is principally improved land of the finest river bottom, upon which is a new dwelling house, other out buildings, a good orchard and is in a high state of cultication. The 118 acres lies on the east side of the Tygarts Valley River, from the improved lands, is good soil, upon which there is the finest timber, such as white oak, poplar, &c. Such an opportunity for the purchase of valuable timber and improved lands at judicial sale is rarely offered in this section, and parties desiring to make investments in this beautiful valley with its prospects of further development by the extension of its railroad facilities, will do well to idvestigate the properties to be sold.

TERMS OF SALE.

Said lands will be sold for five per cent of the purchase money cash in hand and the residue in equal amounts upon a credit of 6, 12, 24 & 36 months with interest from the day of sale and purchasers to give notes with good security for the deferred payments.

CYRUS H. SCOTT, } Special
L. D. STRADER, } Commissioners.

I certify that bond and security has been given by the above named Commissioner as required by the decree of sale.

W. H. WILSON,
Clerk of the Circuit Court of Randolph Co.

Dec. 5-4t. Printer's fee $27.80.

—Lam & O'Farrell wants to furnish everybody their Xmas liquors.

HOME NEWS

—Xmas next Wednesday.

—C. D. Lam, Esq., of Mt Grove was in to see us last week.

—Read the change in Lam & G'Farrell's advertisement.

—Geo. H. McGlaughlin, of Edray, was in to see us last Saturday.

—A few cases before Justice Grose last week.

—C. H. Heighton, of Elyria, O., was in our city this week.

—Mr. E. H. Moore, of Academy, was in our city last week.

—J. C. Loury, Jr., has returned from a trip to Washington city.

—Rice Moore, Esq., of Dunmore was in town Tuesday.

—A couple of Frenchmen passed through town Monday with a large cinnamon bear.

—Messrs. R. M. Beard, of Academy and Newton Beard, of St Albans were in town Tuesday.

—Attorney C. F. Moore and D. O'Connell, Esq., have returned from a business trip to Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

—Mr. Wm. Stover, a brother-in-law, of our townsman, Capt. D. A. Stofer, died at his home in Staunton, on the 10th inst.

—We want old Santa Claus to bring us next Wednesday night about 1,000 subscribers to THE TIMES with the cash in advance.

—Joe McNeel, Esq., of Academy, is a frequent visitor to our town; he came up again last Saturday and returned Sunday evening.

—Messrs. N. A. Williams & Son, Photographers, who have been in our town for some time past, started for their home in Greensboro, Pa., Tuesday morning.

—We understand that Rev. Wm. Canter, formerly of this place but now of Randolph Co., will be married in a few days to a Miss McAtee, of Mingo Flats, that Co.

—B. F. Renick, Esq., of Falling Spring, Greenbrier Co., died at the home of his son-in-law, Col. B. F. Harlow in Lewisburg, on the night of the 8th inst. The immediate cause of his death was paralysis.

—Mr. Newton Beard, of St Albans, and Miss Georgia Rankin, of Academy, were married at that place to-day (Wednesday) at 11 o'clock.

Thief Arrested

Oliver Ervine, about 18 years old, living near Edray, was arrested last Wednesday evening, at his home, and lodged in jail at this place, charged with breaking into Messrs. Moore & Hannah's store, at Edray, of which an account appeared in THE TIMES last week. The goods that were described as being stolen were found in his bedroom; also Mr. C. D. Lam, of near Mt. Grove recovered a watch from him that was stolen not long since.

Dunmore Doings

Capt. C. B. Swecker has been laid up for a week or more with sore throat, but hopes to be able to blow his horn at Edray the last of this month.

We are having a good deal of sickness in our neighborhood.

Col. S. C. Pritchard, the old man, has returned from the Valley with a first class piano for his daughters.

We have two music teachers in our little town and four organs and two pianos. We expect to have a musical concert soon.

Work has gone up 25 ft. on the new church.

Pritchard and Taylor have gone into the lumber business quite extensively.

There will be a lot of wagons back from Staunton this week with Xmas tricks &c.

Success to THE TIMES.

TRAVELER.

Locals from Hillsboro.

Hurrah for Hillsboro! Xmas is almost here.

Our old year will soon change to 1890.

Madam Rumor says two marriages will take place in Hillsboro soon.

Miss Georgie Rankin of this place will be married to day (Wednesday).

Rumor also says that Huntersville will lose one of its most choice flowers before very long, and that Hillsboro will find it.

The following pupils were enrolled at the H. T. School during the past week: Messrs. John Gelford and Steward Galford of Hillsboro, and Harris Nathan of Philadelphia. They enter for the purpose of studying the Poughkeepsie course of Book keeping.

Miss Edmonia Gum of this vicinity left Tuesday for a visit to friends and relatives in Liberty Va.

The Hillsboro Male and Female Academy is flourishing and doing well.

Madam Rumor is full this week. She says that Hillsboro will be run over with entertainments Xmas.

JUSTITIA.

Judge Lucas.

Charleston, W. Va., December 11.—Governor Wilson to-day appointed Daniel B. Lucas, of Charlestown, Jefferson county, to fill the unexpired term of Judge Thomas C. Green, who died last week, in the Supreme Court of Appeals. Term ends 1892.

A Boyish Murderer.

Joe Templeton, aged 13, was shot and killed by his brother Jeff at Union, Cabell county, last Friday. The boys were boxing and knocking off hats, and a boy named Smith struck Jeff in the mouth. This enraged him. While brooding over the blow a boy named Stowasser came up with a shotgun. Jeff grabbed the gun and emptied both barrels into his brother's face. He lived three hours, but never spoke.

An Old Woman Butchered.

A horrible butchery occurred in the East End of Cincinnati a few days ago.

The victim was Bridget Byrnes, 70 years of age, living alone. She was horribly hacked two of her fingers being entirely severed from her right hand. Her throat was cut, and half dozen other cuts disfigured her face.

The murderer is John, alias "Brocky" Smith, who is well-known in police circles. The evident object of the murder was robbery, as it was well known the old lady had considerable money about the house.

She Was Buried Alive.

A sad case of premature burial has just developed at Madison, Wis. About a month ago diptheria appeared in the home of a prominent family. A young domestic was terribly frightened, and desired to go to her home in the country, but the attending physician would not permit this. A young child died of the malady, and this, with the horror of the disease, caused the girl to take to her bed, and she apparently died in a few hours, and was at once buried by the authorities. A few days ago her parents obtained permission to remove the body to the country, and, upon opening the casket, they were horrified to discover that the body was lying on its face, the hair wrenched from the head, and the flesh literally torn from the face and hands.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., seems to be death's play ground. On the night of the 18th, Park's Opera House was densely packed with people, when a fire alarm was sounded near by, the people thinking it was in the building made a rush for exit; the effect was a panic, resulting in the death of 11 persons, and several injured.

SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR ARSON.—A dispatch from Rocky Mount, Franklin county Va., dated the 7th inst., says:

"The trial of George Early, colored, for burning Rocky Mount, some weeks ago resulted to-day in his conviction and the sentence of death was passed upon him by the judge. Before sentence he was brought into court and testified that Bird Woods, Bill Brown and Nannie Woods were his confederates, and were present when the match was struck that consumed twenty-four buildings in Rocky Mount."

These negroes burned these building because Massey was allowed to speak in a hall which had been refused to Mahone.

A New Railroad.

A dispatch from Parkersburg, W. Va., dated the 8th of December, makes mention of an important railroad project as follows: "A railroad enterprise involving the construction of 500 miles of road and cutting through the heart of West Virginia, has been put on foot here. Senator Camden and Eastern capitalists are interested in it. The route is from the Ohio River at Marietta, up the Kanawha Valley and down the Valley of Elk River to Clifton Forge in Virginia, where the road will connect with the Chesapeake and Ohio. Engineers are now at work on this end of the route."

This is an inviting, feasible enterprise, and of vast importance to both of the Virginias. It would traverse one of the richest territories in the world. The coal and timber which would be accomodated, of themselves, would make the road remunerative. Supplemented by the products of a fertile farming and grazing country, and the travel that would be assured, there is every consideration to justify the improvement. If capitalists will unite determine upon the route the road would take, and then go in advance and purchase the coal and timber lands, they could build the road and make an enormous profit, over and above the expense of construction and equipment, out of the sale of lands after the road would reach them. That will be the policy of capitalists hereafter. That doubtless is to be the inducement which will attract a $100,000,000 English syndicate that has been recently formed to invest in new railroad projects in this country and develop mineral lands.

F. B. Gown, a prominent, Pennsylvanian, committed suicide in Washington, on the 14th inst.

FELIX KEMP, who murdered his children in Charleston, some time ago has been sentenced to death for his friendish crime.

COW.

A large red and white spotted cow, with horns about 3 inches long has been at my place for about two months. The owner will please call for her.

RICHARD M. BEARD,
Academy W. Va.

—Nearly all colds are slight, at first, but their tendency is to so lower the system that the sufferer becomes a ready victim to any prevalent disease. The use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in the beginning of a cold, would guard against this danger.

—Your wasted cheeks may have all the plumpness and bloom of health through your use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This time-honored remedy still leads the van. It improves digestion, purifies the blood, and invigorates the system. Give it a trial.

WHEAT FOR SALE.—Having five hundred bushels of wheat to sell, I offer it for the next 30 days for cash at 90 cts. per bu. at my granary. Respectfully,
9.28-4t H. M. LOCKRIDGE.

AUCTION.

I will sell at auction at Edray, W. Va., on December 30th, and 31st, 1889, a lot of Dry Goods, Clothing, Overcoats, Ladies Jackets and Notions.

All persons wishing to buy cheap goods will do well to attend.

DANIEL COOPER,
12-2t.

White Pine Lumber.

I am now prepared to furnish White Pine Lumber, Shingles and Laths on short notice. Any one desiring bills sawed will please furnish me bill and it will be furnished on short notice.

My mill is situated near Alexander Rider's. Resptfully,
H. M. LOCKRIDGE.

Constipation,

If not remedied in season, is liable to become habitual and chronic. Drastic purgatives, by weakening the bowels, confirm, rather than cure, the evil. Ayer's Pills, being mild, effective, and strengthening in their action, are generally recommended by the faculty as the best of aperients.

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills. I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these pills every night before retiring. I would not willingly be without them."—G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main st., Carlisle, Pa.

"I have been taking Ayer's Pills and using them in my family since 1857, and cheerfully recommend them to all in need of a safe but effectual cathartic." —John M. Boggs, Louisville, Ky.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural and regular action, so that now I am in excellent health."

Ayer's Pills,

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.

UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of J. R. Hannah dec'd.

At the request of C. F. Moore and L. M. McClintic, Administrator of J. B. Hannah, dec'd, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said J. B. Hannah dec'd, for adjudication to me at my office in Huntersville on or before the 15th day of January 1890.

Witness: James W. Warwick Jr., Commissioner of accounts of Pocahontas County, this the 12th day of November, 1889.

JAMES W. WARWICK, Jr.,
Com'r of acc'ts of P. C.

Nov. 14-6t. Printer's fee $3.79.

Staunton Marble Works.

If you want head stones Marble and granite Monuments etc., etc., you can do no better than to buy from

G. C. COOPER, agent,
Green Bank, Pocahontas Co.,
W. Va.

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AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER,
Dunmore, W. Va.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

December 19, 1889.

Words of Wisdom.

Hypocracy is the necessary burden of villainy.

When a man's temper gets the best of him it reveals the worst of him.

It is a curious fact in the run of things that it is easier to be thoroughly orthodox than to be thoroughly good.

A bad habit is like a cat in that it has many lives, and like a cat you will have to kill it nine times before you are sure it is dead.

Equity had been gradually snapping itself into a refined science which human faculties could master without long and intense application.

The chief ingredients in the composition of those qualities that gain estrem and praise are good nature, truth, good sence and good breeding.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part the kindness should begin on ours.

Libraries are the wardrobes of literature, whence men, properly informed, might bring forth ornament, much for curiosity, and more for use.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he passes through life he will soon find himself alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

It is hard to persenate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will pass out and betray herself one time or another.

There is nothing that makes a man suspect much, than to know little; and therefore men should remedy suspicion by striving to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others' evil; and who waneth one will prey upon the other.

They that govern most make least noise. You see when they row in a barge they that do drugery work slash and puff and sweat, but he that governs sits quietly at the stern and scarce is seen to stir.

Such is the force of envy and ill-nature that the failings of good men are more published to the world than their good deeds, and that one fault of a deserving man shall meet with more reproaches than all his virtues will with praise.

The blacksmith welds iron with sealing whacks.

Mother Nature causes a great deal less trouble than mother Habit.

A man experiences "that sinking feeling" when he falls overboard.

"I've had a great many trials in my time," remarked the veteran criminal sadly.

Where States Excel.

Alabama ranks fourth in cotton.

Arizona ranks second in silver.

California ranks first in barley, grape culture, sheep, gold and quick-silver.

Colorado ranks first in silver.

Connecticut ranks first in clocks.

Delaware is way up in peaches.

Dakota is the finest wheat growing State.

Florida ranks third in sugar and molasses.

Georgia ranks second in rice and sweet potatoes.

Indiana ranks second in wheat.

Illinois ranks first in oats, meat packing, lumber traffic, malt and distilled liquors and miles of railway.

Iowa ranks first in average intelligence of population, first in production of corn and first in number of swine.

Idaho ranks sixth in gold and silver.

Kansas ranks fifth in cattle, corn and rye.

Kentucky ranks first in tobacco, and has a world wide reputation for thoroughbred horses and cattle.

Louisana ranks first in sugar and molasses.

Maine ranks first in ship-building slate and granite quarries, lumbering and fishing.

Maryland ranks fourth in coal.

Massachusetts ranks first in cotton, woolen and worsted goods and in cod and mackerel fisheries.

Michigan ranks first in copper, lumber and salt.

Minnesota ranks fourth in wheat and barley.

Mississippi ranks second in cotton.

Missouri ranks first in mules.

Montana ranks fifth in silver and gold.

New Mexico's grazing facilities can't be beat.

Nebraska has abundant crops of rye, buckwheat, barley, flax and hemp.

Nevada ranks second in gold.

New Hamshire ranks third in the manufacture of cotton goods.

New Jersey ranks first in fertilizing marl, zinc and silk goods.

New York ranks first in value of manufactures, soap, printing and publishing, hops, hay, potatoes, buckwheat and milch cows.

North Carolina ranks first in tar and turpentine.

Ohio ranks first in agricultural implements and wool.

Oregon takes the palm in cattle raising.

Pennsylvania ranks first in old rye iron and steel, petroleum and coal.

Rhode Island, in proportion to its size, outranks all other States in value of manufactures.

South Carolina ranks first in phosphates.

Tennessee ranks second in peanuts.

Texas ranks first in cattle and cotton.

Utah ranks third in silver.

Vermont ranks fourth in copper.

Virginia ranks first in peanuts.

West Virginia ranks fifth in salt and coal.

Wisconsin ranks second in hops.

A little girl, who made very frequent use of the word "guess," was one day reproved for it by her teacher.

"Don't say 'guess,' Mary," said Miss Jones; "say 'presume.'"

Presently one of Mary's little playmates coming up to her, remarked:

"I think your cape is very pretty, and my mamma wants your mamma to lend her the pattern, because she is going to make me one like it."

"My mamma has no pattern," was the prompt reply; "she cut it by presume."

A laundress is something like a heavy sea. She is always washing things overboard.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, December 26, 1889. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 23.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

ROMANCE OF A STORE.

A tiny room, behind a tiny shop. In one corner, near the fire-place, an elderly lady in a deep, cushioned chair—a lady whose face bore traces of pain conquered, suffering overcome, patient, delicate and refined. Her dress and attitude told the story of invalidism. Opposite to her, standing up and leaning upon the mantel-piece, a girl of twenty one or two; tall, straight and strong, with a face of some beauty, great resolution, and sweet, womanly grace.

Rhoda Lewis was the younger lady, and her mother the gentle invalid.

"Where are you going, dear? The shop-bell did not ring," Mrs. Lewis said as Rhoda moved toward the door.

"To put up the shutters. It is nine o'clock."

"They are so heavy," the invalid sighed.

"But I am so strong," the girl answered, lightly.

Yet, as she lifted the heavy shutter in her small, white hands, she was not sorry to have it taken from her into a strong, masculine grasp, that quickly adjusted the shutters, put up the iron bar, shot the padlock bolt into place, locked it, and gave the key to Rhoda. Not a word spoken all this time, but as her cousin, Frank Lewis, gave her the key, Rhoda said, demurely and formally:

"Thank you."

Quite as formally, yet with a ring of sarcasm in his voice, that had not been in hers, he replied:

"You are very welcome."

She stood twisting the key in her fingers till he said:

"Well?" But if he intended the word for a question, there was no answer. Rhoda let her hands fall, and looked straight before her.

"Are you not going to ask me in?" Frank inquired.

"No."

"Father has been here to-day?"

"Yes."

"Got his rent?"

"Yes."

"And told you to shut your door on me?"

"Yes."

"'Yes—yes.' Can't you speak, Rhoda?"

"Not now. Some insults are very hard to bear; your father's was one of them."

She slipped in at the store door as she spoke, and fastened it quickly. She was in total darkness, having closed the door of the inner room as she left it. For a moment she stood leaning heavily upon the counter, trembling violently, with the quick breathing that tells of suppressed tears. Only for a moment; then she went in to her mother, her sweet face all love and cheerfulness. Whatever her heartache was, it was evidently not to be added to her mother's burdens.

Frank, left so unceremoniously, gave vent to his chagrin in a low whistle, thrust his hands deep into his overcoat pocket, and strode homeward. It was a cheerless windy evening, and chilled, angered and miserable, the young man tossed aside hat and coat in the hall of his father's pretentious house, and entered the parlor. A grand room, richly furnished, in sharp contrast to the shabby little back parlor where Frank had intended to pass the next hour.

Mr. Lewis was seated beside an open grate, reading the evening newspaper. He did not look up as his son drew up a chair near his own, and said:

"Father, what have you been saying to-day to Rhoda?"

"I gave her to understand that I did not want a penniless daughter-in-law."

"Father!"

"You may as well understand the same. I will not encourage such nonsense any longer. You are old enough now to drop flirtations, and think seriously of marriage."

"I won't stand it," cried Frank, hotly.

"Won't stand what?"

"Any interference between Rhoda and myself. I mean to win Rhoda for my wife; and I meant it when she wore long braids and short dresses; when she lived in a house as grand as this one."

"All very well then. Matters are different now."

"There is no difference in my love for Rhoda."

"A pauper! The daughter of a bankrupt who committed suicide!"

"Your brother!"

"Well, what of that! He never asked me to help him, or——" was the harsh voice husky? Frank wondered—"I might have been idiot enough to do it!"

"It was a pity he could not know that. Father!" in a softened tone, "don't stand between Rhoda and me! I won't give her up, but you make her hard to win. She is as proud to-day as she was when her carriage drove up to our door, and she brought you fruit from her hot-house. No, I am wrong! She was not proud, then, Heaven bless her! but she is now!"

"Beggars have no right to be proud! I won't have it! Do you understand? If you persist in this folly, you may suit yourself to the situation, for your allowance stops; stops, understand, the day you propose to your cousin Rhoda. You can find a home and an income elsewhere."

"I don't mind that threat, but I should be very unhappy if I left you alone, father."

"Don't do it, then."

"But it will make my life utterly wretched to give up my cousin."

"Bah! Go to bed. You're a headstrong boy, and you have not tasted poverty yet. Keep your heroics till you have."

Frank Lewis knew that there were some moods in which his father was utterly stubborn, and that to argue was to take time for no result. So he accepted his dismissal, and went to his own room. Thinking deeply, he came to the resolution to try his power to conquer fortune before seeing Rhoda again. She knew he loved her, and if his love was returned, would trust him; if she cared for him only in a cousinly way, then the separation might help him to bear a later disappointment. He would not desert his father, but perhaps when he had proved himself no braggart, his father might relent.

It was dreary enough in the weeks that followed in the tiny parlor, behind the little stationer's store where Rhoda Lewis strove to keep the wolf from the door. Brought up in utter ignorance of business, the young storekeeper had depended unconsciously upon her cousin Frank in all financial difficulties. Frank had taught her how to keep her books, had given her instructions about renewing her stock in trade, managed her banking business, had been her adviser and best friend from the day when she returned from her fathers funeral, to know she must be breadwinner for herself and her invalid mother. She had never looked upon him as a lover, only as her very dear cousin, until her uncle rudely opened her eyes and heart by informing her of the penalty attach- to his son's courtship. Then love awakened to sting her sharply when pride forbade her cherishing the sweet intruder.

Yet, while she suffered in heart, there was a magic of prosperity about the tiny store. Customers flocked to her, and she found sale for a better class of goods than she had ventured upon at first. She had some skill in water-color painting, no wonderful talent, but sufficient capacity for much of the pretty decorating, just at that time coming into fashion. For what she had leisure to accomplish in that line, she found quick sale at large profit.

Her sorest grief was in her mother's wasting health, and the certainty that a long standing disease must terminate fatally, though the decline was very slow. Heart and brain were sorely taxed, the more that she had been so carefully guarded from all care and sorrow during her father's life. But she was brave and faithful in the discharge of daily duty, trusting in God's care for her future, as humbly as a child trusts its mother.

Two years had passed since Frank Lewis put up her shutters, when he wrote to her from another city telling her that he had a good position, was working faithfully to make himself independent, and asking her to be his wife if his income ever filled his pockets sufficiently to start a home.

"I tried to work in my old home, to bear my father," he wrote, "but it was better for me to be away for a time."

It was a strange, deep happiness that met this letter, for Rhoda knew she loved her cousin as the one love of her life. She wrote back at once, frankly and lovingly, and the correspondence became her ray of sunshine in her sorrow for her mother and her daily toil for bread. Still the months rolled into years, Rhoda was left motherless, and the stern old man in the grand home Frank had left grew more lonely and desolate as age crept on, till four years had passed, and Frank came for his bride.

Before seeking her he went to his old home, and unannounced entered the room where his father sat musing idly, his hands resting on his lap, his eyes fixed upon the fire. He did not look up as Frank entered, thinking it was a servant who came in, and his son's heart sank as he saw how old and worn he looked. Surely, four years ago his hair was not so gray and thin, his face so deeply lined. Suddenly he roused himself, looked toward the door, and then, opening his arms, cried, with yearning tenderness:

"My boy! Frank, my son!"

It was long before he could do more than stroke his son's hands and hair, speaking fondest words of affection.

"You will not leave me again, Frank he pleaded.

"Not unless you forbid Rhoda to be here, too."

"So, so! You have not wavered, then, in all these four years?"

"Have not my letters told you so much?"

"Right! Yes, yes, you are constant. You thought me a hard father, Frank?"

"Only in that one thing. You have been a good father to me."

"But not a kind one? I see where I made a mistake. But I meant only kindness, Frank; only kindness. I married when I was young like yourself, the son of a rich father. My wife was a butterfly of fashion. I was an earnest man, striving to do life's duties faithfully. I was utterly miserable in my married life, and wherever I looked I see how money and its possession crushed out real love. When you first loved Rhoda you were mere children, but even then I hoped it was transcient fancy. Then came my brother's misfortunes, and Rhoda's opportunity to prove herself a a strong, true, woman, or a feeble nursling of luxury. You, too, were drifting into the idle follies of a man without a purpose in life. I resolved to test you both, to prove your love and manhood, as I was proving Rhoda's courage.

"Well, well, my dear boy you were not quite so independent, after all, as you fancied. My letters procured you the favorable reception you met with at Morse & Co.'s, and half your salary came out of my pocket. I have watched your cousin's interests, too. She would be surprised if she knew how large a customer I have been, by proxy, and how carefully I have respected her honest pride while putting money in her till. It is all over. I am an old man, Rhoda is alone, so you must come to me. Shall we go now and see Rhoda?"

They had turned the corner of the street where the little store was located, when Frank, gently pushing his father back, whispered:

"Wait one moment."

Rhoda was standing in the doorway, and her errand boy was putting up the shutters, when they were taken from his hands.

"You can go," Frank said, deftly taking his work and gravely attending to it until he gave the key to Rhoda.

"Thanks," she said, having had time to gain composure after the first shock of surprise.

"May I come in?"

"And may I come, too?" said a third voice.

"Uncle William!"

"Yes my dear. Come Frank."

Then the store door closed behind the three, and customers were fastened out while the old story ends, and a new life opens for my hero and heroine.

"Well sir," said the railway superintendent to a foreign looking man who had gained admittance to his presence, "what do you want?"

"I would like a situation on your road."

"No place for you, I think."

"But there is. I want to be interpreter."

"Interpreter?"

"Yes, sir. To tell the passengers what the brakeman says when he is calling out the names of the stations."

The superintendent studied a few minutes and then told the man to call later.

"And how is your husband, Mrs. McCarty? Is he as hard a worker as ever?"

"No; John ain't worked 'a day for seventeen years."

"Is he incapacitated?"

"No, ma'am; he's dead."

He—"Will you marry me?"

She—"No."

He—"Then will you marry Bob Sawyer? He wanted me to ask you for him, too, while I was about it."

The man who resolves to quit drinking must be in sober earnest.

Carpets are bought by the yard and soled by the foot.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
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Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

December 26, 1889.

CHRISTMAS.

A happy Christmas to one and all of our readers! Again the season is here when everybody is expected to rejoice and entertain nothing but good feeling. It is not, however, a time of gladness to all; but rather a time of extreme feelings. The happy are happier; the sad, on account of the contrast, are sadder; the good are better; and the wicked are more wicked.

There are many different ways of using the time; but to none does the approach of Christmas mean so much of genuine happiness as to those who make it a time of family reunion and home enjoyment. Parents and children long separated for a few days at least, lay aside their ordinary employment that they may gather round the old hearthstone that they may spend a while in quiet but deep enjoyment. Some measure enjoyment by the noise they make, some by the whiskey they drink, some by the turkey they eat, but none of these know true happiness. Let us pause and think that the day commemorates the advent of Him who when He come proclaimed "Peace upon earth and good will to men." In the spirit of that declaration, let us make it a time of peace and good will; forgetting all strife, casting out all malice and indulging nothing but good wishes and good deeds.

Gentlemen inclined to grumble about the expense of the merry Christmastide should consider the unfortunate King and Siam. The majesty of Siam has just annexed twenty more wives. Consequently he has made, it is said, an offer to buy out John Wanamaker's store, and proposes to hang most of it in the hosiery department. Pity the King of Siam. His Christmas comes high, but then he must have it.

WASHINGTON LETTER

[From our regular correspondent.,

WASHINGTON, December, 20.—Senator Morgan thinks the State department is entirely too poky in the matter of recognizing the new government of Brazil, therefore he has offered a joint resolution congratulating the people of Brazil on their recent peaceful revolution and authorizing the President to issue a proclamation recognizing the republic as a sovereign power.

Speaker Reed is believed to favor having the House decide the contested election cases before any Rules are adopted. It would be a violation of all precedent, but precedent doesn't count for much with some people when it happens to clash with party advantage. The Speaker has almost absolute power over the House while it remains as it is now —only governed by ordinary parliamentary rules, and if the election cases were before the House the unseating of nearly every democrat whose seat is contested would be an absolute certainty. But it is doubtful whether the republican managers are prepared to take the responsibility of adopting such a radical programme. They will be apt to remember that in all probability the next House will have a majority of democrats, and this belief will make them careful.

Congress was to have begun its Christmas holidays on Thursday, but to accommodate Speaker Reed, who wishes to announce the rest of the House committees before the recess, the resolution was amended to read from Saturday, the 21 inst. to January 6, and in that shape was passed. An unusually large number of Congressmen will eat their Christmas turkeys away from Washington.

Some over-liberal democrats in the House came very near doing a very curious, not to say silly, thing this week. It was to assume the responsibility for the money stolen by Silcott. The idea of raising a purse among the democrats to make good the losses of the republican Representative seemed to be so cathing that a call for a democratic caucus to endorse the idea was issued, but upon reflection it was rescinded, and the matter allowed to remain just as it was—uncertain. The House, without a division, has passed a resolution authorizing a reward of $5,000 for Silcott.

Deficiency bills are always common under republican administration, and they have already begun under the present. A bill appropriating $150,000 to make up a deficiency in the first six months of the current fiscal year at the Government printing office, and another appropriating $250,000 to pay for printing for the census bureau, have become laws this week.

A concurrent resolution has been passed by House and Senate tendering to Chief Justice Fuller the thanks of Congress for the address delivered by him on the occasion of the celeoration of Washington's inauguration.

Senator Brown, of Georgia, is the only member of the Senate that has not occupied his seat this session, although several others, including Senator Hampton, have not been here before this week.

In spite of the determined opposition of Senators Call, Jones, of Arkansas, Berry, Colquill, Reagan, Blair and Wilson, of Iowa, the nomination of Justice Brewer has been confirmed.

Senator Chandler charges that certain naval officers are banded together for the purpose of Congressional lobbying. He has offered in the Senate a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Navy for information.

Mr. Harrison, thinking probably to give some people an unusually happy Christmas has made this week a large number of appointments—the most of them being postmasters.

Senator Quay and Representative Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, will not be very close friends for some time. They both had candidates for the Pittsburg postoffice. Of course Mr. Quay's man got the office.

It is probable that two new States will be admitted by this Congress. The Senate Committee on Territories has agreed to report favorably the bills providing for the admission of Idaho and Wyoming. The democrats will endeavor to have New Mexico included.

Last Wednesday the House passed a resolution ordering a call of states for the introduction of bills, and there was a perfect shower of them poured out, on almost every conceivable subject. It was the first general opportunity, to introduce bills, of the present session. At least ninety per cent of the bills introduced will never again be heard from, and there is no good reason why they should be.

The Senate bill making $72 a month the rate of pensions to be paid for total disability has been favorably reported.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

In persuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Randolph county, West Virginia, rendered on the 28th day of September, 1889, in the suit in equity of C. Aultman & Co. vs. Jacob S. Wamsley and others, And three other causes, heard therewith, the undersigned, on the 3rd day of January, 1890 at the front door of the Court House of said county, will offer for sale at auction to the highest bidder the following described tracts of land:

50 acres, 50 acres, 500 acres, 110 acres, 125 acres, 808 acres, 180 acres, 7½ acres, 2,000 acres, 132 acres and 30 acres owned by Jacob S. Wamsley; so much of the 125 and 110 acre tracts as was not embraced by the conveyance from said Wamsley to Jacob Crouch will be sold; and so much of the 180 acre tract as was not embraced by the deed from said Wamsley to Edgor D. Wamsley will be sold. The two tracts of 50 acres each and the parcels of the 180 acres, the 125 acres and the 110 acres, not conveyed as aforesaid, together with the 7½ acres and the 41 acres compose what is known as the home farm of the said Jacob S. Wamsley and is situate on the Tygarts Valley River in said county. The 500 acres adjoins the said farm and is principally unimproved: The 808 acres is situate in said county on Elk Water. The 2000 acres, the 132 acres and the 30 acres, adjoining each other and are situate on the waters of Greenbrier River in Pocahontas Co. and known as the "Hamilton Place;" And the 10 or 12 acres lying on mill creek, Randolph county between lands of L. C. Conrad and S. M. Wamsley and the 50 acres, Andrew Wamsley land, situate on said creek owned by Melvin Currence; And the 118 acres and 107 acres owned by Patrick Crickard, and being the same lands conveyed by him in trust to Leland Kittle; and the 94 acres, 34 acres and 2 acres owned by Phœbe A Crickard and being the same lands conveyed to her by James Moyers. The five last named tracts compose what is known as the Patrick Crickard home place, situate in Randolph county on the Tygart's Valley River near Huttonsville. A plat of the lands to be sold composing the home farm of the said Jacob S. Wamsley, as well as the lands of the said Patrick and Phœbe A. Crickard will be made by the County Surveyor and exhibited at the sale. The home farm of the said Jacob S. Wamsley is largely improved, with barn, two dwelling houses, other but buildings and orchards thereon, party composed of the finest river bottom, with good uplands and in a fine state of cultivation. Upon the said 500 acre tract there is valuable timber, accessible to the Tygarts Valley River. The 808 acres on Elkwater has on it about 300 acres of fine sod, the richest soil and a good quality of timber. Upon the said "Hamilton Place" there is about 300 acres haceed, about 100 acres of which is in sod and produces the finest blue grass. The residue of the land is very rich soil with limestone and first class timber, such as cherry, ash, hemlock, &c, the 10 or 12 acres, Currence land is improved and the 50 acres is partially improved and is of rich soil with a very fine orchard of young and well selected fruit trees thereon. The said "*Patrick Crickard Home Place*" except the 118 acres is principally improved land of the finest river bottom, upon which is a new dwelling house, other out buildings, a good orchard and is in a high state of cultication. The 118 acres lies on the east side of the Tygarts Valley River, from the improved lands, is good soil, upon which there is the finest timber, such as white oak, poplar, &c. Such an opportunity for the purchase of valuable timber and improved lands at judicial sale is rarely offered in this section, and parties desiring to make investments in this beautiful valley with its prospects of further development by the extension of its railroad facilities, will do well to idvestigate the properties to be sold.

TERMS OF SALE.

Said lands will be sold for five per cent of the purchase money cash in hand and the residue in equal amounts upon a credit of 4, 12, 24 & 36 months with interest from the day of sale and purchasers to give notes with good security for the deferred payments.

CYRUS H. SCOTT, } Special
L. D. STRADER, } Commissioners.

I certify that bond and security has been given by the above named Commissioner as required by the decree of sale.

W. H. WILSON,
Clerk of the Circuit Court of Randolph Co.

Dec. 5-4t. *Printer's fee $27.25.*

Three more bodies have been taken from the Conemaugh river.

HOME NEWS

—Not less than 40 gallons of liquor passed through town Monday.

—What kind of winter weather is this?

—Several wagons passed through town from Millboro last week.

—Nice paper and envelopes at THE TIMES office cheap.

A happy Christmas and a glad New Year to all.

—We issue on Tuesday evening this week—you know why.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Beard were down at Academy last week.

—Santa Clause is wearing a linen duster this winter.

—Present indications are that Pocahontas Co., will not be without a railroad long.

—Don't forget that THE TIMES office is headquarters for nice job printing.

—Wm. H. Grose, Esq., has been in Highland Co., for the past few days on business.

—Such weather as we are having has scarely been witnessed by the oldest inhabitants.

—If you want nice envelopes, letter heads note heads &c., call at THE TIMES office.

—Attorney L. M. McClintic returned last week from a trip to Charleston.

I HEREBY NOTIFY All PERsons to keep off my land or going through my enclosures.

JOSEPH KLINE.

—As is usual with most County papers to not issue on Christmas week, and thinking our patrons would not object to us having a week "off" there will be no paper issued from this office next week.

—R. S. Turk Esq., of Wichita, Kansas, with his wife, is on a visit to his father, Rudolph Turk, Esq., near Mt. Solon in this County, who has been quite ill for some time.—Staunton Spectator

—The special quality of Ayer's Hair Vigor is that it restores the natural growth, color, and texture of the hair. It vitalizes the roots and follicles, removes dondruff, and heals itching humors in the scalp. In this respect, it surpasses all similar preparations.

—The only Christmas tree that will be in town, that we know of, will be at the residence of Attorney H. S. Rucker, as is usual with Mr. Rucker to have one every year He likes to see his little ones enjoy themselves, and we understand his tree this year is a very beautiful and expensive one.

—Many an otherwise handsome face is disfigured with pimples and blotches, caused by a humor in the blood, which may be thoroughly eradicated by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the safest blood medicine in the market, being entirely free from arsenic or any deleterious drug.

Thomas Creek Items.

Not seeing anything in your paper from this community I will endeavor to give you a few items.

Mrs. Carpenter who has been sick for some time, we are happy to say is convalescent.

Robert Griffin, of Traveler's Repose is attending school here.

Rev. Hannah has just closed a series of meeting at Mt. Zoin. There were four conversions and about ten penitents when the meeting closed.

Prof. Sterling Ward, of Huttonsville, has been visiting friends and forming acquaintances in this place.

Our school which has been successfully taught by Floyd E. Stalnaker, will close the 31st and he will commence another near Traveler's Repose.

Rev. Dellenger delivered an able sermon at Baxter church last Sabbath.

Though our vicinity is blessed with peaceable, kind and industrious people, we are sorry to say we have one ignoramous villian who goes to preaching and interrupts the preacher, cuts the peoples bridles and steals somebody's horse and rides it off. We hope he will get justice which will be in Moundsville.

Success to THE TIMES.

OBSERVER.

Programme for the next meeting of the Teachers' Association at Edray School house Saturday Jan. 11, 1890, at 1 o'clock p. m.

Select Reading—by Miss Verdie Clark; Improvement of the Free School system—by J. B. White; Select Reading—by Miss Maggie Eagle; Art and Science of Teaching—by Charles Cook; Declamation—by John Sydenstricker; Select Reading—by Miss E. J. Buckley; Corporal punishment in the Free Schools—by John A. McGlaughlin; Physiology—by Andrew Geiger; Essay—by Miss E. N. Warwick; School Government—by N., C. McNeel; Analysis—by Miss Carrie Thomas; Address—by Rev. Geo. P. Moore.

M. G. MATHEWS, Pres.

Clarksburg, W. Va., December 21.—This morning about four o'clock, Berry Coffma, a farmer of this county, shot and killed Charles Shrieves, another farmer, near Lumberport. It seems that Coffman had his land posted, and that Shrieves was trespassing when the shooting occurred. The particulars, however, cannot be ascertained, as the friends of Coffman say nothing. It is rumored that a feud has existed for some time between Coffman and Shrieves, of the nature of which your correspondent is not informed. It is a sad affair because of the prominence of the parties concerned. Coffman was lodged in jail at Clarksburg this morning, and it is doubtful whether he will be bailed. No preliminary examination was had, and it very likely from the facts that it will be waived.

Serious Result of a Practical Joke

At the government printing office a few days ago one of the young woman employed there suddenly suspended a toy mouse before the face of another female employee. The latter was so badly frightened that she fainted. Her fainting was followed by spasms. Realizing the serious consequences of her playfulness, the joker in turn became frightened and becoming suddenly ill hastened to the toilet room, where she, too, fainted and afterwards had hemorrhages. For awhile it was feared that both women would die, but they were soon well enough to be removed to their homes.—Washington Star.

Verdict in the Cronin Case.

The verdict of the Jury in the trial of the murderers of Dr. Cronin in Chicago was rendered Monday afternoon as follows:—

"We, the jury, find the defendant, John F. Beggs, not guilty. We, the jury, find the defendant, John Kunze, guilty of man slaughter as charged in the indictment, and fix his punishment at imprisonment in the pentientiary for a term of three years. We, the jury, find the defendants Daniel Coughlin, Patrick O'Sullivan and Martin Burke, guilty of murder in the manner and form as charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at imprisonment in the penitentiary for the term of their natural lives."

Two bars of silver fell from a truck in New York which was employed in hauling $400,000 worth to a steamer for shipment to England. Although there was a fortune in each, nobody picked them up and made off, as they weighed about a half ton each.

GREAT ENTERPRISE.

The Surveys for the Ohio and West Virginia Road Completed.

ELLENBORO, W. VA., December 15—The preliminary survey of the proposed Ohio and West Virginia Southern Railroad has been completed, and Chief Engineer Keenly has filed his report of the route. Through the kindness of Mr. Tom G. Strickler the Register representative is enabled to give its readers the route, distances and probable cost. The route runs from Marietta up the Ohio side for ten miles where it is proposed to bridge the Ohio at the mouth of Cow creek in Wood county; this stream is followed to Douglass run in Ritchie county, a distance of ten miles, thence down Bear run four miles, to Cornwallis, crossing the B. & O. railroad here and following Hughes river four and one-half miles to Harrisville. From Harrisville the route runs down Indian creek to Jinnett's mills following Kane run to the Middle Fork of Hughes river thence up Bone creek to Troy, Gilmer county, where the road penetrates the big coal fields of that section; thence dowh Sand Fork to intersect the Black Diamond route, crossing the Kanawha river several miles east and above Glenville, this point of intersection with the Black Diamond, and only 600 feet of tunneling will be required. The route extends on through Gilmer, Braxton and Pocahontas counties, Clifton Forge, Va., being the terminus, but the Troy coal field is the objective point at present. Ohio capitalists are building the road and issuing bonds. They claim $17,000 or $18,000 per mile will build it. A right of way fund is now being raised, and Union district, this county, has voted $25,000 to the enterprise. Indications are that the road will be built at once and will open up a heretofore undeveloped country rich in minerals and timber.—Register.

LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

We have just received from the publishers a very full and comprehensive book under the title, Life and Death of Jefferson Davis, giving a full history of his eventful life and death, together with Funeral Services, also comments of the press from all parts of the country. It will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of 25 cents, by J. S. Ogilvie, the publisher, 57 Rose St., New York, who also desires agents to sell it.

The special session of the Legislature is called to meet in Charleston Jan. 15th, for the purpose of determining the contested election between A. B. Fleming and Nathan Goff for the office of Governor of W. Va.

The suicide of Franklin B. Gowen, once President of the Reading Railroad, was led up to by his generally breaking the Fourth commandment in working on the Sabbath. Neither mind nor matter can long endure the strain of activity without one-seventh of rest. An earthly lawyer, he has now gone to give an account to the One Lawgiver of the way in which he kept his Law.

Seven thousand Pennsylvania miners are out of work. Christmas tide will not bring much joy to these.

Felix Kemp who murdered his two children in Charleston some time ago has been sentenced to be hanged on March 7.

W. A. McCorkle, of Charleston, who slapped Federal Marshal White in the face for a remark about Jefferson Davis and who whipped an editor of that town, has been presented with a gold-headed cane.

At Charlottesville, Va., Dec. 11, the jury in the case of F. C. Morgan, the young Englishman on trial for killing J. D. Coles, rendered a verdict of eighteen months in the penitentiary, and sentence was imposed.

Fiduciary Notice

The following Fiduciary notice is before me for settlement:

J. C. Arbogast, late Sheriff, and as such Adm'r of Hester E. Poage deceased.

JAMES W. WARNICK, JR.
Com'r of Accts for Pocahontas County

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

December 26, 1889.

JOLLY BOB BURDETTE.

He Tells What He Would Do Could He Be Changed Into a Woman.

What would I do if I were a woman?

I would try to be a man. Cut that out and paste it on your looking glass, daughter, and it will be an ornament of grace unto thy head and chains about thy neck many times a day.

I wouldn't shudder and groan every time the name of the monster was mentioned, but I would studiously avoid acquiring the lightest of his many accomplishments and the best of his manifold ways.

I would never learn to lay a fire in range or fire place. Every time I touched a fire, summer or winter, I would put it dead out. Then I'd never be expected to make one.

The first loaf of bread I baked I would let it drop on the dog and kill him. Then I'd never be asked to bake bread again, and I'd get a new dog.

When I descended into the laundry I would mannage to bring out all the fancy flannels white as ghosts, and all the shirts as blue as the sky of June. Then I'd never be asked to assist at the washtub again.

I would pinch every baby that was given me to hold black and blue in half a dozen places before it could catch its breath enough to shriek, and I would frighten the life or tease the temper out of anybody's children whom I was asked to amuse. Then I'd never be troubled with other people's young ones, and nobody would ever ask me to teach the infant class while the tired teacher took a vacation.

If I had to sit on the front seat when asked to drive, I would carry a large sun umbrella and gouge the driver's eyes out and run the team into a fence corner the first mile out. Then I'd get the back seat on the shady side every time afterwards.

I would always sit sideways in a street car. Then I would have plenty of room.

I would wear a carriage dress in the street-car if I had no other place in which to show it off.

I would smash something choice and expensive every time I swept a room or dusted a parlor. Then I'd never be asked to do such work.

In church I would never rise during the singing and never kneel during prayers. Then people would notice me and say: "Who is that pretty girl with such lovely eyes?"

At the theater I would wear the biggest hat obtainable.

At cricket and lawn-tennis matches I would sit in the front row and raise my parasol.

I would cultivate such charming helplessness, such hopeless ignorance, such pretty, childish ignorance, such fascinating dependence, such dainty baby ways that people would say: "O, we must take care of her; she doesn't understand these things." Then all my life long I would be petted, and coddled, and fondled, and cared for in a thousand ways where more independent women have to "hustle" for themselves.

That is, daughter, if other women would care for such a sweet little bit of helplessness. May be they would. You know better than I do how woman regard that sort of a woman.

But, you can gamble your peace of mind, your love of ease and all your enjoyments of life that the Monster Man wouldn't torment the solitude of such a woman with his presence longer than a day or two, and she would thus be spared one of the greatest annoyances to which mankind is subjected.

Pearls of Thought.

Be true. No one but a coward lies.

Be proud. A proud man cannot be mean.

Be bold. It is the only way to command confidence.

Accumulate. The more you own the more power you have.

Be quick. You can't use a minute but once—make the most of it.

Be clean. If your body and character are spotless nothing can shame you.

Who, then, is unconquerable? He whom the inevitable cannot overcome.

Be careful. A heedless word or act may cost you a year's work or a lifetime of pain.

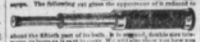
Be honest. Credit is the premium paid for honesty. Run in debt only when it is necessary; and never unless you are reasonably sure you can pay.

A beautiful person is like a fountain, watering the earth and spreading fertility; it is therefore more delightful and more honorable to give than to receive.

Multitude of jealousies, and lack of some predominant desire that should marshal and put in order all the rest, maketh any man's heart hard to find or sound.

Never look back. You can't help the mistakes you have made. Don't think of what you have achieved, but of what you may accomplish.

"Marry your sweetheart on your birth day, if you can young man. It will save you money every year in anniversary presents."



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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, January 9, 1890. Terms of Subscription: $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 24.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

WHAT SANTA CLAUS DID FOR JIMMIE BAXTER.

A miserable and wet Christmas Eve. The rain driving sheets and the wind ruthlessly blowing umbrellas inside out and making pedestrians feel anything but firm on their legs. The street cars were all crowded with dripping humanity in very unamiable moods, and still less amiable were those individuals who, from business necessity had to walk. The gutters ran like rivers, the wind shrieked through the bare branches of the trees in City Hall park, and the *sine qua non* of that locality, the newsboy, was silent and invisible.

Behind one of the pillars of the city hall portico little Jimmie Baxter stood with shivering limbs and chattering teeth. He was of the shoe black persuasion, and as it had been raining persistently all day, his business profits were represented by a cipher. Jimmie was an orphan of the tender age of eight, tall for his age, with a bright, open countenance that bespoke a fearless honesty and a determination to succeed if success could be attained. His parents had both died while he was a mere baby, he had been handed over to the tender mercies of a drunken aunt whose treatment of Jimmie was always proportioned to the amount of money he brought her in. For even from the day he could walk she had compelled him to go out on the streets and on [illegible] earn a living. And from the day's financial returns Jimmie deemed it inadvisable for him to go home.

"Just my luck!" he exclaimed, his teeth chattering at every word. "Christmas eve, too, and I ain't got but a nickel left to git su'thing to eat wid, and nowheres to sleep. Guess I'll go over to the postoffice an' to get warm agin one of the heaters. Lord, how the wind blows!"

Jimmie buttoned his little coat tight up to his chin, pressed his cap down on his head, and made a run for the Park Row entrance of the postoffice. He succeeded in getting across the plazza and through the park without incident, but just as he was crossing Mail street a vagrant umbrella came tearing along from Broadway and knocked the legs from under Jimmie, throwing him on his back, while it continued its way over toward the Tribune building.

The shoeblack picked himself up ruefully for he had fallen into a pool of water and his clothes were wet through, but before he could continue his journey a huge female form loomed up beside him and a strong voice exclaimed breathlessly:

"Ye little rascal, why didn't you stop it?"

"Stop which?" inquired Jimmie sarcastically, "the umbrella or the wind?"

"The umbrella, you mischievous little imp," exclaimed the old lady, excitedly. "I've a good mind to have you arrested for not recovering my property."

"Wot's de matter wid me suing yer for damages meself?" returned Jimmie scornfully. "I've ruined my new Christmas suit all through yer blamed umbrella! Yer ought to be charged with losing control of yer property, and allowing it to run at large!"

This was the last straw to the exasperated lady, and lacking the proper means of chastisement by the loss of her umbrella, she swung around her hand bag and made a vicious blow at Jimmie, accompanying the movement with words much more forcible than elegant. Jimmie dodged the bag easily enough, but either the force of the blow or the force of the wind, or both made the reticule fly open, and out came a shower of papers, deeds and crisp new bills.

"Oh, little boy, dear little boy!" exclaimed the old lady, in genuine distress, "please help me pick up the papers, and I'll give you a dollar—two dollars—five dollars—ten dollars—only please help me, won't you?"

Jimmie's natural anger at the crossgrained woman had given way to his general impulses the moment he noticed the accident. There was nobody else in the vicinity, and the papers were blowing in all directions, but the nimble shoeblack had soon collected them all and a dirty wet and miserable heap they looked.

"Come into the postoffice, ma'am," said Jimmie, "and I'll wipe all the mud off of 'em for you."

The lady, who was much more alarmed than angry now, accompanied Jim into the postoffice, while after ten minutes' rubbing with his ragged handkerchief, he managed to get the thick of the dirt off the papers. There were several documents with heavy red seals, some letters, and $2,000 in bills of large denominations. The sight of the latter made poor Jim's eyes water, but he scrupulously handed every thing back to his companion.

"Where do you live, boy?" asked the old lady, suddenly.

"I don't live nowhere," replied Jim, with more emphasis than grammar. "Leastwise I ain't got no regular home. I'm an orphan, ma'am!"

"But where do you get your meals?" she continued.

"Well I ain't so pertikler where I gets 'em, as when an' how I gets 'em," responded Jim, truthfully. "I ain't had nuthin' to eat since breakfast, an' I'm wet through."

"Well just come with me, and we'll soon remedy that," said the old lady, with a suspicious glisten in her eyes, and Jim followed her through to the south end of the building and thence to a Fulton street restaurant.

When they had taken their seats opposite each other, and had ordered what appeared to Jim to be a sumptuous banquet, the shoeblack had to admit to himself that she wasn't such an ill looking old lady after all. Her round, ruddy face beamed upon him so benevolently that he felt great compunctions for having been rude to her. And with Jimmie to feel was to speak.

"You'll excuse me for being so sassy just now, marm," he began, his clear, honest eyes looking full into hers, "but I felt so cold and hungry and miserable when your umbrella knocked me over, that it made me kinder savage, an' I didn't know wot I said."

The lady smiled placidly and nodded her head, but said nothing in reply. Presently, however, she asked, "What is your name, boy?"

"James Baxter," replied the shoeblack, "but I'm always called Jimmie around here."

"Baxter—James Baxter," repeated the old lady, with her keen eyes fixed upon him. "You said you were an orphan, do you remember your mother's name—her name before she was married?"

"Yes," said Jimmie promptly; "I saw it written in a prayer book wot my aunt threw in the fire the other day."

"What was it?"

"Lucy Sanford."

The old lady's eyes glistened and her hands trembled visibly. She muttered something to herself, but it was too low for even Jim's sharp ears to catch.

"What aunt of yours threw the book in the fire?" she suddenly asked.

"Aunt Matilda—father's sister," answered Jimmie. "She drinks, and she's a bad lot altogether. She used to spank me when I wasn't able to crawl, 'cose I didn't go beg in the streets for money for her to get gin with."

"She did eh," exclaimed the old lady hotly; "then Matilda Baxter, I'll hear of this as sure as my name's—— Aint you hungry, little boy? there's the beef steaks, so lets start in on them."

Although Jimmie ate heartily and silently, he could not help wondering at the strange lady's manner, for she rarely if ever, took her eyes off him, and made but a poor pretence of eating at all.

Meanwhile Jimmie's new found friend had pursuaded one of the waiters to go purchase her another umbrella, and when the repast was over the queerly assorted pair went out in quest of a boy's clothing store. In less than an hour Jimmie was transformed from a shoe black into a fashionably dressed little gentleman. Then she took him to the Astor house, where in the morning Jimmie found the following note on the bureau in his room:

"I am your Aunt Jane from Boston, and have gone to give your other aunt a bit of my mind. There's money in your pockets—get your breakfast and wait for me. You'll go to Boston with me to morrow."

Jimmie rubbed his eyes and pinched his arms to make sure that he was awake. He had never heard of Aunt Jane of Boston, but was perfectly willing to have one according to the sample he had seen.

In a short time the aunt returned glowing and puffing with excitement. She kissed Jimmie and said he looked handsome, which he certainly did. Then she explained that she was his mother's eldest sister, and was abroad at the time of the death of his parent. She had been given to understand that he was dead also, and had simply discovered his existence by accident. As she was a widow and childless, she wished Jimmie to go with her and share her comfortable home in Boston. Her present visit to New York had been to adjust some financial business connected with her deceased husband's property, and she had enough to keep them in luxury forever.

Jimmie took no time to deliberate, but settled the matter right there. Between a drunken aunt, rags and poverty, and the kind old lady and comfort, there was but one choice for him, and to-day, as he sits in his own cozy law office, in which his aunt's wealth and influence placed him, he does not regret the ill-humored wind that blew the old lady's umbrella against him and sent him sprawling in the mud.

Bad Boy (getting in a body blow)—There, take that!

Good Boy (folding his arms with a saintly expression)—No, Tommy, I will not hit you back, because I promised mother I would never strike a playmate, but (kicking him in the stomach) how do you like that?

An Old-Fashioned Girl.

"I've been watching an 'old fashioned girl' for quite a long while," says a writer in the Fitchburg Sentinel, "and I want to tell you something about her.

"Her dresses, etc., were made in modern style; but, bless you, she is so old-fashioned that she arose in the morning when her mother did, helped set the table neatly, and cooked one or two dishes daintily her own self.

"She had 'graduated,' yet she did not think because of that fact that the kitchen was not good enough for her. Oh, no. She was so much behind the times that she actually washed the dishes, made her bed, dusted, and then began preparation for the pudding for dinner. Now, wasn't she absurd, when she (following the accustomed rut) should have been lying on the sofa, with the latest novel in her hand, and her pug dog beside her? When her little brother came in crying because his kite was broken, instead of calling him a 'horrid boy,' as it is the 'fashion' to do in some homes, she helped with her own hands to mend it. How could she be in such a small business?

"After dinner had been cleared away, she produced a small work-basket, and proceeded to mend the family stockings. Shocking! After her task was completed, she accompanied her mother on a shopping expedition; and, although she met many fine-looking gentlemen, she did not flirt with any of them, for, don't you know, she was so antiquated she would have been shocked at the idea. As if it was not elevating to the intellect to be on the watch for some masculine person to fascinate!

"The girl of whom I am telling you was pretty looking, with a bright, fresh color in her face, brought on by plenty of exercise in the open air and in the kitchen. But I cannot begin to tell you half this queer girl did; for, you know, she was so old fashioned that she did whatever good deed came into her heart to do, and her heart was such an antique affair that only pure, noble thoughts entered it. Her home was made bright and sunny by her presence, and yet she was not so perfect that she 'died young.' Oh, no. She lives to day, a girl who has 'no secrets' from her mother."

Chicago girls should be large minded. They have great understandings.

It is no wonder college men become fast. They indulge in a rush so often.

Building a stone house is a sign of wealth. It shows that the builder has lots of rocks.

A fact Just Discovered—"What is Dom Pedro's surname, John?" asked Mrs. Cumso. "McGinty!" replied Cumso, promptly.

In discussing lager beer, a German critic declares that there is in the German vocabulary "no such word as lager." It is not necessary. All he has to do when he wants a couple of schooners is to hold up two fingers and ignore the aforesaid vocabulary entirely.

"Gub bordig, Boggs!" "Hello, Jones! How do you happen to have your head plugged that way?" "Bad code." "Yes, I see; I never get anything like that, though." "How do you beround id?" "I am a horseman, you know, and understand how to break a cold."

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

January 9, 1890.

Vestibule Train Wrecked.

What is said by some to be the most terrible accident which ever occurred on the Ches & Ohio Railway took place at 7:20 o'clock on Saturday morning, Dec 28th, 1889, about two miles west of the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. The west-bound Vestibule train, known as the "Fast Flying Virginian," ran off the track at that point, wrecking six of the eight cars, killing ten persons and injuring about 25 others.

The complete list of killed are:

Hale Morrison, Charleston, mail agent, aged 28, top of head and face crushed.

J. W. Thomas, newsboy, Lexington, Ky., left leg broken above and below knee and head injured.

O. B. Barksdale, Profit, Va., baggage-master, head mashed.

J. B. West, Howardsville, Va.; engineer, neck broken.

E. Wilson, Caldwell, Kan., head mashed; had $1.000 in mortgages in his pocket.

Nelson Heath, colored, Claremont, W. Va. head mashed.

H. Faltka, Grant county, South Dakota, both legs broken and head crushed.

Edward Brown, colored, Allegheny, Pa., right leg broken and head mashed.

Kidder Kidd, Hannibal, Mo., mouth full of mud; died of strangulation. He was a member of the Knights of Pythias, and his remains were sent home by No. 1 by order of H. W. Fuller, general manager of the road.

Unknown white man, tall and slender, fair complexion, gray eyes, sandy moustache, dressed in dark brown plaid.

Among the injured are J. R. Karesch, Blackstone, Kan., injured internally; Conductor Schweickert, Huntington, W. Va., leg broken; R. L. Blanton, Farmville, Va., cut under eye; Gus. H. Kline, Chicago, leg broken; Wm. Dell, New York, leg broken; W. Clarke, Clifton Forge, Va., leg broken; P. P. Bunch, back hurt; Wm. Dell, New York city, compound fracture of the thigh; Gustave——, 14 Hooge avenue, Chicago; both these are members of the Charles A. Gardner Artificial Company, and were to play to Charleston at night; J. A. Clark, train dispatcher, Clifton Forge, Va.; John Woodfolk, Alleghany, Va., section hand, right leg crushed, had to be amputated; W. D. Clarke, Nelson county, Va., scalp wound; Louis Karseth, Blackstone, Kan., collar-bone broken; H. F. Gregory, Cliff Top, Va., arm crushed, internally injured; Captain Burch, supervisor, bruised on right side and otherwise hurt.

The train was running at a fast rate. The conductor says it was only running 35 miles, others say 40 or 50. All of the killed were in the smoking car, which was telescoped by another car. Every person in the car was killed except the conductor, who had his leg broken. He will probably recover.

The dead were taken to Ronceverte, 11 miles distant from the scene of the wreck.

D. W. P. Caldwell, was the first physician who repaired to the scene of the accident and did all in his power to alleviate the suffering, but could only aid one person at a time. After some time a number of doctors from along the line arrived and worked faithfully among the suffering. Ladies turned out in haste, and too much cannot be said in the praise of their noble efforts. The cause of the accident is not definitely known. One report says it was due to the spreading of the rails, while other reports say that the rail was worn out and the ties rotten. The locomotive did not leave the track but passed over the defective spot safely.

The body of Hale Morrison, the mail agent, was brought to Charleston Sunday morning and buried that evening. He was on his last trip before laying off for two weeks' vacation, was 28 years of age, was for several years the supporter of an aged father and mother, and had been in the mail service about ten years. When the republican Administration came in, he expected to lose his position, but instead was promoted for efficiency. He was one of the best men on the road.

If, as distinctly stated by those competent to judge, the spreading of the rails which caused the accident was due to rotten ties, the R. R. Company has been guilty of a criminal negligence for which they should be made to suffer heavily.

Eighteen hundred and eighty, nine has a terrible record of floods fires and other events.

Lands Sold For Taxes.

List of real estate sold in the County of Pocahontas, in the month of December, 1889, for the non-payment of the taxes charged thereon for the years 1887 and 1888, and purchased by individuals:

NAME OF PERSON CHARGED WITH TAXES.	LOCAL DESCRIPTION OF LANDS.	Quantity of land charged.	Quantity of land sold.	NAME OF PURCHASER.	Whole amount paid by the purchaser.
EDRAY DISTRICT.					
Arbogast, Benj. (Va.)	W. R	293	35	L. M. McClintic	$3.85
Same	Ten creek and Elk	63	30	Same	1.36
Friel, John	W. G. River	100	100	F. J. Snyder	3.05
Jackson, Wm.	S. Fork	100	100	John Ligon	5.40
McDonald, Geo. W.	Thorny Flat	304	304	J. W. Warwick Jr.	17.08
Same	Big Spring	1633	645	B. F. White	88.61
Same	Same	167	167	Same	2.53
Moore, L. B.	N. Elk Rr	1½	1½	F. J. Snyder	83
Smiley, Wm.	W. Elk	1000	1000	C. P. Dorr	10.34
Warwick, J. W. and Hull's Heirs	Clover Creek	361	361	Same	4.56
Same	W. Greenbrier	20	20	Same	91
Same	Same	265	265	Same	4.01
LITTLE LEVELS DIST					
Dean, J. P.	Mill Run	87	87	L. M. McClintic	1.27
Hubbard, H. B.	L & L Run	820	820	F. J. Snyder	15.04
Layton, Absalam	Droop Mtn	295	295	Same	16.08
McNeel, Rachel & Joe Beard	Same	38	38	Same	1.23
Piles, John	Mill Run	420	25	H. N. Hannah	2.19
GREEN BANK DIST.					
Bowers, Geo. W.	Lot No. 26 S. Lands	460	50	L. M. McClintic	2.08
Same	" " 27 " "	20	20	Same	80
Same	" " 31 " "	400	40	Same	1.87
Bird, Peter H	All Mtn	120	10	A. Rider	1.53
Campbell, J. H's H'rs	W. G. River	60	40	F. J. Snyder	1.49
Crouch, H'rs & G. D. Camden	Hd. G. River	1300	50	Geo M. Kee	10.75
Ervin, Edward's Est	All Mtn	50	20	F J. Snyder	1.35
Kinkle, Jason & Kalt	Hd G. River	140	75	Same	1.95
HUNTERSVILLE DIST					
Courtney, Geo. W	Buckley Mtn	111	20	W. McClintic	1.13
Gammon, James' Est	Ball Ally Huntersville	¼	1-16a	W. H. Grose	97
Holcomb, Joe	E Cochran's Crk	48	25	Henry N. Hannah	2.11
Kelley John Sr's Est	W. Knapp's Cr	219	219	Lee Sharp	6.32
Matheny, Daniel	Allegheny Mtn	25	25	F. J. Snyder	93
Shafer, B. F. G	Buckley Mtn	15	15	Same	75
Townsend, W. T.	E. G. River	100	25	Henry Barlow	2.75
Young, Chas	Martin's Mtn	169	19	F. J. Snyder	1.20

The owner of any real estate above described and sold, his heirs, or assigns, or any person having a right to charge such real estate for a debt, may redeem the same by paying to the purchaser, his heirs or assigns, within one year from the sale thereof, the amount specified in the last column of the above table, and such additional taxes thereon as may have been paid by the purchaser, his heirs or assigns, with interest on said purchase money and taxes at the rate of twelve per centum per annum, from the time the same may have been so paid.

Given under my hand this 6th day of January, 1890.

M. J. McNEEL, Sheriff.

HOME NEWS

—Quite a number of persons attended court Tuesday.

—County Court met Tuesday, with the usual commissioner's on the bench.

—We had to cut communications this week on account of our limited space.

—Mr. Jas. W. Warwick, Jr., has returned from a trip to Richmond Va., and other places.

—Attorneys C. F. Moore and L. M. McClintic attended justices court at Green Bank, Saturday week ago

—Attrney C. F. Moore, started to-day (Wednesday) for Charleston, to attend the Court of Appeals.

—Christmas and New Year, passed off smooth and quietly here, with the exception of a little drinking.

—We hope all of our readers had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

—Its beginning to look as though ice would be a scarce article about here next summer.

—A number of persons called to see us Tuesday and pulled their pocket books on us. Thanks gentlemen, call again.

—We are requested to say that there will be a shooting match on Tuesday, Jan. 14th, at Davis Dilley's near Dilley's Mill.

—Attorneys H. S. Rucker, L. M. McClintic and F. J. Snyder, and Justice Grose were down at Academy last Friday and Saturday holding Justice's Court.

—Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Mary Curry, of this place to Mr. J. C. McNeel of Academy, on next Wednesday Jan. 15th at 6 o'clock p. m. at the residence of the bride's father.

—J. F. Hull, Esq., of the firm of W. C. Hull & Son, of Edray, and Mrs. W. H. Cleek, of Knapp's creek were visiting friends and relatives in Highland and Bath Co's, last week.

—The only Christmas tree in town was the one in the reception room of Attorney H. S. Rucker given for his family, which was beautifully decorated and ladened with handsome and costly gifts.

—A few invited guests of which we were one of the lucky, partook of a beautiful and apetising supper at the residence of Mr. Henry Sharp on Douthard's creek Friday after Christmas.

—A colored man from down about Academy went to Mt. Grove Tuesday evening before Christmas and bought 3 gallons of liquor, which was stolen from him while passing through Huntersville on his return.

—The Hamilton land situate at the upper end of this County which was advertised in THE TIMES to be sold at Beverly, Randolph Co., on the 3rd inst. was purchased by Col. John Driscol for $6,500

—From all appearances and if Rumor is true Wm. A. Greaver, of Letcher, Bath Co., Va., will be married soon, to one of the fair ones of that vicinity. Any one that knows Will and see him riding by on a mule cannot mistake that he wants to get married, and that bad.

—Dame Rumor says that Mr. G. A. Gwinn, of Bath Co., Va., is very much in love, which is the first time in his lifetime of about 38 years, with one of the fair ones of near Green Bank, and it will not be a surprise to his friends if cards are out announcing his marriage in the near future.

—The unusually quiet village of Edray, was astir not long since, caused by the wild and unaccountable conduct of County Surveyor Baxter; but when it was ascertained that a fine girl had come to the home of Mr. Baxter, they ceased to wonder at his unusual excitement, and now the survey goes on.

—More new subscribers this week.

—The Methodist Quarterly meeting will not commence here next Sunday as was expected.

—Dick Knapp, very mysteriously disappeared from his home near Edray a few weeks ago, and a short time after, was reported as being found dead in the woods; when a coroners jury was summoned and repaired to the scene, it was found to be only a paddy with Dick's clothes. Very conflicting reports have been circulated as to Dick's where' bouts, and it is believed by some that he has really been killed, though no apparent motive can be assigned.

Dead Letter List.

The following is a list of letters remaining in the Post Office at Huntersville since the 31st day of December 1889. If not called for within 30 days they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

Dan Reiter	1 letter
Miss Maggie E Wade	1 "
Miss Jane Logan	1 "
Warwick M. Jackson	2 "
Grant M. Jackson	2 "

Parties calling for above will please say they were advertised.

G. W. WAGNER, P. M.

Dunmore Doings.

Xmas is over and we had some jolly times one place and another.

Capt. E. A. Smith and Col. Jno. A. Noel left for Washington D. C. last week.

Auctioneer Swecker made some good sales last week of clothing at Edray, also he was prevented from going to Randolph Co., last week to auction the large land sale there.

Misses Alice and Lena McGlaughlin spent the holidays at home.

D. B. McElwee, was down on Knapp's creek last week making arrangements for his new store.

There will be singing at the Beverage church on Clover creek, Sunday, 12th.

Singing at the Baxter church every Saturday night.

Dr. John Ligon killed a bear last week which weighed 300 lbs.

Traveler's Repose Locals.

Mr. Commodore Gum and bride from Missouri are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Gum.

Mr. Henry Yeager of Cheyenne Wyoming Ty., is visiting relatives in this neighborhood.

Mr. Jacob Arbogast who had the misfortune to cut his leg severely while out hunting, is now slowly recovering, but too late to go to see his best girl Christmas.

Mrs. Comfort Houchin who has been quite ill for some time, is some better at the time of this writing.

Mrs. Maggie Beverage and children who have been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Lee. Burner left for their home at Green Bank last Sunday, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Burner.

Miss Lena Burner, who had a severe attack of diptheria is now fully recovered.

Mr. Brown Yeager, is off on a business trip to Grafton.

Rev. Geo. Hannah of Frost is holding a revival at the Brush Run School House thre miles below here which is the most successful one ever held in that vicinity. Thirty persons have professed and still fifteen penitents. May the good work go on.

I. G. W.

Eleven persons burned to death in a dwelling at Hurontown, Mich., on Dec. 29.

In 1889, floods and fire destroyed from sixty to seventy million dollars worth of property in the United States.

A race riot occurred in Jessup, Ga., on Christmas day in which nine persons were killed and several others injured.

The State of Georgia the "New South" and the entire American Union have sustained an irreparable loss in the death of Henry W. Grady editor of the Atlanta Constitution.

NOTICE

The second term of Hillsboro Academy for the session of 1889–90 will begin January 22nd and will continue twenty weeks or five school months. Rates of tuition: $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, and $3.00 per month according to grade. A contingent fee of 15 cts per month is charged to provide fuel, &c. Board can be had at from $8 to $10 per month.

Two and one half months constitute a quarter session and all tuitionand fees must be paid quarterly. Pupils will be charged from time of entrance to the close of each quarter, and no deduction from tuition charges will be made except in cases of protracted illness, or unless special arrangements are made with the principal.

We invite the attention of parents who wish to educate their Children to the advantages of our school and most respectfully solicit their patronage. Young teachers will find it to their advantage to attend during the spring months. We promise thorough instruction and careful training. It is best for students to enter at the beginning of the term, but they will be received at any time.

We desire to say that all pupils of this school are expected to study and to be governed by the rules of school. We do not want deadheads, but all who wish to study and to educate themselves will find our school pleasant and profitable.

For further information address the principal, or come and see for yourself.

D. S. HANKLA, Principal.

jan 9 4w Academy, W. Va.

SALE OF VALUABLE PROPERTY AT MILL POINT.

I offer for sale my property at Mill Point, which consists of a New Flouring Mill, in fine order and has a good custom; one old Mill House with a Carding Machine in it; Two Dwelling Houses, one nearly new; one Blacksmith shop and Wagon shop, Stable sheds &c., and twelve and a half acres of land.

Reason for selling health has failed in mill business.

Price and terms reasonable.

For further particulars Address,

URIAH BIRD.

Mill Point, Pocahontas Co. W. Va.

White Pine Lumber.

I am now prepared to furnish White Pine Lumber, Shingles and Laths on short notice. Any one desiring bills sawed will please furnish me bill and it will be furnished on short notice.

My mill is situated near Alexander Rider's. Resptfully,

H. M. LOCKRIDGE.

Richard K. Fox has decided to have a belt made to represent the 115 pound championship of America.

It is said that Jake Kilrain will accept the position of boxing instructor in the Southern Athletic Club in New Orleans.

Commissioner's Notice.

E. H. Moore & wife & als,
vs
Susan Burr & als

All parties interested, will hereby take notice, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above named cause on the 22nd day of October 1889, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday the 15th day of February, 1890 to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. Settle the accounts of J. C. Arbogast Adm'r of William Burr deceased.

2nd. An account showing all the debts of every description against the Estate of the said William Burr dec'd including therein the Plaintiff's said debt and the charge aforesaid, with their respective legal dignities and priorities, showing on which tracts each debt has priority, if any.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Com'r.

Printers fee $7.60 jan 9 4t

Commissioners Notice.

Augusta National Bank &c.
vs.
S. C. Tardy & als.

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1st. An account showing the liens of every description on the undivided two thirds interest of the defendants Samuel C. Tardy and Samuel C. Tardy Jr., in the tract of 2197 acres of land in the Bill and proceedings mentioned with there respective legal dignities and priorities including the plaintiffs lein by virtud of the attachment sued out and levied as aforesaid.

2nd. An account showing the annual rental and fee simple value respectively of the said undivided two thirds interest in said lands.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Com'r.

Printers fee $7.98 jan 9-4t

Fiduciary Notice.

The following Fiduciary notice is before me for settlement:

J. C. Arbogast, late Sheriff, and as such Adm'r of Hester E. Poage deceased.

JAMES W. WARWICK, JR.
Com'r of Accts for Pocahontas County

FLOUR.

I have on hands about 200 bushels of wheat which I will grind and sell at $2.50 per 100 lbs. for cash, and will warrant it as good as can be bought in the county.

JAS. BARKLEY.

WHEAT FOR SALE.—Having five hundred bushels of wheat to sell, I offer it for the next 30 days for cash at 90 cts. per bu. at my granary. Respectfully,

n.28-4t H. M. LOCKRIDGE.

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.

UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared, to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

Staunton Marble Works.

If you want head stones Marble and granite Monuments etc., etc., you can do no better than to buy from

G. C. COOPER, agent,
Green Bank, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

FOR THE BEST FURNITURE CHAIRS [illegible]

in the county, go to

C. B. SWECKER,
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER,
Dunmore, W. Va.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the Creditors of William Burr, dec'd

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said William Burr to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said William Burr, adjudication to L. M. McClintic, Commissioner, at his office in the said County, on or before the 15th day of February 1890.

Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court, this 7th day of January 1890.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Printers fee [illegible] Jan 9 4w.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

January 9, 1890.

"Business is Business."

There lives in the city of New York a man who has accumulated quite a fortune by simply advising people what to do. There always will be a large number of persons who are unable to rely on their own judgment; others come to conclusions with ease and certainty.

A young man had accumulated a thousand dollars, and was debating whether he should buy a small candy store with it, or whether he should lend it on a mortgage. This latter he knew was the secure way; the other promised great profits. In this perplexity he saw an advertisement: "Advice given to those going into business."

After stating his case, the counsellor said, "My fee will be five dollars in advance."

When this was paid he asked:

"Do you understand the candy business?"

"No; I did not think it was necessary. I expect to supervise it merely."

"Then you will lose all your money in three months."

"You think I had better lend the money on the mortgage?"

"I do not say that. What is your business; that is, what do you perfectly understand?"

I know the pickle business through and through. I can make pickles of all kinds, but I do not like it."

"Never mind what you like. Go and get a small place and make pickles; go from hotel to hotel, restaurant to restaurant, and sell them. In ten years come back and see me; you will have ten thousand dollars at least."

As the young man was going away he was called back.

"Here is a card; I want you to put it where you can see it a hundred times a day." These were the words on the card: "Business is business. Men don't do what they like; they do what they can."

The card had a strange fascination for him; he read it with care, as he walked along the street. As he studied it, new light seemed to enter his mind.

He found a dingy basement, and began to arrange for his operations. Of course vinegar must be got, several barrels of it; some was offered him at ten cents a gallon, some more was shown at five cents. Which shall I take?" He thought of the words on his card. He seemed to see people tasting his pickles, and, not liking them, depart without buying. "They will know good vinegar," thought he, and so he bought the honest stuff.

In a few days several tubs of materials were ready, and he knew he must market them. Now he greatly dreaded to face strange people, and push his goods upon their notice; he never had courage when a boy, and now as a young man he felt more timid, it seemed. But he thought of the words of the card, and entered a restaurant. The [illegible] manager was a blooming young woman, and the pickle dealer was more afraid of women than men. But "business is business" repeated itself over and over in his mind.

The answer to his statement was that his pickles would be tried, and if found all right would be purchased.

"Glad I got that good vinegar," thought the young man; and he began to feel that there was a certain power in the maxim his adviser had given. He began to feel a courage he had never expected in meeting people and trying to sell his goods to them.

Calling at a store to get, if possible, an order for pickles in bottles, he was quickly and rudely met with "Don't want to see any such stuff." Noticing the utter dismay on the young man's face, the merchant said short and sharp, "Don't you know enough of business to put up your goods attractively?"

As he retreated, ruffled and disheartened the maxim repeated itself over and over with this additional sentence. "It is business to to put up goods attractively." He sought out a lithographer, and had some handsomely colored labels printed. "They will buy the bottles said a friend, "just for the picture you have on them."

When he had gained sufficient courage he sought out again the merchant who had rebuffed him. "I have come to make you a present of a bottle of fine pickles."

"Why do you make me a present of them?"

"Because you gave me advice that is worth a great deal."

The morning of one Fourth of July came, and he pondered whether to go to his store or not. All at once, he thought, people going on picnics will want pickles; it was the magic words on the little card that ran through his mind. He found, as he had thought, a large number of buyers waiting for him.

The little card was consulted in all sorts of weather. If a man made a proposition to him of any kind, and he was in doubt, he would go and look at the words, though he knew them by heart already. One day a cheese merchant came to persuade him to buy his stock.

"People," said he, who buy pickles, always buy cheese; you will do a big trade." It was a temptation. He went and looked at the words, and studied them intently; trying to think out their application to the case in hand. "Men do what they can;" he reflected. "I would like to sell cheese, but I know I can sell pickles;" then he returned. Now he was resolute and firm, although by nature easily bent and swayed by the words of others.

"Business is business," he said. "I am in the pickle business: if I cannot make money in this, I shall quit and go into something else; but I will not have two kinds on my hands."

It was a turning point; after this he could refuse all influence to go into something that seemed at the time more lucrative. He was not only industrious, it is plain, he had a fixed principle of action. Of course he was successful; all men who put industry and mind to their work are bound to be successful. When the ten years were up, of course he had the ten thousand dollars, and more, too.—Treasure Trove.

SUBSCRIBE

—FOR THE—

POCAHONTAS

TIMES,

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry. It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interst to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year in advance	$1.00
If not paid within 6 months	1.25
And at the end of the year	1.50

AND IF YOU NEED

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Drug Envelopes, Tags, Business Cards, Official Blanks, Blank Bonds, Posters, Briefs for the Court of Appeals etc.

GET THEM AT "THE TIMES"

JOB OFFICE.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, January 16, 1890. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 25.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

HER ROMANCE.

She was a carpet-weaver who lived in a flourishing Indiana town. For years she had been a widow, yet she was not yet what is called "middle aged," and was good looking and intelligent. Patiently and cheerfully she sat at her loom day after day, until at last she was able to buy a snug little cottage, with vines clambering about the latticed porch and a pretty green yard in front.

She moved in and fitted up the house tastefully, inside and out. Carpet of her own weaving covered the floors, and every aid to comfort and beauty which her modest purse could buy was added. It was a sweet and home-like place, the neighbors said, and one and all liked to look at it as they passed and nod to the pleasant faced widow as she sat on her porch on a summer evening after the day's weaving was done.

Ever since she had been a carpet weaver "Jolly John's" express wagon had delivered her goods. "Jolly John's" was old, bluff, lame and ill-tempered, but exceedingly honest; and so the widow bore patiently with his disobliging ways and uncivil manners, because she was sure that after much growling and blustering he would do what he undertook to do exactly right. Sarcasm had fastened his nickname to him, because he and jollity were total strangers.

One day when the carpet weaver sent for Jolly John's wagon it arrived without Jolly John. The figure that sat on the driver's seat was very unlike Jolly John's. Straight, strong and handsome, this man adorned the situation and he had a tongue which, like that of Richard III., "could wheedle with the devil." This and his graceful manners made a favorable impression on the widow at once. He was a skillful dog, too, and managed to combine gallantry and business so well that after he was gone the carpet-weaver mentally named him "Handsome Henry," as she read the brand new business card he had given her while he explained that he had bought out Jolly John's business, root and branch.

Handsome Henry proved as capable in business as he was fascinating in manner. It was no time until the widow began to look for his coming with a new light in her eye; and always after he drove away a rosy flush dyed her cheeks. Soon the neighbors remarked that she rarely sat alone on the porch now. The good-looking expressman was almost always with her after the work of the day was over; and his face was as bright and sunny as hers.

In a little while he begged her to marry him and make him happy and she consented.

And so they were married and got on beautifully together. The neighbors often spoke of the harmony of the expressman's household. "Here are a husband and wife who really love each other," they said. Nevertheless they probed the situation for weak places, as neighbors will, and discovered a difference in the degree of the love of "Handsome Henry" and his wife. They said the woman's love was stronger, and that the man knew it and would trade upon it and finally get the upper hand of her.

It was true that she loved him over much. For years her life had been bitterly lonely and destitute of the sweetness of affection. This made her grateful and glad for her present blessings all the time. She never looked at her new husband without a smile of satisfaction. At times she even marveled at her happiness and wondered humbly why she had been so blessed when many other women were left uncomfortable and alone.

All went well with the married lovers for a time. But the wife fell ill—very ill. Then the husband spoke plainly of what he had often hinted at before—having his wife's property put in his name. (The neighbors always said he had had his eye on the house when he married her.)

"No," she said. "I will keep it in my own name—I have earned it; but you shall share it with me as long as we both live."

That did not suit him. He wanted it made his unmistakably, "in case any thing should happen."

"If you mean in case I should die," she said, "it is unnecessary. I shall not die."

He insisted, but she was firm. Then he threatened her. If she could not do him that little kindness he would leave her. Yes, that he would.

She loved him devotedly, and this threat, so cruel and unprovoked, wounded and terrified her. And she was so ill that she had not her usual courage. She wept, entreated and begged him not to leave—not while she was ill, at least. Seeing that he had struck the weak string in her heart, the coward played upon it. There was but one thing that would keep him, he told her, and that [illegible] erty [illegible] In sp[illegible] wom[illegible] and [illegible] yield[illegible] Th[illegible] as g[illegible] For [illegible]

[illegible] Cherry, [illegible] and Geo. Baxter [illegible] viewers to view and [illegible] road from the School [illegible] east of H. B. Sharp's [illegible] to the mouth of Dry [illegible] Elk water, on the west [illegible] to the Randolph Co., [illegible] report to a future term of [illegible]

[illegible]

thought she would finally give it all up and tell him he was her "dear old boy," and that she was "glad to have him back."

The strong arm of the law arrived, clad in blue and brass, and arrived with a bludgeon, and gently but firmly led this recalcitrant "natural protector" out into the bitter world.

Next day the now miserable exile came back with a freshly-oiled tongue and undertook to reinstate himself in his wife's affections. Vain hope. The policeman broke rudely in upon his manly eloquence and took him out again reminding him that the next time he entered the house he (the policeman) would lock him up.

The neighbors acknowledged themselves astonished at the carpet weaver's firmness. They were astounded when, a few days later, she had a relapse and, died, after making a will which cut her husband off without a shilling and left all her property to a cousin. As she lived in Indiana, which has the most liberal laws for women, she could do this and know that her will would stand undisputed.

The expressman put crape on his hat—he was in mourning for his selfishness and folly, the neighbors said.

Strange faces look out of the windows of the carpet-weaver's house as the expressman drives by in his green wagon. "He has had his lesson," the neighbors say. He sighs and wishes he had required [illegible]

"It couldn't walk away itself. Oh, excuse me, dear; here it is under my paper."

"I wish some of the gentlemen would close the windows. That draught is just too dreadful." [Waits five minutes and then closes them herself.

"What time is it?"

"Just ten minutes of four."

"Well, let us go home. I'm just too tired for any thing."

Now and then one of the young men employed in the office is found dead in his chair, and the coroner always attributes it to apoplexy.

"Well, how are you getting along in your profession?"

"First rate. I began as a policeman, then I got to be a night watchman, and now I'm breaking into banks on my own account."

Funny Man's Little Bob—May I leave the room, teacher?

Teacher—Why do you want to leave the room?

F. M. L. B.—'Cause I can't take it with me, o' course.

Somebody claims to have discovered a substance that is 300 times as sweet as sugar. It is not known what that substance is, but it is supposed to be about 18 years old and to have a fondness for ice cream.

A young lady sent in a poem entitled, "I Cannot Make Him Smile," to a newspaper. The editor ventures to express the opinion that she [illegible] succeeded had she [illegible]

Commissioner's Notice.

E. H. Moore & wife & als,
vs
Susan Burr & als

All parties interested, will hereby take notice, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above named cause on the 22nd day of October 1889, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va. on Saturday the 15th day of February, 1890 to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. Settle the accounts of J. C. Arbogast Adm'r of William Burr deceased.

2d. An account showing all the debts of every description against the Estate of the said William Burr dec'd including therein the Plaintiff's said debt and the charge aforesaid, with their respective legal dignities and priorities, showing on which tracts each debt has priority, if any.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

Printers fee $7.00. jan 9 4t

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Augusta National Bank &c.
vs.
S. C. Tardy & als.

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1st. An account showing the liens of every description on the undivided two thirds interest of the defendants Samuel C. Tardy and Samuel C. Tardy Jr. in the tract of [illegible] acres of land in the bill and proceedings mentioned with their respective legal dignities and priorities including [illegible] by virtue of the [illegible] and levied as [illegible]

2nd. An account showing the annual rental and fee simple value respectively of the said undivided two thirds interest in said lands.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS,

To the Creditors of William Burr, dec'd

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said William Burr to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said William Burr, adjudication to L. McClintic, Commissioner, at his office in the said County, on or before the 15th day of February 1890.

Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court, this 7th day of January 1890.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Printers fee $6.98 jan. 9 6w

SALE OF VALUABLE PROPERTY AT MILL POINT.

I offer for sale my property at Mill Point, which consists of a New Flouring Mill, in fine order and has a good custom; one old Mill House with a Carding Machine in it; Two Dwelling Houses, one nearly new; one Blacksmith shop and Wagon shop, Stable sheds &c., and twelve and a half acres of land.

Reason for selling health has failed in mill business.

Price and terms reasonable.

For further particulars Address,

URIAH BIRD.

Mill Point, Pocahontas Co. W. Va.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

January 16, 1890.

Congressman W. D. Kelley died in Washington City on the 9th inst.

The infant King of Spain, is lying at the point of death.

A storm in Brooklyn, N. Y. caused the wall of a church to fall, killing five persons.

Judge G. A. Edwards, editor of the Weston *Democrat* died on the 4th inst, aged 56 years.

The new dwelling house of Mr. G. L. Dunn near Peterstown Monroe Co., was entirely destroyed by fire on the 1st inst. Loss about $2,000, no insurance.

Claud Galaspal aged 17 years was shot and killed by C. T. Lark a lad of 13 years, on Glady Fork, Randolph Co. The lads were out hunting, and the shooting is supposed to be accidental.

—C. F. Moore, of Huntersville, is registered at the Ruffner.—Charleston Star.

William States

Embezzlement can be ranked among the industries specially active during 1889.

The grand total of money embezzled from corporations, private firms or the United States Government was $8,562,763. This is more than half the amount required to run the United States navy for a year, and would keep the War Department going for three months.

The largest sum taken was $1,600,000, which a Chicago man got away with, while there were 23 embezzlements where the loot ranged in amount from $100,000 to $700,000.

The summer dull season furnished the smallest month's operations in this line, those for June being only $87,566, while March showed the heaviest business, $1,181,689.

Of the 294 embezzlements involving $1,000 or upwards, there were 19 committed by private bankers, bank officials and clerks, involving a total sum of $950,000.

The crime was confined to no special class of men, as we find in the list one preacher, one deacon, one United States Consul, one treasurer of college, one printer and a fair sprinkling of salesmen, bookkeepers clerks and others temporarily or regularly entrusted with other peoples money.

The list is an ugly one, and shows some increase in this kind of dishonesty, but no greater than could be expected from the rapid growth of our population and in the opportunities afforded for the work.—Ex.

WASHINGTON LETTER

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, January, 10.—The World's Fair question will probably soon be settled now. St. Louis and Washington have been heard by the Senate committee, and to-morrow will be devoted to hearing arguments in favor of Chicago and New York. In the House the committee on Foreign Affairs which has charge of the matter, has decided to report a bill leaving the site blank, to be filled by vote of the House. If no hitch occurs the whole thing should be settled before the first of February.

Tobacco and silk growers and manufacturers have been trying to impress their views upon the House committee on Ways and Means, and very diverse views they were too.

Representative Cannon, of Illinois, one of the republican members of the Committee on Rules, refuses to sanction the radical departure proposed by Speaker Reed, and no Rules have been as yet reported to the House, which remains completely in the Speakers power, as long as he can get a bare majority to sustain his rulings no matter how outrageous they may be. This was fully demonstrated this week when the Speaker ruled in favor of taking up the District of Columbia appropriation bill. Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, appealed from the ruling and there was an all day fight, the democrats being ably led by Ex-Speaker Carlisle, who made a strong speech in which he tried to shame the republicans into respecting the rights of the minority, but it was no use, they voted to sustain the Speaker's decision. As long as things remain as they are now the republicans have everything their own way in the House, and the only satisfaction the democrats have is that they are setting up a precedent that will be used for all its worth when the democrats again get control in the House.

One of the new democratic Senators from Montana, Martin Maginnis would be certain of obtaining his seat if the Washington newspaper men had to decide the question.

Lawyers on the Senate Finance committee say that Senator Sherman's anti trust bill is unconstitutional.

Senator Morgan delivered a speech in favor of his bill for sending the negroes to Africa, but his bill will not become a law.

HOME NEWS.

—A [illegible] case before Justice Grose last week.

—For Justice's blanks, send to THE TIMES office, only 50c per 100.

—Rev. W. T. Price, called to see us Monday morning.

—Born to Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Lockridge on 13th inst., a girl.

—Mr. Thos. R. Hogsett and son Wm., were in town over night Tuesday.

—Miss Maggie McNeel, has been the guest of Mrs. John J. Beard and Mrs. C. F. Moore for a few days past.

—The great popularity of Ayer's Pills as a cathartic is due no less to their promptness and efficacy than to their coating of sugar and freedom from any injurious effects. Children take them readily. See Ayer's Almanac for this year, just out.

—Our blacksmith Z. T. Webb, has left for other parts and again leaves our town without a smith, which is very much needed, and will be a great unconvenience to our people.

—The marriage of Miss Mary Curry to Mr. Joseph McNeel this evening at 6 o'clock (Wednesday) will be a grand affair, and the marriage of a more worthy couple has never taken place.

NOTICE.—Having been solicited by a goodly number of my old customers to resume the tanning business I have consented to do so, hoping all concerned may be benefited. Respectfully,
25-4t. JOSEPH S. SMITH.

—Weak eyes and inflamed lids indicate an impure condition of the blood. The best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It vitalizes the blood, regulates the secretions, and expels all scrofulous humors from the system. Try it. Price $1. Worth $5 a bottle.

—The County Court have decided to move the bridge across Knapp's creek at this place, up the creek a little farther, which will be at a point across the creek about the lower end of Mr. Wm. Curry's meadows. This will necessitate two abutments to be built on either side of the creek, and a road to be made through Mr. Curry's meadows on this side to this place, and one through the Aunt Betsy McGloughlin farm on the other side.

Green Bank News.

Mr. [illegible] A. Yeager, formerly of this place but now of Cheyenne Wyoming Ty., is here on a business trip and we learn will remain some time.

Mrs. C. A. Lightner is off on a short visit to friends in Highland.

Mr. Willie Gibson was compelled to give up his school near this place on account of the protracted illness of his mother. The remainder of his school will be taught by Mr. T. W. McCoy, his school at this place having closed last week.

Miss Minnie Patterson, who had been spending the holidays with her sister at Meadowdale, Va., returned home last week.

Mr. Guy Warren, of Huntersville, spent Friday in town and returned Saturday accompanied by his mother, who had been visiting relatives here the past month.

Surprise Parties seem to be the order of the day here.

Died, at her home near Glade Hill, Mrs. Margaret Hudson in the 83rd year of her age.

PAULINA.

Dunmore Doings.

[illegible] Mrs. Peggy Hudson, at her home five miles from Dunmore on the [illegible] aged about 80 years. Mrs. Hudson was a good christian lady and will be greatly missed by all who knew her.

Miss [illegible] school at [illegible] closed last week, and she will commence a five months session of [illegible] school next week. All persons wishing to take a course in music will do well to attend.

Miss Laura Rasmissell closed her School on Clover creek last week and will start for her home in Augusta Co., Va., this week.

John Sheets had the misfortune to get his leg broken last Saturday by a tree falling on it.

Capt. E. A. Smith, finished cutting lumber Monday.

J. S. Jackson, is out on a visit.

Our singing is largely attended by most all. There are a few persons object to singing, and why it is, we know not; the angels in Heaven sing and why not we.

Wm. Tayler, has opened up a blacksmith shop at Dunmore. Success to Wm.

TRAVELER.

Buckeye News.

There is said to be several cases of La Grippe in our neighborhood.

Mr. N. C. McNeill, the promising young lawyer of our neighborhood, was taken ill a few days ago while discharging his duties in the school room and had to be taken home on a horse, where he has been confined to his bed ever since, but is better at this writing. His sickness is heart trouble.

Mr. John Weiford who has been very sick for some time past was able to attend church last Sunday.

Last Saturday was a lively day for Buckeye. The dispute between Dorman, Asbery and others, about a certain land trade was submitted to a board of Arbitrators, who decided that the original contract and agreement should be fulfilled. The streets of our little town were crowded all day with anxious spectators to hear the argument of the case by Mr. J. H. McNeill who it is reported acted as Attorney for all three of the parties interested.

Although it is rather early in the season for duck hunting, two young men of this vicinity left here a few mornings ago in their little boat expecting to duck hunt through to Ronceverte, but at the end of two days they found themselves just opposite Falling Springs. Here they abandoned their boat, as it seems the Greenbrier River had become by this time moving able only for boats (as one paddled the boat while the other looked for ducks). They hunted [illegible] ducks from this on instead of river ducks, we have not heard whether they were caught or killed any ducks.

Your correspondent sends you the following communication from Hon. Wm. L. Wilson to our Literary society which he desires published.

Charleston, W. Va. Nov. 25th 1889.—Messrs. N. C. McNeill Pres., and G. H. Overholt Cor. Secretary: I have received yours of Nov. 18th informing me that I have been elected an honorary member of the Copernican Litery Society of W. Va. Please accept for your Society my acknowledgements of their flattering remembrance and assure them of my hearty good wishes for the Society's prosperity and usefulness.

Very truly yours,
WM. L. WILSON.

Rev. Morgan Pastor of the M. E. Church is holding his second protracted meeting here which has resulted [illegible] in a great revival [illegible] and several penitents at the altar.

LINDEAN.

Advice to Mothers.

[illegible]

Appeals [illegible]

Hull's administrator vs. Hull's heirs, from Pocahontas county; dismissed on motion of appellant.

McNeel vs. Ashbridge, from Pocahontas county; [illegible].

C. F. Moore, was admitted to practice in the Court of Appeals.

THE PADDY MYSTERY.

Edray News.

Very nearly a hundred people attended the investigation, held by Justice Barlow at Edray, on Saturday, the 11th inst., in relation to the mysterious disappearance of one Dick Knapp "and the Coroner's Jury Paddy." Upon the examination of a number of witnesses, it was pretty well demonstrated that there had been foul play, and that Dick had been put out of the way. Further developments are anxiously looked for, as the whole country is aroused, and further investigation will be made. The Justice failed to find who was the author of the Paddy Joke. On the 12th inst between fifty and sixty men spent the day searching over Marlin's mountain for some sign or indication, as to whether Knapp, could be found, but failed, so far as we know, to find much, except that at one place near a rough laurel hollow, quite a stench was smelled by some of the men, this place was examined partially, further investigation will be made. The famous bee tree was found, and the whole section searched, but little sign was found. It is now surmised that if Knapp was killed, that his body was taken to the river and sunk. More is known about this affair than has as yet been made public, and it is likely that other disclosures will soon be heard. It is strange that some parties keep out of sight.

The La Grippe is taking hold of a number of our people in earnest.

X. X.

County Court Proceedings.

County Court met Jan. 7th with Messrs. C. E. Beard, Geo. P. Moore and S. B. Hannah Commissioners.

Licence was granted M. A. Friel to keep private entertainment.

Licence was granted N. C. McNeel to practice law at the Huntersville bar.

On motion of Harmon Sharp, it was ordered that Ludson Curry, Geo. L. Hannah and Geo. Baxter be appointed viewers to view and locate a road from the School House, south east of H. B. Sharp's residence to the mouth of Dry Branch of Elk water, on the west side thereof to the Randolph Co., line, and report to a future term of the Court.

That John Beverage, Levi Beverage and Phillip Kramer are appointed viewers to look out a new road from the upper gate on Clover creek farm to top of the hill near the Friel house to the old road.

In the matter of the Buck's Mt. road by agreement of all parties D. W. Sharp, Geo. McMillan and Levi Gay are appointed to go upon and agree to a location of a road beginning at some point on the road running from Price's barn to the M. E. Parsonage, near Edray.

S. B. Hannah, Allen Geiger and J. C. Price appointed commissioners to let to contract a certain piece of road on Glade run to be paid for out of the levy of 1890.

Ordered that $10.00 be paid Wm. E. Moore, for work done on Marlin's Bottom and Huntersville turnpike, from top of Valley Mt. southward.

That G. M. Kee be paid $[illegible] for work done on the Marlin's Bottom and Lewisburg turnpike.

That H. H. McClintic be paid $10.12 for plank furnished G. M. Kee in repairing the Marlin's Bottom and Lewisburg turnpike.

That B. F. McElwee be paid $[illegible] for making new road on Laurel run, out of the Levy of 1890.

That D. H. Gaiber be paid $[illegible] for work done on road from [illegible] McLaughlin to bridge at Marlin's Bottom.

That Geo. Gibson be paid $[illegible] for work done on public road [illegible] Marlin's Bottom [illegible] McLaughlin and Kee.

That [illegible] be paid $[illegible] for work done [illegible] Marlin's Bottom bridge [illegible].

That D. A. Fisher be paid $[illegible] for work done on road.

That M. A. Friel be paid $153.60 as assignment of D. A. Fisher.

That Amos Barlow be paid $157.14 as assignment of D. A. Fisher.

That D. A. Fisher be paid $3.00 for work done on Huntersville and Warm Springs road.

Amos Barlow and Jas. H. Doyle Com'rs of a new piece of road near Lockridges ford on Huntersville and Warm Springs road, which said road was let to D. A. Fisher, reported to the Court that said road was completed and was accepted by said Court.

That J. B. Bradshaw be paid $1.67 for goods furnished paupers.

Commissioner's Notice.

E. H. Moore & wife & als,
vs.
Susan Burr & als

All parties interested, will hereby take notice, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above named cause on the 22nd day of October 1889, I shal proceed as Commissioner of said Court at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday the 15th day of February, 1890 to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. Settle the accounts of J. C. Arbogast Adm'r of William Burr deceased.

2nd. An account showing all the debts of every description against the Estate of the said William Burr dec'd including therein the Plaintiff's said debt and the charge aforesaid, with their respective legal dignities and priorities, showing on which tracts each debt has priority, if any.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

Printers fee $7.00. jan. 9 4t

Commissioners Notice.

Augusta National Bank &c.
vs.
S. C. Tardy & als.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested that in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above named cause on the 22nd day of October, 1889, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Friday the 21st day of January 1890 to take, state and report the following matters of account: [illegible]

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

Printers fee $7.00. jan 9 4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the Creditors of William Burr, dec'd

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said William Burr to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said William Burr, adjudication to L. McClintic, Commissioner, at his office in the said County, on or before the 15th day of February 1890.

Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court, this 7th day of January 1890.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Printers fee $6.95 jan. 9 4w

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
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Huntersville, W. Va.

January 16, 1890.

A Boy Who Recommended Himself.

John Brent was trimming his hedge, and the "snip-snap" of his shears was a pleasing sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly kept lawn, in the centre of which stood his residence, a handsome, massive, modern structure, which had cost him not less than ninety thousand dollars.

The owner of it was the man who, in shabby attire, was trimming his hedge. "A close, stingy old skinflint, I'll warrant," some boy is ready to say.

No, he wasn't. He trimmed his own hedge for recreation, as he was a man of sedentary habits. His shabby clothes were his working clothes, while those which he wore on other occasions were both neat and expensive; indeed, he was very particular even about what are known as the minor appointments of dress.

Instead of being stingy, he was exceedingly liberal. He was always contributing to benevolent enterprises, and helping deserving people, often when they had not asked his help.

Just beyond the hedge was the public sidewalk, and two boys stopped opposite to where he was at work, he on one side of the hedge and they on the other.

"Hellos, Fred! That's a very handsome tennis racquet," one of them said. "You paid about seven dollars for it, didn't you?"

"Only six, Charlie," was the reply.

"Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?"

"I sold it to Willie Robbins for for one dollar and a half," replied Fred.

"Well, now, that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given you three dollars for it."

"You are too late," replied Fred. "I have promised it to Willie."

"Oh, you only promised it to him, eh? And he's simply promised to pay for it, I suppose? I'll give you three dollars cash for it."

"I can't do it, Charlie."

"You can if you want to. A dollar and a half more isn't to be sneezed at."

"Of course not," admitted Fred; "and I'd like to have it, only I promised the racquet to Willie."

"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him that I offered you another time as much, and that will settle it."

"No, Charlie," gravely replied the other boy, "that will not settle it—neither with Willie nor with me. I cannot disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racquet is his, even if it hasn't been delivered."

"Oh, let him have it," retorted Charlie, angrily. "Fred Fenton, I will not say that you are a champ, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man. You are too punctilious."

John Brent overheard the conversation, and he stopped to a gap in the hedge, in order to get a look at the boy who had such a high regard for his word.

"The lad has a good face, and is made of the right sort of stuff," was the millionaire's mental comment. "He places a proper value upon his integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is punctilious."

The next day, while he was again working on his hedge, John Brent overhead another conversation. Fred Fenton was again a participant in it.

"Fred, let us go over to the circus lot," the other boy said. "The men are putting up the tents for the afternoon performance."

"No, Joe; I'd rather not," Fred said.

"But why?"

"On account of the profanity. One never hears anything good on such occasions, and I would advise you not to go. My mother would not want me to go."

"Did she say you shouldn't?"

"No, Joe."

"Then, let us go. You will not be disobeying her orders."

"But I will be disobeying her wishes," insisted Fred. "No, I'll not go."

"That is another good point in that boy," thought John Brent. "A boy who respects his mother's wishes very rarely goes wrong."

"Two months later, John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory, and there were at least a dozen applicants.

"I can simply take your names and residences this morning," he said. "I'll make inquiries about you, and notify the one whom I conclude to select."

Three of the boys gave their names and residences.

"What is your name?" he asked, as he glanced at the fourth boy.

"Fred Fenton, sir," was the reply.

John Brent remembered the name and the boy. He looked at him keenly, a pleased smile crossing his face.

"You can stay," he said. "I've been suited sooner than I expected to e," he added, looking at the other boys and dismissing them with a wave of his hand.

"Why did you take me?" asked Fred, in surprise. "Why were inquiries not necessary in my case? You do not know me."

"I know you better than you think I do," John Brent said, with a significant smile.

"But I offered you no recommendations," suggested Fred.

"My boy, it wasn't necessary," replied John Brent. "I overheard you recommend yourself."

But, as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the two conversations he had overheard.

Now, boys, this is a true story, and there is a moral in it. You are more frequently observed, and heard and overheard, than you are aware of. Your elders have a habit of making an estimate of your moral and mental worth. You cannot keep late hours, lounge on the corners, visit low places of amusement, smoke cigarettes and chaff boys, who are better than you are, without older people making a note of your bad habits.

How much more forcibly and creditable pure speech, good breeding, honest purposes, and parental respect would speak in your behalf!

NOTICE.

The second term of Hillsboro Academy for the session of 1889-90 will begin January 22nd, and will continue twenty weeks or five school months. Rates of tuition: $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, and $3.00 per month according to grade. A contingent fee of 15 cts per month is charged to provide fuel, &c. Board can be had at from $8 to $10 per month.

Two and one half months constitute a quarter session and all tuition and fees must be paid quarterly. Pupils will be charged from time of entrance to the close of each quarter, and no deduction from tuition charges will be made except in cases of protracted illness, or unless special arrangements are made with the principal.

We invite the attention of parents who wish to educate their Children to the advantages of our school and most respectfully solicit their patronage. Young teachers will find it to their advantage to attend during the spring months. We promise thorough instruction and careful training. It is best for students to enter at the beginning of the term, but they will be received at any time.

We desire to say that all pupils of this school are expected to study and to be governed by the rules of school. We do not want deadheads, but all who wish to study and to educate themselves will find our school pleasant and profitable.

For further information address the principal, or come and see for yourself.

D. S. Hankla, Principal.

jan 9 4w Academy, W. Va.

White Pine Lumber.

I am now prepared to furnish White Pine Lumber, Shingles and Laths on short notice. Any one desiring bills sawed will please furnish me bill and it will be furnished on short notice.

My mill is situated near Alexander Rider's. Resptfully,

H. M. LOCKRIDGE.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, January 23, 1890. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 26.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. {C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,
Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. 2. SNYDER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

DR. S. P. PATTERSON,
Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

TWO LESSONS.

BY S. D. BARNES.

"It won't do to bet on another man's game," remarked one of the group gathered around the fire in Dutch John's grocery. "I learned that years ago, and the fellow that cut my eye-teeth for me was the same Ab Skinner who was elected to the last Legislature from Rawhide County.

We sat and smoked in silence. We were all old acquaintance of the speaker, and knew that there was a story forthcoming, and it would be related without any urging from us.

"I met Ab first the winter I came down from the North," continued the narrator, after a slight pause. "We were both young fellows, then—I was visiting at Uncle Dick Scofield's ranch, and Ab was one of the cowboys—and we two were together a good deal, hunting and knocking around, and all our spare time we put in playing cards and shaking dice.

"Ab was a fair player, but I was fresh from Chicago, and up to all the dodges of a professional; and gradually I pocketed all the loose change that he could rake and scra e; until finally, I got him down to bedrock, and had to hold up until Uncle Dick paid him his next quarter's salary. Then I fully intended to wade in and gobble the entire hundred and fifty, and pull back for civilization.

"It was a pretty scheme, but somehow it failed to work. Ab Skinner was doing a little scheming at the same time, and his brain, was clearer than mine,

"A week before pay-day, he went over to the 'circle bar' ranch, and when he came back I saw that he had been drinking, and was as happy as a wolf in a sheep pen; but he simmered down again, and so things rocked on for a few days longer.

"We had just moved our cattle in from the upper range and throwed 'em in on a little valley west of the shanty, where not a blade of grass had been nipped all summer long, and there they were feeding—four thousand head of 'em, and as wild a lot as ever waved a horn in a stampede. O e day, about noon, as Uncle Dich was coming in from town, the whole herd lit out after him, crippled his horse, and nearly scared the old man to death.

"'Them cattle are terrors,' he said, as he slid off his horse, and spread himself out on the veranda, when Ab and I were talking to the Deputy Sheriff, who was down looking up some stolen stock—'I thought ol' Dick was a gone coon, sure.'

"'They didn't like your looks,' said Ab with a laugh. 'You couldn't git 'em to run a genuine cowboy. I'll bet I could walk clean across to that knot yander,' and he indicated a little hill entirely beyond the herd; 'walk over, understand, afoot, and alone, and never get a scratch from a horn or hoof.'

"'I would like to bet you something on that,' said I; and I had hardly spoken the words before Ab drew a buckskin bag from his pocket, and shook out a pile of silver and gold.

"'There is fifty dollars,' said he. 'If you want to make some money easy here's your chance. The Sheriff will hold the stakes.'

"Fifty dollars was just the size of my pile, and Ab knew it. I was positive that if Skinner made a break out in that prairie, one of these old Spanish steers would run him down in three minutes; but still I hesitated.

"'Stick him, Charley,' said Uncle Dick; 'the dad-blamed fool will be killed, but that ain't your lookout. If you don't bet, I will!'

"I went over and handed Sheriff Smith the money, and as he put it in his hat along with Ab's fifty, the old man chipped in again.

"'Bein' as you're throwin' away your money, Ab, why not give me some of it? Thar's that hundred and fifty I was goin' to pay you to-night—suppose I put it in the hat with as much more, an if you get through to the knot, Smith kin ride over an' give you the hull wad.'

"'Good enuff,' replied Ab, and in three minutes the Sheriff's old sombrero was looking like a second edition of the national treasury.

"'Le's understand this thing,' said Smith. 'Ab lights out afoot, right now, and goes straight to the knot, and if he gits thar' the dust is his; is that right?'

"'An' if he gits the hull side of his head horned off, or anything like that happens tew him, he don't git it,' said uncle. 'Shake hands, Ab, before you go. You've bin a mighty good hand with the cattle, but I'll be yow'rful glad to assisf at your funeral.'

"'Give me a good one, old man,' grinned Ab, as he jumped off the veranda and started for the knot.

"'Come back,' said Uncle Dick. 'If you'll forfeit one-third, and own you're a fool, we'll let you off.'

"But Ab went ahead as though he had never heard him.

"The wind was blowing straight to the herd, and though the nearest steer was three hundred yards away, he seemed to scent the fun at once; for he throwed up his head with a snort, walked out a few yards meeting Ab, and then, as he saw that his victim was coming directly toward him, the long-horn braced himself, and waited for his arrival. In two seconds, another big, red fellow trotted up, and took his position alongside; and then another, until there was a wall of white horns, fifty yards long, barring Ab's road to the mound, and hundreds of cattle coming in every direction to take a hand in the frolic. A man afoot was a curiosity to them, with which they were evidently bound to become acquainted, if possible.

"'They'll kill him in a holy minnit', muttered Uncle Dick Scofield. 'It'll be another sad gatherin' of friends around the cigar box that holds his remains. I tell ye, Smith, human life is ter'ble unsartin.'

"'Ab Skinner's haint,' replied the Sheriff. 'He's the luckiest feller in forty-three States. I don't see how he's going ter make it, but he'll come out somehow.'

"Just then we saw Skinner stop and put his hand in his pocket. He had approached within sixty yards of the herd, and every hoof was watching him, with a general head shaking, and bellowing, that would have frightened a common man into fits.

"'He's gittin' his gun,' said uncle. 'Mebby he thinks he kin bluff 'em with a little shootin', but he'll miss it, an' if he kin kill two hundred dollars worth at six dollars a head I'll try ter stand it.'

"But Ab did not intend to shoot. He had dropped out of sight in the tall grass, and as we were wondering what it all meant, we saw a tongue of flame leap up in the air and rapidly spread, with the wind fanning it in the direction of the cattle at race-horse speed. Then the bellowing and scraping ceased, the wall of gleaming horns fronted in the other direction, and the whole herd made a break for the bare hills, while Ab stepped in behind the blaze and followed.

"The smoke settled in the little valley and hid everything from view, and I, for one, was quite satisfied that it should be so.

There was no danger to be apprehended from the fire—for the ranch was protected by a stream that the blaze could not cross with the wind against it—but I knew that my fifty dollars was gone, and I felt as sour as vinegar.

"Uncle was feeling no better. He seemed to be paralyzed, and never made a kick about the fire ruining his range; and when three pistol shots from the knot notified us that Skinner had got through, he looked as though he had been sentenced to the 'pen' for life.

"The money is Ab Skinner's', said Smith, and we knew if we kicked we would have the Sheriff to kill, and not only him, but all four of his brothers; and they were all bad men.

"Tell him not to come back," said uncle, savagely, as Smith got on his horse, to deliver the stakes according to agreement. 'Ab is a good fellow, but he is too allfired smart. He would own the ranch in less'n a week.'"

"So! Dot vos der vay of it," put in Dutch John, soberly. "He gets your money already, eh! Dot vos goot—I vos glad of dot."

"And that wasn't the worst of it," went on Charley. "If the matter had stopped there I wouldn't have minded it so much. But you see, uncle and I tried to get even, and that made the business worse.

"I sent home for some money and only got a twenty; but by hustling pretty lively, and striking all the boys for loans, I managed to raise twenty more, and laid my plans to start north at once. Then, just about that time Uncle Dick sold a bunch of beef cattle to a drover, and I went with him to deliver them at Rawhide City, and there we met Ab Skinner once more.

"If any of you fellows were in Rawhide City in '79, you know what sort of a place it was then. For general, allround meanness, I don't believe that little burg was ever equaled. The worst men in the southwest flocked there by the dozens, and gambling and shooting was the order of the day. The 'Golden Spur Saloon' was the headquarters of the very worst citizens, and not a day passed without a knife or six-shooter being used on some of its customers. There had been a fight there the morning we got into town, and an unoffending spectator killed with a stray bullet The next day the proprietor knocked a Mexican in the head with a wine bottle, and that night two cowboys stood on opposite ends of a billiard table, and exchanged shots with army revolvers.

"'It's the worst hole in the Union,' said Uncle Dick to Ab and me. 'A man's life would be in danger there if he had on a suit of b'iler iron. I agreed with him, but Ab turned up his nose and laughed.

"'They know who to fool with down thar,' he said. 'They're the worst kind of bluffs—the hull crowd of 'em. Why, I'll bet I could go down an' cuss the hull crowd, and get away without a scratch.'

"Uncle Dick nudged me with his elbow and grinned. 'You're gassin', Ab,' he said. 'Talk's cheap, but it takes money to back it.'

"'I've got it,' replied Skinner.

"'Put it up then,' said Uncle, 'or shet up.'"

"'I saw Sheriff Smith in town,' said I. 'Suppose we get him to hold the money.'

"The proposition suited the others, and we found our man and stated the case. Ab was to go to the 'Golden Spur,' and deliberately insult the whole crowd that might be there, from the barkeeper down If he got away unharmed, the money was his; if he was killed, or wounded in the least, the whole sum went to uncle and me. I invested every dollar I had and the old man covered the rest of Ab's money, some two hundred dollars.

"Smith took a stand next door to the saloon where he could see the fun; and uncle and I went inside, and getting behind some whiskey barrels, out of range of the door, waited for Ab to show up. There was a big crowd in the 'Golden Spur'—forty at least; and all of them howling drunk. Every man sported a revolver, and some of them, two, and there was a half-dozen Winchesters stacked in the corner.

"'I reckon we'll get even with Skinner this time,' said I, and Uncle Dick was so tickled with the prospect that he set up the drinks all around.

"Just as the glasses were filled, I heard the tramp of hoofs outside and a horse's head was stuck in at the door; and over and beyond, I caught a glimpse of Ab Skinner and a big double-barrelled shotgun.

"'You know me,' he yelled. 'I am Ab Skinner—a white man and a gentleman—and too good to mix with the drunken, cowardly cutthroats that hang around this ranch. Do you hear me?'

"Yes, they heard him. Six-shooters gleamed all over the room. The proprietor leaped over the bar with a Sharp's carbine in his hand, and Uncle and I hugged the whiskey barrel closer than ever.

"Then two shots were fired—the two barrels of Ab's shot gun—in quick succession, and, as the smoke filled the room, it seemed to me that my eyes had been torn from my head, and I had swallowed a bushel of fire. In the midst of my agony I listened for more shooting, but failed to hear it. Instead the air was filled with coughs and sneezes mixed with loud but broken bursts of profanity. I did not know then, but I learned afterward, that Ab's gun contained, in lieu of shot, about sixteen ounces of snuff and Cayenne pepper, with enough powder behind it to blow it into the room, and scatter it well through the atmosphere. It was a devlish, cruel scheme to work on a fellow, and if the men of the Rawhide City could have caught Skinner that day they would have burnt him at the stake without a dissenting voice.

"A half hour later Uncle Dick and I were down on Rawhide Creek with about forty more tough-looking citizens, washing the snuff and pepper from our eyes, when Deputy Smith strolled up, and tendered us a slip of paper which set forth in Skinner's unmistakable scrawl, that—'The bearer has paid over the money placed in his hands, and will hand you two dollars and fifty cents to be invested in eye-salve and blue goggles.' And that was the last I heard of Ab Skinner until I got the news t'other day of his election to the State Legislature from the same Rawhide County, where he gobbled all of my small change, ruined the prospects of my return North, nearly put out my eyes, and broke me of betting on another man's game.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

January 23, 1890.

—The location of the World's Fair will soon be determined upon.

Dr. J. N. Sites Committed suicide in Morristown on the 17th inst.

A B. & O. engineer was killed at Bellair on the 16th inst.

Terrible storms have been raging throughout the north west.

Prof. Charles A. Clark died at Milton, Wis., from the effect of a cat's bite, on the 14th.

Judge Ashburne, Sate Senator, from Clermont Co., O., died on the 18th inst., of pneumonia.

The special session of the Legislature met in Charleston on the 15th. Nothing of importance has been done yet.

Judge J. H. McCue died at his residence in Staunton, Va., on the 15th inst., after a protracted illness, in the 67th year of his age.

Six Indians were hanged at Fort Smith Ark., on the 16 for murder.

Ohio's Democratic Governor J. E. Campbell was inaugurated on the 13th.

Local option was defeated by seven votes at Lynchburg, Va., last week.

Calvin S. Brice was elected U. S. Senator from O., last week on the second ballot.

The business portion of Flora, Miss., with the exception of one small store, was destroyed by fire, on the 15th inst.

A conflict between Republicans and Monarchial factions in Rio Janeiro resulted in about 100 persons being killed, on the 14th.

A tornado struck east side of Clintis Ky., on the night of the 12, demolishing 55 houses and killing 11 people.

Thos. Curran, of Benwood was instantly killed at Moundsville on the 15th inst., by a freight train passing over him.

Richard K. Fox has his 1,000-pound dumb bell at the Police Gazette office waiting for some one to lift it and earn $500.

Governor McKinney has addressed a circular letter to the mayors of cities throughout Virginia, notifying them that a deficit of $7,000 exists in the fund for the Lee monument, which is to be unveiled May 15.

The star of Bethlehem will again be visible this year, being its seventh appearance since the birth of Christ. It comes once in 315 years and is of wondrous brilliance for the space of three weeks; then it wanes and disappears after seventeen months. Still there are astronomers who say that there is no such star.

An exchange says that if a few dry cows or heifers are kept in the field with sheep the dogs will seldom molest them. We have found sheep in the morning huddled so closely around and under a friendly old cow that she could not get away from them. She had saved their lives.

Judge McConnell, after denouncing the verdict against Kunze, in the Cronin case, as unwarranted by the evidence and an absurdity, granted him a new trial. He overruled the motion of a new trial for Coughlin, O'Sullivan and Burke and sentenced them for life.

A woman, usually quiet and unassuming, led the band of sisters who made a descent on a saloon in a South Dakota town, where their husbands spent their time and money, and disfigured the bar and bottles with axes. She had just learned that her signing of a mortgage on the farm was to raise money to pay her husband's saloon bill.

In Norfolk, Va., the police, fire department, railroads, street car lines, ferries, &c., are all attacked by the grippe, and six or seven hundred cases are in Norfolk and Portsmouth. Some of the doctors report fifty cases on their hands, and the doctors themselves have it. Lieut. J. G. McWhorter, of the marine corps, was sent to the hospital Monday very ill with the disease.

The grand jury at Petersburg ignored the charge against Senator Mahone, of shooting Herbert Harrison on the night of November 5. The Democrats were bombarding his house with Roman candles and the like and he appeared with a shotgun, which, he says, had nothing in it but powder. All the same in some way Harrison got some lead in his leg.

Lands Sold For Taxes.

List of real estate sold in the County of Pocahontas, in the month of December, 1889, for the non-payment of the taxes charged thereon for the years 1887 and 1888, and purchased by individuals:

NAME OF PERSON CHARGED WITH TAXES.	LOCAL DESCRIPTION OF LANDS.	Quantity of land charged.	Quantity of land sold.	NAME OF PURCHASER.	Whole amount paid by the purchaser.
EDRAY DISTRICT.					
Arbogast, Benj. (Va.)	W. B	293	35	L. M. McClintic	$3.85
Same	Tea creek and Elk	63	39	Same	1.36
Fred, John	W. G. River	160	160	F. J. Snyder	3.85
Jackson, Wm.	S. Fork	190	190	John Ligon	5.49
McDonald, Geo. W.	Thorny Flat	304	304	J. W. Warwick Jr.	17.08
Same	Big Spring	1633	645	B. F. White	88.61
Same	Same	167	167	Same	2.55
Moore, I. B.	N. Elk Mt	1¼	1¼	F. J. Snyder	83
Smiley, Wm.	W. Elk	1000	1000	C. P. Dorr	10.34
Warwick, J. W. and Hull's Heirs	Clover Creek	361	361	Same	4.56
Same	W. Greenbrier	29	29	Same	91
Same	Same	265	265	Same	4.01
LITTLE LEVELS DIST.					
Dean, J. P.	Mill Run	87	87	L. M. McClintic	1.27
Hubbard, H. B.	L & L Run	820	820	F. J. Snyder	15.84
Layton, Absalom	Droop Mtn	295	295	Same	16.66
McNeill, [illegible] & Jas Beard	Same	38	38	Same	1.23
Pine, John	Mill Run	420	25	H. S. Hannah	2.19
GREEN BANK DIST.					
Bowers, Geo. W.	Lot No. 26 S. Lands	400	50	L. M. McClintic	2.08
Same	" " 27 " "	20	20	Same	80
Same	" " 31 " "	400	40	Same	1.87
Burd, Peter H	All Mtn	130	10	A. Rider	1.53
Campbell, J. B's H'rs	W. G. River	60	40	F. J. Snyder	1.49
Crouch, H'rs & G. D. Cassins	Lit. G. River	1300	50	Geo M. Kee	10.73
Lyon, Edward's Est	All Mtn	50	50	F. J. Snyder	1.55
Kimble, Jacob & Adt.	Lit. G. River	140	15	Same	1.95
HUNTERSVILLE DIST.					
Courtney, Geo. W	Buckley Mtn	111	20	W. McClintic	1.13
Gammon, James' Est	Bell Aly Huntersville	¼	1 lot	W. H. Grose	95
Holcomb, Jas	E Cochran's Crk	45	25	Henry N. Hannah	2.11
Kelley John de's Ex	W. Knapp's Cr	219	219	Lee Sharp	6.32
Mathews, Daniel	Allegheny Mtn	25	25	F. J. Snyder	93
Shafer, E. F. G	Buckley Mtn	15	15	Same	75
Townsend, W. T	E. G. River	100	25	Henry Barlow	2.15
Young, Chas	Marlin's Mtn	140	19	F. J. Snyder	1.39

The owner of any real estate above described and sold, his heirs, or assigns, or any person having a right to charge such real estate for a debt, may redeem the same by paying to the purchaser, his heirs or assigns, within one year from the sale thereof, the amount specified in the last column of the above table, with interest and such additional taxes thereon as may have been paid by the purchaser, his heirs or assigns, with interest at the rate of twelve per centum per annum, from the time the same [illegible]

[illegible] S. J. McNEEL, Sheriff.

HOME NEWS

—Read the ad of W. E. Kirwans on the 4th page and profit thereby.

—Thanks to Messrs. Moore and Hannah, of Edray for an order for stationery last week.

—If you want nice job printing, don't forget THE TIMES office is the place to get it.

—Twenty-third day of January, and only two or three little snows this winter.

—Messrs. S. H. Clark and Jno. B. Kinnison, were in town Monday.

—S. L. Brown, Esq., killed a hog Tuesday that weighed 451 lbs.

—Mr. H. A. Yeager of Cheyenne, Wyoming Ty., was in our city this week, on business.

—Several of our people have bad colds, or as is now commonly called Latirippe.

—A. M. McClintic Esq., of Bath Co., Va., was in Huntersville the first of the week.

—A number of persons from the Levels attended the wedding of Miss Mary Curry and Mr. Joe McNeel at this place last week.

—We are under obligations to Governor E. W. Wilson for a copy of his message to the extra session of the Legislature.

—The sale of the Hamilton lands in the upper end of this county which was sold in Beverly on the 3rd inst., to Col. Jno. Driscol for $6.500 was set aside on an upset bid.

—Leading physicians recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Old and young take it with perfect safety. It cleanses the blood, strengthens the nerves, and vitalizes the system. Popular experience has long placed this medicine at the head of ton e alteratives.

—Jacob H. Barner, died at his home in Taylor Co., on Dec. 21st, '89. He was born in this Co., on January 1799, and was at the time of his death 90 years 10 months and 28 days old.

—Atty. C. F. Moore has returned from the Supreme Court at Charleston. While go e he visited Baltimore, New York and other places, and also experienced a slight attack of LaGrippe of which he is not entirely well of yet.

—That beautiful glossy sheen, so much admired in hair, can be secured by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. There is nothing better than this preparation for strengthening the scalp and keeping it from dandruff and itching functions.

Dunmore Doings.

Mr. John McCutcheon, had a cow killed by the railroad here.

Attorneys H. S. Rucker and L. M. McClintic, passed through town Tuesday.

Col. D. V. Ruckman, of Highland, was in our town.

We have lots of good R. R. news. Well, at last the bridge across Knapp's creek, is to be moved up a little higher and rebuilt. A good idea. Let the good work go on.

A big shooting match at Dunmore Saturday.

TRAVELER.

A Railroad for Lewisburg.

The proposed subscription of $15,000 to the Ronceverte, Lewisburg and Cold Knobs Railroad Co. was carried at the election in the town of Lewisburg, last Saturday, Jan. 11th, by an almost unanimous vote, only three or four votes being cast against it. This, according to the agreement with the Messrs. Haines Bros., insures the building of the road, and work will be commenced in the near future.

The grip, or properly speaking the pneumonia, is playing smash with the Democratic majority in the Ohio Legislature. It has carried off three Democratic members already.

A Brilliant Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Mary C. Curry to Mr. Joseph McNeel, took place at the home of the brides parents on last Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock, p. m., with Rev. W. E. Miller, officiating. The bride is a lovely, enchanting, admirable lady, pure and charming, full of unselfish thoughts for others, gentle, gracious and spotless. Not the milk-white and stately lilies are so radient in their stainless candor as such a bride; no trophic blossom vies with her health colered face beaming with the light of the sweet soul within her; such a wife is the flo er and crown of humanity, and cannot be other than the lifelong delight of the luckey young man who won her. While on the other hand the groom is one among the best and most popular young men Pocahontas Co., contains, kind and generous to the last degree.

The attendants were, Miss Maggie Patterson with Mr. Sherman Curry; Miss Lucy Barlow with Mr. Penick Wallace; Miss Otie Cackley with Mr. Harry Moore, and Miss Mary Beard with Mr. Sam McNeel.

The bridal presents were numerous and handsome. After the ceremony and congratulations, the happy couple, with their attendants, and a number of friends partook of a luscious wedding repast. The next day they left for their future home at Academy, where a nice reception awaited them.

THE TIMES predicts for this happy couple a life of bliss and prosperity.

WASHINGTON LETTER

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, January, 17.—Mr. Harrison has if appearances count for anything, taken a step in the nomination of Mr. Clark to be Collector of Customs at Chicago, at the request of Mr. Pullman, the sleeping car millionaire, and in spite of the protest of Senator Farwell openly expresses his determination to defeat the nomination of Clark when it comes before the Senate, and if he can get a few republican votes he is likely to succeed, as he has a claim on the democratic Senators—for help in the confirmation of Chief Justice Fuller—which will give him their votes if he asks for them.

How's this for a new navy? The committe appointed by Secretary Tracy to report plans for a new navy has gone into the business in a way that would soon turn the Treasury surplus into a big deficiency. If it had its way we should build 102 war vessels during the next fourteen years at a cost of $280,000,000. Fortunately for the tax payers of this country, Mr. Tracy's committee has no control over Uncle Sam's cash box.

The seven million acres of land in the Sioux reservation in the Dakotas will soon be opened to settlement. Mr. Harrison's proclamation to that effect has already been written, but has not yet been made public.

The uncertainty about the action of the House committee on Rules continues, and there is a diversity of opinion about it. Some believe that the rumor of Representatives McKinley and Cannon refusing to agree to a number of the radical changes proposed by Speaker Reed is true; others that the delay is simply to leave the House in the Speaker's power, and still others, that the hitch is caused because a number of republicans have refused to vote for any Rules curtailing the rights of the minority, recognizing the fact that two years from now they will belong to the minority. Mr. Carlisle will make no fight in the committee, but when the new Rules are reported to the House, unless they are very different from those proposed by the Speaker, he will fight their adoption in every possible manner.

Speaker Reed will appoint a special committee of the House to have charge of World's Fair matters. Mr. Reed says he intends to arrange the committee so that no one of the rival cities shall have undue advantage.

The fun has begun before the House committee engaged in investigating the Ohio ballot-box forgery. Gov. Campbell and ex Gov. Foraker are to tell the committee what they know about the matter. Murat Halstead also. The last named will probably take advantage of this opportunity to get even with some of his political friends, but personal enemies in the Senate.

McKinley's committee will give no more hearings on the tariff. It will now attempt the difficult feat of bringing the republican members together in the new bill. Sugar will probably be the greatest obstacle to harmony.

Secretary Windom has prepared a bill, which is to be introduced in in the House next week, to carry out the silver ideas contained in his annual message. It is supposed that Mr. Harrison will send a message to Congress, approving the bill, immediately afterwards.

Representative Cummings of N.Y. City, and also of the New York Sun, is something of a wag, but the republicans did not seem to see the humor in the resolution he offered in the House providing foa the erection in the center of the rotunda of the Capitol building of a bronze statue of the late Samuel J. Tilden upon which the following is to be prominently inscribed: "Samuel J. Tilden, nineteenth President of the United States; elected, but not seated."

In Memory.

Mr. Alexander Barlow, departed this life, at his home near Edray, W. Va., at 12 o'clock, on the night of the 13th of January, 1890, at the good old age of 82 years, 1 month and 1 day; being born Dec. 12th, 1807. He died of old age and general decline, the active cause of death being an attack of LaGrippe, which was too hard for his failing strength.

In some respects he was a remarkable man, and especially in a religious point of view. For a great number of years he was a faithful and conscientious member of the M. E. Church, and always without exception, exhibited the most humble and unassuming, christian character; and not only did he show by action and profession, that he loved the Lord, but he was often wonderfully blessed with the Divine Presence, and his demonstrations of delight, on such occasions, proved their Divine character, by the effect produced on others. His public prayers were made in the most simple and plain language, but were often wonderful in their effect. Eternity alone can disclose the result of the influence of his religious character, both among his friends and all his acquaintances. His prayers always seemed to be the language of a child to a kind father; full of faith, and confidence. He has gone to his home in the Heavens. His kindred know where to look for him. Peace to his ashes.

A FRIEND.

Commissioner's Notice.

E. H. Moore & wife & als.
vs
Susan Barr & als

All parties interested, will hereby take notice, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above named cause on the 22nd day of October 1889, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday the 15th day of February, 1890 to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. Settle the accounts of J. C. Arbogast Adm'r of William Barr deceased.

2nd. An account showing all the debts of every description against the Estate of the said William Barr dec'd including therein the Plaintiff's said debt and the charge aforesaid, with their respective legal dignities and priorities, showing on which tracts each debt has priority, if any.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

Printers fee $7.60 jan 9 4t

Commissioners Notice.

Augusta National Bank &c.
vs.
S. C. Tardy & als.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested that in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above named Cause on the 22nd day of October, 1889, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court at my office in the town of Huntersville W. Va., on Friday the 31st day of January, 1890 to take, state and report the following matters of account.

1st. An account showing the liens of every description on the undivided two thirds interest of the defendants Samuel C. Tardy and Samuel C. Tardy Jr., in the tract of 2197 acres of land in the Bill and proceedings mentioned with there respective legal dignities and priorities including the plaintiffs lein by virtue of the attachment sued out and levied as aforesaid.

2nd. An account showing the annual rental and fee simple value respectively of the said undivided two thirds interest in said lands.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

Printers fee $7.50 jan 9-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the Creditors of William Barr, dec'd

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said William Barr to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said William Barr, adjudication to L. McClintic, Commissioner, at his office in the said County, on or before the 15th day of February 1890.

Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court, this 7th day of January 1890.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Printers fee $6.98 jan. 9-6w

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

January 23, 1890.

THE DEVIL TO PAY.

When Gutenberg, Coster and Faust first began,
In secret the great art preservative to plan,
The ignorant masses, suspecting some evil,
Traced all of their mysteries right to the devil;
And thus the assistant who tends to the fires,
Who handles the rollers, and washes the same,
By the name of the devil has gone into fame.

As years crept along till they reached modern times,
An occasional printer was short in his dimes,
And once it occurred that an editor found
At the end of the week he' not cash to go round;
He counted and figured to get it all square,
The foreman and comps, must each one have his share;
When he'd got it all fixed, as he thought, in dismay
He discovered and cried: "There's the devil to pay."

So now 'tis a proverb, grown common in years,
When worry or care at the office appears;
When bills can't be met, or when trouble is rife;
When blood-thirsty men seek the editor's life;
When subscribers won't "ante," and ads are shy;
When his "cake is all dough" and his form is all "pi"—
A proverb that comes in the editor's way,
And so he exclaims: "There's the devil to pay."

—HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

A Catechism of the States.

Question—Which is the best State for fresh pork?

Answer—New ham, shire.

Q.—Which is the best for an early summer hotel?

A—May inn.

Q.—In which should surgeons dwell?

A.—Connect-a-cut.

Q—Which furnishes the best writers?

A.—Pencil vania.

Q.—In which should laundrymen prosper?

A.—Washing done.

Q.—In which do impudent people dwell?

A.—Can sass.

Q.—Which is the best for deer hunting?

A.—Collar a doe.

Q.—Which is the best to steal a walking stickin?

A.—Cane took, eh!

Q.—Which is the best for locksmiths?

A.—New brass key.

Q.—In which would you look for morning attire?

A.—Day coat, eh!

Q.—In which is one likely to fail in getting a drink?

A.—Miss a sip.

Q.—In which can you find a red letter?

A.—Florid A.

Q.—In which does the bustle make one sick?

A.—Ill i'noise.

Q.—In which is one likely to lose his farming implements?

A.—I'd a hoe.

Q.—In which can one acquire an estate by marriage?

A.—Marry land.

Q.—Which would be most useful in the event of another deluge?

A.—New (Y) ark, of course.

Q.—In which is one letter of the alphabet taller than the others?

A.—O higher.

Q.—In which are bodies of land surrounded by water given a ride?

A.—Rhode Island.

Q.—Which is called to your mind by beholding two $5 bills?

A.—Ten I see.

Q.—Which would a woman rather have if she can't get a new sealskin sack?

A.—New Jersey.

Q.—Which does the farmer's wife mention when she asks you to partake of apple sauce?

A.—Take sass.—Ex.

The profane man should never boast that he is as as good as his word.

She: "I visit this romantic spot annually." He: "Are your stays long?" She: "Mind your business, sir. I thought you were a gentleman.

Bride of a Month: "We must not forget the Goodarts, Alfred. If it had not been for their party this time last year we should never have met and married." "Nonesense, my dear; they didn't mean any harm."

Mr. Stickney—I have come, Mr. Henpeck, to ask for the hand of your daughter.

Mr. Henpeck—Bless you, my boy, take her and may the Lord have mercy upon your soul.

"You say your teacher has become a railroad man, Tommy?"

"Yes sir, he is into that business."

"In what department? Is he going to be a conductor?"

"No; he will stick to his old trade—operating switches."

Coroner—When did you see Editor Hull last?

Witness—Yesterday afternoon at four o'clock.

"Did he have any great amount of money with him that you know about?"

"Yes, sir." (Sensation.)

"Then you think that his death may have been caused by foul play?"

"Yes it may have been."

"Now, will you please tell the jury what amount of money Editor Hull had when you saw him?

"Three dollars."

NOTICE.

The second term of Hillsboro Academy for the session of 1889-90 will begin January 22nd and will continue twenty weeks or five school months. Rates of tuition: $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, and $3.00 per month according to grade. A contingent fee of 15 cts per month is charged to provide fuel, &c. Board can be had at from $8 to $10 per month.

Two and one half months constitute a quarter session and all tuition and fees must be paid quarterly. Pupils will be charged from time of entrance to the close of each quarter, and no deduction from tuition charges will be made except in cases of protracted illness, or unless special arrangements are made with the principal.

We invite the attention of parents who wish to educate their Children to the advantages of our school and most respectfully solicit their patronage. Young teachers will find it to their advantage to attend during the spring months. We promise thorough instruction and careful training. It is best for students to enter at the beginning of the term, but they will be received at any time.

We desire to say that all pupils of this school are expected to study and to be governed by the rules of school. We do not want deadheads, but all who wish to study and to educate themselves will find our school pleasant and profitable.

For further information address the principal, or come and see for yourself.

D. S. HANKLA, Principal.
jan 9 4w Academy, W. Va.

White Pine Lumber.

I am now prepared to furnish White Pine Lumber, Shingles and Laths on short notice. Any one desiring bills sawed will please furnish me bill and it will be furnished on short notice.

My mill is situated near Alexander Rider's. Resptfully,
H. M. LOCKRIDGE.

SUBSCRIBE

—FOR THE—

POCAHONTAS TIMES,

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry. It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interest to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are $1 for all ages.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

One year in advance	$1.00
If not paid within 6 months	1.25
And at the end of the year	1.50

AND IF YOU NEED

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Drug Envelopes, Tags, Business Cards, Official Blanks, Blank Bonds, Posters, Briefs for the Court of Appeals etc.

GET THEM AT "THE TIMES"

JOB OFFICE.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, January 30, 1890. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 27.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C E. Beard, S B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

GETTYSBURG.

I stood to-day upon the ridge
Where gore the blue brigades were massed,
And gazed upon the plain below,
O'er which the charging columns passed.

And sauntering downward, somewhat sad,
Among the stones no longer stained,
I came upon a little mound
That only the front rank had gained;

A little mound left all alone,
Unmarked by flower or cypress wreath
To show that some regretful heart
Remembered him who slept beneath.

But half-way hidden by the grass,
I found a broken barrel stave;
The headboard which some foeman's hand
Had kindly placed upon the grave.

And on it traced these touching words,
In letters I could scarce divine:
"A rebel, name unknown who fell
First in the foremost line."

God's peace be with thee in thy rest,
Lone dweller in the stranger's land,
And may the mold above thy breast
Lie lighter than a sister's hand.

On the other brows let careless fame
Her fadeless wreath of laurel twine,
Enough for thee, thy epitaph:
"First in the foremost line!

KENTUCKY'S PIONEERS.

In the early settlement of Kentucky, the boys and even the women and children, became as thorough soldiers as the men. This was the result of their surroundings. They were educated to it, and lived at a time when it was necessary to practice it daily. There were few women on the frontier but could load and fire a rifle, and many of them could do it with as fatal accuracy as their fathers, husbands and brothers. A fair illustration is found in the case of a Mrs. Daviess whose husband was among the early settlers of Lincoln county. She could shoot an Indian with as steady a hand as Daniel Boone himself. One day a white man came to her husband's cabin who had stolen some property from him, and who bore a bad character generally.

Mrs. Daviess was alone with her children when this desperado called, and, knowing her husband was on the lookout for him, she resolved to capture him. Upon his entering the cabin she asked him if he would not "take a dram"—no pioneer's home was ever found without its whisky bottle, which was kept as a remedy for snake bites, etc. She put the bottle on the table and told him to step up and help himself. He set his gun against the cabin wall to comply with her invitation, and, after a hearty pull at the bottle, he turned to find himself looking into the muzzle of his own rifle, which Mrs. Daviess had picked up while he was drinking, cocked it, and stood with it leveled at his head. When he asked her what she meant, she informed him that he had stolen her husband's property, and she meant to keep him there until his return, and she did. She stood guard over him until her husband's return, when she delivered to him her prisoner.

The boys were no less brave and [illegible]. To fight the "Injuns" was the first thing they learned, and, by the time they could lift a rifle they knew how to use it. Many instances and incidents could be given illustrating the heroism of the border boys, of which the following may be taken as a fair sample: Among the early settlers of Hardin county was one Silas Hart, an expert hunter, a thorough back woodsman, and an inveterate Indian hater and fighter.

On one of their many incursions into his neighborhood, Hart pursued them with a few chosen followers, and before they reached the Ohio shot and killed their chief. The savages vowed vengeance against him and his family, and shortly another incursion was made by them under the leadership of the brother of the fallen chief. As usual, Hart was first on their trial, and the savages retreated toward the Ohio. The whites finally despaired of overtaking them and returned home, when the Indians turned upon their trial and became the pursuers instead of the pursued. Hart reached his home about dark, and, being much fatigued from his long tramp, slept soundly all night, little dreaming of danger lurking near.

Next morning, just as the family were sitting down to breakfast, the savages appeared at the door, and the dead chief's brother shot Hart dead. His son, a lad but twelve years old, sprang up, seized his father's rifle and shot the murderous savage. As the next Indian sprang over his fallen leader, the brave and undaunted boy, with a large hunting knife, stabbed him to the heart. But the odds were against him, and he and his mother were carried away captives. It was the intention of the the savages to take them to their towns and torture them, but they were finally ransomed and returned to their friends.

The same Daviess mentioned above was surprised one morning in August, 1782, by Indians. They had approached his cabin during the night, concealed themselves, and waited for him to make his appearance. Daviess, a little after daylight, got up and stepped out of his cabin. He had proceeded but a short distance from the door when, turning he beheld a number of savages behind him and the cabin. Seeing there was no chance to render his family assistance, he fled to the nearest station which was five miles distant, for help.

The Indians made prisoners of his wife and children, the eldest a boy 12 years old, and, knowing Daviess had escaped, they soon left with their prisoners, hoping to escape beyond the Ohio. Daviess gathered a force, and pursued so rapidly as to overtake them before night. As usual, when about to be brought to bay, the savages essayed to kill their prisoners, but were too closely pressed by the whites. A savage, however, succeeded in knocking down the boy and scalping him. The boy was not killed, only stunned by the blow, and almost as soon as the savage left him bounded to his feet, exclaiming: "Darn that Injun, he's got my scalp."

The boy lived to grow up to manhood, but was ever after, "bald headed"; the hair would grow no more on that part of the head which had been scalped. He never forgave the savages for rendering him prematurely bald headed, but swore eternal vengeance against them. In the summer of 1792, ten years after his experience detailed above, a band of Indians raided the settlement, and stole a number of horses. Young Daviess joined a party in pursuit of them. When the savages found they would be overtaken they ambushed the whites, and in the skirmish that ensued young Daviess was killed. Thus the Indian fatally clung to him.—William Henry Perrin in Louisville Courier Journal.

A Puzzled Witness.

An amusing scene was recently enacted in a country court in Maine. The trial Justice, a big, pompous official, with a voice like a trombone took it upon himself to examine a witness, a little withered old man, whose face was as red and wrinkled as a smoked herring.

"What is your name?" asked the Justice.

"Wy, Squire," said the astonished witness, "you know my name as well as I know yourn."

"Never you mind what I know, or what I don't know," was the caution given with magisterial severity. "I ask the question in my official capacity, and you're bound to answer it under oath."

With a contemptuous snort the witness gave his name, and the questioning proceeded.

"Where do you live?"

"Wal, I swan!" ejaculated the old man. "Well," he continued, appealing to the laughing listeners, "I've lived in this town all my life and so's he," pointing the Justice, "an' b'gosh, to hear him go on you'd think—"

"Silence!" thundered the irate Magistrate. "Answer my question or I'll fine you for contempt of court."

Alarmed by the threat, the witness named his place of residence and the examination went on.

"What is you occupation?"

"Huh?"

"What do you do for a living?"

"Oh, git out, Squire! Jest as if you don't know that I tend gardens in the summer season an' saw wood winters!"

"As a private citizen I do know it, but as the court I know nothing about you," explained the perspiring Justice.

"Wal 'Squire," remarked the puzzled witness, "if you know somethin' outside the court room an' don't know nothin' in it you'd better get out an' let somebody try this case that's got hoss sense."

The advice may have been well meant, but it cost the witness $10.

He Ought to Be A Coroner.

One day, as we were riding through the country back of Natches, we came upon a white man sitting on a log with a swith in his hand, while tied to a tree near by was a colored boy about 15 years old. Naturally enough, we stopped to inquire what it all meant, and the man replied:

"I'm a-tryin' to find out what this 'ere nigger has done with my mewl."

"Nebber seed his mewl!" replied the boy.

"Yes, ye didye lump o'darkness! I'm gwine to give you five minutes mo' fur to tell me, and then I'll put on the switch!"

"Who is he?" asked the colonel.

"Oh, belongs around yere."

"Do you know that he stole your mule?"

"In co'se. That is if he didn't who did?"

"Nebber dun stole his mewl!" protested the boy.

"Shet! Them five minutes is about up!"

"What sort of a mule was it?" asked the colonel.

"Sort o' small and lean and yaller."

"A strap around his neck?"

"Sartin."

"Well, he's lying dead in the ditch two miles down the road."

"Shoo! Dead is he?"

"He is."

"Reckoned he was dead or stole, but wanted to be shore of it. Now, boy, you kin go, but don't you dun git into no sich scrape agin!"

The boy went off with a grin on his face, and we had been talking with the man for about five minutes, when he suddenly jumped clear of the ground and yelled:

"What a bim haw I am, to be shore! Yere I've dun let that nigger make a skip, when I orter put the switch 'till I found out what that 'ere mewl died of!"

On Business.

The Governor of Georgia had just dismissed a delegation of Prohibitionists, when a card bearing the name "Judge J. T. W. Madison" was handed him. The chief executive was very tired, having been harassed with dry speeches, and would have sent down an excuse, but the high sounding name on the card bespoke a visitor of importance; so wearily yielding, he told the porter to show the gentleman up. A few moments later one of the most deeply colored gentlemen in the State stepped into the room.

"Dis yere de gubner?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"I's called on bizness, sah. I's er jedge down——"

"You are a judge?"

"Yes, Justice o'de Peace down in de swamp districk."

"Well, state your business with me as quickly as you can."

"I'll do it, sah. Case dat's what I come yere fer. Lemme see, now. Oh, yas. Some time ago, sah, I had er man named Sam Bly 'rested an tried for stealin' co'n. I tried him myse'f and fined him four hundred dollars an' six munts in jail. Dis wuz all satisfactory, 'specially ter me, but de blame lawyer he tuck er 'peal ter de circus cou't. Now, sah, my bizness wid you is dis yere: Ef you's got any 'fluence wid de jedge o'dat circus cou't, I wush you'd drap him a few lines an' tell him ter send dat case back ter me. Now, is you got much 'fluence wid dat jedge?"

"You old scoundrel, get out of here or I will have you thrown out."

"Jest wait er minit, sah; jest wait er minit. I know dat nigger stole dat co'n, an' I kno dat he wants ter take er 'peal just so he ken skape de justice dat is after him. Dar's anoder thing: Dat nigger is er mighty p'litical bother down dar an de folks wants ter git rid o'him till arter de leckshun—knows da does, er da wouldn't er promised me er hunnud dollars fer send him up. Now, it's er gubnor's duty ter do what de folks wants him ter do an'—hol' on, hol' on, I'll go. Nebber seek sich times er dese comin' ober folks. Hol' on, fur I'se dun gone."

Wyoming Settler—You didn't see nothin' of Jim Sparks down the road, did yer?

Friend—No.

Wyoming Settler—Jim stole my daughter last night.

Friend—You don't say! Jim always was a goosy one.

Woming Settler—Yes, and he tuk them two hosses of mine.

Friend—The infernal scoundrel!

"You don't have titles in this country I believe?" said the Duke, with a sneering smile.

"Oh, yes, we do," retorted American. "Your grace, for instance, in this country would be known as a D—— Fool."

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

January 30, 1890.

Ex-Senator Riddleberger, died last Friday morning at the age of 46 years.

Nellie Bly, of the New York World staff, has completed her tour around the world. She made the trip in seventy-two days and six hours.

A lifeboat and other wreckage of the steamship Erin, of the National Line have been picked up at sea, and dead cattle, presumably part of her cargo, also leading to the conclusion that the vessel is lost.

William K. Vanderbilt's stables on his estate at Oakdale, Long Island, have just been completed, at a cost of $400,000. They are filled with thoroughbreds, and manned entirely by Englishmen. It is said that they are the finest in America.

Sullivan has had an offer of $5,000 to box six rounds with Kilrain at the opening of a new club in New Orleans. This offer he scornfully declines.

Adam Forepaugh, the veteran circus manager died at his residence in Philadelphia, on the 23rd inst.

We hope the Legislature will make a quick decision and seat the man who was honestly elected Governor.

Mr. George Vanderbilt, of New York city, is engaged to be married to Miss Mary Johnstone, of Georgetown County, S. C. She is said to be highly accomplished and very beautiful.

The exports of mineral oils from the United States during 1889 amounted in value to $52,792,381, against $47,563,749 during the preceding year.

Leading New York wheat dealers believe that Europe has no other place to draw upon for her supplies than the United States for the next six monts, except the Argentine Republic, which never exported over 8,000,000 bushels.

A newspaper report says that Mr. Clarkson will soon resign his position as Assistant Postmaster-General, as he "only took it for a year, so that he might rid the country of Democratic postmasters and get an inside view into politics." If the above statement is even half true, he ought not to be allowed to resign, but should be kicked out.

In Chemnitz, Germany, weavers of tick get $1.50 per week, fustian weavers $2, sewers $1.25, corsetmakers twenty to twenty-five cent per day. At Bremen male weavers earn from $3 to $3.75 a week, women $1.25 to $2. In Silesia the average falls to twenty nine cents per day. Berlin engineers make from seventy-five cents to $1 per day. Workers in glassware and porcelain make less than seventy cents per day. These figures are from a report of the Chemnitz Chamber of Commerce.

Mill Point News.

A little snow and more mud.

R. V. Perkins killed, a hog last week that weighed 316 lbs. More pork than some people have hay.

Rev. Miller, is holding a meeting at Hillsboro. There have been forty conversions and several penitents at the alter yet.

Lawrence Nottingham, of Glade Hill, is visiting relatives in this community.

Dame Rumor says there will be a wedding in this vicinity in the near future.

Will some reader give a preventative and a cure for cough in calves.

There are several cases of La Grippe in our vicinity.

Mr. Mathers, our efficient Shoe maker at Mill Point, is seriously ill.

Will some of our farmers look up the Farmers and Laborers union of America and get it into operation in our county.

This has been the warmest winter in many years; trees are budding, grass growing, no ice for next summer, no snow for sleighing or hunting.

Plowing is the theme these days.

Prof. J. S. Moore has closed a term of four months free school, and has taken a subscription school for three months at Mill Point.

We are sorry to learn that in the near future we will lose one of our best neighbors and a fine miller, Mr. Rock, of Mill Point.

Success to your valuable paper.

RAMBLER.

W. D. Selbe was shot by M. M. Kerley, at Brownstown on the 23 inst.

Twelve-year-old John Elkins, of Des Moines, Iowa, was sentenced to life imprisonment for killing his father and mother.

Lands Sold For Taxes.

List of real estate sold in the County of Pocahontas, in the month of December, 1889, for the non-payment of the taxes charged thereon for the years 1887 and 1888, and purchased by individuals:

NAME OF PERSON CHARGED WITH TAXES.	LOCAL DESCRIPTION OF LANDS.	Quantity of land charged.	Quantity of land sold.	NAME OF PURCHASER.	Whole amount paid by the purchaser.
EDRAY DISTRICT.					
Arbogast, Benj. (Va.)	W. R	293	35	L. M. McClintic	$3.85
Same	Tea creek and Elk	63	30	Same	1.36
Friel, John	W. G. River	100	100	F. J. Snyder	3.05
Jackson, Wm.	S. Fork	100	100	John Ligon	5.40
McDonald, Geo. W.	Thorny Flat	304	304	J. W. Warwick Jr.	17.08
Same	Big Spring	1633	645	B. F. White	88.61
Same	Same	167	167	Same	2.53
Moore, I. B.	N. Elk Rr	1½	1½	F. J. Snyder	83
Smiley, Wm	W. Elk	1000	1000	C. P. Dorr	10.34
Warwick, J.W. and Hull's Heirs	Clover Creek	361	361	Same	4.56
Same	W. Greenbrier	20	20	Same	91
Same	Same	265	265	Same	4.01
LITTLE LEVELS DIST					
Dean, J. P	Mill Run	87	87	L. M. McClintic	1.27
Hubbard, H. B.	L & L. Run	820	820	F. J. Snyder	15.04
Layton, Absalom	Droop Mtn	295	295	Same	16.08
McNeel, Rachel & Joe Beard	Same	38	38	Same	1.23
Piles, John	Mill Run	420	25	H. N. Hannah	2.19
GREEN BANK DIST.					
Bowers, Geo. W.	Lot No. 26 S. Lands	400	50	L. M. McClintic	2.08
Same	" " 27 " "	20	20	Same	80
Same	" " 31 " "	400	40	Same	1.87
Bird, Peter H	All Mtn	120	10	A. Rider	1.53
Campbell, J. B's H'rs	W. G. River	60	40	F. J. Snyder	1.49
Crouch, H'rs & G. D. Camden	Hd. G. River	1300	50	Geo M. Kee	10.75
Erwin, Edward's Est	All Mtn	50	20	F J. Snyder	1.35
Kimble, Jason & Ault	Hd G. River	140	75	Same	1.95
HUNTERSVILLE DIST					
Courtney, Geo. W.	Buckley Mtn	111	20	W. McClintic	1.13
Gammon, James' Est	Bell Ally Huntersville	¼	1-16a	W. H. Gross	97
Holcomb, Jos	E Cochran's Crk	48	25	Henry N. Hannah	2.11
Kelley John Sr's E s	W. Knapp's Cr	219	219	Lee Sharp	6.32
Matheny, Daniel	Alleghany Mtn	25	25	F. J. Snyder	93
Shuler, E. F. G	Buckley Mtn	15	15	Same	75
Townsend, W. T.	E. G. River	100	25	Henry Barlow	2.75
Young, Chas	Marlin's Mtn	140	10	F. J. Snyder	1.39

The owner of any real estate above described and sold, his heirs, or assigns, or any person having a right to charge such real estate for a debt, may redeem the same by paying to the purchaser, his heirs or assigns, within one year from the sale thereof, the amount specified in the last column of the above table, and such additional taxes thereon as may have been paid by the purchaser, his heirs or assigns, with interest on said purchase money and taxes at the rate of twelve per centum per annum, from the time the same may have been so paid.

Given under my hand this 6th day of January, 1890.

M. J. McNEEL, Sheriff.

HOME NEWS

—A few drummers in town lately.

—Born to Jacob Boner and wife on the 25th inst., a girl.

—A blacksmith, is very much needed in Huntersville.

—Dubious prospect for the ice crop.

—Ploughing and dandeloins in January.

—Mid winter and no real winter weather yet.

—A creamery would pay in this County.

—J. C. Arbogost, Esq., of Green Bank, spent Tuesday night in our city.

—THE TIMES office is the place to get nice job printing.

—Dr. M. Wallace, of Mill Point, was in to see us Monday.

—Attorney C. F. Moore had quite a serious attack of LaGrippe, but is able to be out again.

—General Skeen, of Covington, Va., has been in Huntersville for a few days past.

—Some day agriculture will stand at the head of all professions and callings. It will be the post of honor.

—Ploughing in January is a rare experience in this latitude, but it has been done this year in several parts of the middle and New England States.

—Eminent physicians everywhere recommend Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as the most reliable remedy that can be had for colds, coughs, and all pulmonary disorders. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Almanac; it is the best publication of the kind, and full of information.

—We understand that Messrs. Smith & McElwee, of Dunmore, have bought a lot and will erect a store near Lockridge's ford in the near future.

—What enhances the beauty of fine features more than a clear skin! Even plain features are made attractive by a good complexion. To secure this, purify your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has no equal. Price $1. Six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

—The Gordonsville, (Va), Gazette of which Canfield & Baker are proprietors has largely increased in size typographical appearance and in general makeup. It contains a biographical sketch of the lives of both the editor and business manager. It is chuck full of boom for the town in which it is published, and also contains much interesting matter for the general reader. It is an honor to its county and should, and we believe will, receive a hearty support. May the exertions of these gentlemen prove a success, and fill their purse to overflowing.

Locals from Hillsboro.

The very interesting meeting, held at Hillsboro, at the M. E. Church, by its pastor, closed last Sunday night.

Sickness seems to be increasing in this section. Numbers are suffering with severe colds.

Prof. Hamilla, Misses Kate Guthrie, Mary Beard and Annie McNeel, were the guest of the Misses [illegible] last Friday evening.

Miss Verdie Clark, has returned from Elk, where she has been conducting a school.

JUSTITIA.

Green Bank Items.

Mr. Arthur Arbogast, of Monterey, was in our town last Wednesday.

Mr. J. B. Bradshaw of McDowell, Va., spent Sunday in our village and left here Monday morning for Buckhannon, on a business trip.

Mr. Beck, of Mill Point, has taken charge of [illegible] mill, and Mr. B. H. Reyburn, has gone to Mill Point, to take charge of Mr. Bird's mill.

Mr. B. N. Reyburn has moved his family to Winchester, where he has been blacksmithing for some time for the lumber camp.

PAULINA.

Brushy Run Items.

Not seeing anything in your paper from this part, I will endeavor to give you a few items.

Revs. Hannah and Arbogast, have just closed one of the greatest revivals that has ever been in the upper part of Pocahontas Co. There were 45 conversions and 38 accessions to Methodist Episcopal church and about 12 penitents when the meeting closed.

Miss. Verdie Arbogast, who has been suffering with an attack of Rheumatism, we are glad to know is convalescent.

Attorneys Rucker and McClintic, were in this vicinity taking depositions in the case of Randolph, Shaven against James Grogg and wife.

Our school is flourishing under the management of F. R. Stalnaker. He has 35 pupils enrolled.

Bud Burner and Miss Nora Riley paid this part a flying visit last week.

Peter Grogg who was kicked by an animal a few days ago is slowly recovering.

Miss Nora Holliday is attending school, with the attention of teaching next winter.

Rumor has it that there will be a wedding in this part soon.

Jessie Varner has been visiting at James Grogg.

Success to THE TIMES.

TRAVELER.

WASHINGTON LETTER

From our regular correspondent.,

WASHINGTON, January, 24.—Speaker Reed is every day showing how unfit he is to occupy his present position, and the republican members of the House are daily whipped into supporting him in his unparliamentary decisions.

The House comittee on Rules met yesterday and the republican members of the committee, against the protest of ex Speaker Carlisle, decided upon a schedule of Rules, to be reported. Mr. Carlisle will make a strong minority report, and will fight the adoption of the Rules by the House in every way possible, but of course if the Speaker persists in deciding everything according to his own sweet will, the democrats stand little show of defeating them, unless some of the conservative repuid cans shall display courage enough to vote against their party. Many of them are known to be opposed to the proposed Rules but whether they have nerve enough to vote as they think, is a question.

The House has passed the Oklahoma townsite bill, after nearly a week spent in debating it in committee of the whole.

Senator Ingalls delivered a characteristic harangue in the Senate yesterday afternoon, alleged to be a reply to Senator Butler's speech in favor of his negro emigration bill. This senatorial spit fire does not mellow with age, but grows more wicked with less temptation. The worst of it is that he cannot be left to stew in his own juice, because he is nothing but skin and bones and veins filled with nitro muriatic acid.

The indications now are that the special House committee on the World's Fair will soon find itself in an interminable dead-lock. The Senate committee does not appear to be getting along much faster. Everybody professes to want to see the matter settled at once, but the prospect of an early settlement is not good.

As was expected the House committee on Elections has, by a strict party vote, reported in favor of unseating Jackson, the democratic sitting member from West Virginia, and giving the seat to Smith, the contesting republican. This is the first of the seventeen contested election cases, and it would not be at all surprising if the republicans of the committee reported in favor of every republican contestant, except Langston, the negro contestant from the Fourth Virginia (Mahone's home). It is understood that Mahone has secured promises enough to beat Langston.

Governor Campbell having been unable to come to Washington this week, the House committee investigating the Ohio ballot box forgeries has postponed the further hearing of witnesses until February 3. The witnesses so far heard made havoc of what little reputation ex-Governor Foraker had.

The civil service Commissioners having stated to the House committee on Reform in the civil service that they desired an investigation, that committe, will next week make a favorable report on the resolution ordering an investigation.

Ex-Speaker Randall has joined the Presbyterian church. His health still keeps him confined to his residence, but he continues hopeful, and expects if he is not able to go to the House, to send a written protest against the adoption of the schedule of Rules prepared by Speaker Reed.

Commissioner of Pensions Raum gives it out flat footed that all the clerks in that office who had their pensions re-rated will be bounced. A chief of division, who was a special protege of Tanner's has already been made to walk the plank.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison gave a State dinner to the diplomatic corps Tuesday evening. They have made an innovation in White House entertainments by having the dinner furnished by an outside caterer.

Ancient history sometimes crops out in Congress. For instance Senators Pasco and Chandler had a dispute about the famous Florida Returning board of 1876 this week. Mr. Chandler, it will be remembered, was one of the visiting statesmen on that interesting occasion.

Secretary Tracy has ordered a naval court of inquiry to investigate the charges of certain Naval-officers banding together for lobbying purposes, as alleged in a recent Senate resolution.

Ex Secretary Vilas and ex-Commissioner of Pensions Black were in Washington this week,

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, Ohio. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. E. H. Van Hoesen, Cashier Toledo National Bank, Toledo Ohio,

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists

NOTICE.

Having been compelled by failing health to stop work in my Tanyard in Green Bank, I offer it for rent or sale, with my Dwelling House, Stable and Shoe-shop, combined. Price and terms reasonable. Address, James H. Curry, Jr., Mill Point, W. Va.

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of S. D. Price:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said S. D. Price to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said S. D. Price, which are liens his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me, at my office, in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on or before the 22nd day of February, 1890.

Given under my hand this 20th day of Jany., 1890.

C. F. MOORE, Com'r.

Jan 20-4w. printers fee $5.25

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

NOTICE.—Having been solicited by a goodly number of my old customers to resume the taning business I have consented to do so, hoping all conserned may be benefitted. Respectfully,

25-4t. JOSEPH S. SMITH.

AUCTION.

I will offer for sale at Public Auction at Edray, W. Va., on Friday and Saturday, February 7th and 8th., Consisting of DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, CLOTHING and GENTS, FURNISHING GOODS, LADIES DRESS GOODS, HATS, CAPS, & A LARGE LINE OF PANTS.

S. HACKERMAN.

Commissioner's Notice.

M. P. Slaven
vs.
S. D. Price.

All parties interested will hereby take notice, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above named cause,

ON THE 21st DAY OF OCTOBER, 1889

I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court, at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday the 22nd day of February, 1890, to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. An account of all the liens against the lands of the defendant S. D. Price; with their amount, dignities and priorities.

2nd. An account showing what lands are owned by the said S. D. Price, their location and probable value, and whether the same will rent in five years for a sufficient sum to pay off and discharge the liens on the same.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

C. F. MOORE, Commissioner.

Jan 20-4t. printers fee $7 99

Commissioner's Notice.

E. H. Moore & wife & als,
vs
Susan Burr & als

All parties interested, will hereby take notice, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above named cause on the 22nd day of October 1889, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday the 15th day of February, 1890 to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. Settle the accounts of J. C. Arbogast Adm'r of William Burr deceased.

2nd. An account showing all the debts of every description against the Estate of the said William Burr dec'd including therein the Plaintiff's said debt and the charge aforesaid, with their respective legal dignities and priorities, showing on which tracts each debt has priority, if any.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

Printers fee $7.60 jan 9 4t

Commissioners Notice.

Augusta National Bank &c.
vs.
S. C. Tardy & als.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested that in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above named Cause on the 22nd day of October, 1889, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court at my office in the town of Huntersville W. Va., on Friday the 31st day of January, 1890 to take, state and report the following matters of account.

1st. An account showing the liens of every description on the undivided two thirds interest of the defendants Samuel C. Tardy and Samuel C. Tardy Jr. in the tract of [illegible] acres of land in the Bill and proceedings mentioned with there respective legal dignities and priorities including the plaintiffs lein by virtue of the attachment sued out and levied as aforesaid.

2nd. An account showing the annual rental and fee simple value respectively of the said undivided two thirds interest in said lands.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

Printers fee [illegible] jan 9-4t

NOTICE.

To the Stockholders of the Ronceverte, Lewisburg and Coal Knob Railroad Company.

You will take notice that the first regular meeting of the stockholders of the above named Company will be held at the Law Office of L. J. Williams in the town of Lewisburg, W. Va., on the 28th day of February, 1890, for the purpose of organizing, and transacting such other business as may be necessary.

Notice is also given that the books of said company are opened for the purpose of receiving subscriptions to the capital stock of said company, and will be found in the possession of L. J. Williams at his office in Lewisburg.

By order of a majority of the stockholders.

H. T. BELL,
E. T. HAINES,
J. A. HANDLY,
L. J. WILLIAMS,
JOHN A. PRESTON.

WHEAT FOR SALE.—Having five hundred bushels of wheat to sell, I offer it for the next 30 days for cash at 90 cts. per bu. at my granary. Respectfully,

n.28-4t H. M. LOCKRIDGE.

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.

UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

Staunton Marble Works.

If you want head stones Marble and granite Monuments etc., etc., you can do no better than to buy from

G. C. COOPER, agent,
Green Bank, Pocahontas Co.,
W. Va.

A CARD.

To weak nervous and debilitated men suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, Early Decay, Lost Manhood, Varicocele, etc., we will send a remedy guaranteed to effect a speedy cure. This great restorative was discovered by an eminent London physician whose life work was devoted to suffering humanity in the hospitals of the world's metropolis, and will be cheerfully sent to the unfortunate. Send now. Address, The Acton Medical Co., Washington, D. C. (Sole agents for America.) Oct. 31-1 yr.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS,

To the Creditors of William Burr, dec'd

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said William Burr to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said William Burr, adjudication to L. McClintic, Commissioner, at his office in the said County, on or before the 15th day of February 1890.

Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court, this 7th day of January 1890.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Printers fee $6.90 jan. 9-5w

SALE OF VALUABLE PROPERTY AT MILL POINT.

I offer for sale my property at Mill Point, which consists of a New Flouring Mill, in fine order and has a good custom; one old Mill House with a Carding Machine in it; Two Dwelling Houses, one nearly new; one Blacksmith shop and Wagon shop, Stable sheds &c., and twelve and a half acres of land.

Reason for selling health has failed in mill business.

Price and terms reasonable.

For further particulars Address,

[illegible]

Mill Point, Pocahontas Co. W. Va.

[...] Times.

[...]MPBELL,
[...]ROPRIETOR.

[...] Post-office at Hunters-[...] as second class matter.

[AD]VERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
[...] inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	15 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

January 30, 1890.

Facts Worth Knowing.

There are 2,750 languages.

Watches were first made in 1476.

A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds.

The average human life is 31 years.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.

A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.

A hurricane moves 80 miles per hour.

The value of a ton of silver is $37,704,84.

The first lucifer match was in 1829.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

Modern needles first came into use in 1545.

Coaches were first built in England in 1569.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-'27.

One million dollars of gold coin weighs 3,685 pounds advoirdupois.

Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning wheel.

One million dollars of silver coin weighs 58,920.9 pounds avoirdupois.

Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1527.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe in 1846.

Measure 209 feet on each side, and you will have a square acre within an inch.

Telegraph wires have to be renewed every five or seven years.

They had a chap at police headquarters the other day who was run in on suspicion. Capt. Starkweather wanted to pump him a little to establish his identity and therefore sent a man down stairs to bring him up.

"You are wanted up stairs," observed the officer as he unlocked the door.

"What for?"

"Mall wants to see you."

"Let him want."

"You come on."

"Not much!"

It took two men and a tustle to bring him up, and as he stood panting in the captain's room that officer asked:

"What's the reason you didn't come quietly along?"

"Is it you who wants me?"

"Yes."

"Oh, this fellow said it was a man and I thought he was going to get me up here and yell 'McGinty,' at me."

"My friends," said a temperance lecturer, lowering his voice to an impressive whisper, "if all the grog shops were at the bottom of the sea, what would be the result?" For answer came: "Lots of people would get drowned!"

Definitions of Bible Terms

A day's journey was about twenty three and one fifth miles.

A sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

Ezekiel's reed was nearly eleven feet.

A cubit was nearly twenty two inches.

A hand's breadth is equal to to three and five eighths inches. A fingers breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about 50 cents.

A shekel of gold was $8.

A talent of silver was $538.30.

A talent of gold of $13,809.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was 13 cents.

A farthing was 3 cents.

A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

A gerah was a cent.

An ephah, or contains seven gallons and five pints.

A hin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was seven pints.

An omer was six pints.

A cab was three pints.

It is perhaps because there are exceptions to all rules that some persons seem to be able to bid defiance to many of the recognized laws of health.

"Wouldn't you like a little something to eat before you go to bed?" said an old farmer to a guest who was about retiring for the night:

"No, thank you," was the reply. "I never eat anything after supper."

"You don't? Well, I couldn't sleep if I didn't have a little snack of some sort 'fore I went to bed. Of course I don't eat a reg'lar meal, but I feel all the better for a piece of pie, and two or three doughnuts with some cheese and a pickle and a bit of cold pork—some light refreshments, you know, just to stay the stomach."

Mr. Winks—Mr. Editor, Mr. Blinks is dead, but as he and you were not on very good terms I am afraid that you will not give him the obituary notice that he deserves and—

Editor (enthusiastically)—Oh, yes I will. I'll give him the very best send-off I can write, for he was one of nature's noblemen.

Mr. Winks—Well, that's good; but what caused you to praise him so when you know him to be your enemy?

Editor—Because out of two hundred callers at my office during the cold weather of last week, he was the only one that closed the door.

Deaf Man (to sweetheart)—Darling Evangelina, will you be my wife?

Evangelina (sweetly)—Yes.

D. M.—What?

E.—Yes.

D. M.—Huh? Can't hear.

E.—No!

NOTICE.

The second term of Hillsboro Academy for the session of 1889-90 will begin January 22nd and will continue twenty weeks or five school months. Rates of tuition: $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, and $3.00 per month according to grade. A contingent fee of 15 cts per month is charged to provide fuel, &c. Board can be had at from $8 to $10 per month.

Two and one half months constitute a quarter session and all tuition and fees must be paid quarterly. Pupils will be charged from time of entrance to the close of each quarter, and no deduction from tuition charges will be made except in cases of protracted illness, or unless special arrangements are made with the principal.

We invite the attention of parents who wish to educate their Children to the advantages of our school and most respectfully solicit their patronage. Young teachers will find it to their advantage to attend during the spring months. We promise thorough instruction and careful training. It is best for students to enter at the beginning of the term, but they will be received at any time.

We desire to say that all pupils of this school are expected to study and to be governed by the rules of school. We do not want dead heads, but all who wish to study and to educate themselves will find our school pleasant and profitable.

For further information address the principal, or come and see for yourself.

D. S. HANKLA, Principal.

jan 9 4w Academy, W. Va.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES,

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry. It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interest to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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GET THEM AT "THE TIMES"

JOB OFFICE.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, February 7, 1890. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 28.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C R. Beard. S B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

"UP A TREE."

BY E. C. SUTTON, IN "BRITISH WORKMAN."

"Hi, father! Hi! Come alongside here and take me off!"

Farmer Binstead looked up in the direction whence the voice proceeded. It came from one of a line of dismal pollard willow trees, standing in a waste of waters caused by one of the frequent overflows of the "Lazy Ouse."

"Hullos, Dick! Is this you?" he shouted from the boat in which he was rowing his wife and the rest of the family to the village, about a couple of miles away. "Why didn't you come home last night? Ha! I don't want any of your excuses. 'Twas the old game. And now, you see, it's landed you up on a tree with a vengeance. You're out of harm's way there, at any rate; and there you may stop, for aught I care."

"Oh, Dan!" pleaded the mother of the reckless youth, "turn back, do! Don't be so hard upon the lad!"

"Hard upon him, indeed! I should like to know if he's not a deal harder upon us? He's always wasting his time, his brains and his money at the 'Fox and Hounds' yonder, upsetting all the peace of home, and turning our heads white with anxiety and worry before the autumn of our life's begun. He's always up a tree, and never will be anywhere else as long as he lives, unless he changes his bad ways. We're everlastingly helping him out of his scrapes, and that, I reckon, is why he doesn't mind——"

"But Dan—just this once! You surely haven't the heart to leave him there!"

"Tut, tut, Mary! If the fellow's up a tree, the only thing for him to do is to get down again as quickly as he can. Let him help himself for once. The water is not deep enough to drown him, and if it were, Dick can swim; so nothing worse can come of it than a wet skin. It's only right that he should sometimes suffer the penalty he brings upon himself."

"Father, are you coming?"

"No."

"But what am I to do?"

"Whatever suits you best, my boy. Stay where you are till the floods subside, or make the best of your way down and across to the village yonder."

A few rapid passes with the oars and the old-fashioned flat bottomed boat had placed too great a distance between Dick and his belongings to admit of anything further being heard but the splash of the waters and the earnest tones of his mother's voice.

"It's no manner of use your talking, wife," said her husband, firmly. "I don't mean to be unkind, but I do mean to give that lad of ours a lesson, once for all, that he'll remember all his life.

"There's nothing like a parable for fixing a truth in one's mind. Our Lord knew what He was about when He taught His disciples, as He nearly always did, in that manner. Now when we talk of Dick's being for ever 'up a tree,' it's what you may call a kind of figure of speech. His bad ways are always bringing him into scrapes of one kind or another, and it's you and I, Mary, that have to suffer, for every time we do all we can to get him out of his tree. He's up in that willow, I know, because he was too drunk to find his way home last night. And there he shall stay, for all I will do to help him down. Maybe the soaking he'll get before he lands on dry ground will slake his thirst for strong liquor. Come, now, wife! it's no use your fretting. You'll bless me yet for my seeming hardness, please God!" And, plying the oars with redoubled vigor, Farmer Binstead soon reached the neighboring village, in which he was accustomed to take refuge every time that his farm and house by the riverside were inundated by the waters of the lazy but mischievous Ouse.

Towing off the cattle to a rising knoll, and securing the poultry and farm utensils, had been Daniel Binstead's first care. Many past experiences of similar catastrophes had made this work a matter of routine; but not till it had been accomplished did he and his family leave the old house, the foundations of which had been so often sapped that it was scarcely safe to risk remaining in it, even though the flood would certainly not rise much above the basement.

"What can have come over father?" Dick asked himself, as with surprise and consternation he saw himself thus, for the first time in his life, left to his fate. "He's guessed right enough how I came here, and he's just carrying out the threat he made a week ago that the very next time I got stuck 'up in a tree' through drink, he'd leave me to get down by myself. Plague take the drink! It isn't worth the botherations it's always getting me into. But I can't stop here for days. The sooner I get down the better. A plague upon that 'Fox and Hounds.' There's nothing for it but a sousing."

So saying he took off his boots, and tying them in his wollen "comforter" round his neck, Dick resolutely descended from his perch on the willow and dropped into the chill water, by dint of wading and an occasional swim getting at last to shore in safety.

But poor Dick had caught, notwithstanding the dry clothes and hot coffee with which his mother welcomed him on landing, a chill which turned to rheumatic fever and brought him to within a foot of the grave. His father was well-nigh beside himself with remorse and despair.

"It's all my doing, Mary!" he sobbed, while he thought his boy unconscious. "But I meant it for the best, God knows! I'd give my life for you, Dick my own dear lad, if only you might live and be a credit and a blessing to your mother!"

"Father!"

"Dick!"

There was no longer the vacant look in the sufferer's eye, but a sober wistfulness, gentle and earnest as that of a little child. Daniel Binstead put his head down to catch the words that were so faint as to be almost inaudible.

"Never again, father—never again—God helping me! I'm down the tree now, and—if I live, it—won't be—my fault—if I ever get—up into one—again!"

"My boy—my boy!" was all the glad and thankful parent could say. They knelt by that bedside hand in hand together, and if ever son was prayed for, that son was Dick. He is now a prosperous and happy man, worth of the devotion of the good woman he soon after his recovery made his wife, and is likely to remain a living example of sobriety and respectability to the [illegible] up was "sonny" that plays [illegible] across his father's [illegible], if he should live to sonny's estate.

Folks may laugh at him; but Dick Binstead never passes that particular willow tree without raising his hat—"For," it is his custom to say, "that tree there was God Almighty's instrument for saving both my body and soul from ruin!"

Engines Half Human.

A great many tales have been told about railroad engineers and the queer notions they have about their "pets," as they call them. Some of these stories look all right in print, but in reality they are pure inventions. The Globe Democrat correspondent resolved to interview a number of railroad engineers in view of securing their experiences with locomotives, and to find out, if possible, whether engineers, as a rule are superstitious.

Creston is quite a railroad town, and is the end of a division. It is no trick at all to meet a half dozen railroad engineers, and as they are all good fellows, an interview is cheerfully granted.

Tom H—— is one of the oldest and most reliable engineers on the C., B. & Q. railroad. Being asked concerning locomotives and their engineers, he said:

"A locomotive engine is, to my mind, as near human as any inanimate object can be. Sometimes I think that they are more than half human. Of course that's all fancy though. I have driven this engine, No 483, for ten or fifteen years, and I know every inch of her, and know how to manage the old lady. Some days she gets cross and doesn't seem to care about working. Then I have got to coax her. Other days she'll feel bad and take on at a dreadful rate; then I've got to doctor her carefully. We fellows have a way of tending to these little matters. As a general rule my engine is in good trim and goes like a bird. She acts like a human, trembling with excitement if there is a prospect for fast running.

"Do I believe in presentiments? Well, I'll have to say yes. The night we went into a ditch near Malvern, smashing up things badly, I told Jim (the fireman) a half hour before the accident happened that something was coming, because I never before knew the engine to act so queer. She didn't want to go, and when I crowded her she pounded badly, seeming to drag like, along the rails. When the poor girl toppled over on her back into the ditch I thought she groaned awfully. I believe an engine smells danger ahead, somehow, and then goes to tremblin' and pounding. Leastwise mine always did."

"Ever see any ghosts?"

"Well, can't say that I ever did but once. We were coming west from Ottumwa about midnight. It was moonlight, and I could see ahead pretty well. We were nearing a place where a young girl had been killed while crossing the track on a little pony. As we came up rapidly I noticed something white on the track in front, and presently to my horror and astonishment, I saw the shadowy outline of a young girl. She was holding a little pony by the bridle rein, and the animal was prancing with fright. Both were square on the track. I blew the whistle and turned on the air. At this moment the girl turned her face toward the engine. A long cruel red scar extended from her forehead to the chin. Her eyes had a pitiful look. But we couldn't have stopped the train for our lives. We dashed upon them and—went through the apparition like it was a cloud of mist. I felt a chilly sensation as we passed, and my blouse was damp, as if dew had fallen upon it. That was the only apparition I ever saw. Poor W—— ran over the girl and has never ceased to grieve about it."

It is almost amusing to note the myriad of queer fancies that engineers have about certain things. Yet, as far as known, these fancies do not debar them from being brave and trustworthy men. While they may have many a superstitious fear that an accident is impending, it does not unnerve them, and is more likely to keep them on a sharper lookout. Many an engineer believes that his fat is only a question of time, while others believe themselves to be insured against accidents.

It is said that the engineer on one of the express trains that telescoped between Creston an Ottumwa some years ago, when so many passengers were killed, had vague forebodings of impending disaster for several days. It was a feeling that he could not shake off. His intuition proved correct, and, through the blunder of an operator, a horrible accident happened.

A Week Too Late.

A young man about twenty-three years of age, dressed like a farmer, had his feet on the car seat in front of him and was reading a novel, when, according to the New York Sun, one of the boys went over to him and observed.

"I've just made a bet of five dollars on you."

"On me? What is it?"

"I've bet five dollars that you will suicide within a week. I've been watching you very closely for the last half hour, and all signs indicate melancholy and despondency. Have you selected any particular line of killing yourself—poison, the rope, drowning or hanging?"

"Did you actually bet five dollars?" anxiously asked the young man.

"I did."

"Pay if you lose?"

"I'll have to."

"That's too bad. I wish I could have seen you last week."

"Why last week?"

"Be cause I had the ager every day right along—two cows were sick on my hands—my girl had gone dead back on me, and I expected a windmill man was going to beat me out of four hundred dollars. I did kinder think of suicide."

But now?"

"All is changed. Cows got well ager all gone—gal has set the day for next Wednesday, and the windmill man is straighter than a board. Durn my hide if I hain't going to try and live five thousand years."

TRAINING.—The song with which you sing that child to sleep will echo through all its life, and ring back from the very arches of heaven. I think that often the first seven years of a child's life decides whether it shall be irascible, waspish, rude, false, hypocritical, or gentle, truthful, frank, obedient, honest and Christian. The present generation of men will pass off very much as they are now. Although the Gospel is offered them, the general rule is that drunkards die drunkards, thieves die thieves, libertines die libertines. Therefore in the youth we turn. Before they sow wild oats, get them to sow wheat and barley. You fill the bushel measure with good corn and there will be no room for husks.—Talmage.

Who kills all the dead letters? Miss Lispenard.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

February 6, 1890.

Thousands of people are starving in thirteen counties of South Dakota, owing to the failure of the crops for four seasons in succession.

A Kansas farmer hauled a two mule load of corn to market not long since and brought back home as the proceeds a keg of nails.

The grippe of 1889-90 will long be noted as having picked out and carried off many prominent people for its victims.

Statistics are said to show that painted wooden houses are the healthiest, and that brick houses, also painted, are healthier than stone.

W. E. McClellan a brakeman on the C. & O., was killed last week at Covington, Va., by falling off his train.

A Shooting scrape occurred at Hinton, Summers Co., last week in which one of her citizens was shot and came very near being killed.

Joseph Chaplean was sentenced at Plattsburg, N. Y., to be executed by electricity on March 3, at Dannemore Prison, for the murder of a man named Tabor.

Perhaps the youngest couple ever married in North Carolina have just been united in Davis County. The groom is thirteen and his bride two years younger.

Wm. H. Morris, an attorney of Charleston, who voted for Fleming ing for Governor, and charged by Goff with being insane, has sued the gentleman for $30,000 libel.

Miss Bisland, who went around the world for The Cosmopolitan, in the indeavor to beat the time of Miss Bly, made the trip in 76 days 16 hours and 48 minutes.

The New York State Senate amended the World's Fair bill by adding 30 names to the list of corporators and making it distinctively a Republican organization. It is believed that this action will prevent the holding of a World's Fair in New York.

Mr. J. M. Bailey, one of the most prominent citizens, and at one time Sheriff of Mercer county, was killed on the railroad at Bluefield on Saturday, Jan. 25th. He was standing on the company's yard, and in endeavoring to avoid an approaching train stepped backwards in front of the yard engine.

Postmaster General Wanamaker has approved the design and color for the new two cent postage stamps. The designs for the other denominations are well under way, and it is thought the new series will be ready for distribution in almost a month.

Colonel John Mason Brown, one of the most prominent lawyers in Kentucky, and a man of national reputation, died of pneumonia at Louisville, on the 29 inst.

Kentucky has long been distinguished as the unrivaled producer of handsome women and fast hosres. Now she has added a wonderful prodigity to her list of attractions. At Hopkinsville a colored babe was born three months ago which can now talk plainly, and which, at the age of three weeks, could pronounce some words distinctly.

The St. Paul Pioneer Press says of the recent Governor of Ohio: "The passing of Foraker will not be regretted. He is a politician of a small and vulgar type. He has succeeded largely by bluster and appeals to popular passion rather than reason. He is not in politics to support principles. He has been a loud talker, and made himself 'solid with the boys.' He has caught eagerly at every chance for a sensation, and catered to the demagogic spirit. His aim was personal, and the open distrust of other leaders is now justified. This episode completely finishes his political career."

Suit for Slander.

William Johnson (colored) has brought a suit for slander in Monroe Circuit Court, against Mr. H. C. Hite, R. R. Agent at Alderson, this county, claiming damages in the sum of $5,000. The plaintiff complains that Mr. Hite charged him with stealing a barrel of whisky from the Depot at Alderson, during the Holidays, last month, which he alleges did great damage to his character. Johnson has retained Dr. W. P. Rucker of Lewisburg, as his counsel.—Monroe Watchman.

Thunderation! who ever heard of any one stealing liquor. Occasionally, around these parts, a jug wiil walk away from the owner, but don't think anybody ever heard of any being stolen.

Protected Farmers.

Farmers of the west have voted persistently for the system of protection. It now comes to them with a shock that English syndicates are refusing to loan money on farm mortgages in this country, while eagerly seeking to purchase manufactories.

It is doubtless true, as stated by an organ of high taxes, that the demand for money upon mortgages by western farmers is constantly increasing. But it cannot be that the organ has correctly stated the causes. These connot be found in the intemperance or extravagance of the farmers, because the difficulty exists equally in Kansas, where prohibition has lessened the drink habit, and also in states east of the Missouri river, where such laws do not prevail. In either case will it be possible to accuse the farmers of gross extravagance—except as they build too large fires with the products of their corn fields. Even by mortgaging their farms luxuries have been unknown to these toilers. Nor can it be said that they lack skill, since they have demonstrated their ability to raise corn cheaper than they can buy coal protected with a tax of 75 cents a ton. Nor can it be from the lack of rain, as farmers are bankrupt borrowers even within the rain belt.

But the comments of the high-tax press will serve to call attention to the fact that protection does not protect, and the conclusion will be reached that loans cannot be laid safely on farms whose owners are forced to burn their corn for fuel and to pay a tax of 75 per cent on their blankets. The woolen mills may be kept running, but the sheriff will take the farms.—Ex.

The senate committe on naval affairs has decided to recommend the construction of the following vessels:

Thirty-eight battle ships to cost $177,490,000.

Six harbor defense monitors, $25,000,000.

One cruising monitor, $1,900,000.

Eleven rams, $19,500,000.

Forty-one armored cruisers, $100,500,000.

Ten gun vessels and dispatch boats, $4,500,000.

One hundred and twenty torpedo boats and cruisers, $20,565,000.

Two hundred and seventy seven vessels to cost $349,515,000.

Five hundred and four vessels at a cost of $700,000,000! With this accomplished we could twist the British lion's tail. This looks as if the senate committee had little faith in the future of arbitration.

A NEW RAILROAD.

The Virginia, Parkersburg & Ohio Co. and What it Proposes to Do.

We learn the following from the Zanesville, O., Times Recorder: What is known as the Black Diamond System of railways, which now consists of three roads in Ohio and one in West Virginia, one of which is the Virginia, Parkersburg & Ohio Railway Co., held their annual election of directors and officials for 1890 on Saturday, Jan 25th. The V., P.& O. Ry. Co.'s "Sea Board line" will run from Parkersburg via Elizabeth, Grantsville, Glennville, Addison, crossing the Chesapeake & Ohio railway near White Sulphur Springs station, to Virginia state line, there to meet the Virginia & North Carolina division of the Black Diamond system from Virginia state line to Mt. Airy, North Carolina, which, with the extension of the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley to Southport, N. C., on the Atlantic ocean which is to be the Sea Board port of the Black Diamond system of railways.

NOTICE.

The second term of Hillsboro Academy for the session of 1889-90 will begin January 22nd and will continue twenty weeks or five school months. Rates of tuition: $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, and $3.00 per month according to grade. A contingent fee of 15 cts per month is charged to provide fuel, &c. Board can be had at from $8 to $10 per month.

Two and one half months constitute a quarter session and all tuitionand fees must be paid quarterly. Pupils will be charged from time of entrance to the close of each quarter, and no deduction from tuition charges will be made except in cases of protracted illness, or unless special arrangements are made with the principal.

We invite the attention of parents who wish to educate their Children to the advantages of our school and most respectfully solicit their patronage. Young teachers will find it to their advantage to attend during the spring months. We promise thorough instruction and careful training. It is best for students to enter at the beginning of the term, but they will be received at any time.

We desire to say that all pupils of this school are expected to study and to be governed by the rules of school. We do not want deadheads, but all who wish to study and to educate themselves will find our school pleasant and profitable.

For further information address the principal, or come and see for yourself.

D. S. HANKLA, Principal.
jan 9 4w   Academy, W. Va.

FLOUR.

I have on hands about 200 bushels of wheat which I will grind and sell at $2.50 per 100 lbs. for cash, and will warrant it as good as can be bought in the county.

JAS. BARKLEY.

HOME NEWS

—The robins have again made their appearance.

—Sheriff M. J. McNeel, was in Huntersville, last week.

—"My name is mud," says the streets of Huntersville.

—We will give our readers the particulars of the Fleming Goff contest next week.

—Mr. A. A. Cox, died at his home at Alvon, Greenbrier Co., on the 25th inst.

—Mr. Jubal McCormick, died at his home in Union, Monroe Co., on Jan. 29, in the 60 year of his age.

—H. A. Yeager, Esq., of Cheyenne, Wyoming Ty., was in to see us last Saturday.

—Allen Pryor and Jas. Lee, both colored, died near Mill Point, last week. They were very old men.

—Thanks, awfully, to our correspondents for their punctuality of late.

—The mail route between this place and Alvon, Greenbrier Co., has been discontinued.

—Attorney H. S. Rucker, started for Lynchburg, Tuesday morning on a week's business trip.

—Ground hog day has come and gone and from the appearance of the weather since, he didn't see his shadow.

—"Calico Joe" at the Court house to night. Don't miss seeing him, it will be a grand treat. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Admission 10 & 15c.

—Mrs. A. D. Johnston, died at her home in Lewisburg on the 30 inst., in about the 80th year of her age.

—About four inches of snow last Sunday, but it didn't lay on the ground long, and now the atmosphere is as warm and balmy as a May day.

—Flourney, Price and Kee, made magnificent arguments in the Fleming Goff contest for the majority, leaving no manner of doubt of Fleming's honest election.

—A charter has been granted to the Ronceverte, Lewisburg and Coal Knob Railroad, organized for the purpose of constructing and operating a railroad from Ronceverte to Grafton.

—An attempt was made by the Republicans to bribe the Legislature in the Fleming Goff contest, but it is to be hoped by all honest men they failed.

—Miss Frances Ellen Catherine Geiger, and Mr. Wm. L. Gay, were married last week, at the home of the bride's father, near Driftwood this county, by the Rev. Geo. P. Moore. THE TIMES extends congratulations.

—"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has given me great relief in bronchitis. Within a month I have sent some of this preparation to a friend suffering from bronchitis and asthma. It has done him so much good that he writes for more."—Charles F. Dunterville, Plymouth, England.

—The Braxton Democrat, has entered upon its 8 volume. It has all the qualities of a first class local newspaper and last but not least is Democratic from skin to core. May it live long and prosper.

—On Friday of last week while Marion Butcher, of New Interest, was crossing the railroad with a team, his horses became unmanageable and he was unable to get out of the way of the train. His head was severed from his body. The horses were not hurt.—Enterprise.

—A spring medicine is needed by everyone. Winter food, largely consisting of salt meat and animal fats, causes the liver to become disordered and the blood impure, hence the necessity of a cleansing medicine. The best is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

—General Skeen, of Covington, Va., who has been in Huntersville for some time past, has had a slight attack of LaGrippe.

—The mail from Mt. Grove, failed to come Tuesday, for no reason, whatever, as we can learn. Its true the creeks were up a little, out by no means past fording, and Wednesday when it did come, didn't bring half the mail that was at the Mt., Grove post office. This sort of business is very annoying, to say nothing of the inconvenience it causes our people. If the gentleman who has the contract can't come up to time, let somebody have it that can.

Edray Items

Mr. Sam'l B. Moore, had the misfortune to have a fine roan mare break her neck in his stable yesterday evening, by getting her head fast under a feed box in the manger, and falling.

A new trace of the missing B. H. Knapp, has been found. It is now thought his body will be found soon. A reward of $75.00 is offered and it will have its effect.

Mr. Jas Gibson's steam saw mill will soon start up again, on cherry timber.

X. X.

Green Bank Items

Died, at her home, near this place on Feb. 1st, Mrs. Sarah Gum, aged 71 years. She was a kind neighbor consistant christian, and will be greatly missed.

Mr. J. B. Bradshaw, of McDowell, spent Saturday night in town, on his return from Buchanan, and was accompanied by his mother in-law, Mrs. Wamsley, of Huttonsville.

Mr. Wm. T. McClintic, of Randolph Co., is here on a business trip, and will remain a few days.

Miss Mary Beard, was visiting friends at Traveller's Repose, Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Minnie Patterson, is visiting Mr. J. F. Patterson's family near Glade Hill.

PAULINA.

Buckeye News.

Many cases of La Grippe in our neighborhood last week.

Mr. N. C. McNeel, who has been quite sick for some time, thinks he will soon be able to resume his duties in the school room.

W. H. McClintic and Robert Withrow, have been on the sick list for some little time.

Mrs. Clark Kellison, has returned from Clover Lick, where she has been visiting her daughter.

Some parties from here, attended the wedding at Driftwood last week. Wonder why some of our young people don't get married and invite us to the wedding.

The Copernican Literary Society continues to prosper.

A beautiful communication from John B. Minor of the University of Virginia was read to the Society on last Friday night.

LUCIAN.

Brushy Run Items.

The weak minded people I presume are beginning to think the gulf stream has changed back, as the chilling winter has been here for a few days

LaGrippe has showed itself in our vicinity, in a mild form, in the family of Mr. James Grogg, and is also raging in the lumber camp at Winchester.

There is a great deal of sickness in our community. Among the sick are, Mrs. Wilmoth, Mrs. Lentz, and Mrs. Slaven. But we are happy to say they are slowly recovering.

There is talk of a knitting factory being erected in our burg soon, which will be very beneficial.

Lee Wilmoth, was the guest of John Arbogast last Sunday.

John Arbogast and Wm. Hill are at the lumber camp on sheet.

The schools in this district are all in a flourishing condition.

Miss Minnie Clark's school will soon close. She will then go to the wilds of the sinks. May success go with her.

Success to THE TIMES.

JACK.

Dunmore Doings.

Fine day.

I told you to stay in Sunday.

Swecker has the grippe, but thinks he will be able to give you some good bargains at Edray, Friday and Saturday.

Rain, snow and mud until you can't rest.

Capt. E. A. Smith, is about ready with his lumber drive.

Col. Dan O'Connell, was up last week sliding logs.

Lots of Drummers.

Deputy Sheriff Arbogast, of Highland, was out last week, looking up some roofing and spouting jobs.

Most of our roads are getting impassable. They ought to be bridged.

We want a first class shoemaker. Come at once.

E. A. Moore, Esq., lost a fine horse.

Most everybody has the grippe.

Dr. Ligan, was over to see Mr. Pritchard who is on the sick list.

The most of the free schools are closing out, and but few know that there has been any in the district.

The board of education have stopped exhibition spelling matches, and but little interest is taken by the little ones.

TRAVELER.

Mosey Flat Items.

As I haven't seen anything in THE TIMES, from this section for sometime, I will endeavor to give a few items.

A considerable snow fell here last Saturday and Sunday nights, which reminded us again of winter, and was enjoyed by all.

Rev. Geo. Hannah, has been conducting a meeting at the Moore school house on Back Alleghany, and we learn that he has had marked success, which has been the case at most of his appointments in this part of the county.

We learn that Mr. F. R. Stalnaker who is teaching school at Brush Run set out for prospective courtship at the beginning of the meeting, which was conducted, at that place by the Rev. Hannah and Arbogast, but we are sorry to learn that he was nipped in the bud, by one Miss Teny Hinkle, and he has been on the decline ever since.

Our school is progressing smoothly under the management of T. W. McCoy with an enrollment of 31 pupils.

Mr. C. L. Burner our honorable constable has been so pressed with business for some time past that he has been thinking of employing an assistant.

Mr. J. W. Riley, who is on the road between this place and Staunton, will have a disagreeable trip, we fear, as the roads have become very muddy since he started.

Bad colds are prevalent in this part of the county.

Success to our County paper.

STATIONARY.

Married.

On Thursday morning, January 30th, 1890, at the residence of the bride's parents, on Clover Creek, in Pocahontas County, W. Va., in the presence of an appriciative assembly of friends, by Geo. P. Moore, Mr. William L. Gay, to Miss Frances E. C. Geiger attended by Mr. John D. Gay with Miss Allie Closnan and Mr. Ellis Sharp with Miss Mary Gay.

After the marriage ceremony the party were invited to partake of a frugal repast, prepared by our host and hostess and very efficiently served with the assistance of Squire J. W. Price and Mr. Showalter of which all partook with a free good will.

After bidding home and parents good-bye, the wedding party hied away, over hill and vale, through mud and water, ten miles to the residence of Sam'l M. Gay, Esq., where fully 150 invited guests awaited their arrival, about 1 o'clock and greeted them with the usual reception ceremony, and soon the crowd were invited to begin to partake of the sumptious feast provided by Mr. Gay, for his friends which was continued until after nightfall, when all were served and happy. Good feeling prevailed throughout, and the young couple have the good wishes of their friends.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

Commissioner's Notice.

M. P. Slaven
vs.
S. D. Price.

All parties interested will hereby take notice, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above named cause:

ON THE 31st DAY OF OCTOBER, 1889

I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court, at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday the 22nd day of February, 1890, to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. An account of all the liens against the lands of the defendant S. D. Price; with their amount, dignities and priorities.

2nd. An account showing what lands are owned by the said S. D. Price, their location and probable value, and whether the same will rent in five years for a sufficient sum to pay off and discharge the liens on the same.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

C. F. MOORE, Commissioner.

Jan 20-4t. printers fee $7.80

NOTICE.

To the Stockholders of the Ronceverte. Lewisburg and Coal Knob Railroad Company.

Youwill take notice that the first regular meeting of the stockholders of the above named Company will be held at the Law Office of L. J. Williams in the town of Lewisburg, W. Va., on the 28th day of February, 1890, for the purpose of organizing, and transacting such other business as may be necessary.

Notice is also given that the books of said company are opened for the purpose of receiving subscriptions to the capital stock of said company, and will be found in the possession of L. J. Williams at his office in Lewisburg.

By order of a majority of the stockholders.

H. T. BELL,
E. T. HAINES,
J. A. HANDLY,
L. J. WILLIAMS,
JOHN A. PRESTON.

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of S. D. Price;

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said S. D. Price to the satisfaction of the liens therein, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said S. D. Price, which are liens his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me, at my office, in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on or before the 22nd day of February, 1890.

Given under my hand this 29th day of Jany., 1890.

C. F. MOORE, Com'r.

Jan 30-6w. printers fee $5.92.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the Creditors of William Burr, dec'd

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said William Burr to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said William Burr, adjudication to L. McClintic, Commissioner, at his office in the said County, on or before the 15th day of February 1890.

Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court, this 7th day of January 1890.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Printers fee $6.98 jan. 9 6w

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

February 6, 1890.

Great Faith in the Rector.

The author of "Reminiscences of a Literary and Clerical Life," himself a clergyman, narrates an amusing anecdote which his revered grandfather used to tell about an ignorant young couple in his parish. The old minister had married them, but the marriage had turned out to be ill-advised, and after a while things came to a desperate pass.

The couple had vast, undefined ideas of what a rector could do, and it entered into their foolish minds that he might be able to undo their unhappy marriage. So they asked him whether he could take them into church again and perform some service that would get them free, as they had been before. The rector meditated for a moment.

"Yes," he said, "I think if you come to church I can put you in the way of becoming unmarried. But it is a curious kind of business, and instead of coming to the altar, as before, you will have to go into the belfry."

The unfortunate pair readily assented, and at an appointed hour went to the church, where the rector marched them into the belfry.

"You see those two trestles," he began. "The husband will have to get on one of them and the wife on the other."

With much wonderment the man and woman followed his instructions.

"Now each of you take a bellrope in your hand."

This was done.

"Now, then, tie the ropes round your necks and jump off the trestles."

"Good lack, sir!" said one of them, "we should be hanging ourselves!"

"Exactly," said the minister, "that is just what I mean. The only way in which you can unmarry yourselves in church is by hanging yourselves in the belfry."

The young couple dropped the ropes in haste, and the minister proceeded to give them a lecture upon mutual forbearance and affection, it is to be hoped with good results.

Binns, the broker (who has just married a wealthy temperance reformer)—Anybody been in?

Office Boy—Yessir, Mrs. Binns.

Binns—Anybody else?

Office Boy—Yessir. Expressman with a case of champaigne for you, compliments of Bullion & Co.

Binns—Great Cæsar! How lucky [illegible] didn't meet.

Office Boy—Did meet. I told the [illegible] it was for S. Q. Binns, [illegible]. So took it.

And Binns does not know whether to kick or [illegible].

Staggers—I drew a large house last night, Cassar.

Cassar—I didn't know you were an actor.

Staggers—I'm not. I'm an architect.

Cures for Influenza.

"Got the influenza?" asked a man on the street yesterday, as his companion recovered from a coughing spell.

"Yes, I've got the influenza," replied the other, defiantly, "and I don't want any sure cures, either."

"I was just going to suggest——"

"Well, don't do it. I've taken all the known remedies. I came down town yesterday with a bad case. The first man I saw said: 'Awful cough you have. Ought to stop that. Come with me and I'll fix you.'

"Then he took me into a bar room and told the bar tender to put a little glycerine into a glass and turn some brandy in on top of it. I drank it and it did me good, so I took several doses. We separated and I met another friend.

"'Influenza?' he said, as I sneezed. 'I'll tell you how to cure that. Fixed me in a day.'

"He escorted me into a shop where liquid refreshments are dispensed and gave me a hot rum with molasses. That also seemed to hit the right spot and I took a number. I felt better in most every way.

"Well, when I went out of there I saw another friend.

"'Cold?' he said as I blew my nose. 'I'll bust that up in two shakes of a lamb's tail.'

"I got some quinine with a large dose of whiskey adjoining this time, and I swear I thought it did me a power of good. I certainly felt well. I felt so well that I nearly kicked the clock off the mantel when I got home. I offered to spar my wife, London prize-ring rules to govern, and all was well until I got up in the morning. Then I had a head and a worse case of grip than I had before. Take my advice and steer clear of the man with a remedy."

Gems of Thought.

Children's virtues bring new wealth to the parents.

Thou, that hast given so much to me, give me one thing more—a grateful heart.

We swallow at one mouthful the lie that flatters, and drink drop by drop the truth that is bitter.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time; for that is the stuff life is made of.

Contemn rest and thou shalt gain rest, contemn earth, and thou shalt gain Heaven.

Selfishness is that detestable vice which no one will forgive in others, and no one is without himself.

Do all that you can to stand, and then fear least you may fall, and by the grace of God you are safe.

Better follow the sternness of truth than the glittering delusion of a life. Men often follow lies because they shine.

Dark seasons are never pleasant to us, but are always good for us. A cloudless sky could never produce a good harvest.

The highest gift and favor of God is a pious, kind, godly and domestic wife, with whom thou mayest live peaceably, and to whom thou mayest intrust all thy possessions; yea, thy body and thy life.

Gussy de Broadway (staring at Col. Top Boots, who has just swallowed two inches of brandy neat)—Um—ah—nevah mix your drinks I see, Cunnell?

Colonel—Yes sah. Always take watah with my likah, sah!

Gussy—Didn't see any just now, bah Jove!

Colonel—well sah. You see I fill the glass with likah, sah—and then my mouth watahs, sah.

Mrs. Riverside Rives—My dear Miss Fulton; how lovely to see you here! Were parties very different in your day?

Miss Ann Fulton—Well, somewhat. In my day the girls wore one buttoned gloves, and dresses buttoned up to the neck; now they wear one buttoned dresses and gloves buttoned up to the neck.

"You can't say that English syndicates have no show in this country," remarked Squidding.

"Why?" asked McSwilligen.

"Because one of them has just bought Forepaugh's circus."

"Yes," said the oldest inhabitant "this is a pretty mild winter, but I remember a season that was much warmer than this."

"How long ago was that?" queried his listeners.

"Only last summer."

"You know what a fashion Miss Gnawledge has of quoting proverbs at all times?"

"Yes."

"Well, last night as I remarked about midnight that I must go, she looked at the clock and murmured, 'Better late than never.'"

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, February 13, 1890. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 29.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. {C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.}
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

WHO WAS IT.

BY SHIRLEY BROWNE

"It wasn't a bad idea of mine, takin' city boarders," said Mrs. Maydew, as she sat in front of the kitchen table counting out bills of various denominations. "Just look at that, Zuleima—what I've cleared this summer, free of all expenses!"

"But it wasn't altogether your idea, mother," said Zuleima. "It was Cousin Maria's."

"Well, p'r'aps she did suggest it," said Mrs. Maydew; "but I carried it out—and a great deal better speculation I found it than sewing on shirts or taking in shoes to bind; and I've made the Durham cow's price—and I've bought Deacon Doubleday's second hand wagon, and a new stair carpet, and I've got a hundred dollars to put in the bank, besides all that!"

Zuleima listened with a sweet, abstracted smile. Durham cows—second hand wagons—bank accounts—what was that to the great happiness that had come to her through this city boarder experiment!

"Ought I to tell mother now, or ought I to leave it to him?" she questioned herself; and while she still deliberated, Mrs. Maydew's sharp, high pitched voice broke in upon the current of her thoughts.

"And really, now I come to think on't, I don't know but what I like young Fairgrave the best of any boarder we've had. Didn't you, Zuleima?"

The soft flood of carmine rushed to the girl's cheek, her eyelids drooped.

"Yes," she answered, almost inaudibly; "I—I liked him very well."

"And them pictures he painted were very good," went on unconscious Mrs. Maydew, "though they wasn't as bright colored as the chromo of 'Abraham A sacrificin' Isaac' over Miss Parker's parlor mantel and them views of ruined castles that Ruth Chicksey bought of the peddler for a dollar and a half each, gilt frames and all. They were sort o' dim colored, you know and the sun didn't seem to shine real bright in 'em. But it's strange, ain't it, about his bein' engaged?"

"Engaged!" Zuleima started and crimsoned more intensely than ever, a shy smile broke out upon her lips. Her secret, then, was out! Who could have betrayed it? Perhaps Vernon himself.

"I didn't believe a word of it at first," added Mrs. Maydew, rolling up her bills and placing them in a discolored leather pocket-book. Zuleima turned her face away, still smiling. "And she twice his age, at least," went on Mrs. Maydew.

"She? Who do you mean?"

"Maria, of course," said Mrs. Maydew. "I've always heard that there's no fool like an old fool, and I begin to believe it."

"Mother," cried Zuleima, "what do you mean?"

"La!" said Mrs. Maydew, "is it possible you hain't read that letter that came this mornin'? She's to be married to Fairgrave in November the poor, silly old goose—and she wants you to come up and help buy her wedding clothes. I couldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it writ and signed and sealed under her own name. And she five-and-forty if she's a day!"

Zuleima stood bewildered and amazed. The walls seemed to be whirling around her; the ticking of the old clock grew faint in her ears. Vernon Fairgrave engaged to Miss Maria Denham after all the sweet words he had whispered in her ear, all the tender hand pressures—the unutterable looks of love that passed between them! But, after all, now that she came to look dispassionately back on the past, she could not recall that he had ever said to her in so many words, "Will you be my wife?" He had never placed a betrothal ring on her finger; he had contented himself with vague words—glances which could not absolutely be interpreted into sentences, and a horrible sensation of shame and anger seemed to fill her veins with fire instead of blood as she thought of how she had been duped.

"He has been making game of me," she thought. "He has enjoyed his summer in the wilderness, and now he is going away—to leave me without a pang of remorse! Oh, Heaven! and how am I to endure it?"

"Ain't you well, Zuleima?" Mrs. Maydew asked with rather a frightened glance at her daughter. "I knowed you hadn't ought to go out into the hot sun to pick them last Lima beans to dry. Lay down, and let me get you the camphor bottle to smell to."

But Zuleima recovered herself with an effort.

"I'm well enough," said she. "Where is Maria's letter, mother? I want to read it. "Well, I never should have suspected Mr. Fairgrave of being a fortune hunter."

"It's a great thing to have a little money," shrewdly remarked Mrs. Maydew. "Though Maria ain't bad lookin', neither, for a woman of her years; not sence she got them new false teeth o' hern."

For Miss Denham was the one well-to-do member of the family, owing to a lucky speculation in coal-mine shares, on the part of the late Doctor Denham, whose only descendant she was—a plump, high-complexioned old maid with sparkling black eyes like jet beads, and a loud, cheery voice.

It was nearly noon the next day when Vernon Fairgrave strolled up to the house. Mrs. Maydew greeted him with a broad smile.

"Zuleima? She ain't home," said she, "She is gone to the city to Maria's to buy weddin' clothes. Aha! you see I know your secret?"

"She has told you then?"

"Of course she's told me?" said Mrs. Maydew, shaking the young artist's hand as if it were a pump-handle. "And I wish you all happiness, I'm sure. She's a good girl, if she ain't exactly a beauty, and—"

"But I think she is a beauty, Mrs. Maydew."

"Tastes differ," said the matron, with a shrug of the shoulders. "And I don't doubt she'll make you a good wife. 'Handsome is as handsome does,' that's my motto. Eh? Going to the city? Well, give her my love."

Meanwhile Zuleima, seated among the splendors of her cousin's trousseau, was looking with unseeing eyes at satins, silks, tulles, gloves, and bonnets, while Maria Denham in a loud voice recounted the various stages of the prospective bridal trip.

"We're to go to Niagara,' said she, "though I'm sure I don't know why, I never did take stock in water-falls, and then down the St. Lawrence, past the Thousand Islands—I wonder if anybody ever counted 'em, I sha'n't, I know—to Montreal. Eh, Zuleima? I took you by surprise, did I?"

"Rather," Zuleima answered, huskily.

"You thought I was a foregone conclusion—a desperate old maid," cried the bride-elect, with a peal of laughter. "Well, you see, I wasn't. Never mind, Zuleima, Mr. Fairgrave says—"

"And are you really to have a pink satin ball-dress," interrupted Zuleima, starting nervously at the sound of the name which had once been the sweetest music in her ears. "Why didn't you have heliotrope color instead?"

"He likes pink," said Maria, placidly. "It's his favorite color. And I should look a fright in heliotrope! But really, Zuleima, haven't you suspected anything all along?"

"No."

"Then you must have been stone blind," complacently observed the bride, holding up the plump engagement finger, on which sparkled a pure white diamond. "And I've worn this all along."

Zuleima tried to smile, but her heart was as ice within her. More and more she felt convinced that it was of no use trying to face things out. She could not stand calmly by and see another woman's palace of happiness rising up on the ashes of her own dead hopes. The "pride," the "spirit" on which she had relied were but broken reeds to lean upon. She would have given worlds, had they been hers, for a chance to hide herself away and weep out the anguish of her poor bleeding heart in solitude.

"I have been a fool," she told herself, "and all to win the chance of confronting him with his falsehood and baseness! Why did I not remain at home?"

Just then a servant brought in a card. Miss Denham pounced eagerly upon it.

"It's him!" said she joyously.

Zuleima recoiled as if an arrow had struck her.

"Your—your lover?" she gasped.

"Just that," nodded Maria, with an excellent view of the new false teeth. "Here, child, where are you going to? That door leads into the umbrella closet! What are you running away for, anyhow? Why shouldn't you stop and speak to your new cousin, eh?"

In her perturbation poor Zuleima had seized hold of the wrong door-handle, and ere she could recover herself the opposite portals were thrown wide open, and in walked a stout gentleman with a clean-shaven face and a shining bald head, carrying in one hand a gold-handled cane, and in the other a bouquet the size of a small haystack.

"My angel!" he said, dramatically.

Miss Maria jumped up and accorded him a hearty kiss.

"I'm so glad you happened to come in just now," said she. "Here's my cousin Zuleima Maydew. Zuleima, this is Mr. Fairgrave.

"Mr.—Fairgrave.

Maria burst out laughing once more.

"Well, I don't wonder you're amazed," said she. "Come to remember, you haven't any of you seen Nicholas before, and I'd forgotten to tell you how stout he was. Ain't much like his nephew, eh? Nicholas this is the young lady whose folks Vernon boarded with this summer; I've told you about 'em often."

"Happy to meet her. I'm sure," said Mr. Nicholas Fairgrave, on whose visage brooded a perpetual smile—possibly at the prospect of his matrimonial good fortune—and in the same instant Vernon Fairgrave's face was seen looking over his kinsman's broad shoulder.

"I thought I should find you here Zuleima," he said, brightening up.

"You can't think, my darling, how this secret of Uncle Nicholas' has embarrassed me these past weeks. But now you've found it out, I shall have a little peace once more."

"And upon my word," added Maria, "I don't see any reason why we shouldn't have a double wedding! Eh, Miss Rosy-face?" to Zuleima.

And in Zuleima's mingled wonder, delight and bewilderment she spoke no word of opposition to this new plan. Why should she, after all? Why should she postpone the dawning of her life's happiness?

But Mrs. Maydew's astonishment was beyond the power of words to describe.

"I thought of course it was Maria," said she.

"Why, didn't I tell you who it was?" rather sharply demanded Miss Denham.

"You said Mr. Fairgrave."

"Well, it was Mr. Fairgrave."

"How was I to know there were two Mr. Fairgraves?" demanded Mrs. Maydew, in an injured voice, and Maria's answer was another of those hearty peals of laughter that caused Mrs. Maydew to say irritably:

"I do believe she does it a purpose to show that set o' new false teeth!"

Zacharias Did It.

Old Zack shuffled forward, as his name was called, closely followed by the officer who had captured him in one of his nocturnal chicken-stealing expeditions. He held his catskin cap tightly under his arm, rubbing his woolly head thoughtfully with his disengaged hand.

"Well, prisoner, what is your name?"

"Zacharias Tobias."

"What?"

"Zacharias Tobias."

"Are you sure it is not Ananias?"

"I ain't sure of nuffin', yer honor; but I 'spects it'll be be Dennis fo' I gits out ob yere."

"Well Dennis—I should say Ananias—you were found in Deacon Smith's chicken-coop this morning at three o'clock, I believe."

"Quarter, pas' three, yer honor."

"Well, then, 3:15, to be more exact. I suppose you went there to read poetry."

"Sar?"

"Did you go there to read poetry?"

"Eat poultry? No, sar; don't want no raw poultry 'bout dis niggah. Don't eat poultry till it's done cooked."

"Well, Dennis, I am afraid your poultry will be cooked this time—your goose at least. Do you think you can get it done in thirty days?"

"It's pretty tough, yer honor—"

"Well, then, make it sixty days, so as to be on the safe side."

And as old Zach moved away he murmured, softly: "Dun fixed it this time; bound ter get three square meals a day for the next two months, sho'!"

"I am afraid," said Algernon, in a despairing tone, "that you are disposed to make light of my declaration of affection."

"Why, Mr. De Jones, how could you have guessed it?"

"Guessed what?"

"That I gave your last letter to brother Harry to light his cigar with."

One of our co-temporaries, in noting the successful career of a venerable man who has just died in Maine, makes the startling statement that "he was born without a dollar in his pocket."

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

February 13, 1890.

GOVERNOR FLEMING.

At last, after more than a year's waiting and watching, one of the most notable contests in the history of the country has been determined. Last week the West Virginia Legislature by a vote of 43 to 40 adopted the report of the Committee to which had previously been referred the contest of Fleming and Goff. By the report of that committee Fleming is clearly shown to have received a majority of the votes legally cast for Governor, and the adoption of the report placed him where the voice of the people placed him long ago, in the Governor's chair. But, ah! how hard the republicans die! They cry fraud! but can't point to a single instance where it has been perpetrated, except by their own party; they say it is a shame for a democratic body to displace a republican whose election appears on the face of the returns, but they don't have a word to say about that republican house at Washington ousting Congressman Jackson a few days ago; they say that the seating of Fleming will be the death of the democrating party in West Virginia; if they are sincere in this view, why do they take it so hard? The democrats would rejoice to sacrifice a political idol, if by so doing they could insure the death of the republican party. We fear they don't believe the party dead, else they would cease their wailing and would not longer refuse to be comforted. The democratic party may die, but, mark you, her ghost will will be hard to down. If, however, their pretended belief that we are dead, will afford them any consolation in the hour of mourning, or in any degree calm their rage, let them believe on. Take not away their only solace. Let them enjoy as long as they can the bliss of their ignorance; for sooner or later they must learn that the free sons of West Virginia are not of that class who repudiate a party because she demands her rights.

As to the fallen idol Goff we haven't a harmful word to utter, concerning the dead we would not willingly speak unkindly; but with respectful silence we behold him borne from the Legislative hall on his funeral Carr.

President Carr of the Senate owed his election to republican votes, and as long as he could, gratefully acknowledge his debt by voting with the republican party; but when it came to decide between Fleming and Goff, his conscience would let him go no further, but made his duty so plain that he was obliged in justice to forsake his former habit and vote for Fleming. Well done, good and faithful servant.

Labor is protected in this country till it accumulates a nest egg, then robbed by injustice and turned out to find the poor house and pauper burial ground.

Ah, Goff!—
How talkative at first lifts up his plumes!
How bravely doth he speak! How he presumes
To drive down all before him! But so soon
As Fleming talk'd of honest work, like the moon
That's past the full, into the wane he goes;
And so will a'l but he that honest-work know.

The Abram Cox Stove Works, Lansdale, Pa., were burned, on the 4th inst.; loss $73,000.

There was a net increase of $3,831,423 in the circulation during January, and a net increase in the Treasury of $10,830,539.

At the Barlow book sale, in New York, a volume of letters, written by Columbus, and published in 1493 brought $2,900.

The London Times has compromised the libel suit brought by Parnell by paying the later £5,000. It pays Campbell, his secretary, £200 and meets all costs.

The Milwaukee Journal says: "Among Wisconsin Democrats here are not enough anti-Cleveland men to make even a single tail feather," much less anything that could be called a wing.

Idaho is making strenuous efforts to secure admission to the Union. But the New York Telegram thinks that "Idaho ought to be made to wait a little longer. The voting population of the Territory is about 15,000 as against 45,000 for Washington, 40,000 for Montana, 41,000 for North Dakota and 70,000 for South Dakota."

The New York Tribune published a letter from a woman who says of her husband: "He has a little farm paid for and draws a pension of $8 a month; he is well and hearty and able to work." Now if he is well and hearty and able to work we wish the Tribune would explain why he is drawing a pension of $8 a month on the ground of disability incurred in the service of his grateful country.

John L. Sullivan was present when Peter Jackson sparred with Sullivan's side partner, Jack Ashton, in Boston, and he afterwards remarked to Dan Murphy that "The Coon" was clever and a better boxer than he supposed he was. "He is an awkward man to get at," the champion is reported to have said, "but after he gets one or two right-handers all the cleverness will be knocked out of him."

WASHINGTON LETTER

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, February, 1.—Ex-Speaker Carlisle is the hero of the hour in democratic circles, for the able manner in which he has compelled the majority of the House committee on Rules to act in reporting the code of Rules sooner than they had intended. The new Rules are about as one sided and unfair to the minority as they could well be, and give Speaker Reed almost as much authority as he has exercised without them. It took seven hours to get a majority vote in their favor from the republican caucus, and from all accounts the discussion was at times extremely bitter. A democratic caucus also considered the Rules reported, and although they regard them as so many gag laws, it was decided that if the republicans would allow a reasonable time for their debate, so that their injustice might be shown to the country, no unusual obstacles would be interposed by the democrats to prevent their adoption by the majority, as they only wish to put themselves on record as protesting against their adoption.

Economical men in Congress were surprised to learn from a speech of Senator Morrill's that owing to the overcrowded condition of the public buildings in Washington $221,349 a year is spent by the Government to rent private buildings. The buildings that are worst off are the White House, the Patent office, Post office and Government Printing office. The last named is in a deplorable condition, looked at from every standpoint. It is old, and its wall are in a dangerous condition; it is unhealthy and is in constant danger from fire. There is a pretty general agreement that it will be cheaper to erect the necessary buildings than to pay such a large amount for rents. Early action is expected in Congress to relieve this unsatisfactory state of affairs.

The republicans of the House did not dare to seat Smith, of West Virginia, until they had a legal quorum of their own members present to vote him in. Had they done otherwise the Supreme Court would probably have been given an opportunity to pass on the constitutionality of Mr. Reed's ruling in the matter of a quorum of the House. The fact that the republicans waited until they had a quorum present to take the decisive vote shows how little confidence they have in the legal status of Mr. Reed's rulings.

A gloom has been spread over official and social life in Washington, owing to the deaths in the cabinet circle. Sunday morning Secretary Blaine's daughter died, and Monday morning Secretary Tracy's residence was destroyed by fire, the lives of his wife and daughter lost, and himself brought out in an unconscious condition by the firemen. The funeral of Mrs. and Miss Tracy was held in the East room at the White House on Wednesday, and a more affecting scene has never been witnessed here.

Representative Matchler, of Pennsylvania, who is one of the shrewdest democrats in the House says "Reed's rulings have made it a certainty that the democrats will have a good working majority in the next House.

The United States Supreme Court has decided that the test oath clause in the constitution of Idaho is constitutional.

The Blair educational bill, which is beginning to look hoary, was taken up this week in the Senate. It will get through the Senate and it may get through the House, but it is doubtful.

Another re-tired pension office official—First deputy Commissioner Hiram Smith—has gone. When asked for his resignation he sent it in, and thereby secured an extra month's pay, the resignation being accepted to take effect March 5th, and he has been given leave of absence to that date. He was appointed last May.

Considerable excitement was created Wednesday by the news that ex-Speaker Randall was much worse. Mr. Randall has been so deeply interested in the fight in the House that he has overtasked his brain thinking of it in order to make suggestions to the democratic leaders, and it has had a bad effect upon his health.

A bill has been introduced in the Senate to admit New Mexico. An attempt was made to have the Senate pass the bill providing for the organization of Oklahoma Territory this week, but it failed, not because of opposition, but because precedence was claimed for the Blair educational bill.

The Ohio ballot box forgery investigation was resumed this week. Among the most interesting witnesses were Governor Campbell and Murat Halstead. Ex-Governor Foraker attends every session of the committee, and seems to fully realize that he is on trial.

Mr. Harrison did not attend the Supreme Court centennial in New York on account of the sad bereavement in the homes of two of his cabinet members.

—Beautiful weather.

HOME NEWS

—Plenty of mud.

—Wonder whats the matter with our correspondents this week.

—B. M. Yeager, Esq., of Traveler's Repose was in town Tuesday.

—C. A. Lightner, Esq., was in the city Tuesday.

—Penick Wallace, Esq., of Mill Point was in our city Monday.

—E. H. Moore, Esq., of Academy was in town last Friday.

—E. T. Shoby, of Petersburg was in Huntersville last Saturday.

—J. C. Gay, Esq., of Edray was in our city last Saturday.

—S. B. Moore, Esq., of Edray was in town last Saturday.

—Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold, of Frost was in town last Saturday.

—A few cases before justice Grose last Saturday.

—Rev. W. T. Price, of Marlinton, came in to see us Monday.

—W. S. Yager, of Baltimore, was in town Tuesday night.

—H. A. Yeager, Esq., of Cheyenne Wyoming Ty., was in town Tuesday.

—Davis Dilley, Esq., of Dilley's Mill, started Monday, for Red Oak, Montgomery Co., Iowa.

—Mr. John W. Warwick, of Edray made us a pleasant call last Saturday.

—Messrs. John Driscol, Charles Steinmyer, Sam Wissinger and Geo. Baxter were in town Monday night.

—We are requested to announce there will be a shooting match at hickory hollow near Huntersville on Feb., 22nd.

—Attorney H. S. Rucker returned Sunday evening from a week's business trip to Lewisburg, and Lynchburg.

—The Baltimore conference M. E. Church South will convene in Baltimore City on the 12th day of March, Bishop W. W. Duncan, presiding.

—Mr. James Dyches, died at his home, in Lewisburg on the 1st inst., of bronchitis aged 65 years and 10 months.

—Miss Rebecca A. Beard died at the residence of her brother A. M. Beard, Esq., in Renick's Valley, Greenbrier Co., on the 30 inst., of cancer, in the 56th year of her age.

—Bald heads are too many when they may be covered with a luxuriant growth of hair by using the best of all restorers, Hall's Hair Renewer.

—For the restoration of faded and gray hair to its original color and freshness, Ayer's Hair Vigor remains unrivaled. This is the most popular and valuable toilet preparation in the world; all who use it are perfectly satisfied that it is the best.

—S. Hackerman, Esq., was in town Monday night until about 11 o'clock and as he was returning to his boarding place across the creek, in the bridge by the light of his lantern he saw some one with hat pulled over his face jump behind one of the large braces. Mr. Hackerman thinking some one was wanting the handsome sum of money that was known to be on his person, retraced his steps with a hop-step and a jump and stayed in town that night.

—A beautiful young lady became so badly disfigured with pimples and blotches that it was feared she could die of grief. A friend recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which she took, and was completely cured. She is now one of the fairest of the fair.

NOTICE.—Having been solicited by a goodly number of my old customers to resume the fishing business I have concluded to do so, hoping all concerned may be benefited. Respectfully,
25-tf. JOSEPH S. SMITH.

Dead Letter List.

For the month ending Jan. 31:

Mrs. Harriet Dunbrack, 1 letter,
Mrs. E. L. Barber, 1 "
Mrs. Hettie Lester, 1 "
Miss Carrie E. Thomas 2 "
James Blerthy 2 "
Mrs. Isabell E. Rider 1 "

Parties calling for above will please say they were advertised.

G. W. WAGNER, P. M.

Marlinton Movements

During the recent tide, several rafts moved off for Ronceverte.

There was also quite a run of logs with the Driscoll brand.

It is believed hereabouts, that the missing Knapp, is yet among the living, not taking the nap that knows no waking, as many suppose.

Owing to the parties unexpected absence to Bath, on special ministerial service, there will be no preaching at Marlins Bottom church next Sabbath, Feb., 16th. The appointment will be carried on to the 3rd Sabbath of March.

H. K. S.

Traveler's Repose Locals.

We have a good prayermeeting at the church, near here every Wednesday night. All the young converts that professed at Brother Ballengee's meeting appear to take a great interest in the meeting. May the good work go on.

B. M. Yeager, is having a large lot of cherry logs hauled together near here, which he will have sawed this spring.

J. L. Arbogast, who fell on an ax and split his knee cap on the 14th day of last December is, improving slowly. He can walk a little by the help of one crutch.

I notice that the writer from Brush Run forgot to say, when Professor Stalnaker startes home with his best girl. He can only stand part of the long walk up the mountain. He also forgot to say the prospects are bright for a wedding at Mr. J. W. Riley's in the near future.

The snow is about two inches deep at this writing. We have had but little snow this winter, and no ice. Sleighs and skates appear to be useless property this winter.

Preston Tracy, who has been working at the lumber camp at Winchester, had the misfortune to have his leg mashed to pieces below the knee, by a log jumping off the slide.

B. B. Kerr, has completed a sheep stable, which will stable three hundred sheep. For architecture add convenience, this stable beats anything we have ever seen.

Alvin Gillispie will soon close his fifth term of school at the Hoover school house.

W. F. Grogg has built a large house on his farm and will move into it soon.

Another violent attack of La Grippe made its appearance on Brush Run in a most singular form. It is to be feared that a relapse will dislocate on F. B. Stalnaker's back.

Miss Gracy Kennedy who lives near Prof. Stalnaker's school house has also had a few attacks of "grip."

Wishing THE TIMES success, I am,

JESSIE GROSS.

Railroad Accident

A terrible accident occurred on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad near the big Pennsylvania tunnel between Hinton and Lowell in this state. The switch had been left open, and a freight train, dashing along at a pretty fair rate, shot out of the track and into the signal station, which was built near the track and on the bank of the New River. The little house was torn from the foundation and, with the telegraph operator carried into the river. The locomotive and tender also went over. The operator, engineer and fireman were drowned.

Horrible Accident

On Monday morning last, the residence, in Washington, of Benj. F. Tracy, Secretary of War, was burned, and one of his daughters Mary, was suffocated, and the French maid was burned to death, and his wife died from injuries received in the fall from the window in her effort to escape, and he himself was rendered unconscious by suffocation from the smoke, and was with great difficulty rescued and saved. It was a terrible calamity.

Commissioner's Office.

Huntersville, Pocahontas County W. Va., February 6th, 1890.

James T. Hartman,
vs. } IN CHY.
Isaac Hartman's Adm'r &c.

All persons interested in above cause are hereby notified, that I will proceed at my office on Saturday, March 8th, 1890, to take the following accounts:

1st. A further settlement of the accounts of W. L. Brown Adm'r of Isaac Hartman dec'd.

2nd. An account of the funds under the control of the Court in this cause.

3rd. An account making distribution of said funds amongst the parties entitled thereto.

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest as required by decree of the Circuit Court of said County rendered in above cause at the April term thereof 1889, and the October term thereof 1889 at which time and place you are required to attend.

JAMES W. WARWICK, Jr.
Com'r Ch. Ct. P. C.

Feb 13 4w printers fee $7 64

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of S. D. Price:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said S. D. Price to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said S. D. Price, which are liens his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me, at my office, in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on or before the 22nd day of February, 1890.

Given under my hand this 30th day of Jany., 1890.

C. F. MOORE, Com'r.

Jan 30 4w printers fee $5.53

Advice to Mothers.

Fiduciary Notice.

The following is a list of Fiduciaries whose accounts are before me for settlement.

Levi Gay, late Sheriff, and as such Adm'r of Joseph B. Young.

John Ligon ex'r of Robert D. McCutcheon dec'd.

JAMES W. WARWICK, Jr.
Com'r of Acct's for Pocahontas County.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County W. Va., on the first Monday in February 1890.

Samuel Judy,
vs. In Chy.
Henry C. Massey,

The object of this suit is to sell 55 acres of land on Brown's Mountain in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, the same land sold by the plaintiff, Samuel Judy, to the defendant Henry C. Massey, to pay the two last installments of purchase money due on same of $62.50, each, with interest on first installment from September 15th 1885, and interest on the second installment from September, 15th, 1885, until paid and the costs of this suit.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant Henry C. Massey is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that he appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

McClintic, p. q.
feb 13 4 t. printers fee $7.95

Commissioner's Notice.

M. P. Slaven
vs.
S. D. Price.

All parties interested will hereby take notice, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above named cause,

ON THE 21st DAY OF OCTOBER, 1889

I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court, at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday the 22nd day of February, 1890, to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. An account of all the liens against the lands of the defendant S. D. Price with their amount, dignities and priorities.

2nd. An account showing what lands are owned by the said S. D. Price, their location and probable value, and whether the same will rent in five years for a sufficient sum to pay off and discharge the liens on the same.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

C. F. MOORE, Commissioner.

Jan 30-4t. printers fee $7.99

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the Creditors of William Burr, dec'd

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said William Burr to the payment of his debts, you are required to present your claims against the estate of the said William Burr, adjudication to L. McClintic, Commissioner, at his office in the said County, on or before the 15th day of February 1890.

Witness: John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court, this 7th day of January 1890.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Printers fee $6.28 jan. 9 6w

NOTICE.

To the Stockholders of the Ronceverte, Lewisburg and Coal Knob Railroad Company.

You will take notice that the first regular meeting of the stockholders of the above named Company will be held at the Law Office of L. J. Williams in the town of Lewisburg, W. Va., on the 28th day of February, 1890, for the purpose of organizing, and transacting such other business as may be necessary.

Notice is also given that the books of said company are opened for the purpose of receiving subscriptions to the capital stock of said company, and will be found in the possession of L. J. Williams at his office in Lewisburg.

By order of a majority of the stockholders.

H. T. BELL,
E. T. HAINES,
J. A. HANDLY,
L. J. WILLIAMS,
JOHN A. PRESTON.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

February 13, 1890.

HENRY WATTERSON'S LUCK.

I suppose more stories could be be told about Watterson than any man who has ever stepped foot upon a race track, and they are all as full of interest as a hickory nut is full of meat. I remember something that happened in New York in the fall of 1882. I shall relate it to show the luck that Watterson has played in ever since he was born. I was with him at the time. Edgar Johnson, of Cincinnati, who was ex-Governor Hoadley's law partner, and myself met Watterson at Cincinnati and we traveled on to Gotham. Johnson is a great poker player, and he had most of our good coin before we reached our destination. * * * *

It was on a Saturday afternoon. Crickmore had beaten Hindoo in a special race. A vast crowd was present—I should say twenty thousand of New York's fashionables. The beautiful race track pulsated with enthusiasm. We had been told that Hindoo was invincible. Excellent judges of horseflesh like Jim Lawrence, the secretary of the club; Benny Bradford, Charlie Reed, Josiah Hubbard, Jimmy Lee, in fact all the talent was on Hindoo because of the form he had shown. We were on Hindoo also, much to our intense disgust. Crickmore had taken Hindoo by the head and run him to a standstill. All this time our board bill at the Everett had been increasing. We had just begun to realize this fact. After the Hindoo-Crickmore contest we had just $15 left. I went into the telegraph office and was about to wire home for more money. I think I had partially written my message when Watterson approached.

"What are you doing old man?" he asked.

"Sending home for some more stuff. We can't go much further on what we have," I replied.

"For heaven's sake, don't do that. The boys will never cease guying us," urged Watterson. "Give me what money you have and see what I can do." So I handed over what I had. I think it was $9. I'll never forget Watterson's remark as he left me. With a wave of his hand he gayly remarked, "I'll meet you in the gloaming," and disappeared in the crowd. I moved along leisurely toward the betting, wondering what Watterson would do.

The next race was the final event of a long and really sensational programme. It was a dash of three-quarters of a mile and there was a long array of starters. I should say at least a dozen, all good, second-class horses. Warfield, the representative of the Brooklyn Stable, and Cridge, a very clever sprinter, divided the honors of first choice between them. It was a great betting race. The money fairly poured into the box. I caught sight of Watterson last once. He was standing by the gate leading to the saddling paddock talking to Charley Shaver, who was dressed in the cherry and black of the Rancocas stable. Shaver was Pierre Lorillard's second jockey. He was to ride a War Dance filly called Sly Dance, which nobody paid any attention to. The filly had been running very poorly, and the odds in the books were 20 to 1 against her.

The field got a magnificent send-off and, compassed by a cloud of dust, the racers bowled merrily along the back stretch. Presently I saw the red and blue sash of the Dwyers forge to the front. It was Warfield. He was now well in the lead. Cridge was second. The pace was terrific. By three quarter post there was a clump of trees and I lost sight of the leaders for a moment. At the head of the stretch Warfield was still in front, but McLaughlin's whip arm was cleaving the air. Cridge was overhauling him fast, and the crowd cried Cridge wins!" A furlong from the winning post one of the contestants was seen to swerve to the outside of the track. But the rider quickly pulled the animal together and then came in with a frightful burst of speed. It was Sly Dance. The beautiful chestnut filly was running like a wild horse. Every muscle in Shaver's body was in motion. Midway past the grand stand Sly Dance took the lead and won by an open length.

I was watching the crowd file out of the gates and standing beside Congressman Scott when Watterson suddenly seized us both by the arm.

"Well," I asked, "what luck?"

"Bully," was Watterson's rejoinder, at the same time displaying three $5 French tickets on Sly Dance. These tickets paid $250 each. I did not telegraph for money that night.

The Atlantic-Pacific Railway Tunnel, the great project of "Brick" Pomery, is really being cut through the main range of the Rocky Mountains, sixty miles due west from Denver. It will shorten railway distance 250 miles between Denver and Salt Lake City. More than 4,000 persons are now financially interested in the enterprise. The Tunnel will be five miles long and 4,400 feet below the top of Gray's Peak. The company enters the year 1890 entirely free from floating debt, all its bills paid and work going ahead day and night in both ends of the Tunnel. By the use of modern machinery from six to ten feet headway is gained every day. More than 250 veins of gold and silver will be crossed by the Tunnel and its mineral rights alone will be worth millions. At the late election Pomeroy was elected President, and given the entire management for ten years. The company has money sufficient to carry on its work, and is taking rank among the greatest enterprise in the country. To those who care to know of it, a large descriptive illustrated pamphlet will be sent free. Address, Mark M. Pomeroy, President 234 Broadway, New York City.

She—You are very kind to invite me to go sleighing, but—did your horse ever run away?

He—Often. You see, I am careless about horses, and often let the reins fall to the bottom of the sleigh and drive with my feet.

She—I'll go.

White Pine Lumber.

I am now prepared to furnish White Pine Lumber, Shingles and Laths on short notice. Any one desiring bills sawed will please furnish me bill and it will be furnished on short notice.

My mill is situated near Alexander Rider's. Resptfully,

H. M. LOCKRIDGE.

A CARD.

To weak nervous and debilitated men suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, Early Decay, Lost Manhood, Varicocele, etc., we will send a remedy guranteed to effect a speedy cure. This great restorative was discovered by an eminent London physician whose life work was devoted to suffering humanity in the hospitals of the world's metropolis, and will be cheerfully sent to the unfortunate. Send now. Address, The Acton Medical Co., Washington, D. C. Sole agents for America.

Oct. 31-1 yr.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES.

Oh, here's to the miss
With the chocolate-drop kiss,
Whose cheeks are like peaches and cream,
Whose smile is like wine
And whose eyes are divine
As the fairies I see in my dream.
She sauces her ma
And "talks back" to her pa,
And novels her hours employ,
She's pretty to see,
But please excuse me—
I would dare not marry the toy.

And here's to the girl—
A plain featured pearl—
Who scatters wherever she goes
Such kind words and deeds
As every heart needs—
Like perfume is sown by the rose.
Her hands she employs
In bringing fresh joys
To the souls that are burdened with strife,
If naught shall prevent
And win her consent
Some time I shall call her my wife.

LOST IN A MINE.

They were talking about the recent mining disaster at San Leandro that brought the conversation around to mining accidents generally, and finally one of the party recalled the Comstock terror of two years ago, when a cave in the Gould & Curry buried nine men alive.

"I had a pretty ugly experience in the mines myself eight years ago," said one of the party, an ex-Nevadan.

"I was a boy of 14 or 15 then, with about as little sense of prudence as most boys of that age, and I had a chum about as old, who was as careless as myself.

"We lived to the north end of Virginia City, and had a big back yard in which we always planned our expeditions. One day, in poking around that big yard! we found near an old shed a big iron ring. This was fastened to a heavy plank cover that hid the mouth of an old shaft. This cover was hid by a couple of inches of dirt.

"When the first big excitement struck the Comstock everybody went to digging, and now the whole side of Mt. Davidson is as full of abandoned shafs as a Swiss cheese is of holes. Within the town limits all the abandoned shafts are filled up or covered so as to keep belated pedestrians out of them. The mine we decovered in the corner of the yard had been too extensively worked to allow of its being filled up, and therefore had been covered up as described.

"We didn't lose much time in prying up that cover and beginning the exploration of what we found. The shaft was evidently an upraise from some drift of the lower mines, for it went down at an angle of about 45. As soon as we had descended 30 feet we saw that the workings had been very extensive indeed, for drifts and winzes went off from the main shaft in every direction. We went into several of these but always found ourselves stopped by a cave, for the workings were very old. Some shovels and picks that we discovered were almost gone with rust, and the timbers where they stood were bent and crushed and rotten. By guarded inquiries we found that it was in the ground of the Ophir Mining Company, and a drift had probably been extended to this place in an attempt to strike a ledge to the west. We knew that the old workings must connect with it somewhere, for the air was good and there was a steady up draught.

"Finally the idea took possession of us to go from our mine into some of the working ones and come up that way.

"The Andes shaft was only a few hundred yards from our mine, and we knew they must be connected. We knew enough about the mines to take what we thought were sufficient precautions against getting lost. The grain of the rock showed us the directions as surely as a compass, so we were not at all apprehensive. We thought that we might be down for several hours, however, and so took along a number of extra candles and some lunch. Thus fixed we began to clamber down the old shaft. A hundred feet below the surface we found some more drifts, and spent an hour or so in them. But all were either blocked with caves or else stopped in the solid porphyry. So we had to go on clambering down the incline.

"Ben was ahead, and I saw him stop, and then he shouted back to me:

"'This is the bottom.'

"He stood clear of the walls and lifted up his candle to examine the place.

"'This is the bottom,' he repeated.

"'Are you sure?' I called back.

"'Yes; I—'

"I saw his candle disappear, amid a crash. He called to me that it was all right, and to come down, and I cautiously followed, though I could not see his light anywhere. Soon I found out what was the matter. The miners had built a platform across the shaft, probably to prevent things from rolling down and my companion's weight had broken through the planks that had been placed in position so long before. He had only slid a few yards down the incline, and, barring a few scratches, was unhurt. A very little way below the old platform we struck the 200 foot level of the mine, and started off to explore the tunnels. After following a crooked old tunnel we came to a point where it forked.

"We entered the left hand tunnel, but found that it extended less than 20 yards. When we came to a standstill against the wall of rock Ben put his candle close to the wall to observe the grain of the porphyry. He made an exclamation of surprise. By the grain of the rock we had been traveling almost north, when we thought we were making good progress to the south. When or how we had got 'turned around' we could not tell, but there was no possibility of doubt about it.

"We lost no time in retracing our steps, but to our surprise when we came to the crooked tunnel again we saw the mouths of three drifts instead of two. We took the tunnel that led to the right and were gratified to find that it turned to the south after a few yards. It ended in an incline something like the one by which we had entered the mine. Down this went Ben, while I waited above, so as to be able to direct him back with my voice. Soon I heard him calling to me and I followed.

"'Look here,' said Ben, putting his candle close to a clammy timber.

"I looked and saw a chalk mark.

"'We've gone round in a circle somehow,' said Ben. 'There is the wheelbarrow you fell over. We had better follow our marks back and try it again some other time.'

"I was willing, and we walked back, occasionally stopping to see the marks on the timbers.

"'I didn't notice those things before, did you?' said my companion, as we passed half a dozen rusty picks that must have been lying there a decade, at least.

"I hadn't noticed them either, and soon we bumped our heads against an old lantern hanging from the top of the drift. We hadn't met that before. Then we saw more unfamiliar things, and we noticed that there was water beside the old car track, while the drifts by which we had come were all dry as a bone.

"We looked at one another and evidently the same thought passed through both our minds, but we kept on and soon our fears were realized. The tunnel ended in what had been, years before, a cooling station, a place where the miners ate their lunch and rested and cooled off when they were working in the neighboring drifts. We had followed some one else's chalk marks, and we had no idea of our whereabouts.

"'We can't get out the way we came,' said Ben, 'and no work is done in the upper levels, so what we've got to do is to get down as far as we can, and we're bound to run across some miners.' Then we began trying to find ourselves. We took the nearest tunnel and followed it until we came to a shaft with ladders in it. These ladders were crumbling and had evidently not been used for years, but we were not heavy and they did not break. Down we climbed to another level. This we followed as before.

Whenever we came to a shaft we threw a fragment of rock down to ascertain how deep it was. Then we would climb down as far as we could. We had just reached one level when a rushing sound broke the stillness. The noise startled us for an instant, but hurrying ahead we saw hundreds of rats coming out of a small tunnel at the mouth of which stood a moulderding old ore car.

"This cheered us, for we decided that men must frequent some place near there, or the rats, which in the mines live on the remains of the miners' lunches, could get nothing to eat. But though we hunted until we had to stop and cry again, we could find no one. Down an incline we went and struck a tunnel that had evidently been used more lately than the others. As we turned into it we saw a spark away off. Soon we saw that it was a candle carried by a miner. We let out a shout, but to our amazement and horror the minor dropped his candle and ran as if forty devils were chasing him. We hurried after him and picked up his candle, but he must have turned into some other drift, for we could not find him, and our weary search soon became as hopeless as before. We had by this time been in the mine a good many hours and had cried ourselves sick. No matter which way we turned, there was the same dead cold walls of rock. The passages were endless, they seemed to lead nowhere. We passed several old cooling stations and at last we got to one and stopped. We were utterly exhausted, and with all our misery choking us we swallowed some of our lunch, blew out our candles and, holding each other's hands, fell asleep.

"I remember that my last thought before I became unconscious was that a long time afterward they would find our bodies, and I think I even composed my face and arranged my limbs so as to make a more effective corpse. Nothing about this struck me as being funny. Indeed, I fell asleep crying. We must have slept a good many hours, and my next recollection is of our lying there together, sobbing, in the dense darkness. Suddenly I became conscious of a low, continued roar as of water running a long way off. My companion heard it and we listened, dully wondering what it could be. We finally lit a candle, ate the last of our lunch and started to find out. We had both been down the mines frequently before and had no fear of the darkness or the rats, so we went without hesitation. It was not hard to follow the noise. Along tunnels, down short upraises and up inclines we went until we struck our corridor. We followed on toward the noise. It was louder here, and as we advanced it grew into a perfect roar that filled the tunnel.

"Soon we ran into a wall of wood from behind which the noise come. We peered through a chink in the plank partition and saw a broad moving line. It was the cable that hoists the cage, and that is what made the noise.

We watched through the chink in the boards until we saw a cage loaded with rocks go up and then began to think how we could reach the point from which the cage had started. We knew that we were very far under ground, for the rocks that we threw down the frequent shafts splashed in the water at the bottom. It was not long before we found a deep shaft, and down that we clammered. As we neared the bottom we heard another rumbling—an ore car running along the tramway. We shouted as we went down the ladders and the carman answered our cry. Soon we were standing by him while he looked us over with wonder.

"'Where are we?' we both shouted, as soon as could speak.

"'This is the 1500-foot level of the Crown Point,' he answered.

"We had gone a mile and a half under the ground and nearly a third of a mile down. We were sick and bruised and hungry and our clothes were torn almost off of us. It was ten o'clock in the morning when we entered the old incline, and it was nearly 4 o'clock the next morning when the carman found us. In no time at all we had been fed and sent in charge of a miner on the cage to daylight again."

First Burglar—"Pard, the jig is up. No breaking into that bank to-night." Second Burglar—"What's the matter? Are the detectives onto us?" First Burglar—"No; I saw the president and cashier buying tickets for Montreal this morning."

Women is an enigma. She will face a frowning world and cling to the man she loves through the most bitter season of trial and adversity, but she wouldn't wear a hat three weeks behind the style to save the Government.

Pocahontas Times.

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STATE SENATOR.

This is Pocahontas' turn to furnish State Senator and our correspondent POCAHONTAS mentions in another column the name of Attorney C. F. Moore as the suitable man to lead the Democrats to victory in the coming election, which we most heartily endorse.

The republicans, next year, will make a greater effort than ever before to get control of the Legislature, and what we want and must have, is a man who will be a sure winner and who can be thoroughly relied on when elected, and we know of no other man who will more fully meet all the requirement than the above mentioned gentleman.

Floods.

Last year the Eastern States suffered most severely from the heavy floods, the far Western States having escaped almost entirely.

In 1890 the reverse promises to be the case. The heavy snows laid the foundation for over-swollen watercourses, and the copious warm rains of the past week have set the water to running in great volumes.

Reports of disasters have begun to arrive from different parts of Oregon, California, Washington, Colorado and elsewhere, and the danger ahead seems to be the greatest ever known from such a source since the settlement of that section. Many cities and towns are cut off by the water from all communication with the outside world, and immense loss of property and some loss of life is feared.

It is to be hoped that the fears so freely expressed are exaggerated, and that later news from the flooded country will be of a more cheerful cast.

A rumor comes up from Charleston that Judge Snyder, of the Supreme Court of Appeals, will soon tender his resignation. It is to be hoped that the rumor is without foundation as he is about the ablest jurist on the Supreme Bench. The reason assigned as that the work is too severe for him. Judge Snyder is now serving his second term. In the event of his resignation we know of no man we would rather see as his successor than Judge Homer A. Holt, of Lewisburg.—Mountain Herald.

The Roanoke Machine Works now employ 1,400 men. The pay roll last month amounted to over $55,000.

Mary L. C. Ross, was shot and killed in Staunton, a few days ago by Amos B. Grimble, and Beny Strother as accessary; all colored, and of a low character.

The date for the unveiling of the Lee monument at Richmond has been changed from the 15th to the 29th of May next, to suit the convenience of several distinguished gentlemen whose presence is considered important.

A great suit, arising out of Louisiana Lottery stock, and involving $1,000,000 has been begun against John A. Morris, owner of Morris Park. He will be defended by ex President Cleveland.

Frank P. Slavin has declined the Californian A. C.'s offer of a purse for him and Joe McAuliffe to box for. He says he does not wish to engage in any "catch match." He will wait until Sullivan and Jackson get through and then offer to meet the winner for $5,000 to $12,000 a side.

WASHINGTON LETTER

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, February, 14.—Mr. Reed's puppets, the republican members of the House, have humbly obeyed their masters orders and the new Rules have been adopted by the House. The democrats made manly protests against being robbed of their rights but their arguments did not cause a single republican to vote against the edict of the boss—nobody supposed they would. Now that the bars are down and that Congress practically consists of Speaker Reed and the Senate there is great rejoicing among that thriftly class of people who thrive on extravagant government appropriations, and if one may judge from the number of schemes now before Congress calling for large amounts of money which seem to have the endorsement of leading republicans, they have reason for rejoicing. If only one-fourth of the money asked for should be voted by Congress, the Treasury would be empty. The country may safely count on the democrats of the House to keep it posted on what is going on if they cannot check the proposed extravagance.

Senator Blair spoke four days on his educational bill this week. The opponents of this measure in the Senate have been working very quietly to defeat it, and now they are confidently claiming that a majority of the Senators are pledged to vote against it. In spite of this claim the general impression is that the bill will pass.

Col. Lamont, who was formerly Mr. Cleveland's private secretary, was in Washington this week for part of a day. He said his visit was a business one, but lots of people thought there might have been just a little politics mixed up with the business.

The democratic congressional campaign committee is practically complete, and further announcement as to its organization is not likely to be made until it is definitely known whether Senator Gorman will accept the chairmanship of the committee, which is now being urged upon him by the party leaders.

The hearings in the Ohio ballot box forgeries investigation, which were used by Ohio republicans to get even with each other on old scores, have been closed, all witnesses discharged and the committee adjourned subject to the call of its chairman. The last hearing was highly sensational. Foraker called Grosvenor a liar, and Wood stated that the forged document was prepared by Foraker, Hadden and himself. Wood has been detected in a good many lies, but there are lots of folks who believe he was pretty near the truth in this last statement.

How's this for paternal government? Bills have been introduced by republicans in both Houses to prohibit any changes being made in the boundaries of any Congressional district until after Congress shall have made the apportionment of Representatives on the returns of the census to be taken this year. If Congress, or a majority thereof, can make such a law there is no limit to what it may not do.

Representative Grimes, of Georgia, left a Washington hotel because a negro was seated at the same table with him. Public opinion here says Mr. Grimes did right.

Representative Blount's bill authorizing the Postmaster General to erect post-office buildings in all towns where the gross receipts exceed $3,000 a year is warmly approved by Mr. Wanamaker.

Senator Moody has introduced a bill providing for the erection of a post-office building in all towns of 4,000 population.

Senator Pierce has introduced a bill for an agricultural commission to investigate the causes for the present unsatisfactory condition of the agricultural interests.

The Postmaster General wants a postal telegraph system, embracing those cities having the free delivery system, to be established at once. He made a long argument in its favor before the House committee on Post offices this week. He believes it would be a great convenience and that it would be self sustaining.

Ex Representative Symes, of Colorado, is here opposing Secretary Windom's silver bill. The House committee in charge of the bill has invited Mr. Windom to appear before it and submit his views.

Another big republican editor has been provided for by the administration. Charles Emory Smith, editor of the Philadelphia *Press* goes to Russia as minister.

The Presidential proclamation opening the Sioux reservations in South Dakota to settlement, was sent out from the White House Monday afternoon.

The anti administration republican Senators did not make much of a showing when it came to a vote on the confirmation of Mr. Morgan, the Commissioner of Indian affairs. Only two of them voted against the confirmation.

The democratic leaders in the House are now patiently waiting to ascertain just what programme the republicans propose adopting now that they have everything their own way in that body.

Don't Go West, Young Man—Go East.

The unmarried women of Massachusetts are said to have $29,000,000 on deposit in the saving banks of the State.

Mrs. Harrison thinks the proper time for a girl to marry is when she is 25 years of age, but the general opinion is that a maiden should marry when she gets a good chance.

HOME NEWS.

—Several drummers were in town lately.

—The post office inspector was in town last week.

—Several new subscribers late[illegible]

—Drummers are plentiful now—a sign that spring is approaching.

—The merry song of the frog is again heard in our distant swamps.

—County Court the first Tuesday in March.

—We had quite a thunder storm Tuesday night.

—The postoffice in the Hotel by Wagner is being moved to the little building opposite THE TIMES office.

—H. M. Yeager, Esq., of Traveler's Repose was in to see us last week.

—Jim Slaven, Esq., of this place started this morning (Wednesday) for Vine Creek, Kansas.

—Valentine day is over, and we didn't get one, but we don't feel at all slighted.

—Col. D. A. Fisher, has the foundation dug for a new dwelling house on the lot he bought, adjoining Attorney H. S. Rucker's.

—We will commence the erection of a new printing office pretty soon, which will add to the appearance of our little town.

—J. C. Loury, Jr., has been quite sick for the past several days, but, we are glad to say, is a good deal better now.

—Thanks to Dr. Larue, of Academy, for three years' subscription to THE TIMES; one year back pay and two years in advance.

—If we had one thousand more subscribers like the six hundred we have we wouldn't trade places with any other county paper in the State.

—A new fence, we think, would greatly improve the appearance of the court house square; it wouldn't cost very much and we venture to suggest that it be done.

—Miss Girtie Gollip, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Jacob Bosser at this place for some time started this morning (Wednesday) for her home in Baltimore.

—Capt. J. C. Lokie and Mr. Levi Gay brought down a lumber raft from Marlinton last Thursday evening. It contained about 25,000 feet of ash.—Ronceverte News.

—Hall's Hair Renewer is free from alcohol and dyes that injure the skin. It is scientifically prepared, and will restore gray hair to its original color and vigor.

—Every lover of beautiful flowers should send 10 cents to James Vick, Rochester, N. Y. and get his Floral Guide for 1890. We have one, and it is the completest thing of the kind out. Flowers are earth's ornamentation from God's own hand, and the influence which they [illegible]

—"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past [illegible] years, and am satisfied I should not be alive today if it had not been for them. They cured me of [illegible] when all other remedies [illegible]."—T. P. [illegible], Chester, Pa. Ayer's Pills are sold by all druggists.

—We hear from the Monroe Watchman, that the large frame dwelling house of Mr. Daniel [illegible] [illegible]

—Last week one our merchants put a little three dollar ad. in THE TIMES. The next day we happened to step in his store and seeing him very busy, and a crowded store, we asked one of his customers, "Why did you come here to buy your goods?" and his answer was, "We seen his advertisement in THE TIMES." The merchant informed us that evening, that he had sold one hundred dollars worth of goods. Now, counting 25 per cent. profit (which of course all merchants ought to have on their goods) and three dollars for the ad. would leave him a clear gain of twenty-two dollars for the day's work, to say nothing of the good it will do him hereafter. Now, let us ask you does advertising pay?

The Next State Senator.

If the Democrats of this Senatorial District follow the custom heretofore established, of selecting their candidate, in rotation from each of the counties composing the district, the county last represented in the Senate, being entitled to the Candidate; Pocahontas' time to furnish the Candidate has arrived and we see no reason why our County should not have the next Senator. We have kept up our democratic majority, as well, if not better than any county in the Senatorial District. We have a large and growing county and our people deserve the same encouragement at the hands of the Democratic Party, for their fidelity, that has been extended to the other counties of the District, we have among us several available candidates, that would do honor to the District, but from among them all, we suggest the name of C. F. Moore, of Huntersville as the one best equipped in every respect to lead the Democratic Party of this District to victory next November, a gentleman affable in his manner, popular with the people, successful in his profession, ready in debate, well informed on the issues of the day and withall a sterling democrat, and we think no better or abler man could be selected, as our standard bearer in the coming contest.

POCAHONTAS.

Douthard's Creek Items.

As I haven't seen anything from this back of the woods for some time I will give you a line or two.

LaGrippe has made its way into our neighborhood in a mild form.

The steam saw mill near A. W. Rider's is in full blast.

Geo. Baxter, Esq., is doing some surveying on Laurel creek, for the St. Lawrence Co. Chas. E. Steinmyer is also working in behalf of the same Company.

Messrs. Will Gibson, of Frost and B. F. White of this creek, were in Greenbrier Co., last week, and brought back with them some fine cattle they purchased there.

Rev. W. T. Price, was the guest of Mr. Henry White, one night last week.

The Lovely Dale school, taught by Miss [illegible] Sharp has closed.

[illegible]

JAKIE.

Green Bank Items.

Mr. Jas. H. Curry, Sr., has been seriously ill for the past fortnight with LaGrippe. His physicians [illegible]

[illegible]

friends at Winchester, returned home last week.

Miss Dosia Sharp, who has been suffering from LaGrippe, has so far recovered as to be able to take charge of her school again.

PAULINA.

Buckeye News.

The people of this neighborhood, are making good use of the sugar weather.

Arch Ashbury, has moved off the Amoss property, and is now living on the property of George W. Rodgers.

We understand that a Post Office Inspector has been visiting the Post Masters on this route. It is supposed that the government sent out this man, upon the suggestion of Mr. H. S. Rucker, to see if he could find sufficient cause for the removal of some of the Democratic Post Masters.

All those who have not received a Valentine this month should send their address, at once to the Valentine clique, at Marlinton, W. Va.

Mrs. Hannah Cloonan is on the sick list this week.

J. B. McNeil and T. G. Ashby, left last Monday morning, for Driscol's camp where they expect to get work.

Mrs. Mary Childers and Mrs. Susan Carter, were the guests of R. E. Overholt last Saturday and Sunday.

LUCIAN.

Brushy Run Items.

There is a great deal of sickness in this vicinity.

Mr. John Slaten is very low with the mumps.

Mrs. Aretus Arbogast has been very sick with pneumonia, but we are glad to say she is convalescent.

Prof. Jas. Varner who had the misfortune to get his arm dislocated at our school house is better at this writing.

"Jessie Gross" the writer from Traveler's Repose forgot to write, that when Professor Jasper Varner starts with his best girl, he never gets further than Mrs. Susan Slaten's.

Sending and receiving valentines seems to be the order of the day.

Mr. Uriah Philips one of our most influential farmers contemplates starting to the west in the near future.

We think if Jessie Gross had fell when he was on top of the benches making fun of the kind people of Brush Run, who were seeking religion during the meeting conducted by Rev. Hannah and Arbogast he would have broke his neck.

Madam Rumor has it that Prof. Jas. Varner will soon capture the bell of our burg.

We have a good prayer meeting every Thursday night, at our school house, conducted by Mr. Arretus Arbogast.

Mr. Jas. Varner paid Mr. James Gross a flying visit last Sunday.

Rev. Arbogast will preach at our school house the third Sunday of this month at eleven o'clock.

Success to THE TIMES.

ZACHARIAS [illegible]

Dunmore Gossip.

[illegible]

ing.

Swecker had another big auction sale at Edray.

Dick Knapp has not been found yet, and a good deal of excitement prevails in the neighborhood of Edray.

We notice that there are some talk of a wedding near Brush Run school house, and the Prof. will take a half dozen girls with him when he leaves—if he don't he wants to.

We notice quite a lot of plowing has been done, over the county where we have been. That is right—farmers ought to put out more crops this year than before. Politics has but little to do with growing crops, and that is the only salvation for the people, since stock has gone to nothing. Pocahontas Co., ought to raise a hundred thousand bushels of oats this year.

Brother Ballengee preached his last sermon at Dunmore on the 16th for the conference year.

We notice that a part of the new road near the river below Dunmore has given away. The overseer should fix it up.

We expect to have the road built around snake dam this summer and bridge across Greenbrier river at [illegible]

Admirers of John L. Sullivan are noting with a great degree of pleasure the remarkably clever boxing the champion is doing in his theatrical engagements. They say he seems as light and active on his feet as ever. Even "sports" who do not like the big fellow praise the good form he keeps himself in. He isn't drinking, either.

Fiduciary Notice

The following is a list of Fiduciaries whose Accounts are before me for settlement.

Levi Gay, late Sheriff, and as such Adm'r of Joseph B. Young.

John Ligon ex'r of Robert D. McCutcheon dec'd.

JAMES W. WARWICK, JR.
Com'r of Acct's for Pocahontas County

S. H. Clark, Ex'or of William Cleek.

J. C. Arbogast, Adm'r of James Piles.

J. C. Arbogast, Adm'r of John Sharp.

J. C. Arbogast, Adm'r of Samuel Moore.

J. B. McNeeil, Guardian of Ruth, William W. and John A. Young.

Zane B. Grimes, Adm'r of Sampson Buzzard.

I. B. Moore, Ex'or of Margaret J. Moore.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Com'r Acc'ts

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County W. Va., on the first Monday in February 1890.

Samuel Judy, vs. Henry C. Massey, — In Chy.

The object of this suit is to sell 35 acres of land on Brown's Mountain in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, the same land sold by the plaintiff, Samuel Judy, to the defendant Henry C. Massey, to pay the two last installments of purchase money due on same of $62.50, each, with interest on first installment from September 14th 1888, and interest on the second installment from September, 15th, 1889, until paid and the costs of this suit.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant Henry C. Massey is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that he appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

McClintic, p. q.
feb 13-4 t.
printers fee $7.96

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of S. D. Price:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of the said S. D. Price to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said S. D. Price, which are liens on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me, at my office, in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on or before the 22nd day of February [illegible]

Given under my hand this 29th day of January, 1890.

C. F. MOORE, Com'r.
printers fee [illegible]

Jan 30-4w

NOTICE.

To the Stockholders of the Ronceverte, Lewisburg and Coal Knob Railroad Company.

You will take notice that the first regular meeting of the stockholders of the above named Company will be held at the Law Office of L. J. Williams in the town of Lewisburg, W. Va., on the 28th day of February, 1890, for the purpose of organizing, and transacting such other business as may be necessary.

Notice is also given that the books of said company are opened for the purpose of receiving subscriptions to the capital stock of said company, and will be found in the possession of L. J. Williams at his office in Lewisburg.

By order of a majority of the stockholders.

H. T. BELL,
E. T. HAINES,
J. A. HANDLY,
L. J. WILLIAMS,
JOHN A. PRESTON.

Commissioner's Notice.

M. P. Slaven
vs.
S. D. Price.

All parties interested will hereby take notice, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above named cause,

ON THE 21st DAY OF OCTOBER, 1889

I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court, at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday the 22nd day of February, 1890, to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. An account of all the liens against the lands of the defendant S. D. Price with their amount, dignities and priorities.

2nd. An account showing what lands are owned by the said S. D. Price, their location and probable value, and whether the same will rent in five years for a sufficient sum to pay off and discharge the liens on the same.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the commissioner, or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

C. F. MOORE, Commissioner.

Jan 30-4t. printers fee $7.99

Commissioner's Office.

Huntersville, Pocahontas County, W. Va., February 6th, 1890.

James T. Hartman, vs. Isaac Hartman's Adm'r &c. — In Chy.

All persons interested in above cause are hereby notified, that I will proceed at my office on Saturday, March 8th, to take the following accounts:

[illegible] further settlement of the account of W. L. Brown Adm'r of Isaac Hartman dec'd.

2nd. [illegible] account of the funds under the control of the Court in this cause.

3rd. [illegible] of said account making distribution amongst the parties entitled thereto.

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest [illegible] by decrees of the Circuit Court of [illegible] County rendered in above cause at [illegible] 1889, and the April term thereof 1889 at which time and place your attendance you are required to [illegible]

JAMES W. WARWICK, Jr.
Clr. Ct. P. C.

Feb. 13-4w printers fee $7.64

FLOUR.

I have on hand [illegible] bushels of wheat which I will [illegible] sell at $2.50 per 100 pounds and will warrant it as good as can be bought in the county, for cash.

JAS. BAL[illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville. W. Va.

February 20, 1890.

Kansas Philosophy.

There is no girl so homely that she does not enjoy her looking-glass.

Everybody thinks that other person's misfortunes is a punishment.

When a man get's angry at one he gets angry at all; when a woman gets angry at all she vents her wrath on just on one.

Our idea of a nice man is one who never has a daughter who is as pretty to him as his wife.

When a man quits smoking a pipe on the streets it is a sign that he is becoming ambitious.

Woman's hand may be pale and deligate, but she can pick up a hotter plate than a man.

Poor woman! Eve was the only woman of her sex who did not have her garments made fun of.

When women learn to hold their tongues, the people will be glad; when funny speakers lose their lungs, the people will be glad. When at the show, no babies cry, when ladies' hats are not so high, when all infernal liars die, the people will be glad. When small boy play no more the drum, the peo[illegible] will be glad; when jokers all[illegible] deaf and dumb, the people w[illegible]ir glad. When rich men pay no honest debts, when in the [illegible]billed stray hair gets, when co[illegible]ill be no longer wets, the peo[illegible] they glad. When plumbers[illegible] glad; ag[illegible]es, the people w[illegible]men who when blind men are [illegible]ad. When see, the people will[illegible] be as steel, icemen's scales a[illegible] banana peel, ween there's no [illegible] make women when rats no [illegible]ill be glad. equel, the peo[illegible] the poor never

The right[illegible] the right of criticism fail to exer[illegible] icism.

[illegible] jealousy that will

There [illegible] the feeling of a sick compa[illegible] he sees more attention man [illegible] one who is not as sick paid [illegible]

[illegible] most melancholy object to [illegible] his second-hand store is a [illegible] "God Bless Our [illegible]" [illegible] tells of a home [illegible]

[illegible] sees a woman with [illegible] her hair done up [illegible] how he looks [illegible] a share.

[illegible] when you were lying [illegible] this morning [illegible] to bed earlier [illegible] had more sleep. [illegible] any earlier to-night.

[illegible] go the least in [illegible] are grown are [illegible] compelled [illegible] service when [illegible]

[illegible] mistake when [illegible] out of a [illegible] to find his [illegible]

Any boy can work well the first day on a new job; it is the boy who works well the day b fore he leaves who deserves the credit.

If you think you know everything there is to know, get out your children's geography and let some one ask you questions.

Etiquette Points for Boys.

Keep step with any one you walk with.

Never play with knife, fork or spoon.

Use your hankerchief unobstrusively always.

Hat lifted in saying "good-bye" or "how do you do."

Do not take you napkin in a bunch in your hand.

Rise when ladies leave the room and stand until they are out.

In the dining room take your seat after ladies and elders.

Let the ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

Let a lady pass first always unless she asks you to procede her.

If all go out together, gentlemen stand by the door till ladies pass.

Eat as fast or slow as others, and finish the course when they do.

Hat lifted when offering a seat [illegible] a car or in acknowledging a fav[illegible]

Look people strait in the [illegible]ace when speaking or being spo[illegible]n to.

Rise if a lady comes in a[illegible] you are seated, and stand [illegible]til she takes a seat.

In the parlor stand [illegible]ntil every lady in the room is s[illegible]ed, also older people.

Cover the mou[illegible] with hand or napkin when [illegible]ged to remove anything from[illegible]

Do not loo[illegible] toward a bedroom when passi[illegible] Always knock at a private [illegible]m door.

Hat o[illegible]he moment you enter a street[illegible]r, and when you step in[illegible]ate hall or office.

to a[illegible]ays precede a lady up stairs, [illegible]sk her if you may precede her [illegible]passing through a crowd or public place.

What is a Model Wife.

A model wife is the woman in whom the heart of her husband doth safely trust.

She is a woman who looks after his household, and makes her hospitality a delight to him and not a burden.

Who has learned that a soft answer will turn away wrath.

Who keeps her sweetest smiles and most loving words for her husband.

Who is confident in sorrow or in joy, and who does not feel the necessity of explaining her private affairs to her neighbors.

Who respects the rights of her husband and children, and in return has due regard paid her.

Who knows that the strongest argument is her womanliness and so she cultivates it.

Who is sympathetic in joy or in grief, and who finds work for her hands to do.

Who makes friends and keeps them.

Who is not made bitter by trouble, but who strengthens and sweetens under it.

Who tries to conceal the faults of her husband rather than blazen them forth to an uninterested public.

The woman whose life book has love written on every page.

Who makes a home for a man—home in house and in heart. A home that he is sure of, a home that he is full of love, presided over by one whose price is above rubies. She is the model wife.

Visitor—Well, Doctor, how's business?

Doctor—Good. Got two new cases in the next house.

Visitor—What! "La grippe?"

Doctor—No. Beer.

"I want to send a telegram to my husband," said an excited young woman, who came hurrying into a Western Union telegraph office the other morning.

"Very well," replied the operator in attendance. "There are some blanks, and, of course, the briefer it is the less it will cost to send it."

"Oh, I know that," she replied, and then she wrote:

DEAR GEORGE:—I've something too dreadful to tell you, but please don't get excited, dear, for it can't be helped now, and baby and I are perfectly safe. I don't know how it ever happened and cook says she don't know, and none of us can account for it, but the house caught fire last night and burned to the ground. Just think of it! Did you ever hear of anything so perfectly dreadful in all of your life! I'm half wild over it. But please keep calm, dear. Baby and I are safe, and most of the things were saved, and you musn't think of anything but how much worse it might have been. What if baby had been burned! O, George! don't it make you shudder to think of it? But the dear little darling is perfectly safe, and of course we went right straight to mamma's, and you can't think how frightened she was until she knew we were safe. And I know just how shocked you'll be, you poor, dear boy, but as baby and I are safe you oughtn't to mind anything else. I can't imagine how the fire started. Can you? Do you suppose some one set the house on fire? Oh, it's too dreadful to think of. Come right home. MAMIE.

P. S.—Remember that baby and I are safe. M.

"There," she said, as she handed the seven blanks she had written to the operator, "I suppose it might be condensed a little."

"Yes, I think it might," he replied, as he took a fresh blank and wrote:

"Our house burned to the ground last night. All safe. Come home. MAMIE."

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN R. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, February 27, 1890. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 31.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. F. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

[illegible] from Frost.

[illegible] are making their way in our small city, also hooping [cou]gh has been raging in our town. [M]iss Myrtle Hannah has gone [to] Edray to attend the school [taug]ht by Mr. Walter Anderson. [W]e are sorry to say, Mr. Forrest [illegible] is quite ill at this writing. [M]iss Effie Sharp is visiting [frien]ds and relatives at this place. [M]r. Lockard Barlow is preparing to paint Mess. Hannah & Hannah's store house. The merchants are out of writing paper. I suppose we'll have to [quit] writing or go to THE TIMES [illegible].

BOWSER RUNS THE KITCHEN.

At the supper table the other evening, when Mr. Bowser complained of the biscuit and tea, and called attention to the general look of dilapidation which the table presented, I felt called upon to reply:

"Well, as you know, I have been feeling very miserable for three or four days and this house girl seems to be the poorest one that I ever had. She has no order or system, no taste or skill, and I won't keep her a minute after I can get around."

"If this is her style I'll go out and discharge her."

"Wait. If she was to go now you'd have to cook your own meals."

"That wouldn't hurt me any. I'll go out and ask her what she means by such conduct, anyhow."

"But I wish you wouldn't. She may flare up and leave us in the lurch."

"Let her flare! When the time comes that we can't boss our own house we'll leave it!"

"Mr. Bowser, please let the girl alone for me to deal with," I entreated.

"I'll just speak a few words to her you know," he replied, and as I went into the sitting room he went into the kitchen.

In about two minutes I heard a crash of crockery and the bang of a door, followed by the sound of the girl's feet on the back stairs, and five minutes later she came down with her bundle and skipped out without a word to me! Mr. Bowser came in soon after that, coat off, sleeves rolled up and a roller towel tied around him, and he explained:

"I simply asked her if she thought this house was a saw mill, and she called me a mastodon and flew for her bundle. Is she a fair specimen of the help you have had to deal with?"

"Yes."

"Well, you and all the other house keepers have my deepest sympathy. I used to think it was your fault that so many girls came and went but I want to apologize and take it all back."

"But, what shall we do?"

"Do? Why, I'll run the kitchen until after breakfast and then get a girl."

After he had been at work for a few minutes I crawled out to see how things were going. He was washing dishes. He had the tea pot, butter dish, napkin rings, two pie tins and the crockery all heaped together in a dish pan, and while he was washing them with a dish towel he was wiping them on one of baby's old skirts taken from the hamper in the stairway. There w[ere] streaks of dish water clear [to] his heels and a dozen new [grease] spots had appeared on floor [illegible], but he insisted that I go [ba]ck and leave him alone, and [had n]o instructions to give. He [illegible] thing done up in half an [hour, an]d when he came in to sit [illegible] said:

"[Every]thing out there is as slick [as a] [illegible], and breakfast is all plan[ned]. That girl would have been [illegible] around until 10 o'clock [bef]ore she had her dishes done. I'd [illegible] in your place a month. [illegible] some of 'em wonder why [illegible] ever born?" [illegible] every house has just such [illegible]. [illegible] you women ought to [illegible] together to protect your[selves]. [illegible] are you going to have for [breakfa]st?"

"[Nev]er you mind, Mrs. Bowser. If I don't get you the best breakfast you have seen in a year I'll give up that I don't know nothing about a house."

About midnight I heard him muttering in his sleep:

"Take two eggs—saleratus—five minutes—greased rag—one tablespoonful to each person."

It usually takes me all of twenty minutes to get Mr. Bowser out of bed in the morning, and the task is never accomplished without resort to fiction as to the lateness of the hour. On this particular morning he sliped out before I was awake and he had been working in the kitchen a full hour before I got down. No man can be made to believe that there is a right and a wrong way to sheets or table cloths. Mr. Bowser had set the table just as any other man would. The cloth was wrong-side-out, the teaspoons in the celery dish, the sugar-bowl running over, and the meat platters and bread plates had changed duties. Some of his slices of bread were two inches thick, and some almost as thin as paper, and two of them bore indisputable proofs that he had cut his finger while cutting his bread.

He requested me to sit down while he brought in the meal. He had his cut finger in a rag, black on his nose, flour on his ears, and his face had the color peculiar to red paint. He also went lame in his left leg, caused, as I afterwards ascertained, by the rolling pin falling on his foot. Where he had everything on the table, he looked around him with a self-satisfied air and proceeded to do the honors. Poor Mr. Bowser! He had put the steak into a spider without butter or grease, and it was as black as coal and rather more tasteless. When he poured the coffee the grounds insisted on filling half the cup, and the eggs he had fried in some rancid lard the girl had set away could not be approached nearer than two feet. He had attempted to bake some potatoes, but they were hardly warmed through. In his goodness of heart he had toasted me a piece of bread, and when it fell into the ashes he had wiped off as much foreign substance as he could with the brush-broom used about the stove. I tried hard to keep my face straight, but my feelings finally got away with me, and Mr. Bowser looked up with an injured air and said:

"You never cooked a better meal in all your life—you nor any of your relations for a thousand years back!"

Just then I saw that he had used a pie tin for the butter dish, and I had to laugh again.

"Look here, Mrs. Bowser!" he shouted, as he bobbed up and almost overturned the table, "this thing has gone too far—too far! I see now where the trouble lies. I see now why no girl will stay with you."

"But this last one was willing to stay."

"Yes, and what did you do? Degraded her in her own estimation until self respect obliged her to quit."

"You went out and blew her up."

"I did! I went out and blew! And who asked me to do it?"

"No one."

"That settles it, Mrs. Bowser,—settles it right here and now! It's the last meal I'll ever cook for you, and we have had our last girl! I see why they can't stay. I see what's the matter with you and the other women who employ help, and I won't be a party to it."

"I asked you to let the girl alone."

"You did! Never! You begged of me to go out and throw her over the alley fence, and her bundle after her, and what must that poor girl's feelings be at this moment! I now go. I may return or I may not. If not you have the consolation of knowing what drove me from my own domicile."

But he returned. All husbands return. They begin to feel ashamed of themselves before they are clear of the gate, and the next hour is spent in fishing for an excuse to return a quarter of an hour earlier than usual. A girl happened along just after he left, and I hired her, and he hasn't even referred to the subject since.

Altogether too Fast.

As the train left Dayton, south bound, the conductor came into the smoking car with a cry of, "Tickets, please!" and as there was only one fresh passenger he walked directly up to him. This new arrival was from the farm, and in nothing of a hurry.

"What's up, Kurnel?" he asked as the conductor halted before him.

"Ticket, sir!"

"Yes. Is she on time?"

"Yes."

"Going right to Cincinnati?"

"Yes. Ticket, if you please."

"I had a ticket, but—— Say how's wheat looking along the line?"

"Give me your ticket."

"Wonder where I put it? Been much rain between here and Hamilton this month? Feller was telling me yesterday that he never—"

"I am in a hurry, sir!" exclaimed the conductor.

"Shoo! Haven't got any hay out at the other end of the line, have you? I got caught once last week, and me'n Bill had to work like like nailers to beat a thunder storm."

"Have you got a ticket?"

"Of course."

"Then hand it over at once! I can't fool away my time here!"

"Shoo! Well, here's the ticket, and I want a receipt for it. Feller in such a hurry as you might die suddenly. Lands! but what a hired man you would make for a week or two! Never had one who was in a hurry. Say, if you—"

But the conductor was gone, the countyman turned to a passenger with a look of disgust on his face, and continued:

"That's the way with these monopolies. They not only want all your money, but they won't treat you decent after they git it. Reckon I'll drop in on the boss of the road when I get to town and let him know that such conduct don't go down with a free-born American."

He (somewhat suspiciously)—You say you never loved loved anybody but me? Ha! is that true, Maud?

She—Harry, your looks terrify me! Have—have I been too bold in allowing you to kiss me so much this evening?

He—No, Maud, but you kiss like an old hand.

"Where do the poor grades of stock go?"

"It is made into smoking tobacco and exported. Nearly all our inferior grades of stock are made into smoking tobacco and sent to the Continent."

"Don't home consumers use inferior grades?"

"Oh, yes, but not so much so."

Jones—For heaven's sake, Robinson, look here! That boy has broken through the ice.

Robinson—So he has! What in the world are we going to do for him, Jones? (To shivering and exhausted boy.) Keep cool, bub! keep cool!

Mr. Fainwed—Then you refuse to marry me?

Mrs. Mainchance—For the present I must. My husband is in good health and we are the best of friends.

Mr. Fainwed—And you can give me no encouragement?

Mrs. Mainchance—I will keep your address and if a vacancy should occur I will drop you a line.

(N. B.—This happened in Chicago, of course.)

Boombeimer—Vot vill you gif me for dis ferry olt silfer toller?

Englesheimer—Sigsty sents.

Boombeimer—Vot? It vos a goot toller, aind't it?

Englesheimer (hesitatingly)—Vell, it loogs lige a goot von.

Boombeimer—Den vot for you say sigsty sents?

Englesheimer—Vell, ve hef a pig stog on hant alretty—unt den, you see, you are dryin' to sell it.

Willie was bashful, and sat on the chair with a care which was far from being any suggestion of studied grace. His mother had found him in the pantry with his fingers strongly suggestive of intimate acquaintance with jam and marmalade.

"What is the matter Willie," asked his sister, who happened into the room.

"Mamma spanked me," he said, plaintively.

"What for?"

"For—for fishing in her preserves."

Mr. Billus (looking over his expense account)—Maria we spent exactly $50 more than our income last year. We've got to retrench.

Mrs. Billus—It wasn't my fault, John. I didn't lose $75 on the election, nor pay out $40 in club dues, nor spend $65 for cigars, nor run through with $150 in three days at the races, nor indorse a note for $200 for a mere acquaintance and lose it, nor—"

Mr. Billus (still looking through the expense account)—None of these things account for that $50. By Jove! Here it is! "Subscription to pastor's salary. $50!" Maria we can't stand that! The preacher will have to get along without anything from me this year.

"Boy!" he said to the newsboy who had opened the door of the shop to yell "Papers!" "boy, you vhas a shwindler, and I doan' buy some more papers of you."

"What did I do?"

"You sells me a paper last night, and I took him home und hunt all ofer und doan' find dot message."

"What message?"

"Dot message by der President."

"Why, the President don't have a message but once a year. It came out long ago."

"Ish dot so? He comes outs und I doan' see him. Und he doan' come no more?"

"Not for a good while yet."

"Vhell, dot explains, and I beg pardon. You can beat me a paper some more, und if he doan' had some message in maybe I can find if some pody hang himself or vhas killed. No President's message, eh? What vhas dot President doing all der time? Why do we pay him fifty thousand dollars a year?"

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

February 27, 1890.

Jacob Schoop and Thomas Cole were hanged in Philadelphia on the 20th inst., for murder.

In St. Louis, a man who is believed to be deeply implicated in the Cronin murder has been arrested.

W. S. Hopkins, was hanged for the murder of his wife and mother-in-law at Bellefonte, Pa, on the 20 inst.

Sam Pratt killed W. H. Thompson in Wayne Co., last week. The trouble was caused by a division fence.

Sport John L. Sullivan is 5 ft. 10½ in. tall, Jake Kilrain is 5 feet 11½ inches, Peter Jackson is about 5 feet and Charley Mitchell 5 feet 10 inches.

J. B. Kelley, arrested in St Louis as a much wanted Cronin criminal, turns out to be nothing worse than a book agent, and the detectives are duly crestfallen.

The New York Herald paid the widow of Russell Wright $24,631 damages for libel, said to be the largest amount ever paid in America for libel, and the largest in the world except that paid by the London Times to Mr. Parnell.

The Indiana Prohibitionists have nominated a full State ticket, and declared in favor of the exemption from taxation of clothes and other necessaries of life. Tobacco comes under the head of such necessaries in Indiana.

At a log rolling in Wayne County, on the 20th inst., Wade Thompson, a notorious desperado, was struck and killed with a club by one Sam Pratt. The quarrel was over some trivial matter. Pratt was arrested, but escaped. Thompson was one of the murderers of Alonzo McCoy, during the Hatfield-McCoy troubles.

Wm. Miller, tried at Lexington, Va., last week for the killing of Dr. J. Z. Walker, at Brownsburg, Va., last November, has been acquitted. The verdict gives the most universal satisfaction, and it is met with approval on every hand. When the case had been disposed of the Commonwealth moved to take up the other cases, and the Court decided to set them for the April term. The counsel for the defence asked for bail in the cases of George and David Miller and John Reese. The Attorney for the Commonwealth raising no objection, these prisoners were bailed at $1,500 each to appear at the April term, and they were set free under bonds.

George Wilcox, who recently died in West Franklin, Pa., lived and died in the Democratic faith. His will, just filed in the Bradford County court, is a somewhat remarkable document. He left a stated sum to his grandsons on condition that they support the Democratic ticket, State and national. His granddaughters, in order to inherit any of the old man's wealth must either marry Democrats or remain single. Should any one fail to comply with the provisions of the will their amount shall be divided among those who remain faithful. In the event of all failing to listen to the requests then their interest in the estate is forfeited, and the entire amount goes to the Democratic National Committee. There is not much danger that the boys will ever be anything than Democrats.

Ed. Smith, the Dever heavy weight has challenged Kilrain.

John Jacob Aster died in New York on the 22nd inst., of heart failure. He was one of America's richest men.

In the Southern Athletic Club in New Orleans on the 17th inst., Corbett bested Kilrain in six rounds. Kilrain agreed to knock Corbett out in six rounds for a purse of $3,500, of which $2,500 was to go to the winner. Corbett out-fought Kilrain at every point. Cleary whipped Mike Smith in two rounds. Bezniah bested Johnson in four rounds.

Kilrain says he is not satisfied with tonight's contest, as all in fighting was barred. Corbett having the longest reach naturally could tip and get away. He would like to box him with five ounce gloves. He will fight in a club for a suitable purse to a finish, winner to take all.

A Quintuple wedding took place a few days ago at a little church in Daviess County, Ky. All the parties were friends, two of them being sisters. They had intended getting married on dates near together, and the priest hearing this, suggested that they all be united at the one time. The five brides, all dressed alike, went in one carriage and the five grooms in another. There were ushers, but no bridesmaids. All took their stations before the altar, and after an unusually long and impressive ceremony had been gone through with nuptial high mass was celebrated and the kneeling couples blessed. A grand reception was then given the young couples, and afterwards they went to their respective homes.

Wayside Note.

It was your correspondents pleasure to visit portions of Bath and Highland about Valentine time.

Such beautiful days in winter no one remembers ever seeing even the the oldest inhabitant.

Some time was spent in the hospitable home of Col. D. V. Ruckman. This enterprising and public spirited gentleman is greatly pleased with his success in raising Japanese Buckwheat. He sowed between four and five bushels last cropping time and realized over three hundred bushels.

Capt. Gilmore his neighbor sowed seven pecks, and gathered one hundred bushels. He believes had it not been for the turkeys, there would have been fifteen or twenty bushels more.

These gentlemen feed Buckwheat to their sheep and hogs, and their stock thrive well on it, mixed with oats it is an excellent feed for horses.

For table use it is as good if not better than the common variety. Those of your readers, that have not tried it, would do well to make further inquiries about this remarkable cereal, the Japanese Buckwheat.

W. T. P.

A Card.

Ed. Times: In your last issue under a head of "Buckeye News," one Lucian says: "It is supposed that the government sent out this man upon the suggestion of Mr. H. S. Rucker, to see if he could find sufficient cause for the removal of some of the Democratic Post Masters," referring to the visit of a Post Office Inspector to this County. Now Mr. Lucian either contributes to your columns the suppositions of a very ignorant club, such as does not exist at Buckeye, or he has no regard for that injunction which says: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." I have never undertaken to remove any Post Master in this County, but have aided in sustaining one or two and actually they were Democrats. The mode of having removals, is by applying for the appointment of another, and having the application endorsed by the Representative in Congress or elect. I am persuaded that Mr. Lucian knows more of the real object of the Post Office Inspector's visit than he has divulged to the public. Perhaps Mr. Lucian would like to know whether or not he had impressed the P. O. I. so that he would report to the department all right at Buckeye. Perhaps Mr. Lucian was about the Buckeye Post Office about the time when he had no right to be, *and perhaps* his conscience makes him feel uneasy about the result of the visit of said P. O. I. If I wish Mr. Lucian removed I will have no trouble in procuring it.

I am yours &c,
H. S. Rucker.

Public Sale of Valuable

Lands in Pocahontas County.

In pursuance of two decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term, 1889, in the chancery cause

C. L. Austin &c.,
vs.
W. F. Arbogast &c.,

I will on

MONDAY THE 7TH DAY OF APRIL next, offer for sale at public auction in front of the Court house of Pocahontas County, two tracts of land, one of 6?3 acres and the other of 1,228 acres. These tracts of land are situate on the Alleghany mountain, are known as lots No. 9 and 10, in the big survey and are valuable for the timber thereon.

TERMS:

Cash in hand to pay costs of the two suits and the costs of sale and for the balance, the purchasers will be required to execute bonds with good security payable in six and twelve months, bearing interest from day of sale and the legal title to be retained as ultimate security.

L. H. Stephenson,
Commissioner.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that L. H. Stephenson, Com'r has given the bond as required by said decrees.

J. J. Beard, C'lk.

Feb. 27-4t. Printer's fee $9.84.

Commissioner's Office.

Huntersville, Pocahontas County W. Va., February 8th, 1890.

James T. Hartman,
vs. } In Chy.
Isaac Hartman's Adm'r &c.

All persons interested in above cause are hereby notified, that I will proceed at my office on Saturday, March 8th, 1890, to take the following accounts:

1st. A further settlement of the accounts of W. L. Brown Adm'r of Isaac Hartman dec'd.

2nd. An account of the funds under the control of the Court in this cause.

3rd. An account making distribution of said funds amongst the parties entitled thereto.

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest as required by decrees of the Circuit Court of said County rendered in above cause at the April term thereof 1889, and the October term thereof 1889 at which time and place you are required to attend.

James W. Warwick, Jr.
Com'r Chy. Ct. P. C.

Feb 13-4t printers fee $? ??

HOME NEWS

—Mud, Mud, Mud.

—Rain, Rain, Rain.

—County Court next Tuesday.

—Drummers are still plentiful.

—Some body bring us 4 lbs. and 25 cents worth of nice butter.

—Eggs and butter and other fruit seem to be scarce around here.

—Uriah Bird, Esq., of Mill Point was in to see us Monday.

—Knapp's creek "got full" last Tuesday night.

—L. W. Herold, Esq., of Frost, was in town Tuesday.

—Don't forget THE TIMES office is head quarters for nice job printing.

—Rice Moore, Esq., of Dunmore came to our city Monday and returned Tuesday.

—Mrs. Henry Sharp, of Douthard's creek has been on the sick list for a few days past.

—Our Clerk informs us that the marriage license market has been on the decline since the wet weather set in.

—Rev. W. T. Price, preached in the Presbyterian church Sunday night, and made us a pleasant call Monday.

—Mr. J. W. Neff, of Anthony's creek and Miss Julia A. Littlepage, were married near Ronceverte, on the 12th inst.

—The sickly green stamp, about which there has been so much fool talk has gone the way of all the earth, and is succeeded by a smaller one of dark carmine, which is about the color of a half ripened toper nose.

—Let quality, not quanity, be the test of a medicine. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the concentrated extract of the best and purest ingredients. Medical men everywhere recommend it as the surest and most economical blood medicine in the market.

—John Hickman, of Davis, Tucker Co., was arrested at Keyser last week. John was wanted on several charges. His first trial will be in the U. S. Federal Court at Clarksburg, for breaking open the mail between this place and Dunmore a few years ago.

—The great majority of so-called cough cures do little more than impair the digestive functions and create bile. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the contrary, while it cures the cough, does not interfere with the functions of either stomach or liver.

—A couple of Mormon preachers have been around here for a few days, and we understand preached on Beaver creek Sunday. Look here Mess. Mormon preachers you don't want to hang out around our burg much. We are generally pretty quiet sort of people, if let alone, but if you get us raised we are a terror; its true eggs are pretty scarce, but the creek isn't far off, and our farmers raise an abundance of feathers and tar.

—Use Hall's Vegetable Sicillian Hair Renewer and your thin gray locks will [illegible] up and be restored to their youthful color, vigor, and beauty.

Locals from Frost.

Mumps are making their way in to our small city, also hooping cough has been raging in our town.

Miss Myrtle Hannah has gone to Edray to attend the school taught by Mr. Walter Anderson.

We are sorry to say, Mr. Forrest Herold is quite ill at this writing.

Miss Effie Sharp is visiting friends and relatives at this place.

Mr. Lockard Burkett is preparing to paint Mess. Hannah & Hamilton's store house.

The merchants are out of writing paper. I suppose we'll have to quit writing or go to THE TIMES office for it.

Misses Minnie McElwee and Mollie Smith spent Wednesday with Mrs. J. B. Hannah.

Drummers are numerous in town this week.

Mrs. L. W. Herold, has been on the sick list for some time past.

Calvin Stuart, (col.) moved his family to Huttonsville this week, where he expects to make his future home.

Success to THE TIMES.

WILLIE LEE.

Locals from Hillsboro.

Plenty of rain and mud.

We still have several cases of La Grippe.

Mr. J. H. Overholt, of Frankford, paid our town a flying visit last week.

Miss Elizabeth Cochran, of Lost Creek, is visiting her relatives and many friends.

Mr. Newton Mann, of Fairmount, Ill., is spending the winter with his sister Miss M. N. McCoy.

Several drummers were in town last week. We presume the Spring trade is looking up.

Miss Ada Williams, of Locust, has enrolled as a pupil of the H. T. School.

Wonder why G. and W., like to go to mill every other day.

The Hillsboro Division Sons of Temperance, will give a public meeting Saturday night March 1st. The public are cordially invited to attend. They have given several public meetings and they are well worth attending.

BETH & THOS.

Hillsboro Happenings No. 2

Justitia has been for some time contending with la grippe, so that she has been absent for some time from your noted columns.

Dr. McClintic, of Edray, is moving to Hillsboro, and will be the practicing physician of this section. Success to him.

Misses Duffie Marshall Addie Williams, Villa, Cilla and Pearl Marshall, Willie and Sallie Houltz, have been enrolled as pupils at the H. T. School.

Misses Verdie and Alice Clark, returned some weeks ago from their schools.

The ladies of Hillsboro and vicinity made a big sewing at the Methodist parsenage last Wednesday, 18th inst., and were amply rewarded by the enjoyment of the elegant dinner.

The whooping cough, is going through this vicinity. Old and young are its victims.

The Baltimore Conference is rapidly approaching and soon our faithful pastor will have to bid adue to friends and enter upon the duties of another place. May God's richest blessing attend him where ever he goes.

JUSTITIA.

Driftwood Doings.

Samuel Gay, of Edray was in our burg last week.

The grippe has been prevailing here.

Mr. S. A. Meeks, who has been visiting in Highland returned home accompanied by Mrs. Asberry Hiner.

Wm. Pritchard and Craig Bird are hauling lumber for G. M. Sheets.

Wm. McCloud lost a fine horse last week.

Mr. A. K. Dysard starts for Greenbrier next week for the purpose of renting his fathers house.

We all agree with the Dunmore correspondent as to the road around Snake Den, as it would be a great convenience to the people on this side of the river.

Some thieving is going around here. Mr. Howard Meeks lost some meat and corn.

Rev. W. T. Price will preach here on monday night the 3rd of March.

The church at Clover Creek came very near being burned last Sunday.

The sick are Mrs. Meeks, Boyd Meeks, Asbury Hines and little Eva McGlaughlin.

COLA.

Douthard's Creek Items.

A little more snow, but not enough for the boys to take their best girls sleigh-riding.

Mr. James Price, Jr., from Marlinton, W. Va., who has been attending a Medical school in Baltimore, M. D., stopped on our creek over night, on his return home.

One Mr. Reynolds from Roanoke city was stopping at H. White's last week.

Mrs. Henry Sharp is on the sick list.

Mr. J. H. Buzzard, we are glad to say, is again able to attend to his public work. Perhaps it would be better to call him "Our Joe" as we notice he has this brand on the brow band of his mules bridle.

Mr. Chas. Steinmyer, has finished his work and has gone to Dunmore to find out which one of the girls sent him that nice valentine. Guess he had better ask Swecker who did it.

We learn there is a great deal of sickness on Anthony's Creek, in Greenbrier County.

We also learn that Mr. C. May from, the head of Anthony's Creek, is going to bring his bride home one day this week. Lookout boys he will bring her through Huntersville about next Friday at 1 or 2 oclock, p. m.

Miss Effie Sharp has gone to Frost to take music lessons.

Miss Ida White who is attending school at Dr. S. P. Patterson's spent Saturday and Sunday at home.

Mr. Editor come up and we will hunt a mess of maple sugar.

Success to THE TIMES.

JAMIE.

Buckeye News.

Mr. H. H. McClintic, on entering his stable last Thursday morning was surprised to find one of his best horses dead. It seems the horse had tried to roll and succeeded in turning over once, thus drawing the rope with which he was tied, so tight around his neck that he choked to death immediately. He was valued at $125.

Wm. Newcomer and family passed through our town last Thursday en route for Ronceverte, where they expect to make their future home.

There were two Mormon preachers in our neighborhood last week. They held services in the M. P. Church last Wednesday evening. Oweing to the inclemency of the weather and perhaps other reasons but very few attended. There is no more believers in mormonism now than formerly.

Our people hail with joy the proposed change in the Mail Route from Lewisburg to Huntersville. Although our people do not get a big amount of mail they like to get the little they do get in less than three days from the time it leaves Ronceverte.

John Buckley and Geo. McCollum ran two rafts from here during the freshet of last week for W. H and H. H. McClintic.

Driscol's drive passed here last Saturday at noon.

Miss Delilah Kellison has returned home from visiting her sister at Clover Lick.

Miss Sharp of Bath Co., Va., is the guest of G. W. McKeever.

Mr. Claiburn McNeill is quite sick at this writing but we hope his sickness is not serious.

Mr. N. C. McNeill is still not able to be about.

Mr. D. P. Barnes wears a broad smile all the time lately and to all appearances is the happiest young man in the neighborhood. She must like him.

LUCIAN.

Items of Interest.

Andrew Shinaberry is slowly convalescent at the home of Mr. Townsend in Highland County. He has been sick about three months.

Thomas Patterson dangerously wounded in a recent affray at Glade Hill school house, Feb. 9th by Earl Nottingham, is believed to be recovering. Mr. Nottingham took the Hack at Monterey for Staunton a few days since.

H. K. S.

Green Bank Items.

Mr. J. L. Jones, of Palo Alto, Va. spent Saturday in town, as the guest of Dr. J. P. Mooman.

Rev. Mr. Ballengee has been suffering from a severe attack of La Grippe the past week. It was regretted by himself and congregation that he was unable to preach on Sunday, as it was his last regular appointment for the Conference year.

Mr. J. H. Curry, Sr., though very feeble, is somewhat improved since last week. J. H. Curry, Jr., from near Mill Point, is on a visit to his sick father.

Mr. W. A. Gladwell, made a flying trip to Staunton last week and returned Friday.

The Ladies Missionary Society of Green Bank, will hold their regular anniversary on Thursday night the 27th. All are cordially invited and a pleasant time is anticipated.

We hear of several weddings in the near future.

PAULINA.

Dunmore Doings.

Rain, mud and wet weather.

Still the grippe prevails, Mrs. C. B. Swecker has been confined to the house for three weeks with it.

Well we believe this is J. C. Kinport's flood. He said when the drive started she must go and she goes, with McGinty on the front end.

Miss Lena McGlaughlin has closed her school near Huntersville, and has commenced a subscription school near the McGlaughlin school house.

Big Bill and Jim Bird cut one hundred and twenty-five thousand feet of cherry lumber on Elk for Mr. Brow.

Col. S. C. Pritchard is still lumbering.

Col. Dan O'Connell is up this week and making good headway with his logs.

Henry Sheets mooves his saw mill to Billey Cooper's this week.

Levi Gay, Esq., passed through town this morning with a fine yoke of oxen.

Capt. Lakin has gone with another raft.

Miss Kittie Lakin is visiting Green Bank this week.

We understand that there is another mercantile firm at Green Bank, Mess. Gladwell & Arbogast. Success to them.

Thos. Patterson is improving nicely.

We understand that Prof. Chas. Cook at Edray has another cook. It's a 10lb girl.

We understand Mr. Renick Kerr has the Job of mooving the B. B. to Knapp's creek this summer.

Dr. C. L. Austin was called to see the several sick in Robt. McGlaughlin's family.

TRAVELER.

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of S. D. Price:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said S. D. Price to the satisfaction of the liens therein, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said S. D. Price, which are liens his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me, at my office, in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on or before the 22nd day of February, 1890.

Given under my hand this 29th day of Jany., 1890.

C. F. MOORE, Com'r.

Jan 30-4w. printers fee $5.00

Fiduciary Notice.

The following is a list of Fiduciaries whose accounts are before me for settlement.

S. H. Clark, Ex'or of William Clark.

J. C. Arbogast, Adm'r of James [illegible]

J. C. Arbogast, Adm'r of John Sharp.

J. C. Arbogast, Adm'r of Samuel Moore.

J. B. McNeel, Guardian of Ruth, William W. and John A. Young.

Zane B. Grimes, Adm'r of Sampson Buzzard.

I. B. Moore, Ex'or of Margaret J. Moore.

L. M. McClintic, Com'r Acc'ts

Commissioner's Notice.

M. P. Shaver
vs.
S. D. Price.

All parties interested will hereby take notice, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above named cause,

ON THE 21st DAY OF OCTOBER, 18[illegible]

I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court, at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday the 22nd day of February, 1890, to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. An account of all the liens against the lands of the defendant S. D. Price; with their amount, dignities and priorities.

2nd. An account showing what lands are owned by the said S. D. Price, their location and probable value, and whether the same will rent in five years for a sufficient sum to pay off and discharge the liens on the same.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

C. F. MOORE, Commissioner.

Jan 30-4t. printers fee [illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

February 27, 1890.

Just the Chance he Wanted.

"Talk about being broke," said he, "reminds me of a time when I was very badly broke, so much so, indeed, that I was in debt. I owed everybody, and, although I had told all of my creditors exactly how I was fixed and promised them I would make good as soon as I got money, they seemed determined that I should not rest a moment in peace. As I said before, I didn't have anything, and of course as the old saying goes, they could not get blood out of a stone.

"One of my creditors, a big fat, strong shoemaker, was particularly obnoxious, for he was at my house presenting his bill three and four times a day, and often the same number of times during an evening.

"He made me tired, and I puzzled my brain for a scheme to get rid of him.

"You know if a man waits, and is looking for an opportunity, the opportunity will often come, and so my chance to get even with him came at last.

"I knew that he was a coward at heart, and I resolved to make him so afraid that he would run out of my house and never come in it again. This morning that I referred to he came as usual and presented his bill. I was busy in a room I had fixed up as a sort of 'den,' as it were, and the landlady sent him in there to find me.

"'Well, sir, what is it?' I asked, as he came [illegible]

"'I have come for the amount of my bill,' he replied.

"'And for the nine hundred and twenty-eighth time,' said I calmly, 'I shall be obliged to tell you that I haven't the necessary funds to liquidate that bill.'

"'Very well, sir,' he answered. 'Then I shall be obliged to inform you that I shall sit down here and wait until the bill is paid.'

"'Very good,' said I quietly, but, to tell you the truth, I was highly elated, for here was just the opportunity I had been looking for.

"He sat down and placed his hat on the table. When he had done this I called to the landlady and said: "Mrs. Robbins, I am at home to nobody to-day and do not want to be disturbed under any circumstances. You may come in to-morrow morning and mail what letters you find here on my writing desk." Then I closed and locked the door, and stripping up some billiard cloth I had, stuffed it into every crack, leaving no place where air could get into the room or out. Then I drew up a long legal-looking document, which I labeled 'My will,' which I took good care that the shoemaker should see, and after writing a few notes I went to the chandelier and turned on all four burners. All the while previous to this the big shoemaker had no doubt thought that I was bluffing him, but when I turned on the gas I could see that he was beginning to feel nervous.

"I arranged everything neatly in the room and then sat down calmly and waited for him to weaken. The gas was escaping rapidly and the room was fast becoming filled with it. I could feel my head swim, but I would not give in. All of a sudden he jumped up and cried: 'I did not come here to be murdered,' and, making a rush, jumped through the window, taking sash and all with him. It was about 20 feet from the ground, but when he landed he started off as if a mad bull were after him, and I never saw him or his bill, for—I can't help it if you don't believe me. It's the truth, and if you come up here to morrow I'll show you the man himself, and you can ask him if it isn't so."

Smith is a joker and not long ago when a man threatened to knock him all to pieces, he remarked:

"I beg your pardon; you mean all to Smithereens."

When you can climb through a barbed wire fence in good shape with your overcoat on, you may then hope to run for office without being held up before the world as a scoundrel.

Mrs. Figg—Isn't there any way to get rid of that young Jinx who keeps calling on Clara without positively insulting him?

Mr. Figg—Why, certainly. Just give him the baby to hold the next time he comes.

Miss Sadie Pulltrigger (roguishly)—Colonel, I'm afraid you have an awful lazy horse. He stops at every large tree he comes to.

Col. Whipshaw (of rattlesnake ranche)—He ain't lazy; that's jess a habit he's got into, Miss Pulltrigger. I rode that hoss to five different lynchin' bees last week. No wonder he stops when he comes to a tree!

"Pardon me, madam," said the studious looking man in the sixth row of seats as he leaned forward at the fall of the curtain on the first act and spoke politely to the lady sitting in front of him, "but I beg you will not remove your hat."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, flushing with indignation.

"I fancied from the motion of your hands," he resumed with the utmost suavity, "that you were about to remove it. Please do not. Oblige me, my dear madam, by keeping it on."

"You are grossly impertinent, sir!" said the lady, sharply.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he replied, with great earnestness. "I am only a poor inventor, and I am making a drawing of your hat as a design for a World's Fair tower."

"Your time has come," said a physician, speaking to an old Georgian, who lay stretched out on a bed.

"Air you shore, doc.?"

"Yes."

"Ain't no chance fur you to be wrong, is thar?"

"None whatever. You'll be dead by sundown."

"Shore 'nuff, now?"

"Yes, I tell you."

"Doc, you ain't trying ter get off a joke on me, air you?"

"No, I never joke a dying man."

"Wall, then, I reckon I'm gone; but I wish I'd knowed it a week ago."

"Think you would have been better prepared?"

"Yep; a heap better."

"It's not too late to pray, if that will do you any good."

"I don't know nothin' about that; but ef I'd a knowed last week what I know now, why I wouldn't er bought that thar hoss. I'd a tuck the money and had some fun with it. Cousin had a rollin' time on that $40. Cousin bought licker enough to swim a hog in. That's the way with this here world. A man never knows nothin' till it's too late."

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, March 6, 1890. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 32.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

[illegible] They are a good worthy couple [illegible] stand very high in society circles [illegible] will be a brilliant [illegible] fair.

—Miss [illegible] Treadway of Gre[illegible] Bank and [illegible] Burnett House [illegible] Va., were married [illegible] Tuesday evening at about 7 o'clock by the Rev. Geo. P. Moore, in presence of a number of the [illegible] at the Hotel by Wagner. [illegible] TIMES extends congratulations [illegible] best wishes for a long and happy [illegible] useful and prosperous life.

—Geo. W. Siple, Esq., of G[illegible] Book is a [illegible] [illegible]

DEATH OF MARY.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be;
It never through my mind had passed
That time would e'er be o'er—
When on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook
That I must look in vain;
But when I speak thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
And now I feel as well I may,
Sweet Mary—thou art dead!

Could I but keep thee as thou art,
All cold and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart
And where thy smiles have been,
Whilst even thy chill bleak corse I have
Thou seemst still mine own:
But there—I lay thee in thy grave,
And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
By thinking still on thee.
Yet there was round thee such dawn
Of light, ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

A MAN'S FOLLY.

Van Lennox sat in his office one cold wintry night, his thoughts busy, quite blissfully occupied, for one week from that day would be his wedding day, and he would be the happiest of men.

Lenore Arden was a lovely girl and quite a belle in the pretty town of Scranton, where she had lived all her life. The bridegroom elect sat wrapped in profound meditation, building his castle in the air with all the usual disregard to cost, which characterizes young people. He was a flourishing lawyer, and the dainty little home which he had just built for his bride was ready, and the the future seemed all colour de rose.

"I will close the office now," he said at length, rising to his feet, "for I shall only have time to go up to the hotel and get my dinner, then pack my belongings all ready for the early morning train. Ah!"—stopping short at a sound of a familiar whistle—"there comes the postman. What can he have for me?"

He threw open the office door, and a moment later he stood all alone in the room with a letter in his hand—a letter addressed to Van [Lenn]ox, Esq., in a strange, cramp[ed, un]familiar hand. He swiftly [tore i]t open.

"[Mr]. Van Lennox," it said, "you [illegible] that you are on the high-road [illegible]. You believe that you [liv]ed for yourself alone, and [illegible] thought never occurs to you [illegible] you may be only a miserable [illegible]. Lenore Arden loves you, but [illegible] money better. Remem[ber] [illegible] words, 'There's many a slip ['twixt] cup and lip,' and old Mont[gomery], the millionaire, is paying [his] affianced bride very close at[tention] [illegible] I warn you. 'A word to [the wise]' [illegible] etc. Of course, you will [illegible] my warning, but the day [illegible] when you will remember [illegible] to your sorrow."

[illegible] was all—no signature, no [illegible] only those cruel, stinging [words] [illegible], which for a moment stunned [him] [illegible] with the force of a [blow].

[illegible] crushed the letter into his [illegible], his face pale as death, and, [pouring] a glass of water from a caraf[e on] the table, drank it eager[ly].

"I will go home," he muttered, slowly. "How can I believe one word of that cowardly letter? It is true that I have not heard from Lenore lately with regularity, and her letters have been short and unsatisfactory, but her excuse has been a good one. She has been so occupied with preparations for the coming event. I will pay no heed to that cowardly blow struck in the dark. I will go to Scranton to-morrow, as agreed, and when I have told Lenore all we will have a merry laugh at my expense."

He put on his overcoat and gloves, and, donning his hat, made his way into the street. The wind blew the snow into his face, the gas-lights flared and flickered, but Van Lennox was oblivious to all else save his dreary thoughts; for, try as he might, he could not forget that letter. What if it were true? said doubt and mistrust, the two dark fiends which had taken possession of his heart.

"It cannot be true!" he groaned. "She is the very embodiment of truth and honor; she would not be guilty of such a horrible wrong. And she loves me—she loves me with all her heart. God bless my darling—my wife to be." He reached his hotel, and two hours later everything was in readines for an early departure, and in the gray light of a chill, winter dawn Van Lennox started upon his journey—that fatal journey which was destined to mar his whole life.

It was a three days' trip, but Van rather enjoyed it—or he would have done so had it not been for that strange aching in his heart, where the annonymous letter lay upon his breast like a weight of stone.

Stopping at a town on the route, several passengers entered the coach in which Lennox was traveling. Among them was a young man from the town of Scranton, with whom he was somewhat acquainted. The two greeted each other warmly, and Frank Lewis seated himself at Van Lennox's side.

"I have been up the road a day's journey," he said, "and am on my way home to Scranton now. Going to be a grand wedding to-morrow night—have you heard of it? Your old friend, Miss Arden, is going to marry Montgomery, the rich broker. He is immensely wealthy, and everybody says she will be the most envied woman in Scranton. Why, Van, what is the matter?"

"Nothing. I am subject to attacks of pain in my heart. By the why, are you sure of this piece of news, Lewis?"

Frank Lewis nodded confidently.

"Sure as I am alive! There could be no mistake, for Miss Lenore told me herself that she was soon to be married, and as old Montgomery has been devoted in that quarter for a long time, I have no reason to doubt the story that was told me. However, when you reach Scranton——"

"I am not going to Scranton, Frank! I have no business there now, and no desire to attend Miss Arden's wedding. I shall stop at Roxbury and take the first train for home. I ask you—nay, beg of you, to tell no one that you met me. Will you promise me this, Frank?"

"I will. But do nothing rash. I would not have told you of this rumor if Miss Arden herself had not confirmed the story."

"No matter. I have heard something of this before. I have come to the conclusion that women are all alike—frauds and shams—and I have no desire to meet Miss Lenore Arden when she has become Mrs. Montgomery."

He kept his word. At Roxbury he left the train, and a little later was whirling back to his home as fast as steam could carry him. Poor, misguided Van! His rash folly had ruined his own happiness forever.

He returned to his office, a pale brokenhearted man, grave and sad. Days went by. His wedding day that was to have been passed with the rest. Two days later he opened the morning paper and read this announcement;

"Died—Suddenly, of disease of the heart, at her home in Scranton, N. Y., Miss Lenore Arden. Aged 22 years."

And in the marriage notices this:

"Married—At the residence of J. Arden, Esq., on Thursday, the 20th inst., Miss Mabel Arden of Roxbury to Samuel Montgomery, Esq."

The paper fell from Van Lennox's nerveless hands, and he knew no more. For a long time he remained unconscious, and when he awoke to life again he was raging in the delirium of brain fever. It had all been a mad mistake. The annoymous letter had been written by some coward who secretly hated Van Lennox—the marriage to which Lenore Arden had referred in speaking of the approaching wedding to take place at the Arden residence was that of her cousin Mabel as well as her own wedding soon after. It was all a mistake—a game of cross purposes, which had wrought fearful results.

Van Lennox recovered, but he is a heart broken man. Pale and grave, he goes about his daily business. He is getting rich, but he cares nothing for riches; and all the rest of his life is devoted to regret and remorse and undying sorrow for his own rash folly.

What Made the Baby Cross.

"Mamma, I wish you'd call the the baby in; he's so cross we can't play," cried Robert to his mamma one day, as he was playing in the yard with his sister and the baby.

"I don't think he would be cross if you were not cross to him," said mamma, coming out. "He does just as he sees you do. Just try him and see." Put your hat on one side of your head."

Robbie did so, and presently the baby pushed his straw hat over on one side of his head.

"Whistle," said mamma. Robbie did, and baby began to whistle too.

"Stop mocking me," said Robbie angrily, giving baby a push. Baby screamed and pushed Robbie back.

"There, you see," said his mother, "the baby does just as you do. Kiss him now and you will see how quickly he will follow your example."

Robby did not feel exactly like doing this, but he did; and the baby hugged and kissed him back very warmly.

"Now, you see," said his mother, "you can have a cross baby or a good baby of your little brother, just as you choose. But you must teach him yourself."

Great statesman (to married daughter): "My dear, your husband will never amount to anything if you don't spur him on. Why don't you persuade him to go into politics?" Daughter: "But pa, he has tried, and he can't stand it. The whiskey makes him sick."

No one would suspect, in looking at the superlatively unclean Chicago River, that there are several large soap factories located on its banks.

Bob Clavin of Black Gulch.

"Talk about the real estate sharks who are now booming desolate Dakota!" said Colonel Tom Dolan with disgust. "They're nothing compared to the sharks I met out there during the early mining days fifteen years ago. I'll give you an instance:

"A storekeeper in one of the settlements, who had a big stock, wasn't getting rid of it as fast as he thought he ought. In fact, there was danger of the settlement wasting away before his stock could be disposed of. He fixed up a scheme.

"One day a man dressed in a miners garb and mounted on a broncho, rode into the settlement about the time of day when the store was most crowded. Dismounting, he strode into the store. He carried a pair of saddle bags on his arm.

"Give me a new suit of clothes, and all the sugar, coffee, tea, smoking and chewing tobacco, watches and diamonds my horse can carry back,' he said to the storekeeper.

"The articles were bundled up, the man took a handful of large gold nuggets from his saddlebags, threw them down on the counter in payment mounted his loaded horse and rode away.

"'Who is he?' asked the crowd, the moment he had left the store.

"Where does he come from?" they demanded, as soon as they had learned his name.

"Then the storekeeper let out the secret that he was Bob Clavin from Black Gulch, where he and some chums had struck a rich nugget find, and were becoming millionaires.

"'He says the whole country around there is filled with nuggets,' the storekeeper added incidentally.

"All the merchandise in the store was immediately purchased to equip the large party, which at once started for the new gold field.

"And when the party, footsore, heartsore and dead broke, returned from their fruitless wanderings a week later, the storekeeper and Bob Clavin were 100 miles away cracking jokes over the gullibility of some 'suckers.'"

At The Photographers.

"Be you the photograph taker?" inquired a man immediately after shutting himself inside of a St. Paul gallery.

"Yes sir. Can we give you a sitting?"

"A which?"

"Can we take your picture?"

"Wall, that depends. Ef you kin give me satisfactory assurance p'raps you may. Otherwise not."

"What assurance do you want?"

"It's this way; I had my picture took a couple of months ago, and ther next week I seen it in a newspaper with the statement that I was down flat on my back nine years with salt rheum, carsumpsion, yaller janders, liver complaint, hives, ring worm, gallopin' consumption, paralysis, scald head and small pox. They said I took eight bottles of medicine and gained twenty pounds of flesh with every bottle. Now, if you won't ring any such a snap on me I might chance her agin. I've raised a beard now, and if the picture won't look like the medicine sucker, an' you kin give me the assurance, you may p'int the cannon."

Few things delight a woman more than to get a new dress at a bargain, even if she has to pay more than what the material is worth.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

March 6, 1890.

The Virginia House has passed a bill making the anniversary of Robert E. Lee's birthday a holiday.

An artificial dam near Prescott, Ariz., gave way on the 23rd inst., inundating small towns, and doing considerable damage both to lives and property.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company had decided to heat all its passenger cars next season to steam. It will cost $250,000 to introduce the steam heat into the 1,200 cars it runs.

A few days ago the Post Office Department received from a postmaster his resignation, with the recommendation of his deputy for the succession, and the explanation that it was necessary that his resignation should be accepted because he was about to leave that part of the country for an indefinite period. This excited the curiosity of the department officials who investigated the matter and found that the phrase "an indefinite period," was exceedingly well chosen. The postmaster wrote his resignation in jail where he was under indictment for killing two men, and as he had no no means of knowing how serious a view of his conduct would be taken by the judge and the jury, and there were also possibilities of a lynching party, the postmaster could not state with any degree of accuracy how long he would be gone.—National Democrat.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

On Monday last the vote was taken in the House of Representatives, to select the place for holding the Worlds' Fair of 1892. On the 8th ballot Chicago won the prize. The competing cities were New York, St. Louis, and Washington. Chicago led on each ballot. One vote, that of Mr. Skinner, of North Carolina, was given for Cumberland Gap, to indicate no doubt, his confidence in that embryo city for 1892. The World's Fair business is not altogether settled from a parliamentary point of view. It will now be in order to commit the Fair bill to the special committee. The committee will frame a bill to meet the requests of Chicago, as it would have prepared a bill of that sort for New York, if New York had been chosen as the place for holding it. Then the bill will come into the House for discussion. No one can tell what will happen to it. If it goes through the House it will then be subject to the revision of the Senate. It is stated that the Senate is strongly in favor of Washington.

WASHINGTON LETTER

From our regular correspondent.,

WASHINGTON February, 28th— Secretary Windom is having a hard time just now owing to the pressure that the friends of a number of the bidders for the privilege of taking Seals for twenty years are bringing to bear upon him to decide in their favor, and the air is full of stories connecting various members of the administration and other prominent republicans with one or the other of the bidders. The matter is under the law left entirely to the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury, so that Mr. Windom may, if he sees fit, give the privilege to the bidder that offers the smallest sum. As the privilege has been worth more than a million a year in net profits for the past twenty years it is not strange that there should be a struggle to obtain it, and trouble may be looked for from the disappointed bidders when the ward is made.

Senator Call found it necessary to show up Senator Chandler and his peculiar methods when dealing with Southern matters in the Senate this week, and unfortunately was compelled by truth to use language that was slightly unparliamentary. Mr. Call's language was blamable, but the provocation was certainly great enough to make it excusable. Rules cannot be by gentlemen that will be suitable in dealing with such characters as Senator Chandler.

So uncertain are the republicans about their tariff bill that it is impossible to get them to talk about it. It is not even considered certain now that the tobacco tax is to go, and the committee is said to be hopelessly divided in sentiment as to what, if any, reduction shall be made in the tariff on sugar. The bill, which is now promised by the middle of March, will consist of compromises all through.

One of the latest schemes of the lobbyist is that providing for the purchase by the Government of the real estate on the south side of Pennsylvania avenue between the Capitol and the Treasury. The job is an old one but this is the first time it has been pushed by a regularly organized lobby. Of course the owners of this property can afford to pay big money for help to unload their undesirable and unprofitable property on the Government, but Congress will do well to move slowly in this matter.

Chicago people here are very jubilant, and they have a right to be. They have gained a victory that reflects great credit upon them, but after all the action of the House is not final and it is considered extremely doubtful whether the Senate will pass the bill as it is. Many Senators have expressed themselves as thinking the time entirely too short to get up a creditable exposition. Public sentiment here is in favor of the Senate's passing the bill as it is and trusting to Chicago enterprise to get ready in time.

The Senate committee on Finance has reported a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to buy $4,500,000 worth of silver bullion a month, and all of the gold bullion offered, paying for both with Treasury certificates. This bill will not pass without considerable opposition. Senator's Beck McPherson and Sherman of the committee are opposed to it.

This week we had the second instalment of the civil service investigation. The star witness was ex Commissioner ("Roddy") Oberly, but contrary to general expectation his evidence was entirely favorable to the commission. It does not now look probable that the investigation will amount to anything either way.

Everybody is asking what Mr Blaine's friend Carnegie, the Pennsylvania millionaire wants of the Pan-Americans. The reason for asking the question is that Mr. Carnegie gave the members of the Pan American Congress the most expensive dinner ever given here, last Tuesday night.

It is expected that the Senate Election committee will decide tomorrow what report it will make in the Montana Senatorial contest. The democrats ought to have their seats, but it is not thought probable they will get them. Republicans seem to think that all four will be thrown out and a new election ordered. Nobody outside has any idea that the republicans will be given the seats.

Instead of abolishing the secret sessions of the Senate certain members of that body are now engaged in trying to make them more secret than ever.

Another democrat, Mr Pendleton of West Virginia has been ousted from his seat to make room for a republican contestant. Several others are awaiting teeir turn.

Secretary Windom has been arguing with the House committee in charge of his silver bill trying to convince them that it was just the measure the country wanted.

The Pan American Congress want a railroad built to connect their countries with the United States.

The district bill has been favorably reported to the House.

Commissioner's Notice.

M. P. Slaven
vs.
S. D. Price.

All parties interested will hereby take notice, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above named cause.

ON THE 21st DAY OF OCTOBER, 1889 I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court, at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va. on Saturday the 22nd day of February, 1890, to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. An account of all the liens against the lands of the defendant S. D. Price; with their amount, dignities and priorities.

2nd. An account showing what lands are owned by the said S. D. Price, their location and probable value, and whether the same will rent in five years for a sufficient sum to pay off and discharge the liens on the same.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

C. F. MOORE, Commissioner.

Jan 30-4t. printers fee 7.99

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered on the 21st day of October, 1889, in the Chancery cause of

M. H. Corbett
vs
Wm. E. Johnson and others.

I, as Special commissioner appointed in said decree, shall proceed to sell, in front of the Court House of said County at public auction to the highest bidder

ON THE 7th DAY OF APRIL, 1890,

a one half interest in about 100 acres of land, lying on Greenbrier River, in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, adjoining the lands of James E. Johnson and others, being a half interest in the lands of which Wm Johnson died seized.

TERMS OF SALE.

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue, the purchaser will be required to execute two bonds with good security falling due respectively in Six and Twelve months from day of sale and bearing interest from date. A lien will be retained as ultimate security.

H. S. RUCKER, Spec'l Com'r.

I, J. Beard, Cl'k of Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va., do certify that bond as required has been given by the above commissioner.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Mar. 6-4t Printer's fee $9.97.

GOOD FLOUR.

2½ cts pr. pound, meal 75 cts per bushel at H. M. McClintic's mill, also his flour at A. Barlow's Huntersville, and Barlow & Moore's, Edray. mar. 3m.

Valuable Lands for Rent.

I shall offer for rent for the term of one year, at the front door of the Court House of Pocahontas County,

ON THE 7th DAY OF APRIL, 1890,

the lands belonging to Allie McGlaughlin, recently assigned her out of her father's estate, situate on Elk, about 5 miles from Edray. This is a valuable tract of grazing and meadow land. The renter, however shall be required to keep no sheep on said land while in his possession.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned, or to M. D. McGlaughlin at Huntersville

Terms made known on day of renting.

SUSAN McGLAUGHLIN,
Guardian of ALLIE McGLAUGHLIN.
march 6th,

Commissioner's Office.

Huntersville, Pocahontas County W. Va., February 6th, 1890.

James T. Hartman,
vs.
Isaac Hartman's Adm'r &c. } In Chy.

All persons interested in above cause are hereby notified, that I will proceed at my office on Saturday, March 8th, 1890, to take the following accounts:

1st. A further settlement of the accounts of W. L. Brown Adm'r of Isaac Hartman dec'd.

2nd. An account of the funds under the control of the Court in this cause.

3rd. An account making distribution of said funds amongst the parties entitled thereto.

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest or required by decrees of the Circuit Court of said County rendered in above cause at the April term thereof 1889, and the October term thereof 1889 at which time and place you are required to attend.

JAMES W. WARWICK, Jr.
Com'r [illegible]

Feb 13-4w printers fee [illegible]

HOME NEWS

—C. O. Arbogast, of Green Bank was in to see us this week.

—Rev. C. C. Arbogast, of Green Bank called to see us Tuesday.

—Quite a number of persons attended Court Tuesday.

—T. A. Bruffey, Esq., of Lobelia was in to see us Monday.

—Asbury Dysard, Esq., of Driftwood was in to see us last week.

—John T Dixon, Esq., of Ronceverte was in town last week.

—First day of March cold and snow, second day awful cold, third day mild.

—The cold snap the first of the week made a little ice for the ice houses.

—Wm. Gladwell, Esq., and wife, of Green Bank, are visiting at Mr. A. Barlow's this week.

—County Court met Tuesday, with the usual Commissioners on the bench.

—S. L. Brown, Esq., and wife have been on the sick list for several days past, but are much better now.

—Double shovel plows, genuine Malta, and the Brown. Also full line of blades and steel shapes. Simms & Workman, Ronceverte.

—*Presto!* Change! Gray and faded beards made to assume their original color by applying Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers. It never fails to satisfy.

—Oliver Chill plows and repairs direct from factory, no imitation goods. Simms & Workman, Ronceverte.

—We are authorized to announce that Mrs. Z. T. Webb will offer for sale at public auction next Saturday all of her household and kitchen furniture, and a set of blacksmith tools.

—Silver steel plows, will stay in gravel without any trouble and run lighter and take more ground than any plow on the market. Simms & Workman, Ronceverte.

—Miss Lucy Peck and Mr. T. A. Bruffey, of Lobelia, were married to-day (Wednesday) at the house of the brides father, D. A. Peck, Esq. THE TIMES extends congratulations.

—The celebrated Simonds saws, for both Pine and hard woods. All [illegible] a specialty. Cast back and cast hook steel and iron. Simms & Workman, Ronceverte.

—*Avoid Appearances.*—A worthy gentleman, having an unusual red nose, was long suspected of being a tippler on the sly, by those not well acquainted with his strictly temperate habits. His unfortunate disfigurement was readily cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

—We return thanks for an invitation to attend the marriage of Miss Lucie Barlow to C. R. Moore, Esq., on the 6th inst., at 9 o'clock a. m., at the Methodist church. They are a most worthy couple, stand very high in society circles and [illegible] will be a brilliant affair.

—Miss [illegible] Treadway, of Green Bank and Mr. [illegible] Harnett Home, of Oke Nake, W. Va., were married Tuesday evening at about 7 o'clock, by the Rev. Geo. P. Moore, in the presence of a number of the guests at the Hotel by Wagner. THE TIMES extends congratulations and best wishes for a long and happy, useful and prosperous life.

—Geo. W. Siple, Esq., of Green Bank, is a [illegible] from this [illegible] here, and we understand is an aspirant for the nomination for the Legislature, [illegible] was [illegible] County a few years ago by a large majority. Though Mr. Siple is no aspirant, and if a convention is held and if he is [illegible] he would [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

—A very small amount of maple sugar has been made so far this season.

—Our correspondent, Pocahontas, as well as ourself, endorsed the name of Attorney C. F. Moore of this place a week or two ago as the most suitable man we could send to the State Senate, and as far as we learn, from all parts of the County, and Senatorial District, has met with the most hearty approval, and if a convention is held and Mr. Moore will accept the nomination he will be sent to the State Senate with a majority that any Democratic Senatorial District would be proud of.

—The mail from Mt. Grove, failed to come in again last Wednesday. The carrier gave as his excuse "high water," but that wasn't much of an excuse as people crossed all day, and both the mails from this place left that morning and returned again in the evening crossing the same creek the Mt. Grove mail would have to cross. If this happens anymore without a good excuse, we'll have to inform Uncle Sam and have him to look around and see if he can't find some one to carry the Mt. Grove mail that ain't afraid to cross the creeks when any body else can cross.

—The new piece of road near Lockridge's ford, made by Col., D. A. Fisher, for which he received about four hundred dollars of the County's funds has several rods of it slipped into the old road, making it almost impassable for a wagon, and at a place where it will take at least from one to a hundred and fifty dollars to fix. Now, whether this is the Col's fault, the fault of the road commissioners, or any one's fault we are unable to say; but one thing, we do know, is that the road is gone, and the Counties money is gone, and who's the better off except the contractor.

—From Mill Gap Items in Highland, Recorder we clip the following complimentary notice of our Presbyterian pastor:

Rev. Wm. T. Price, of Pocahontas Co., W. Va., preached at Beulah Church on Saturday the 15th inst. There was a good congregation out to hear the familiar voice of some 20 years ago. His text was, "So then faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God."—Romans, X. 17. His text on Sunday morning was, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believed in God, believe also in me."—John, XIV, 1. Notwithstanding the heavy roads there was a large congregation out to hear this sainted man. On Sunday eve he preached at Old Green Hill; text, I believe, on the Son of God. We hope he will come back soon, and come often."

Hillsboro Locals.

Mr. James Gibson, of Elk was in town last week.

Mrs. Kate McNeil and family, of Williamsburg, are visiting relatives and friends at this place.

Miss Edmonia Gumm, has returned home from Liberty, Va., where she was visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. Preston Dunlap, of Marble Valley is visiting his brother.

Messrs. N. J. Brown, G. F. Cranwell and Miss Lydia McNeel, left for Washington City, this morning.

Mr. Mitchell Beard, of Beaver Creek, was in town to-day.

A couple of Mormon preachers passed through our town last week, but they kept the middle of the road.

The public temperance meeting at this place was a success. Two very able addresses were made by Rev. W. R. Miller and Prof. D. S. [illegible].

RUTH & TRUE.

The knitting factory at [illegible] went into operation last Monday a week ago. It will employ eighty hands.

Green Bank Items.

Miss Kitty Lakin, of Dunmore, spent last week at the Parsonage.

Miss Lou Hevener, has been spending several days with Miss Flora Mooman.

Mr. Henry Sharp, of Douthard's Creek, spent Friday night in town and returned Saturday accompanied by his daughter, Miss Dosia, whose school closed Wednesday.

Dr. T. H. Slaven and Mr. R. B. Slaven, spent Saturday night in town as the guests of Mr. J. H. Patterson.

Miss Cora Jones, was up Thursday night and furnished choice music for the Missionary, anniversary which, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, was a very enjoyable occasion.

Married, at the residence of Mr. Emory Conrad on Thursday the 27th, by Rev. W. H. Ballengee, Mr. French Sutton and Miss Birdie Pugh.

Died, at her home, about 5 miles above here, on Friday the 28 inst, Jinnie Slaton aged about 85 years.

Died, in the same neighborhood, on Saturday night March, 1st Mr. Washington Nottingham aged about 72 years. The deceased had been a great sufferer for many years with Asthma but the immediate cause of his death was La Grippe.

DAULINA.

Driftwood Siftings.

Mud, rain and snow is our daily visitors.

Lumbering seems to be the most attended to business of this part and has caused some broken, bruised and skinned shanks.

A night visitor has been attending the smoke houses and corncribs of the wakeless people of Elk Lick Run.

Mrs. Anna Courtney, who has been suffering, with LaGrippe is improving at this writing.

Geiger & Co., have sent a model of the Churn Dasher to Washington, D. C., of which they will receive a patent in the near future, and the people of Pocahontas need be surprised, when they learn that it is one of the leading and most useful inventions of the day.

Mr. Andrew Geiger launched his little "red canoe" for Ronceverte on the 26th where he will take the train for Lexington, Ky., where he is going to attend school. Success go with him as he is as good a Fleming man as ever scaled a West Virginia hill.

We notice that Prof. Jasper Varner is the principal subject of the Brushy Run Items. Why is it that such a small object will cause such great attention?

Jessie Rexroad, general merchandiser, chief cook and bottle washer of Driftwood, will soon have a vacant store house, on account of the death of the horse that carried his stock from Baltimore.

What has become of the preachers? Stony Bottom has not seen one since Goff died.

Mr. Geo. Qay is building a new house on Dixie Bottom which will add much to the looks of Dixie.

Mr. Joseph J. McGlaughlin, is wanting to sell his farm but we think he is jesting, if not, why would he be looking so pleasant at the girls for?

Success to THE TIMES.

JIM SKINNER.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of the transfers of real estate for the month of February:

A deed from Allen W. Tally and wife, of Lynchburg, Va., to John T. Slaten, of Dunham, N. C., of one half interest in 2,700 acres lying on William's River in this county.

From C. L. Austin and wife to Geo. Kerr for lands adjoining Geo. W. Siple and others.

From John McDowell and wife and Martin McDowell, to Jas. Gibson, Jr., 150 acres lying on each side of the Indian Draft.

From Geo. Hill Ex'or of Jno. M. Jordan dec'd to J. W. Marshall of Randolph Co., and J. T. McGraw, of Taylor Co., 224 acres lying in this County and on Cranberry river.

From Sallie Gum to Enos R. Tallman 50 acres or more adjoining J. P. Mooman and others.

From A. B. McComb to H. S. Rucker one half interest of 250 acres lying on Brush run and Deer creek branches of Greenbrier River.

From T. M. Smiley and wife and Mary Smiley and Letitia R. Smiley of Augusta Co., Va., to C. P. Dorr, of Webster Co., a certain lot or parcel of land lying on the waters of Elk river.

From C. P. Dorr and wife to P. F. Duffey a certain tract lying on the waters of Elk river.

From Jno. H. Webb and wife to Granwell Messer 200 lying on Buckley Mt.

From Geo. Lee and wife to Uriah Bird 12½ acres adjoining the lands of Jas. E. Moore and W. T. Beard near Mill Point.

From Samuel M. Curry, of Bath Co. Va., to B. F. Bird all his right title and interest in a certain tract lying on Michaels Mountain adjoining the land of S. L. Gibson.

From Sarah E. Sharp and Silas Sharp her husband to Mary J. Gibson all their interest in a certain tract lying on the east side of Elk river.

From Newton Duffield and wife to Jas. L. Bright, 119 acres adjoining Jno. Gay lying on the east side of Stony Creek.

From Chas. W. Rider to Peter Sharp and wife, a certain tract lying on the east Branch of Knapp's creek near Frost.

From Alvin Clark and wife to Geo. Curry 3 acres and 120 rods being a part of the home place.

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of S. D. Price:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said S. D. Price to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said S. D. Price, which are liens his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me, at my office, in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on or before the 22nd day of February, 1890.

Given under my hand this 29th day of Jany., 1890.

C. F. MOORE, Com'r.

Jan 30-6w. printers fee $5.92.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE

Lands in Pocahontas County.

In pursuance of two decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term, 1889, in the chancery cause

C. L. Austin &c.,
vs.
W. F. Arbogast &c.,

I will on

MONDAY THE 7TH DAY OF APRIL

next, offer for sale at public auction in front of the Court house of Pocahontas County, two tracts of land, one of 803 acres and the other of 1,320 acres. These tracts of land are situate on the Alleghany mountain, are known as lots No. 9 and 10, in the big survey and are valuable for the timber thereon.

TERMS:

Cash in hand to pay costs of the two suits and the costs of sale and for the balance, the purchasers will be required to execute bonds with good security, payable in six and twelve months, bearing interest from day of sale and the legal title to be retained as ultimate security.

L. H. STEPHENSON,
Commissioner.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that L. H. Stephenson, Com'r has given the bond as required by said decrees.

J. J. BEARD, C'lk.

Feb. 27-4t. Printer's fee $9.84

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County W. Va., on the first Monday in February 1890.

Samuel Judy, vs. Henry C. Massey. } In Chy.

The object of this suit is to sell [illegible] acres of land on Brown's Mountain in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, the same land sold by the plaintiff, Samuel Judy, to the defendant Henry C. Massey, to pay the two last installments of purchase money due on same of $[illegible] each, with interest on first installment from September 15th, 1884, and interest on the second installment from September, 15th, 1886, until paid and the costs of this suit.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant Henry C. Massey is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that he appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clk.

McClintic, p. q. Feb 13-4 t. printers fee $[illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second-class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

March 6, 1890.

An Even Thing.

I had had a big chunk of lead from a confederate cavalry carbine driven into my shoulder at Brandy Station, and was in hospital at Washington for treatment, when an Ohio infantryman was placed on the cot next on the left. He had been shot in the leg about two months before, and after every effort had been made to save the limb he had been brought here to have it amputated. A surgeon came one day to notify him that the operation would be performed the next day, and Bill, as we called him, listened and then replied:

"Say, Doc, I'm waiting for a letter from the old woman. I wrote to her that the leg would probably have to come off, and I want to hear what she has to say."

"But that can't make any difference."

"Well, perhaps not, but I kind o' want her opinion. She's always been down on one-legged men, and I want to see whether she's going back on me or not."

"But she won't, of course."

"You don't know about that. Women is curus. When she begins to think of me clattering up and down with a wooden pin and realizing that I've got to go stumping around for life, she may feel a disgust. Give me two or three days more in which to get a letter."

The surgeon consented and in two days the letter came. Bill was very nervous and excited and he asked me to read the epistle and give him the news. It wasn't from his wife, but from her sister, and she wrote:

"On the day that you wrote Mary that your leg would have to come off we started to drive over to Uncle Ben's. The horse ran away, smashed everything up, and Mary's left leg was so badly broken that it was amputated yesterday. She has the best of care and is doing well. She sends love and advises you to have your leg off at once."

"Whoop!" yelled Bill, in a voice which aroused the whole ward. "It's her left and my right. Two wooden pins to go clattering up and down! Two legs to hang up on the wall when we turn in at night! One of you nurses go and tell old Sawbones to come in here and open his butcher shop as soon as he pleases, and some of you boys write to Mary that we'll be the happiest couple in the whole Buckeye State!"

We read a great deal in the papers about the vanity of woman. Probably the people who laugh at it never happen to see a man adjusting his new silk hat before the glass in the hallway, preliminary to starting down-town.

If a lovely woman smacks me on one cheek I will turn her the other also, bravely exclaims a humorist.

When a woman wants the earth, it is with the view of giving it to some man.

An Unappreciated Professor.

"A man might as well be a hangman as a dentist, as far as expecting any gratitude for his services," remarked an aggrieved member of that unappreciated profession. "I have worked for hours over a back filling in a woman's mouth where I had to nearly dislocate my neck and tie my backbone into a bow-knot, and at the end, if I venture to straighten up with a sigh of relief, I have been rewarded with a stony glare of indignant condemnation.

"A woman will stand more pain than a man for a woman has an inborn instinct of showing herself to the best advantage," he continued. "A rubber dam or a mouth stretched to its utmost capacity are not conductive to personal beauty, and therefore a woman will not add the further disfigurement of lack of courage.

"I had rather a funny experience the other day with an old darkey who wanted a tooth pulled. His face was elaborately tied up in red flannel and his expression was the embodiment of woe. The tooth was a hard one to handle, and just as I gave it the final yank he gave a prolonged howl and fairly shot himself through the open window, out on the shed roof beneath. He rolled over this roof still howling and finally dropped from it to the ground, all doubled up like a rubber ball. All this, instead of hurting him, served to help his case, for he picked himself up and walked off apparently sound in the wind and limb and quite regardless of the fact that he had not paid me.

"I had a man once give me more than I wanted for pulling his tooth. He was a big strapping fellow and I thought the tooth would never come. The forceps slipped off three times, but the fourth time I clinched it. The man never moved or made a sound until the tooth came out, when he doubled up his fist and landed a blow on my chest that slapped me up against the wall as flat as a lump of putty. Then he took his hat and stalked out, without waiting to see whether I got my breath or not."

I was settling down to work when a pretty woman entered my office. No one would suspect that she was a book agent. She placed a volume in front of me and began to talk. I told her I would not buy the book if I really wanted it. "Never mind," said she, gaily. "It won't cost you anything to look at it."

As she desired, I did look at it. I read the introduction and then chapter I. It was about 10 o'clock when I opened the book. At 11 o'clock the pretty book agent had become uneasy. I never raised my eyes. Another hour and she was pacing up and down the floor. At 1 o'clock, when she had nearly worn herself out, I laid the book down, and, putting on my hat and coat, said to the thoroughly exasperated woman: "That's a clever book; I regret that I cannot read more of it, but I must go away to dinner."

She was mad, but she didn't say a word. Grabbing the book, she shoved it into her satchel and made for the street.

No one is allowed to destroy pavements, yet it is not unusual to see a man go tearing up the street.

There is hope in the future for every man. Even for the youth with a pair of tight shoes on, there is a blissful prospect of bedtime.

"Come, take a walk, Julietta."

"No, can't. You see my wife's not very well, and I'm going to the theatre."

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, March 13, 1890. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 33

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct., C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

A YEAR IN HEAVEN.

A year in in heaven for her. What is she learning
Of holy things, of things divine and true?
What glorious visions there are still unfolding
Which here she never knew!

Did angel friends await her coming?
Did angel faces greet her with a smile?
Were all the dear ones eager to receive her
Whom she had lost awhile?

And has she seen the loving, blessed Jesus,
Sat at his feet or felt his fond embrace?
Or even can it be that she is able
To see the Father's face?

A year on earth for us without her presence—
A year of loneliness and grief and pain;
But still we smile amid our tears in thinking
Our loss is but her gain.

We miss her in our joys and in our sorrows;
She was our life, our center and our sun.
And yet we would not call her back, but whisper,
"O God, thy will be done!"

For heaven and earth are very close together.
Though she is there, she is not far away.
She could not leave the dear ones, loved so fondly,
Even in heaven to stay!

But still her spirit, like a guardian angel,
Is bending o'er us with her own fond care,
And sometimes she brings heaven so very near us,
We almost think we're there!

A year in heaven for her, of rest and blessing;
For us a year on earth, with her above;
But heaven and earth are both together blending,
And over all is Love.
—M. L. D., in Christian Register.

ROSINE'S ROMANCE.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

When Miss Magnolia carefully withdrew the dress from the great cedar trunk, unpinned the old damask tablecloth which enveloped it, and spread out its shining fold for the admiration of her niece, Rosine, that young lady clasped her pretty hands and quoted Keats.

"'A thing of beauty is a joy forever!'" she said.

Miss Magnolia nodded and smiled. She was altogether unlike the large, fair, splendid flower, after which she had been christened—almost grotesquely unlike, in fact. She was small and round, and brown, as a maiden lady of a decidedly certain age could be. Indeed she reminded one of nothing so much as a little russet apple. But her heart, which had been full of sentiment once, was a warm and sensitive organ still. And she took a deal of interest in Rosine's romance.

"Yes, my dear, it is a thing of beauty! And to think I never wore it but twice. Dear, dear!" And she went on stroking the primrose satin, tenderly as a mother touches the hair of a child.

"You had a lover then, auntie?" asked Rosine.

"Yes, pet, this is one of the dresses I got for my marriage. But he went away,—on business, he said. And he never came back."

Hastily she wiped her eyes lest a tear should stain the shimmering stuff she held. "It is just the gown for your fancy dress ball," hurried on Miss Magnolia. "A trifle short, of course, but there is quite a piece turned in at the top that you could let down. You shall go as a lady of long ago."

"Not so very long ago," protested Rosine, with a laugh. "But really, auntie, I don't like to take it. It is too lovely!"

"Not at a moment of war! No member you are going to conquer the dragon?"

"That is so. And the maiden [illegible] wisely, 'There is she armed who wears a pretty dress!'"

The foe against whom Miss Rosine Wilde purposed arraying herself was the obdurate uncle of her handsome lover. Most promptly and perversly had he opposed the marriage of his nephew. The young fellow would have ignored the refusal of his relative, were it not the old gentleman had always been very kind and good to him; had indeed taken the place of his dead father to him. So he decided that Rosine should meet his uncle and put his prejudice to rout.

"He is coming to visit an old friend of his," Cyril had said—"Judge Chartreau. You know the Chartreau family. Of course you have heard they are going to give a fancy dress ball next month in honor of the coming out of their daughter, Lissette. You will receive a card. You will attend. You will meet Uncle Albert. And you will take his heart by storm."

Hopefully had he planned his scheme; enthusiastically had he explained it. But Rosine protested. It was to be a grand ball, and she had nothing to wear. Besides, she did not like the idea of plotting to make a person like her.

"Bless you," cried Cyril, "he doesn't dislike you. I don't believe he even knows your name. His resentment is general, not particular. As soon as I told him I was in love with a Southern girl, he—he (I have to drop it into slang, Rosine)—he sat square down on me. It seems a Southern girl jilted him when he was young, and he is bound to save me from a like awful fate. But when once he sees you, he is bound to capitulate. He is a regular old brick—Uncle Albert!"

"But I have nothing to wear. And, what is more, I can't buy a dress for the Chartreau ball. We—Aunt Magnolia and I—are poor as the proverbial church mice."

But just then Miss Magnolia came to Rosine's relief like a regular little fairy godmother.

"The very thing!" she cried—"my primrose satin!"

Rosine regarded her dubiously, delightedly.

Jealously she knew had her aunt always guarded her trunkful of treasures, her jewels, her laces, her rich, stiff, glistening old brocades.

"Do you mean it, auntie?"

Miss Magnolia's bright old eyes winked very rapidly indeed.

"I do, my dear! I was young myself once."

And that was how Rosine Wilde came to be the belle of Madame Chartreau's fancy dress ball. The proposed festivity had been the talk of New Orleans for several weeks. The night long anticipated was cool, crisp, sweet and pearly. Brilliantly lighted was the broad balconied old residence on St. Charles street. Many a carriage rolled up, rolled off. When Rosine descended from the barouche of her chaperon she felt a little elated, and conscious that she was looking uncommonly well—as indeed she was. Quite a picture was the pretty young figure, in the clinging gown of pale yellowish satin, picturesquely puffed and quaintly fashioned. The [illegible] revealed the firm, full throat, [illegible] of the arms, which, [illegible], were also [illegible]. And the small, [illegible] face was lit up by [illegible] black eyes. A flash of admiration succeeded the serene nonchalance of Cyril Rodney's countenance, as he caught sight of her. He made his way to her side.

"Queen Rosine!" he murmured. "I wonder if you know that you're by far the prettiest girl here tonight! Poor Uncle Albert!—how complete will be his surrender! Now, prepare to face the music!"

And off he went! He soon returned. By his side was a sturdy old gentleman.

Rosine's heart beat more rapidly. Silvery hair had the dragon. A dark moustache had the dragon. A florid complexion had the dragon. And a manner that was grave, dignified, courteous.

"Uncle Albert," explained Cyril, with boyish eagerness, "this is Miss Rosine Wilde."

Wilde! The old gentleman started perceptibly. He looked at the blushing girl—at the yellowish gown. He bowed.

"And," avowed young Rodney, sending his sweetheart a swift smile of encouragement, "and—the young lady of whom I spoke to you."

"Oh!" exclaimed Albert Ellsworth. Then interrogatively: "Wilde? Was your father's name Clayton Wilde?"

Rosine assented.

"And your mother's maiden name was Magnolia Kingsley?"

"Oh, dear, no! Aunt Magnolia was never married. My mother's name was Madeline Kingsley."

"Eh—Eh?" cried the dragon.

The florid color had faded from his cheeks. He was tugging nervously at his moustache. He looked agitated, perplexed.

"My mother died ten years ago," said Rosine, "and since then I have lived with Aunt Magnolia."

Mr. Elsworth regarded her grimly.

"Is that," he asked abruptly, "your aunt's gown you have on?"

The soft rose fire in the girl's cheek deepened.

"How in the world did you know?" she counter-questioned.

A queer, wavering smile was his only reply.

A constrained silence ensued. Cyril gave his uncle an astonished glance.

"So Magnolia is an old maid?" said Mr. Ellsworth, abruptly.

"If she is," cried Rosine, stung to defence by a remark she chanced to consider rude, "it is because she was true to a lover who proved unworthy of her!"

"Eh!" ejaculated Mr. Ellsworth, more sharply than before. And suddenly he turned and walked away.

The following day he insisted on accompanying his nephew to the gaunt, ramshackle, once aristocratic old home in the French quarter, where dwelt Rosine. As they were passing the vaulted entrance to the little flagged court yard, Albert Ellsworth caught sight of a familiar figure moving among the potted palms and boxes of blooms.

"Go on, lad!" he said to Cyril. He had paused, and was looking through the brief avenue of gloom to the brightness beyond.

Cyril was about to question this new vagary, when the thought of a peculiar possibility made him catch his breath and do as bidden. He knocked at the barred black door, and was admitted to Rosine's radiant presence. And meanwhile his uncle went into the courtyard. The little old lady standing by the banana tree looked up at the sound of the step on the stones.

"Magnolia!" he cried.

Miss Magnolia gazed at him in a dazed, half frightened kind of way. Did ghosts ever appear in the day time? Stouter than he whom she had known, and with hair grown gray. But the same. Around her, in a fantastic dance, the broken fountain, the long leaved banana tree, and the giant oleanders went whirling. She didn't faint, but she came nearer to it than she ever had come in her life.

"Did you think I had deserted you Magnolia? When I left you to go North on business, I believed in you as I've never believed in any one since. And while away I heard and read, that you had married that young Wilde I used to be so jealous of. So I went to Europe. And I stayed there."

"But Clayton Wilde married Madeline. I always told you he came to see her."

"Yes, I know that—now. I was a fool to have been so easily convinced of your falsity. You haven't changed a bit. I knew you the moment I saw you."

Miss Magnolia smiled delightedly. She did not know he had expected to see her.

"I never forgot the dress you wore the last time I saw you," declared Mr. Elsworth, waxing fervent. "I recognized it on your niece last night."

"Last night! Are you—surely you are not the dragon?"

"What?"

"The—the dragon!" faltered Miss Magnolia.

Mr. Ellsworth still looked blank.

"That," murmured the little lady, feeling she was in for it, and might as well make a clean breast, "was what Rosine and I called Cyril's uncle. And Rosine was going to conquer him."

"Well, she did. The boy shall marry Madeline's pretty daughter. And you, Magnolia,—you'll marry me!"

"Oh, dear, no! I'm too old."

"Not a day."

"And ugly—now."

"Loveliest woman in the world to to me," insisted the dragon, loyally.

"Bless you, my children!" cried a voice from above.

The pair in the court yard glanced up. On one of the inner balconies, stood Rosine and Cyril.

"Vanish, you scamps!" roared the dragon.

"I shan't allow you to marry a Southern girl, sir!" shouted back Cyril, as he and Rosine beat a brisk retreat.

Laughing and breathless they faced each other in the old drawing-room.

"Everything's lovely, sweetheart!" cried Cyril, in an ecstasy.

Rosine looked deliciously doleful.

"That's just the trouble!" with a pout so provokingly pretty that her lover kissed her there and then. "If he had remained hard-hearted, like the uncles in novels, we could have run away, and lived in a cottage 'bowered in roses, and covered with thatch?' There isn't a bit of romance when everything turns out so beautifully—all at once."

"You little hypocrite!" he said.

Sweet Girl (anxiously)—Did Fre—I mean Mr. Nicefellow, call to see you to-day, papa?

Papa—Yes, and to oblige him I consented, I suppose time hangs heavy on his hands.

(Mystified) "Why—why, what did he say?"

"He requested the pleasure of a series of games of chess with me. The first one we will play this evening, and after that every third evening during the winter. I hope my dear, you will keep out of the library, as chess is a very absorbing occupation."

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

March 13, 1890.

WASHINGTON LETTER

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 7.—Secretary Reagon uttered a sound truth, and one that is worthy of the most careful consideration when in opposing a bill to increase the pension of a general's widow to $100 a month, he said: Instead of this Government being one of the people and by the people, it is rapidly becoming a Government of the classes for the classes and by the classes." This is a true bill, there is entirely too much class legislation in this country, and it is on the increase all the time, and it remains for the people to stop it. Now they have the power, but if the interference is delayed too long the classes will be stronger than the people.

Again there are whispers to the effect that the republicans will report no tariff bill this session because at the end of the session the Treasury surplus it is expected will have been turned into a deficiency. The rumor may possibly be true about no bill being reported, but if so it is solely because the republican protectionists have not been able to throttle the demand for tariff reform among their republican colleagues. The cry for free raw material is becoming a loud one, particularly from the Eastern manufacturers, within a week Senator Hale, who has been pronounced a protectionist as Mr. Blaine; presented a long petition from New England manufacturers asking that raw materials used by them be admitted free of duty.

The first year of the Harrison administration has closed, and one naturally looks around to see what has been accomplished, and is compelled to answer: nothing worthy of even a single line in the history of the country. The year has been devoted mostly to removing democrats from office and settling disputes among republicans as to which of them should be fed at the public crib.

The Senators are some of them talking of boycotting the newspaper men because they refuse to tell how they find out what is done in the alleged secret sessions. The Senate will do well to go very slow in this matter because there is a possibility that the newspapers of the country might retaliate by boycotting the Senate, and if they did the temperature would be pretty low in the north end of the Capitol building. The newspapers can exist without the Senate, but it is by no means certain that the Senate can exist without the newspapers.

Mr. Harrison has issued another buncombe proclamation warning all persons against illegally taking fur bearing animals in Behrings sea. He issued a similar one soon after he entered office and the Canadian vessels seized under it and turned loose with prize crews of one man each made the United States the laughing stock of the world. The farce is presumably to be repeated this year.

It has been suggested by a prominent democrat that instead of consuming four days time in unseating a democrat, as was done by the House this week in the case of Mr. Late, of Arkansas, the majority should get Speaker Reed to make a ruling compelling the House to vote as soon as the report of the committee on Elections is received. The result would be the same and it would save lots of time.

The members of the Three Americas Congress are to make a tour of the principal cities of the South as soon as the Congress adjourns, which it is thought will be about April 1.

The public, after coming to the conclusion that the charges had been sustained, seem to have lost interest in the proceedings of the investigation of the Civil Service Commission. Shidy was the witness that settled things.

D. H. Bates, formerly Superintendent of the B. & O. Telegraph Company and a representative of the Knights of Labor, made arguments this week before the House committee on Post-offices in favor of Wanamaker's postal-telegraph scheme.

Some surprise was caused among democrats when ex-Governor Warmouth was confirmed by the Senate Collector of the port of New Orleans by democratic votes. If the democrats had voted solidly against him his nomination would have been rejected.

Ex-congressman, Taulbee who was shot at the Capitol by Correspondent Kincaid, is in a critical condition and his death is hourly expected.

Senator Babour, of Virginia, spoke for, and Senator Spooner against the Blair bill this week.

A naval court of inquiry will investigate the alledged cruelty of Capt. McCalla, of the U.S.S. Enterprise, to his men.

The bill transferring the weather bureau to the War department has been favorably reported to the Senate.

Secretary Windom's silver bill is having a hard time in the hands of the House committee on coinage.

New Railroad Company.

The West Virginia Central Railway Company has been incorporated by the Secretary of State. The road which this company proposes to build will start from the Ohio river, at or near the town of Ceredo W. Va. running thence through the counties of Cabell and Putnam to Charleston station on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, crossing the Kanawha at or near Charleston, and proceeding up north bank of the Kanawha river to Gauley river, up Gauley to nearly its source through the conties of Kanawha, Fayette, Nicholas, Webster and Pocahontas to a point at or near Harrisonburg Rockingham county, Va., thence through the counties of Madison, Culpepper, Fauquier and Stafford to Aquia Creek or Belle Plain, on the Potomac river. The principal office of the company is to be kept at Philadelphia with a branch office at Charleston, W. Va., and at Aquia Creek or Belle Plain, as the company may see fit. The capital stock is to be $5,000,000. The incorporators are Alexander Boudron, Franklin Noble, Frederick T. Clark, N. Bierbower, Silas A Kromer and J. W. Ancott, all of Philadelphia.

Young Abraham Lincoln died in London on the 3rd. inst.

Queen Victoria receives an average nearly 400 letters a day.

Sixteen States forbid the sale of tobacco to minors.

OBITUARY.

Died, at his home near Green Bank, on March 2nd, 1890, Washington Nottingham, in the 72nd year of his age. In his death Pocahontas county looses another of her best citizens. Mr. Nottingham was noted for his sterling integrity and many good qualities. He was a brother of Adam Nottingham, dec'd, a former representative of Pocahontas county and a twin brother of Harvy Nottingham, of Dunmore. His death reminds us of the fact that a class of citizens so much needed for building up our county in early days, are rapidly passing away. He will be greatly missed by his former neighbors and friends. While he was not a member of any church until a short time before his death, his conscentuous discharge of all christian duties furnished every evidence of his acceptance with Christ for many years prior to his death as many can testify to the truth of this statement, who heard his experience on Brush Run the last Sabbath of the protracted meeting a few moths ago, when he stated, that he had been seeking for sometime past the pearl of great price, "but now I am happy, out of darkness and into light." None of those present will, doubtless, ever forget this aged man's experience. Many hearts were touched when he arose from his seat to give in his experience, many tear were seen trickling down from the eyes of those present many were heard to say "Amen" while others said "Glory to God," and others came forward and gave him the right hand of fellowship and bade him God speed. After this, as I understand, the way grew brighter—until the lamp of life was extinguished in the damp night of death.

The writer of this, realizes, that he has lost one among his best friends in the vicinity. The bereaved have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement. But as the poet says, and as I have realized by sad experience;

"Tis hard to part with one so dear,
With one we loved so fondly here—
But there, why should we weep and mourn?
For he has gone to Heaven his home.

We hope to meet that one again,
When life with all its cares are o'er,
We hope to see his smiling face,
When we get home to yon bright shore."

C. C. A.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF

Valuable Hotel Property.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County entered at the October term, 1889 in the Chancery Cause of Peter Beverage and others vs. J. R. Apperson and others, and R. S. Turk, Trustee vs. Jennie B. Skiles and others, I will, as Special Commissioner, appointed for the purpose, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County, W. Va., on

MONDAY, APRIL 7TH 1890

A certain tract of land containing one acre, on which is a large and commodious dwelling house and suitable outbuilding's; situate at Marlinton, in Pocahontas County, being the same property formerly occupied by T. M. Skiles. This is a most desirable property suitable for hotel purposes or summer resort and located in a good neighborhood convenient to churches and schools.

TERMS OF SALE.

Sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale; the balance in two equal installments, falling due in 9 and 18 months from day of sale. The purchaser to execute bonds with approved personal security bearing interests from date for the deferred payments; a lien will be retained on said property as ultimate security.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Special Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, certify that the above Commissioner has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k Cir. Ct.

March 13-4t. Printer's fee $10,20.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered on the 21st day of October, 1889, in the Chancery Cause of M. H. Corbett

vs

Wm. E. Johnson and others.

I, as Special Commissioner appointed in said decree, shall proceed to sell, in front of the Court House of said County at public auction to the highest bidder

ON THE 7th DAY OF APRIL, 1890,

a one half interest in about 100 acres of land, lying on Greenbrier River, in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, adjoining the lands of James E. Johnson and others, being a half interest in the lands of which Wm. Johnson died seized.

TERMS OF SALE.

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue, the purchaser will be required to execute two bonds with good security falling due respectively in Six and Twelve months from day of sale and bearing interest from date. A lien will be retained as ultimate security.

H. S. RUCKER, Spec'l Com'r.

I, J. Beard, Cl'k of Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va., do certify that bond as required has been given by the above commissioner.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Mar. 6-4t. Printer's fee $9.97.

Commissioner's Office.

Huntersville, Pocahontas County W. Va., February 6th, 1890.

James T. Hartman,
vs. } In Chy.
Isaac Hartman's Adm'r &c.

All persons interested in above cause are hereby notified, that I will proceed at my office on Saturday, March 8th, 1890, to take the following accounts:

1st. A further settlement of the accounts of W. L. Brown Adm'r of Isaac Hartman dec'd.

2nd. An account of the funds under the control of the Court in this cause.

3rd. An account making distribution of said funds amongst the parties entitled thereto.

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest as required by decrees of the Circuit Court of said County rendered in above cause at the April term thereof 1888, and the October term thereof 1889 at which time and place you are required to attend.

JAMES W. WARWICK, Jr.,
Com'r Ch. Ct. P. C.

Feb 13-4w. printers fee $[illegible]

GOOD FLOUR.

2½ cts pr. pound, meal 75 cts per bushel at H. H. McClintic's mill, also his flour at J. Barlow's Huntersville, and Barlow & Moore's, Edray for $ mar. 20.

Valuable Lands for Rent.

I shall offer for rent for the term of one year, at the front door of the Court House of Pocahontas County,

ON THE 7th DAY OF APRIL 1890,

the lands belonging to Allie McGlaughlin, recently assigned her out of her father's estate, situate on Elk, about 5 miles from Edray. This is a valuable tract of grazing and meadow land. The renter, however shall be required to keep no sheep on said land while in his possession.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned, or to M. D. McGlaughlin at Huntersville.

Terms made known on day of renting.

SUSAN McGLAUGHLIN,
Guardian of ALLIE McGLAUGHLIN,
march 6th,

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 23rd day of October, 1889, in the Chancery cause of Levi Gay, Adm'r &c., vs. Wm. Skeen, I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree, shall proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House of said County, on the

7TH DAY OF APRIL, 1890,

the following tracts of valuable lands; to-wit: a tract containing 3343 acres, and a tract of 44 acres situate on the waters of Knapp's Creek a tract of 3393 acres situate on Buckley Mountain, and a tract of 1614 acres situate on Droop Mountain, all in Pocahontas County, West Virginia. Any one desiring further particulars concerning said lands may obtain same by writing to the undersigned Commissioner.

TERMS OF SALE.

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue the purchaser to execute three several bonds with approved security falling due in 6, 12 & 18 months respectively from day of sale; said bonds to bear interest from date. A lien will also be retained on said lands as ultimate security.

C. F. MOORE, Spec'l Com'r.

Bond has been given by above Com'r as required by decree in said cause.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Mar. 6-4t. Printer's fee $8.[illegible]

HOME NEWS

—Easter Sunday April 6th.

—Rev. W. T. Price called to see us Monday.

—There is considerable sickness in the family of Col. D. A. Fisher.

—The ice houses about here are being filled.

—Last Friday morning the thermometer registered 6 degrees below zero.

—There were about 35 lumbermen at the hotels last Friday night.

—E. I. Holt, Esq., of Academy, was in town Tuesday and made us a pleasant call.

—Double shovel plows, genuine Malta, and the Brown. Also full line of blades and steel shapes. Simms & Workman, Ronceverte.

—Auburn Friel, Esq., has returned from McClure Settlement, N. Y. where he has been working for a few months past.

—Oliver Chill plows and repairs direct from factory, no immitation goods. Simms & Workman, Ronceverte.

—We have about come to the conclusion in the last week that the gulf stream has changed back and still further away.

—Silver steel plows, will stay in gravel without any trouble and run lighter and take more ground than any plow on the market. Simms & Workman, Ronceverte.

—The celebrated Simonds saws, for both Pine and hard woods. Also tested coil chain a speciality. Cant books and cant book steel and iron. Simms & Workman, Ronceverte.

—Mrs. Z. T. Webb, has sold her property in this place, to Attorney H. S. Rucker, and started Tuesday with her family to Guyandotte, where she will meet her husband.

—Hall's Hair renewer eradicates and prevents the formation of dandruff, thickens the growth, and beautifies the hair as no other preparation will.

—Some of our communications should have appeared last week, but owing to our limited space, were crowded out.

—The first legal execution in the State for several years was that of Felix Kempf, in Charleston, on the 8th inst. He paid the penalty of death for the murder of his two children, Oct 4th. 1889.

—Bad blood causes dyspepsia and dyspepsia reacts by causing bad blood. So both go on, growing worse, until the whole system is poisoned. The surest means of relief for the victim is a thorough and persistent course of Ayer's Sarsaparill.

—Martin Maden, Esq., of the Buckhannon Marble and Granite Works, of Buckhannon, W. Va., will call on the people of this county in the near future with prices on Monuments and Head Stones, that will be so much lower on the best grades of Marble and Granite than you are accustomed to, that it will be greatly to your interests to see him. They warrant all work first-class in every respect. Mar. 13-4t.

—Miss [illegible] H. [illegible], of Burlington, Vt., had a disease of the scalp which caused her hair to become very harsh and dry and to fall so freely she scarcely dared comb it. Ayer's Hair Vigor gave her a healthy scalp, and made the hair beautifully thick and glossy.

Hillsboro Locals.

The funeral of Beverly H. Waugh will be preached the fourth Sunday of this month (the 23,) by the Rev. W. E. Miller, at the M. E. church South, 11, a. m.

Died, at the residence of her son, Mr. W. H. Overholt, on the 5th inst., Mrs. Mary Overholt, aged [illegible] years and [illegible] months. Truly her life was after the pattern of the Saviour she followed. X. Y.

Brushy Run Items.

I will again endeavor to give you a few locals of our vicinity.

Mrs. Arretus Arbogast, who has had a severe attack of pneumonia is convalescent.

Mr. Davis, who has been suffering from injuries received from a fall is recovering.

It was sad for us to receive the intelligence of the death of Mr. Washington Nottingham.

Our schools have nearly all closed for the season.

A fisticuff occurred at our spelling match last Friday night in which one of the participants got used up.

With best wishes for everybody, I am,

OBSERVER.

Elk News.

ED TIMES: I have been a reader of your excellent paper for over 12 months, and not seeing anything from this section, I deme it a pleasure to write and likely interest some of your readers.

We earnestly sympathize with your correspondents in regard to the disgraceful condition of the roads, for we certainly have our share.

People are generally well in this part, with the exception of colds or otherwise known as LaGrippe.

Jacob Moore, Esq., killed a fine large eagle, measuring between 7 and 8 feet from tip to tip. Good for you old man, it'll save us a few lambs.

The school taught by M. G. Mathews, Esq., closed the 1st inst. with a few words of good advice from the teacher.

Luther Sharp, who has been sick for some time is improving slowly.

Miss Alice McGlaughlin who has been engaged in teaching school at the Big Spring has returned to her home near Dunmore.

Success to THE TIMES.

SHEEP HUNTER.

Dunmore Doings.

Col. D. O'Connell is putting in logs at Glade Hill.

Capt. E. A. Smith, started Tuesday for the drive at Falling Spring.

Miss Mary Beard, commences a Subscription school at Green Bank, this week.

The reception given by Mrs. A. H. Moore to her son Rice, was a grand affair, and quite a number of persons partook of the good things prepared for the occasion.

C. R. Moore, Esq., and bride, left on last Saturday for a short sojourn in Baltimore, accompanied by Rev. W. H. Ballengee and wife.

Attorney C. F. Moore and wife, of Huntersville, spent part of last week in Dunmore.

Capt. E. A. Smith, of the firm of Smith & McElwee, has sold his interests in the store to Mess. D. B. and B. F. McElwee; and B. F. McElwee, of the firm of McElwee & Nottingham, has sold his interest to Mr. Lee Nottingham.

Capt. C. B. Swecker, has been engaged to make some big auction sales in Randolph Co., next summer and fall.

There are four farms near Dunmore for sale.

Capt. J. C. Lakin, has been laid up for several days with a carbuncle on his hand and la grippe.

Hurrah for the candidates.

TRAVELER.

Frost Freaks.

ED. TIMES: I will write you a short communication since paper is more plentiful than when "Miss Willie Lee" wrote you in last week's issue.

Dr. Lockridge, has been called to this place several times in the last few days to visit the afflicted of [illegible] whooping cough La Grippe &c.

Mess Cam Sheppard and James [illegible] are off on a flying trip to Va. this week.

Miss [illegible] Sharp, spent Thursday in Frost, on her return from Green Bank, where she has been teaching for some time past.

Our town is building up rapidly, several nice houses have been erected in the last few months and others are under contract. It is fast becoming one of the most business villages in the County.

R. F. Hamilton, of Split Rock, was in town this week. Frank is very enthusiastic over the prospect of the Davis R. R. being pushed through to Clifton Forge or some other point on the C. & O. R. R. He thinks old Pocahontas will soon get out of the woods. Let her come boys.

The Singing and Preaching Service of Rev. W. T. Price, on last Saturday night and Sunday were largely attended and much appreciated by an attentive congregation.

Yes we forgot. There is a bright prospect for a wedding in town soon. Go it while you are young "Bob" for when you get old you "can't."

Wishing THE TIMES Success, and stating if paper holds out, you will hear again from

KATE.

County Court Proceedings.

The court met March 4th with Mess. C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah and Geo. P. Moore as Commissioners. The following are the proceedings:

Ordered that John M. Sutton be paid $24.00 for making two dozen chairs for use of Court house.

Ordered that Dice Rimel deliver up to Wm. H. Dilley the road scraper now in his possession or any one else who may have said scraper.

Wm. H. Hull, W. B. Hudson and J. B. Mooman were appointed viewers to locate a public road from a part known as the road leading from Hevener's Mill to Glade Hill, to intersect with the road leading from Green Bank to Glade Hill at or near Henry Wooddell's barn and report to the next term of the Court.

On motion of Henry Petts, a rule was awarded against Isaac McNeel Uriah Bird and Frank Cochran, returnable at the next term of the Court to show cause, if any, why they should not be fined for failure to obey the order of the Court entered at the October term 1889, in not making a road from the residence of Petts to the public road near the residence of James A. McClure.

Levi Gay, H. H. McClintic and Uriah Bird viewers appointed at a former term of the Court to view and locate a road leading from Jacob Simmon's sugar camp, to or near the Methodist Church on Swago creek returned their report which is filed, and the land owners through which the road passes be summoned at the next term of the Court and show cause, if any, why said road shall not be established and opened.

John Kinnison, overseer of the poor in District No. 4, resigned and R. W. Hill appointed in his stead.

James D. Kerr, was appointed overseer of the poor in District No. 1.

Levi Gay, Geo. McCollam and D. W. Sharp, appointed viewers at the last term of the Court to view and locate a road from the low place in the mountain to some point on the public road near the residence of John Sharp, and report to the next term of the Court.

B. F. White is appointed a commissioner to expend not exceeding $50.00 in repairing the road lately built by D. A. Fisher.

Geo. S. McNeel, Davis C. Kennison and Kenney Wade were appointed overseers to locate a public road near the residence of John W. D. McCarty, through the lands of Frank Harper and others to the [illegible] ford of Greenbrier river, and report at the next term of the Court.

L. M. McClintic is appointed commissioner to settle with Wm. Curry in reference to damage for road passing through the lands of said Curry at any time between now and the Circuit Court.

Jno A. Geiger, Samuel Hannah and Jno. C. Price, appointed viewers to let to contract a piece of road on the Back Alleghany, through the land of Jno. Ligon, returned their report, and that said road was let to Jno. W. Geiger at 75½ cent a rod, and said road to be paid for out of the levy of 1890.

Ordered that Minnie Harris, (col.) be apprenticed to Dr. S. P. Patterson until she is 18 years old.

Ordered that Cora Rose, (col.) be apprenticed to J. C. Argogast, until she is 18 years old.

A rule is awarded against A. M. McGlaughlin, Jacob S. Moore and Geo. M. Kee, commissioners heretofore appointed to superintend certain sections of public road extending in different directions from Marlin's Bottom.

Ordered that Wm. H. Cackley be paid $9.12 for lumber furnished Wm. H. Dilley road surveyor.

Orange Blossoms.

On Thursday, March 6th, at 9 o'clock, a. m., Mr. C. Rice Moore, of Dunmore, and Miss Lucie Barlow, of our town, were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed at the Southern Methodist church, of which the contracting parties are both members, and was conducted by Rev. W. H Ballengee, of Green Bank.

The attendant were Mr. Harry Moore with Miss Maggie Patterson and Mr. William Pritchard with Miss Flora Mooman. The bride and her maids were all becomingly attired, while the gentlemen appeared in conventional style. Immediately after the ceremony the parties accompanied by a few friends proceeded to Dunmore, where they were warmly received and royally entertained at the home of the groom's mother, Mrs. A. H. Moore.

There they found awaiting them, tables groaning under the weight of a choice and tempting dinner, and some seventy-five or more invited guests to assist in making merry the occasion. Everything attested in a substancial and convincing manner the high esteem in which the mother held her son and the kindly feeling she had for her neighbors. Mrs. Moore is one of those persons who finds happiness in serving others, and heartily believes in that unselfish type of hospitality that unfortunately is now less common than it was in olden times.

Mr. Moore and his bride, after stopping a couple of days at Dunmore, started on a trip to Washington and other points east, where they will spend some time.

John L. Sullivan, insulted a young man in a saloon in New York the other day, and was knocked down.

A train of freight cars over a mile long was hauled into Grafton, by one engine a few days ago.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE

Lands in Pocahontas County.

In pursuance of two decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term, 188[illegible], in the chancery cause

C. L. Austin &c.,
vs.
W. F. Arbogast &c.,

I will on

MONDAY THE 7TH DAY OF APRIL next, offer for sale at public auction in front of the Court house of Pocahontas County, two tracts of land, one of [illegible] acres and the other of 1,[illegible] acres. These tracts of land are situate on the Alleghany mountain, are known as lots No. 9 and 10, in the big survey and are valuable for the timber thereon.

TERMS:

Cash in hand to pay costs of the two suits and the costs of sale and for the balance, the purchasers will be required to execute bonds with good security payable in six and twelve months, bearing interest from day of sale and the legal title to be retained as ultimate security.

L. H. STEPHENSON,
Commissioner.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that L. H. Stephenson, Com'r has given the bond as required by said decrees.

J. J. BEARD, Clk.

Feb. 27-4t. Printer's fee $9.84

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Of Valuable Lands.

Pursuant to, and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va., rendered at its June term, 1889, in the cause of

J. H. Arbogast, Adm'r,
vs.
J. H. Arbogast's Heirs &c.,

I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder in front of the Court house door in Pocahontas County, W. Va., on MONDAY, 7TH DAY OF APRIL, 1890, all the lands yet belonging to the Estate of Jacob H. Arbogast, dec'd, composed of a tract of 45 acres; part of a tract of 133 acres and part of a tract of 50 acres, all adjoining each other, and containing in the aggregate about 177 acres, lying in the forks of Greenbrier River on the S. & P. Turnpike. About 63 acres of these lands are in cultivation, with a good dwelling and other buildings and orchard &c., The balance affords a good outlet for young stock, especially sheep, and has some good Hemlock, Spruce and Oak timber upon it.

TERMS OF SALE:

10 per cent. of the purchase money cash in hand, the balance in equal payments falling due in 9, 18 and 27 months from day of sale, with interest from that day. The purchaser to execute bonds with good security for the deferred payments, a lein will be retained until a future order of the Court.

B. M. YEAGER, Spec'l Com'r,

March 13-4t. Printer's fee $10.[illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, March 27, 1890. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 35.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

though the [illegible]

—Miss Lillie Friel's school near Traveler's Repose, closed a few days ago, and she has returned home.

—If you want to seed land to clover sown with oats, sow the oats very thin—some say the thinner the better.

—Double shovel plows, genuine Malta, and the Brown. Also full line of blades and steel shapes. Bumms & Workman, Ronceverte.

—Mr. H. M. Lockridge, was at Buena Vista, last week. Mr. Lockridge has invested in several [illegible] young city.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

What is a gentleman? Is it a thing
Decked with a scarf-pin, a chain and a ring—
Dressed in a suit of immaculate style,
Sporting an eye-glass, a lisp, and a smile;
Talking of races, of concerts, and balls,
Evening assemblies and afternoon calls,
Sunning himself at "at homes" and bazaars,
Whistling mazurkas, and smoking cigars?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it one
Boasting of conquests and deeds he has done?
One who unblushingly glories to speak
Things which should call up a flush to his cheek?
One who, while railing at actions unjust,
Robs some young heart of its pureness and trust
Scorns to steal money, or jewels or wealth,
Thinks it no wrong to take honor by stealth?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Knowing instinctively what he should shun,
Speaking no word that could injure or pain,
Spreading no scandal, and deep'ning no stain?
One who knows how to put each at his ease,
Striving successfully, always to please—
One who can tell by a glance at your cheek
When to be silent and when he should speak?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Honestly eating the bread he has won,
Walking in uprightness, fearing his God,
Leaving no stain on the path he has trod;
Caring not whether his coat may be old,
Prizing sincerity far above gold,
Recking not whether his hand may be hard
Stretching it boldly to grasp its reward?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth
Makes a man noble or adds to his worth?
Is there a family tree to be had
Shady enough to conceal what is bad?
Seek out the man who has God for his guide,
Nothing to tremble at, nothing to hide,
Be he noble, or be he in trade,
He is the gentleman Nature has made.

—Detroit Free Press.

ACROSS THE HALL.

It was a double house, with a hall and stirway exactly in the centre, and rooms upon either side. Mrs. Samson, when she rented it, enthusiastically declared it must have been built for a boarding house, so admirably did it suit that purpose, although the millionaire who did build it would have groaned in horror at such a suggestion.

[illegible] a boarding house it was, and [illegible] conducted, comfortable, one [illegible] I, Harry Bell, engaged a room [illegible] third floor, and brought my [illegible]gings there. Now I was fully [illegible] that the creme de la creme of [illegible] Samson's boarders did not re[illegible] above the second floor, and on [illegible] that she called "clerks, you [illegible], and people who cannot pay a [illegible] board," dwelt upon the third [illegible] fourth floors. So I let her [illegible] what she pleased about my [illegible]e, acceded to her demand for [illegible]eek always in advance," and [illegible] I was a medical student, al[illegible]h I had graduated three years before.

"Did you get in old fellow?" Steve Harlan asked me, the next time we met.

"I did."

"Next room?"

"Engaged! Mine is across the hall."

"Well? Who is she?"

"Companion to an ancient party on the next floor below. Maid has a room next the mistress. Companion mounts another flight of stairs. And we sit opposite each other at the table. The ancient party glares at me as if I owed her something. Perhaps she thinks I want to feel her pulse. She is a corpulent individual, red in the face, and eats like a rhinoceros. The companion looks prettier than ever beside her."

"Got any names?"

"Yes. Ancient party is Mrs Carter. Companion is Elsie Lennox."

Then Steve whistled with so much significance that I cried, with convictions.

"You know her?"

"I should rather think I did! Her father failed, for goodness knows how much, two years ago, and like Lewis Carrol's baker, he 'softly and suddenly vanished away' from his creditors, leaving Elsie with her aunt. Mrs Carter is a distant relative—cousin, or something. Why, three years ago Elsie Lennox was the belle of the season."

I did not know whether I was glad or sorry to hear all this. I had seen Elsie Lennox in the street, had seen her enter Mrs Samson's several times, and her exquisite face and graceful figure had won so much warm admiration that I longed to know her, to speak to her, hoping, perhaps, to win from her some answering interest and liking.

And so I applied for board at Mrs. Samson's. and having seen Elsie's face at a third story window, obtained possession of the corresponding window on the other side of the hall.

It was not difficult to strike up an acquaintance, but very difficult, I found it, to gain more that a scant courtesy from Miss Lennox. The ancient party, Mrs., Carter, evidently allowed no "followers," for she most decidedly snubbed me whenever I tried to make myself agreeable. And how I did try! I offered her the use of all my numerous magazines, only to be informed that she subscribed herself for everything worth reading. I brought flowers to her, and saw them fade in the hall, because she thought the scent unhealthy in a room. I offered to attend to any business she might have down town, and was informed that her agent and her maid attended to her affairs. And at about this stage of the proceedings I became uncomfortably aware that Miss Lennox was laughing at me.

I dropped Mrs. Carter then, and directed my attention to Miss Lennox; but it was certainly the most up-hill courting ever attempted.

Miss Lennox was cold as ice, and Mrs. Carter gave her but little leisure time, so that meeting in the public parlor was simply a vexation. I tried other tactics. I waited in my own room until my neighbor across the hall went to dinner, and then stepping over, left, just inside her door, such offerings as flowers, fruit or books. I wrote tender verses and slipped them under her door; and once—only once—I took my violin when she was singing in her room to her own piano accompaniment, and followed the air in my tenderest strains. The emphatic bang with which the piano was closed effectually prevented any repetition of that effort.

I had begun to despair, when fortune favored me. I had been reading until a late hour, and had fallen asleep in a softly cushioned chair, when a quick rap on my door awakened me, and Mrs. Sampson's voice asked: "Are you awake?"

I opened the door at once.

"I saw your light was burning," Mrs. Sampson said. "You told me you were studying medicine. Do come to Mrs. Carter and see if you can do anything for her before her own physician comes. I have sent for him, but it is a long distance to go."

Just one glance at the sufferer told me she could not wait for aid from a "long distance." She lay in an apoplectic fit that threatened instant death. I went to work at once, opened a vein in the throat, applied the usual remedies, and had the satisfaction of bringing her back from the very confines of the grave, before her own doctor arrived. All through the quick, active treatment, I had accepted almost mechanically the help of Elsie Lennox's ready hands, giving my orders rather sharply in the stress of danger, and thinking nothing of the girl I had learned to love, until the danger over, the case taken in hand by Mrs. Carter's physician, I became conscious of a deadly white face and shaking hands beside me.

"Drink this!" I said, mixing a stimulant and putting it to her lips.

"I am not familiar with sickness," Elsie said, presently, in a tone of apology. "I thought she was dying."

"She was dangerously near it," I said, "and you had the right to be alarmed even if you were familiar with sickness. But the danger is now over."

"It was well you were so near," Dr. Hall said, joining us. "Bless me, it is Harry Bell!"

I had already recognized one of the professors of the university where I had taken my diploma, and we shook hands cordially. A little professional chat followed, as I escorted him to the door, and on returning to Mrs. Carter's room I undertook to be ready to respond to any further call upon my services during the night.

Dr. Hall must have spoken in my favor to Mrs. Carter, for the barriers between us were suddenly thrown down, and I found myself admitted to a friendship I had quite despaired of gaining. Everything favored me, and in the intimacy that followed my whole heart passed into Elsie's keeping. She filled my ideal of womanly sweetness, bearing the caprices and bad temper of her cousin with a gentle patience that had not one atom of servility in it; showing in her quiet conversation a cultured, intellectual and refined taste; using her accomplishments to amuse Mrs. Carter, never for display of her own power. Toward me she was always courteous, pleasant, even friendly—no more. Never se[illegible]er alone. I could not plead my love, and I feared to startle her by writing, having no thread of encouragement [illegible] build a hope upon.

Three happy months, happy in spite of my hopes and fears, passed away, and then I was hastily summoned away to the death bed of a near relative. After a week's absence I returned to Mr. Samson's to find Mrs. Carter alone and mysteriously reticent about her cousin's absence.

It is not a pleasant recollection to me, the months that followed. In answer to a plain question, Mrs Carter flatly refused to tell me where Elsie had gone, and I fully, miserably realized that my whole life's happiness had been bound up in the hope of winning her. I traveled about, always returning to Mrs. Samson's in the vain hope that Elsie might have come there also. I was not fond of my profession, which I had studied to please my uncle, I had tried to like it while he lived, but when he died, and there was no one to please, I found my disgust for sores and sickness, my shrinking from the sight of pain, were stronger than my desire to heal or cure. I know that is a humiliating confession, but it is true.

So I moped about, read a great deal, hovered on the brink of many a pitfall, and drew back, and a year had passed, when one morning Mrs. Carter said to me:

"Why did you deceive me?" she asked abruptly.

I stared at her in honest amazement.

"I thought you were a poor man," she said, "poking up in that little miserable third story room. I had no idea that you were Harvey Bell's son, and worth hundreds of thousands. It was only yesterday I heard who you are. I am a worldly old woman, you will tell me. Well, I am; and being worldly and mecenary, and all that, I sent Elsie Lennox out of your way, when—was I a blind old idiot as well, or were you in love with her?"

"I love her with all my heart!" I answered.

"Humph! why didn't you tell me you had sufficient money to support a wife? I sent her off to be governess in a friend's family. How could I know her miserable scamp of a father would send for her? Gracious me! There's a pretty mess now! John—that is, Mr. Lennox, Elsie's father—is down in Texas, dying, and writes to me for money. Whatever he did with all he muddled away, he didn't take any with him; and there's that child alone with him! I can't go. You can see I'm not fit for such a journey in mid winter. John may be dead now. Bless me! I'm half distracted. Do you want to go to them? She is the child of a bankrupt, who made a disgraceful failure. I don't choose to tell any lies about them. She has not a cent, and she will not have my money, because it all goes to my husband's nephew, whether I will it so or not. You shan't say I deceived you about her. I suppose she would want to choke me if I tell you she is fond of you. I knew it, reserved as she was. You need not imagine she put on love-sick airs about you, and gushed to me; but eyes and cheeks are tell-tales sometimes. Well, are you going, or are you disgusted with the whole business?"

"I am going as soon as you are kind enough to give me the address."

"Here is John's letter. Likely enough he is more scared than hurt, and not so ill as he thinks. There! Good bye. Give my love to Elsie, and if I am mistaken, and she doesn't care for you, will you bring her back to me?"

"I will. I'll start to day."

John Lennox was not mistaken. I found my darling in a wretched hut near Galveston, with a servant trying to console her as sobbed over her father's corpse. I had stopped in St. Louis on my journey, and persuaded a cousin of my own—a gentle widow, past middle age—to accompany me to Texas, [illegible] to her tenderness and care I left the desolate girl until after the funeral. It was then decided she should accept my cousin's hospitality, and we went to St Louis a mourning party, but with one heart full of eager hope.

I did not win my darling easy, for she was crushed by the knowledge that her father's failure was one of exposed fraud. But she loved me, and to that love I trusted, and not in vain.

We came again to Mrs. Samson's after two years spent in Europe, where my wife left all her sorrows and troubles, coming home a happy loving wife, and proud, fond mother.

Mrs. Carter had engaged a suit of rooms for us opposite her own, and seems to have renewed her youth and found a new block of sociability. It is difficult to believe the smiling, loving woman who greets us now when we cross the hall, is the same fat old tyrant who made Elsie's life miserable when she lived in the third story, and I cast loving, despairing looks [illegible] her across the hall.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

March 27, 1890.

Hundreds of families are on the verge of starvation in Wyoming Valley, Pa., on account of no work.

Minneapolis has twenty-two flour mills, and they make nearly 40,000 barrels per day. One makes 7,200 barrels.

James F. Miller, tried in the Rockbridge Circuit Court for the murder of Dr. and Mrs. Z. J. Walker, was found not guilty. The jury decided the case in twenty minutes. A nolle prosequi was entered in all the other cases.

WASHINGTON LETTER

From our regular correspondent,

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 20.—Senator Voorhees in a rattling speech on a resolution offered by him as to the agricultural depression of the country, gave the republican idol—protection—a terrible drubbing. He said a protective tariff is a curse and not a blessing. "The farmers" he continued, "of the United States do not receive on an average more than ten cents a bushel for their corn, fifty cents for their wheat and from two to three cents a pound for their hogs.

The time will come, at no far distant day, when the farmer will look upon the proposition to tax him and his wife and children for the protection and benefit of other people as he would look upon a law of Congress to establish the army worm and the weevle on his wheat or to infect his cattle with murrain and his hogs with cholera. Every pretense of a home market for the farmer is a fraud and every pretense of taxing wheat, oats and potatoes, for his benefit is a cheat and a sham. It is not orious and self-evident truth that the tariff, as it now stands, increases the farmers expenses account from 35 to 100 per cent on every implement with which he toils, XXX. I do not see how the hand of a farmer can hold a republican ticket at the next Presidential election. In the last 25 years the improved farm lands of the United States have decreased in value at least 33 per cent.

A Letter From Green Bank.

ED. POCAHONTAS TIMES:

A strange code of morals has lately developed in this neighborhood, which although confined to a very few individuals, the former good standing of the parties implicated warrants the writer in calling attention to the subject, lest others be mislead by their example. On Feb. 1st, H. A. Yeager, had the misfortune to loose his saddle pockets containing nearly all his papers. The pockets were lost between Dunmore and Green Bank. Diligent search was immediately instituted, and the papers advertised at all public places in the neighborhood, but without avail. Imagine the surprise of the public when after expiration of nearly one month, and the owner had recovered as far as possible the bonds, &c., lost, it was ascertained the saddle pockets and papers had during all this time been concealed at the house of a prominent member of the church. They having been found in the road early the next morning after being lost, by his son and son in law, and they were holding them for reward. To make matters worse the aforesaid church member admits that he knew, owning all that time to whom the papers belonged; that he had seen him and talked with him during the time, but that he wanted his children to make some money out of it, and hence did not let the fact be known, but was watching the POCAHONTAS TIMES, expecting a large reward would be offered, and not until he was informed that the parties holding them would be liable to criminal prosecution, and that the papers would not be used by any one other than the owner, was any effort made to discover the owner, who they already knew. Then a notice was put up during the night, advertising the papers, *but requiring proof*, before they would be turned over. Before these facts were fully known to the owner, they succeeded in extorting five dollars for their delivery

Now a word to the law in such cases: The Courts have always held that if a party finding property *know the owner of it*, if there be any mark upon it, or any other circumstances known to the finder, by which the owner can be ascertained and then instead of restoring it, he converts it to his own use, or conseals it with the intention to restore it only *when a reward is offered for it*, as in this case, he is guilty of larceny. The courts have also uniformly held, that the only cases in which a party finding of another can be justified in holding it, is when the *owner can not be found*, or when it may be fairly said that the owner has abandoned it. These parties knew the owner, knew the property was not abandoned. The party who held them met and talked with the owner frequently during the time he held in consealment, and yet failed to make it known because he wanted to make money out of it, makes it a case without a paralel in this county.

I have called attention to the law on the subject as a matter of information to those who might be mislead by the act of one who claims to take the bible as his guide, and to be a follower of the Savior, whose teachings were to "do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

OBSERVER.

Yellow fever has broken out in Brazil.

Fiduciaries.

The following is a list of Fiduciaries whose accounts are before me for settlement:

C. F. Moore and L. M. McClintic, Adm'rs of J. B. Hannah, dec'd.

JAMES W. WARWICK.
Com'r of acc'ts for Pocahontas County.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Of Valuable Lands.

Pursuant to, and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, w. Va., rendered at its June term, 1889, in the cause of

J. H. Arbogast, Adm'r,
vs.
J. H. Arbogast's Heirs &c.,

I will sel at public auction to the highest bidder in front of the Court house door in Pocahontas County, w. Va., on MONDAY, 7TH DAY OF APRIL, 1890, all the lands yet belonging to the Estate of Jacob H. Arbogast, dec'd, composed of a tract of 45 acres; part of a tract of 123 acres and part of a tract of 50 acres, all adjoining each other, and containing in the aggregate about 377 acres, lying in the forks of Greenbrier River on the S. & P. Turnpike. About 65 acres of these lands are in cultivation, with a good dwelling and other buildings and orchard &c., The ballance affords a good outlet for young stock, especially sheep. and has some good Hemlock, Spruce add Oak timber upon it.

TERMS OF SALE:

10 per cent. of the purchase money cash in hand, the balance in equal payments, falling due in 9, 18 and 27 months from day of sale, with interest from that day. The purchaser to execute bonds with good security for the deferred payments, a lein will be retained until a future order of the Court.

B. M. YEAGER, Spec'l Com'r,
March 13-4t. Printer's fee $10.56.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF

Valuable Hotel Property.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County entered at the October term, 1889 in the Chancery Cause of Peter Beverage and others vs. J. R. Apperson and others, and R. S. Turk, Trustee vs. Jennie B. Skiles and others, I will, as Special Commissioner, appointed for the purpose, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County, w. Va., on

MONDAY, APRIL 7TH 1890

A certain tract of land containing one acre, on which is a large and commodious dwelling house and suitable outbuilding's; situate at Marlinton, in Pocahontas County, being the same property formerly occupied by T. M. Skiles. This is a most desirable property suitable for hotel purposes or summer resort and located in a good neighborhood convenient to churches and schools.

TERMS OF SALE,

Sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale: the balance in two equal installments, falling due in 9 and 18 months from day of sale. The purchaser to execute bonds with approved personal security bearing interests from date for the deferred payments; a lien will be retained on said property as ultimate security.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Special Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, certify that the above Commissioner has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k Cir. Ct.
March 13-4t. Printer's fee $10,28.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered on the 21st day of October, 1889, in the Chancery Cause of

M. H. Corbett
vs
Wm. E. Johnson and others.

I, as Special Commissioner appointed in said decree, shall proceed to sell, in front of the Court House of said County at public auction to the highest bidder

ON THE 7th DAY OF APRIL, 1890,

a one half interest in about 100 acres of land, lying on Greenbrier River, in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, adjoining the lands of James E. Johnson and others, being a half interest in the lands of which Wm. Johnson died seized.

TERMS OF SALE.

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue, the purchaser will be required to execute two bonds with good security falling due respectively in Six and Twelve months from day of sale and bearing interest from date. A lien will be retained as ultimate security.

H. S. RUCKER, Spec'l Com'r.

I, J. Beard, Cl'k of Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va., do certify that bond as required has been given by the above commissioner.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.
Mar. 6-4t. Printer's fee $9.97.

GOOD FLOUR.

24 cts pr. pound, meal 75 cts per bushel at H. H. McClintic's mill, also his flour at A. Barlow's Huntersville, and Barlow & Moore's, Edray for [illegible]
mar. 28.

Commissioner's Office.

Huntersville, Pocahontas County W. Va., February 8th, 1890.

James T. Hartman,
vs.
Isaac Hartman's Adm'r &c. } In Chy.

All persons interested in above cause are hereby notified, that I will proceed at my office on Saturday, March 8th, 1890, to take the following accounts:

1st. A further settlement of the accounts of W. L. Brown Adm'r of Isaac Hartman dec'd.

2nd. An account of the funds under the control of the Court in this cause.

3rd. An account making distribution of said funds amongst the parties entitled thereto.

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest as required by decrees of the Circuit Court of said County rendered in above cause at the April term thereof 1889, and the October term thereof 1889 at which time and place you are required to attend.

JAMES W. WARWICK, Jr.
Com'r Chy. Ct. P. C.
Feb. 13-4w. printers fee [illegible]

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 23rd day of October, 1889, in the Chancery cause of Levi Gay, Adm'r &c., vs. Wm. Moore, I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree, shall proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House of said County, on the

7TH DAY OF APRIL, 1890,

the following tracts of valuable lands, to-wit: a tract containing 1845 acres, and a tract of 44 acres situate on the waters of Knapp's Creek a tract of 1881 acres situate on Buckley Mountain, and a tract of 1814 acres situate on Droop Mountain, all in Pocahontas County, West Virginia. Any one desiring further particulars concerning said lands may obtain same writing to the undersigned Commissioner.

TERMS OF SALE.

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue the purchaser to execute three several bonds with approved security falling due in 6, 12 & 18 months respectively from day of sale; said bonds to bear interest from date. A lien will also be retained on said lands as ultimate security.

C. F. MOORE, Spec'l Com'r.

Bond has been given by above Com'r as required by decree in said cause.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.
Mar. 6-4t. Printer's fee $8.75.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election at the next election as Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas county.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Most respectfully,
JOHN J. BEARD.

HOME NEWS

—Have you secured good seed?

—Get a good grip on Spring work.

—Attorney L. M. McClintic, is on the sick list.

—Time to fix up and oil the harness.

—Mr. John Warwick, of near Edray, was in town Monday.

—Start the ploughs soon as expedient.

—How as to asparagus and pieplant?

—Girls, arrange for the flower garden.

—Beware of foul seed and poor tools.

—Do your daily duty and don't croak.

—Levi Gay, Esq., of Marlinton, was in to see us Tuesday.

—Will Gibson, Esq., of Frost, was in to see us this week.

—Rice Moore, Esq. and wife, have returned from their bridal tour.

—Swecker sells McClintic's flour at Dunmore.

—Grow plenty of small fruit this year.

—Head work now saves hand work later.

—Prune early for growth and late for fruit.

—Early Spring lambs bring "cash money."

—See that your horses have plenty of exercise—and feed, too.

—Several lumbermen, off Mr. D. O'Connell's drive, are stopping in town.

—Jacob Boner, merchant, was in Staunton, the first of this week, buying groceries.

—The family of Col. D. A. Fisher, we are sorry to say, are no better.

—Not every new machine or tool is necessarily an improvement, although the agent may tell you so.

—Miss Lillie Friel's school near Traveler's Repose, closed a few days ago, and she has returned home.

—If you want to seed land to clover sown with oats, sow the oats very thin—some say the thinner the better.

—Double shovel plows, genuine Malta, and the Brown. Also full line of blades and steel shapes. Simms & Workman, Ronceverte.

—Mr. H. M. Lockridge, was at Buenna Vista, last week. Mr. Lockridge has invested in several lots in that booming young city.

—Oliver Chill plows and repairs direct from factory, no imitation goods. Simms & Workman, Ronceverte.

—Mr. John A. McNeel, of Knapp's creek, was in to see us, and gave us an encouraging word and a few dollars last week.

—We had to cut, and leave out some of our communications this week on account of our limited space. Write again.

—Died, Rev. Jas. E. Moore, at his home, near Mill Point, on Saturday 22nd inst., in the 79th year of his age.

—The celebrated Simonds saws, for both Pine and hard woods. Also tested coil chains a speciality. Cant hooks and cant hook steel and iron. Simms & Workman, Ronceverte.

—Rev. J. L. Henderson and wife, of Amsterdam, Va., were in town Monday. They are visiting her father Mr. A. W. Moore, on Knapp's creek.

—Several new subscribers this week.

—The first quarterly meeting for the Pocahontas Circuit, M. E. Church will be held at Frost, on the second Saturday and Sunday in April.

—Silver steel plows, will stay in gravel without any trouble and run lighter and take more ground than any plow on the market. Simms & Workman, Ronceverte.

—The best and surest dye to color the beard brown or black, as may be desired, is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers. It never fails.

—Married, today (Wednesday), near Lobelia, Miss Felicia Seldomridge to Mr. A. J. McCoy, and Miss Effie A. McCoy to Mr. Lincoln Cochran. THE TIMES extends congratulations.

—We understand that Mr. Wm. H. Hull of Green Bank, will be a candidate for Clerk of the County and Circuit Courts. Mr. Hull, is a mighty good man, and if elected, no doubt would fill the office with competency and ability.

—When Macbeth ironally asked, Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" he little knew that mankind would one day be blessed with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In purifying the blood, this powerful alterative gives tone and strength to every function and faculty of the system.

—For the cure of colds, coughs, and all derangements of the respiratory organs, no other medicine is so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It relieves the asthmatic and consumptive, even in advanced stages of disease, and has saved inumerable lives.

—In this issue will be found the announcement of Mr. Jno. J. Beard for re-election, for Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts. As Mr Beard has filled this responsible office for the past two terms, without fault, and is known by nearly every voter in the county, it is unnecessary to add more.

—A. L. Nottingham, Esq., who has been in Montana and other parts of the northwest for about seven years, stayed all night in Huntersville, last Saturday night, on his way home to Green Bank.

—D. H. Garber, Esq., of Marlinton, was in to see us Monday. He informed us that he will soon locate at Elkins. We are sorry to lose Mr. Garber from our county, as he is an excellent gentleman, and such as our county needs.

—Martin Maden, Esq., of the Buckhannon Marble and Granite Works, of Buckhannon, W. Va., will call on the people of this county in the near future with prices on Monuments and Head Stones, that will be so much lower on the best grades of Marble and Granite than you are accustomed to, that it will be greatly to your interests to see him. They warrant all work first-class in every respect. Mar. 13-4t.

Douthard's Creek Items.

More rain and mud.

Mr. C. T. Seebert, of Rockbridge Co., Va., brought out a fine lot of cattle for his grass on Knapp's creek.

H. Lee, White, is up at Sunset this week, sowing timothy and clover for Z. Gaulett.

Rev. W. T. Price, preached an interesting sermon at Sunset, school house, Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

The sick are a little better this week. Hope they will be able to be out again soon.

News is scarce this week; so the Ed. will have to be contented with little.

PEGGY JANE.

Mercie's equestrian bronze statue of Gen. Robt. E. Lee has been accepted, and will be shipped to Richmond at once, and will probably arrive there early in April. The unveiling ceremonies will take place on May 29th.

Frost Freaks.

C. B. Swecker, Esq., of Dunmore, was in town this week.

Mess. Wise Herold and Glen Beckman, passed through town with a fine drove of cattle for their Highland pastures.

Will Gibson, reports the road in a fearful condition between here and Millboro.

A. J. Shinnabary's health has so far improved that he spent a day or two in Frost this week.

Dr. Gwinn and son Harry, were in town this week, looking after his interests.

The industries of Frost are as well represented as that of any other village in the County.

Highlanders boom their county, as the banner stock county of the State; but the Recorder has been silent since the report of the increase of Mr. Moore's stock.

Hope THE TIMES reporters are at home this week and will use their pens.

KATE.

Marlinton Movements.

DEAR TIMES: The streams have been quite flush, the past fortnight.

Quite a number of rafts have moved off.

Commodore Peters, made a most imposing display on a double raft last Thursday morning. There were two saddled horses on board, that muched their oats, and seemed to enjoy the situation immensely.

There was an exciting race, the day before after a dog raft that had taken french leave for Ronceverte, with a valuable cable, an axe and two cant hooks in its possession. The fugitive was overtaken, but the axe and one cant hook had been cast upon the waters, and will not be found for many days, if ever.

Capt. D. O'Connell's drive passed here Sunday.

Applicants for service on the census Bureau, are very numerous. How greatly must be the love of our country, among the millions of her sons, as so many stand ready to serve her in any capacity, whatever, so plows and muskets, are not mentioned.

Mr. A. M. McGlaughlin, has on hand three or four hundred nice sheep, that have wintered very well indeed.

Much to the regret of many friends, the Messrs Garber, have arranged to leave Marlin's Bottom, for Elkin's city, where they expect to open store, and make it the interest of their Pocahontas friends, to deal with them, on the matter of home supplies.

Oh dear, and oh me, me!
What can the matter be?
It's because Mr. Jim Skinner
Must be a cute little sinner,
Poking fun at Goff and the Preachers,
And the Brushy Run Teachers.

Like your correspondent Kate, I want the TIMES to be the best paper in Pocahontas county, and far ahead of the counties that have no paper of their own. Let all who can, write.

H. K. S.

Split Rock Items.

Died, Saturday, the 15th of March, 1890, of whooping cough, la grippe and pneumonia, combined, Bettie Wilson, aged 8 months and 12 days, and on Tuesday the 18th of March, Frank A., aged 3 years, 8 months and 17 days, children of Benj J. and Ella Varner.

Little Bettie, was delicate from her birth, and never gave evidence of long life; but she was a loveable child, and never was known to cry.

Dear Frank, was a remarkable child. He was a closer observer of men and things, than very many grown people, and had a wonderful recollection of names and faces. He was not fond of the society of other children; but when in their company he was kind and playful, and one of the most obedient of children. He sought the company of grown persons, and was an attentive listener. When drawn out in conversation, his talk was not that of a child; but like one of mature thought. Strangers who have met him, and heard him talk have said that he would not live to manhood, that his mind was developing too fast.

Alas! he has passed away, and—oh! so soon.

Cecie, the eldest, and only child left of these parents, is stricken down with the same combination of diseases, but her physician has hope of her recovery.

The parents of these children have the sincerest sympathy of the whole community in their sad affliction.

There is serious sickness also, in the families of John W. and S. S. Varner, of a similar character to those the above children died with.

S. A. D.

Baltimore Conference.

LEWISBURG DISTRICT.

S. G. Ferguson, P. E.

Lewisburg, J. O. Knott.
Frankfort, L. Butt.
Blue Sulphur, M. M. Long.
Centreville, H. A. Graver.
Hinton, J. L. Shipley.
Talcott Mission, J. G. Michael.
Union, D. F. Eutzler, W. T. Grover.
Alderson, S. V. Hildebrand.
Ronceverte and White Sulphur, C. M. Bragg, P. S. E. Sixeas.
Alvon Mission, J. J. Crickenberger.
Covington, E. H. Henry.
Levelton, C. Sydenstricker.
Huntersville, L. F. Snapp.
Healing Spring, J. N. Evey.
Green Bank, W. H. Balengee.
Bath Mission, J. T. Maxwell.

The following is a partial list of those with whom most of our readers are acquainted:

H. W. Kinzer, Front Royal, Va., Sup.
David Bush, Rockville, Md.
B. M. Strickler, Wesley Grove, Md.
W. N. Wagner, Trappe, Md.
J. C. Thrasher, Queen Anne's Md.
J. C. Dice, Loudoun, Va.
W. E. Miller, Fauquier Mission, Va.
C. W. Mark, Linden Mission, Va.
J. K. Gilbert, Mt. Jackson Mission, Va.
A. Armstrong, Bridgewater, Va.
J. W. Canter, Lafayette Mission, Va.
J. L. Henderson, Amsterdam, Va.
V. W. Wheeler, Clifton Forge, Va.
D. L. Reid, South Branch.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE

Lands in Pocahontas County.

In pursuance of two decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term, 1889, in the chancery cause

C. L. Austin &c.,
vs.
W. F. Arbogast &c.,

I will on

MONDAY THE 7TH DAY OF APRIL next, offer for sale at public auction in front of the Court house of Pocahontas County, two tracts of land, one of [illegible] acres and the other of 1,320 acres. These tracts of land are situate on the Alleghany mountain, are known as lots No. 9 and 10, in the big survey and are valuable for the timber thereon.

TERMS:

Cash in hand to pay costs of the two suits and the costs of sale and for the balance, the purchasers will be required to execute bonds with good security payable in six and twelve months, bearing interest from day of sale and the legal title to be retained as ultimate security.

L. H. STEPHENSON,
Commissioner.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that L. H. Stephenson, Com'r has given the bond as required by said decrees.

J. J. BEARD, C'lk.

Feb. 24-4t. printer's fee $[illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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One col'n	10.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

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Huntersville, W. Va.

March 27, 1890.

She Wanted an Epetaph.

Silence sat on every chair in the office. The editor in-chief was sharpening the editorial axe (i. e., whittling his blue pencil), the managing editor was increasing his vocabulary by studying, for the first time in his career, Webster's unabridged, while the professional poet was swiftly grinding out long lines of rhyme in which such jingles as "sin," "gin," "din," "come," "some," "rum," "spoke," "joke," "broke," were clearly visible.

The door opened and a woman entered. She was becomingly attired in a black suit, green goggles, a pink nose, and heavy shoes. Producing a large handkerchief, which was somewhat the worse for wear and tear, and allowed a Roman nose to protrude through a fat hole in its middle, she blew a sonorous blast, and remarked in a basso voice:

"I was sent here by a young gentleman with a slight moustache and eye glasses. I want a professional poet."

The rhyme twister flushed, rose from his chair, and bowed. "I have the honor to be that person," he said. "What can I do for you? Pray be seated."

"We've lost a noble boy of twenty years. He was pizened. I want an obituary poem about four lines long to put upon his tombstone. We can't pay more than five shillings."

"All right madam." He dashed his hand through his hair and his pencil over a large pad, and handed her the following:

"He lived below but twenty years,
Some poisonous drug cut short his story;
This stone is moistened with our tears
And he, dear child, has gone to glory."

She read it, sobbed, re-read it, sobbed again, and then collecting herself, said:

"How beautiful! how pathetic! But it don't quite suit. You see his father was a dirty Jew, and we want that brought in."

The word slinger sighed, and then jerked off this gem:

"His ugly father was an unwashed Jew,
And he, my son, at twenty years of age,
Through some fell poison bade us all adieu,
And sought in heaven his endless heritage."

The dame wiped off her glasses, went through the same pyrotechnics, and then murmured:

"Ever so much better. That's almost exactly what we want. Make it, please, a little rougher on the old wretch, and put in all that lovely sentiment you have written."

The mechanical Byron groaned, and drops of perspiration fell from his brow as he penned this touching style:

"Here lies my son, whose bilious eyes,
An unwashed member of Judas's race,
Did poison in a fit of ire,
And clouded his sad death with dark disgrace;
But God took pity on his own,
And placed my boy upon a golden throne."

The melancholy female read the treasure, kissed it, offered to kiss the Milton—who modestly but forcibly refused—paid down the cash, and stalked forth into the street.

Don't Know Adam.

As Artemus Ward was once traveling in the cars, dreading to be bored, and feeling miserable, a man approached him, sat down and said:

"Did you hear the last thing on Horace Greeley?"

"Greeley? Greeley?" said Artemus. "Horace Greeley? Who is he?"

The man was quiet about five minutes. Pretty soon he said:

"George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England; do you think they will put him in a bastile?"

"Train? Train? George Francis Train?" said Artemus, solemnly. "I never heard of him."

This ignorance kept the man quiet for fifteen minutes; then he said; then he said:

"What do you think about General Grant's chances for the Presidency?" Do you think they will run him?" Do you think they will run him?"

"Grant? Grant? Hang it, man," said Artemus, "you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw."

The man was furious; he walked up the car, but at last came back and said:

"You big ignoramus, did you ever hear of Adam?"

Artemus looked up and said: "What was his other name?"

Cold as it may be, no man cares for a coat on his tongue.

Awl that glitters is not gold, because awls are made of steel.

The man who loses is never accused of not playing fairly.

Never tell a man that he is a fool; let him alone and he may find it out himself.

Will somebody please inform us if a skeleton key will open a deadlock?

Some one says cheese was unknown to the ancients. That may be true, but whence comes that ancient smell which Limberger has?

A trade journal gives directions for preserving harness. Preserved harness may be considered very palatable to those who like that sort of thing, but we don't want a bit in our mouth.

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POCAHONTAS

TIMES,

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry. It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interest to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, April 3, 1890. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 35.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

THE BOWSERS.

"Now for an evening of solid comfort!" said Mr. Bowser the other evening as he fell into an easy chair and cut the pages of a magazine. "Mrs. Bowser, do you ever realize how blessed we are?"

"Yes, indeed."

"While others fall by the wayside we are spared."

"While others quarrel and bicker and seek the divorce courts, we love the stronger every day."

"Yes."

He got up and came over and kissed me, and upon returning to his chair seemed lost in reflection for a moment then, he continued:

"How curious life is! Do you remember the day I first saw you?"

"I shall never forget it."

"I was on horseback you remember, and you stood on the veranda of your father's house."

"You are a trifle mistaken, dear. The horse had thrown you off into a mudhole, and I shall never forget the picture you presented as you approached the house. At first I took you for—"

"What! A horse throw me off!" he interrupted.

"Certainly. Don't you remember how father—"

"Mrs. Bowser, are you crazy? I was never thrown from a horse in my life! I'd like to see the horse which could throw me off! You must be thinking of some one else."

"Why, dear, you lost your watch in the mud, and father fished it out. Don't you remember how our negro Tom scraped the mud off you?"

"Not by a long shot! No nigger ever scraped me down! You must be thinking of that yellow-haired dude you used to go with."

We were both silent for a time and I hoped it was the last of it. My experience, although dating back over a few years only, has satisfied me that nothing aggravates a husband more than to bring up the silly things he said and did during his courtship. It seems to be a raw spot with the majority of them after the honeymoon is over. But Mr. Bowser was not satisfied. After four or five minutes he broke out with:

"It's curious what a dunce a man can make of himself with his eyes wide open."

"Yes?"

"The idea that I should ever fall in love with you!"

"Or I with you!"

"He glared at me over the top of his book and there was another painful silence, broken at last by his saying:

"Well, I'll admit that I was in love; but I flatter myself that I didn't exhibit any schoolboy nonsense."

"You were just like any other young man in love, Mr. Bowser. They have always been that way, and always will be, and it's no discredit to them.

"Do you mean to say I 'mooned' around like a calf?" he demanded.

"I don't know how calves 'moon,' as you term it, but you wanted to hold my hand, put your arm around me and—"

"Hold your hand—never!"

"But you did!"

"Never—never!"

"Mr. Bowser, I have one of my old diaries. Wait until I get it."

"Not much! You can't produce no old diaries nor forged documents on me! I anticipated an evening of solid comfort and you can see how it has turned out! Is it any wonder that so many husbands seek the saloons and gambling houses of an evening?"

At this moment the cook called me out to ask what she should prepare for breakfast, and a quarter of an hour later when when I returned to the back parlor Mr. Bowser seemed deeply interested in his reading. I was glad of this, for I felt a bit conscious stricken but I scarcely got seated when he asked:

"Was Emma Davis here to-day?"

"Yes."

"How was she looking?"

"Very well. I wanted her to stay until you came home, but she had to go at four o'clock. She asked to be remembered to you."

"Yes. I hope she has fully forgiven me."

"What for, Mr. Bowser?"

"You know."

"I haven't the least idea."

"Ha! ha! ha! What dissemblers woman are. It was always a sore spot with you, though you would never admit it. How you do blush—ha! ha! ha!"

"Mr. Bower, what do you refer to?"

"Why, there's no doubt that the dear girl once foundly expected to be Mrs. Bowser."

"Nonsense!"

"What?"

"Nonsense!"

"You say that simply for revenge, but I know better. We were as well as engaged when I met you."

"Trash, sir! She was engaged to Jack ... saw ... as so... vy. has ... "M... got ... his c... you ... "I ... "W... coul... band... "I ... "I ... "I ... "I ... som... I w... you ... I ... of c... whi... wer... erat... with... sta... " ... " ... the... boo... Sun... two old receipt books of no particular value. I found every thing turned topsy-turvy and I knew what you had been up to."

"Mrs. Bowser, I—"

"Wait! Let us look up the Emma Davis matter. Here it is. Under date of the 10th of July I write: 'Dear Emma was over to-day to congratulate me on my engagement, though she added that if Bowser was the last man on earth she would not have married him. She says his hair reminds her of pumpkins and that his legs seem to be badly warped. The dear girl also—'"

"Stop!" shouted Mr. Bowser, his face as white as death.

"Yes, dear, but you made a certain assertion. I want to disprove it. I—"

"Mrs. Bowser, I planned for an evening of solid comfort. You have made it an evening of torture and regret. If I never spend another evening at home you alone will be to blame for it."

"But you—"

"Stop right here. This is the last. The worm has turned. To-morrow I go!"

But he is with me yet, and I have no fear but that we shall live out our lives together.

From B. F. White to Henry White for 376 acres in Huntersville district.

From Mary F. Ruckman and Otho Ruckman to Levi Waugh for ...2 acres, more or less in Levelton district.

From Geo. S. Moore to Wm. T. Moore and Amanda S., his wife, for one half interest in land in Huntersville district.

From Jno. B. Johnson and Nancy E., his wife to George S. Moore for 100 acres in Edray district.

A TERRIBLE DISASTER.

Two Hundred People Killed in Louisville.

Shortly after 12 o'clock a. m., on the 28th inst., tornado swept over Louisville, Ky., wrecking two or three hundred houses and killing two hundred people. The wind came from the southwest. Union depot, at the foot of 7th street, was lifted from its foundation and turned over into the raging torrent of the Ohio river.

A train of cars making up for the Louisville Southern road went over with the building.

Falls City Hall, west of mark...

ON JUG RIDGE.

A Wedding at the Bensions—A Great Society Event.

The marriage of the lovely Miss Angeline Benson, daughter of our popular citizen Peter Benson, was solemnized Thursday afternoon in a very gay manner. Ridge society has been looking forward to this event for some time, and its realization was all their anticipatory dreams had pictured it. The groom was Mr. Wagner Wallace, one of our best-known young men. "Wag" never looked happier in his life, and well he might. Ah, "Wag," you are a lucky dog to thus capture such a charming bride! The scribe's warmest congratulations are extended to you and yours, and you have our best wishes for happiness and prosperity as you journey [illegible] down the matrimonial sea!

To dance after the wedding was a jolly affair and will long be remembered by our best people. It is hardly expected that any first-class social event can come off in these parts without meeting with ungentlemanly interference from the vulgar crowd who call themselves the best society (heaven save the mark!) ... Stover's Mill. Even a wedding ...ot appeal to their sense of de... and for good reason. En... of the brilliant event at Bensons, at which was as...ed fair women and brave ... they gathered about the ... like so many hyenas and ... the welkin ring with their un... yells and catcalls. Their un... references to your correspon... are passed by with withering ... Whether or not we changed ...ocks for the wedding is none ...eir affairs. It is presumed we ... the usages of good society or ...ould not have been there. ...ing at it in its most charitable ... it was an impertinent ques... to shout through the open win... and we take this occasion to ...hat the wretches who did it do ... know the first principles of ... constitutes the true gentle...

...he bride's costume was tasteful ... becoming, made largely, we understand, by her own fair hands, ... the remarks of these would-be ...al leaders of Stover's Mill con...ing it were out of place and in...ing in the extreme. "Get onto de Jug Ridge weddin' slippers!" "Smell de bar's grease on de bride's flowin' ringlets!" were expressions that these low ignoramuses seemed to think was the essence of wit and good humor. We do not so regard them.

Two or three of the better people from Stover's Mill were present at the wedding by invitation, and their efforts to excuse the conduct of the gang on the outside led, as a matter of course, to some high words. Luckily their nefarious attempt to get our fiddler intoxicated was discovered and nipped in the bud. Soon after this discovery one of the supposedly better people from the Mill was promptly knocked through a dining room window. He had the effrontery to want his wedding present handed out to him through the window, but the bride, with true spirit, declined to yield it, and instead hurled a chair leg at his offending head. Served him right, say we.

The gallant young bridegroom, slipped out on the porch and announced in no uncertain tones that he could whip one at a time, any two curs in the crowd, and it is noticed that his peremptory challenge was not accepted notwithstanding he offered every inducement in the way of fair play. The Stover's Mill yellow hammers bark a great deal about their fighting qualities, but with very few exceptions there has been no social event on the Ridge this season when they did not get the everlasting daylights knocked right out of them, and the same can be done again. In proof of our assertion, we have only to cite the Brayfogle nuptials, the Dobson dance and the Appelgate taffy-pull. Their game now appears to be to lay out in the grass and howl until such time as the beautiful chocolate color fades out of the vicinity of their eyesight.

A thin, careworn-looking man, having a pencil and a tablet in his hand, called at a house on 2d avenue the other day and said to the lady as she opened the door:

"Madam, I am canvassing for subscriptions for a poor family. Will you put your name down for a small sum?"

"Is it a worthy family?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Do you know them personally?"

"I do, ma'am."

"And they are really in need?"

"They certainly are."

"Very well—I'll give you a quarter."

She put her name down and handed him the money, and he had reached the gate when she called him back and said:

"It has just occurred to me that this might be your own family."

"Exactly, ma'am. It is my family, but modesty forbade me to say so. I am not one who seeks to push himself forward, though I would doubtless get along better if I was. Thank you, ma'am. I know the family, and I assure you it is all right—all right!"

A New Jersey man has eaten an egg a day for the past fifty years. He has eaten in all 1521 dozen.

David Cable, of Stanley N. C., is the father of thirty two children, of whom fourteen boys and eleven girls are still living.

Winter Frost, Jack Frost, white Frost, Cold Frost, Early Frost, and Snow Frost are the names of six brothers in Kansas City.

A Polk County (Fla.,) hunter took a novel contract. He agreed to capture alive an eighteen foot allegator for the Sub-Tropical Exposition.

The last census in New Zealand reveals the fact of a profession of religion on the part of no less than ninety-five per cent of the whole population.

In a desperate encounter between a large bald eagle and two dogs, at Derwood, Md, for the possession of a piece of fresh beef the bird came off victorious.

By a mistake of the paying teller in a bank in Atchison, Kan., a colored man who presented a check for $1.61 received $61.60, with which he proceeded to pay some debts and to purchase a marriage license for his son, whose wedding had been postponed for want of funds.

A few weeks ago a Dodge City (Kan.,) dentist who had made a set of teeth for lady who had failed to pay for them, took them out of her mouth in a crowded store in that place. In an hour or two the molars were paid for and returned to the woman.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

April 3, 1890.

WASHINGTON LETTER

From our regular correspondent.,

WASHINGTON, D. C., March27.—Senator Sherman's alleged anti-trust bill which his republican colleague, Senator Platt, says is a sham and a delusion and nothing less than a humbugging of the people, has been overloaded with amendments by the Senate. Of course everybody here knows that this bill, if it was a law, would not hurt a single trust. Mr Sherman himself has admitted that the bill is only intended as a warning to the trust, and he might have added, that it would also if passed prevent the passage of any other measure that might be introduced with the intention to really injure the trusts. Perhaps that is what it is really intended for. Congress can break up every trust existing in this country inside of ninety days whenever it pleases to do so. All that is necessary is to remove the tariff from the article dealt in by the several trusts.

Senator Chandler is one of that class of republicans who believe that this Government exists for their special benefit. Having recently put a man, who was his private secretary, into the Navy department as chief clerk of the bureaus, he now has the cheek to introduce a bill to increase that chief clerk's salary from $1,800 to $2,500 a year.

The House passed the Chicago World's Fair bill with amendments providing that women should be represented upon the board of managers and that the fair should be held from April to October 1893. There is no doubt of the early passage of the bill by the Senate. Circumstances have overcome whatever serious opposition there existed in that body.

The republicans of the Senate have struck a streak of industry and agreed to meet daily at 11 o'clock instead of 12. They have also decided in caucus that the Montana steal shall be called up on Monday and remain before the Senate until the theft is consummated, to be followed in regular order by the dependent pension bill, the administrative customs bill the land forfeiture bill, the Jones silver bill, and the bills for the admission of new States. An attempt was made at this caucus to bind the Senators to support a Federal election bill, but it failed most ignominiously. It is only by the aid of king caucus that a Federal Election bill can be carried in either House or Senate.

The House committee on Territories has practically "turned down" the applications of New Mexico and Arizona to become States, at the present session, by deciding to postpone further consideration of bills for their admission.

Bills to allow Gen. Crook's widow a pension of $2,000 a year have been introduced in House and Senate.

The republicans of the Ways and Means committee of the House have not been able to stand the pressure brought to bear upon them by the announcement of the items in their tariff bill. Already they have decided that hides and raw silk shall go back upon the free list, and the sugar people are demanding with a prospect of success that the cut on sugar shall not exceed 25 per cent. It is impossible to say how soon the bill will get before the House. It has not yet been discussed by the full committee.

The president and secretary of the Virginia Republican League, of this city, have been arrested under the civil service law prohibiting of campaign contributions from Government employes. It was done with the intention of making these test cases in order to get a judicial construction of the law.

The Civil Service Commission, not satisfied with the largely increased appropriation it had already asked for, has submitted a supplementary estimate to Congress asking for $37,000 more.

Secretary Proctor wants the Pension bureau transferred from the Interior to the War department. He says the work could be done there cheaper.

The republican members of the House committee on Elections must have had some pretty severe twinges of conscience of late. This week they have decided two contested election cases in favor of the sitting democrats.

General bunkum has occupied the floor of the Senate for the greater part of the present week. No legislative body on earth is farther from the people than the Senate of the United States, but that does not prevent the liberal use of platitudes about the "dear people."

The House has passed the bill for the admission of Wyoming Territory as a State.

Secretary Windom's silver bill has been favorably reported to the House, but it has been radically amended.

The Pan American Congress has reported in favor of the adoption of an International silver coin.

J. A. Bing, a young lawyer, of Logan Co., was drowned in Twelve Pole river, on the 24th inst.

Queen Victoria, on the Dover boat, bound for Aix les Bains, was in great good humor, with her three coachmen, nine grooms, eight horses, one donkey, three carriages, 72 trunks, three special beds, a special cooking stove, wine, two doctors, one surgeon, one surgeon for the Princess Beatrice, three ladies in waiting, nine women servants, one lord, two equerries, seven dogs and *Prince* Henry of Battenberg, whom she addressed as "lieber Heinrich," in voice loud enough to be distinctly heard and distinctly convey the impression that he is once more restored to the love of his royal mother in law.

General F. H. Smith, died at Lexington, Va., from a stroke of paralysis, in the 77th year of his age.

Easter—1890

Matt, xxviii., 6 ... John xx., 14 16.

Come see the place where Jesus lay;
The cavern dim is empty now.
Come, souls, the angels' word obey,
One earnest look your heart allow.

Come see the place where Jesus lay,
When all that love could do was o'er;
His life blood shed, the sinless dead
Lay here upon earth's stony floor

Come see the place where Jesus lay,
O seekers of the Crucified!
Like Mary, as ye turn away
The longing wish is satisfied.

Fiduciaries.

The following is a list of Fiduciaries whose accounts are before me for settlement:

C. F. Moore and L. M. McClintic, Adm'rs of J. B. Hannah, dec'd.

JAMES W. WARWICK,
Com'r of acc'ts for Pocahontas County.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Of Valuable Lands.

Pursuant to, and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va., rendered at its June term, 1889, in the cause of

J. H. Arbogast, Adm'r,
vs.
J. H. Arbogast's Heirs &c.,

I will sel at public auction to the highest bidder in front of the Court house door in Pocahontas County, W. Va., on MONDAY, 7TH DAY OF APRIL, 1890, all the lands yet belonging to the Estate of Jacob H. Arbogast, dec'd, composed of a tract of 45 acres part of a tract of 122 acres and part of a tract of 50 acres, all adjoining each other, and containing in the aggregate about 377 acres, lying in the forks of Greenbrier River on the S. & P. Turnpike. About 65 acres of those lands are in cultivation, with a good dwelling and other buildings and orchard &c. The balance affords a good outlet for young stock, especially sheep, and has some good Hemlock, Spruce add Oak timber upon it.

TERMS OF SALE:

10 per cent. of the purchase money cash in hand, the balance in equal payments, falling due in 9, 18 and 27 months from day of sale, with interest from that day. The purchaser to execute bonds with good security for the deferred payments, a lein will be retained until a future order of the Court.

B. M. YEAGER, Spec'l Com'r,
March 13 4t. Printer's fee $10.36.

Valuable Lands for Rent.

I shall offer for rent for the term of one year, at the front door of the Court House of Pocahontas County,

ON THE 7th DAY OF APRIL 1890.

the lands belonging to Allie McGlaughlin, recently assigned her out of her father's estate, situate on Elk, about 5 miles from Edray. This is a valuable tract of grazing and meadow land. The renter, however shall be required to keep no sheep on said land while in his possession.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned, or to M. D. McGlaughlin at Huntersville

Terms made known on day of renting.

SUSAN MCGLAUGHLIN,
Guardian of ALLIE MCGLAUGHLIN,
march 6th,

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 23rd day of October, 1889, in the Chancery cause of Levi Gay, Adm'r &c., vs. Wm. Skeen, I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree, shall proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House of said County, on the

7TH DAY OF APRIL, 1890,

the following tracts of valuable lands: to-wit: a tract containing 3343 acres, and a tract of 44 acres situate on the waters of Knapp's Creek a tract of 2282 acres situate on Buckley Mountain, and a tract of 1611 acres situate on Droop Mountain, all in Pocahontas County, West Virginia. Any one desiring further particulars concerning said lands may obtain same writing to the undersigned Commissioner.

TERMS OF SALE.

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue the purchaser to execute three several bonds with approved security falling due in 6, 12 & 18 months respectively from day of sale; said bonds to bear interest from date. A lien will also be retained on said lands as ultimate security.

C. F. MOORE, Spec'l Com'r.

Bond has been given by above Com'r as required by decree in said cause.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Mar. 6-4t. Printer's fee [illegible]

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re election at the next election as Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas county.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Most respectfully,
JOHN J. BEARD.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas County at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next, and, if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said offices to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

HOME NEWS

—Circuit Court next week.

—Read Jacob Boner's new ad.

—Every body come in to see us when you come to court.

—A few trials before justice Grose lately.

—Announcements for office must be paid in advance.

—More new subscribers this week, and still room for plenty more.

—The deepest snow of the season fell Monday.

—Have you a supply of eggs for easter?—if not you had better be a hustling, its only three days off.

—Attorney L. M. McClintic, who has been on the sick list for several days, is improving.

—Died, Mr. Peter Sharp, of Frost, on last Saturday morning, aged about 60 years.

—George Wagner, Esq., has been sick for the past few days, but not seriously.

—Joe McNeel, Esq., and wife, of Academy, were visiting her parents Saturday and Sunday.

—There was more real winter weather in March than the rest of the winter.

—Jas. W. Warwick, Esq., has returned from a several days trip in Va.

—The itching of the scalp, falling of the hair resulting in baldness, are often caused by dandruff, which may be cured by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

—If your cough keeps you awake and restless by night, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and obtain immediate relief. This remedy allays inflammation, heals the pulmonary organs, induces sleep and restores health. The sooner you begin the better.

—"When the spring time comes," we usually find ourselves drowsy and exhausted, owing to the impure and sluggish state of the blood. To remedy this trouble, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the most powerful, yet safe and economical, blood purifier in existence.

—We received a letter from Mr. H. A. Yeager, of Green Bank, in regard to the communication in last week's TIMES about the loosing and finding of his saddle pockets, in which he says he had satisfactory explanation from the parties, and he believes there were no criminal intent in concealing them.

—In this issue will be found the announcement of S. L. Brown, Esq., for clerk of the County and Circuit courts. Mr. Brown has been a citizen of our town for several years, and we know him to be thoroughly competent, and we believe if he is elected he will fill the office with the ability and accommodation that no one whose may cast his vote for him will have cause to regret it.

—E. H. Moore, Esq. of Academy, was in to see us Monday, and showed us letters from several influential gentlemen, urging him to announce himself a candidate for clerk of the Circuit and County Courts. What we can say of Mr. Moore, is, that we have known him all our life, and know him to be competent and well worthy of the position to which he aspires.

—One Nathan Green, who is quite familiar with the inside of our jail, was arrested last Friday, and after a hearing before justice Grose, was locked up to await the action of the grand jury for breaking into the meat house of Mr. Andrew Dilley and stealing several pieces of bacon. Wilam Wanless was also arrested as accessory and gave bond in the sum of $500 to answer indictment.

—Martin Maden, Esq., of the Buckhannon Marble and Granite Works, of Buckhannon, W. Va., will call on the people of this county in the near future with prices on Monuments and Head Stones, that will be so much lower on the best grades of Marble and Granite than you are accustomed to, that it will be greatly to your interests to see him. They warrant all work first-class in every respect Mar. 13-4t.

—L. J. Pyles, Esq., whose wife and child were up at Green Bank, last week, and he, having cause to believe, as he says, that she was preparing to leave him and start for Dak., where her brother is, swore out a warrant and had her arrested and brought to this place for trial for the recovery of the child, and finding that a justice had no jurisdiction over the case, he stole the child out of the hotel, and skipped over the hill; his wife seeing him started in pursuit, but failed to catch him. The next day he came back to town, and meeting, they reconsidered their solemn promise at the marriage altar "for better or for worse &c.," and went to their home.

Driftwood Siftings.

Lumbering seems to be quiet at present.

Parties are quite common around here.

La grippe is vanishing from our sight. Hope it will return no more to this delightful land of ours.

L. J. Dysard has returned from teaching school.

SPROWSER.

[illegible] Doings.

Snow, mud and changeable weather.

We have quite a number on the sick list, at this time.

Col. S. C. Pritchard and son William and Walter Mann, goes this week to start up there saw mill.

Mr. C. E. Pritchard, has returned from Hedricks.

Mr. W. H. Cackley, starts to day for Ronceverte.

Mess. McElwee have commenced work on their store house above Huntersville.

AMOS COWHOOF.

Elk Items.

More rain, mud and a little snow.

Wm. L Larrence had the misfortune to cut his foot, but hope he will soon be out again.

Dr. Cameron passed through our neighborhood. Suppose he has a patient along the sunny banks of the Greenbrier.

There is a young married man off Clover creek, who knows how to handle himself among the fair sex of this community. That's right Davy.

Success to THE TIMES, for we think it is the best paper in the country.

SHEEP HUNTER.

Hillsboro Locals.

Several cases of mumps in town.

Rev. W. H. Ballengee and wife, of Green Bank, were visiting her brother, Mr. E. H. Moore at this place.

Rev. W. E. Miller and family will leave next week for their new field of labor. There many friends will be sorry to see them leave.

Maj. J. C. Arbogast, of Green Bank, spent several days in the Levels last week.

Mr. Andrew McGlaughlin, of Marlinton, was in town Monday.

Mr. Edgar Beard, of Mill Point, lost a fine horse, by falling over cliff of rocks.

Mr. Albert Overholt, of Buckeye, spent last night in town.

Miss Lucy Gay, of Elk, has enrolled as a pupil in the H. T. School.

Several lumbermen are stopping in town.

BETH & THOS.

Green Bank Items.

Mr. Rock, formerly of Mill Point, who has been attending Hevener's mill for some time, moved his family up last week.

Dr. C. L. Austin, who has been on a visit to his father in Lewisburg, returned last week.

John A. Sheets, is moving to his farm near this place.

Mrs. J. P. Mooman and Mrs. Sallie Arbogast and son Early, are off to Cheat Bridge, to see Mrs. Wm. F. Arbogast, who is very ill with Pneumonia. Mrs. C. O. and Mr. Wm. F. Arbogast are down with the same.

Mrs. Mary A. Wooddell and daughter, who have been quite ill for the past week, are somewhat improved.

We are glad to welcome Rev. W. H. Ballengee and wife, back for another year.

Died, near Traveler's Repose, Saturday, morning, the 29th a little child of Mr. & Mrs. Jno. Coff, from the effects of getting a bean in its wind pipe.

PAULINA.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of transfers of real estate for the month of March:

A deed from Hannah Cloonan to Hannah E. Cloonan, for 30 acres of land, more or less in Edray district.

From B. F. White to Henry White for 376 acres in Huntersville district.

From Mary F. Buckman and Otho Buckman to Levi Waugh for 12 acres, more or less in Levelton District.

From Geo. S. Moore to Wm. T. Moore and Amanda S., his wife, for one half interest in land in Huntersville district.

From Jno. B. Johnson and Nancey E., his wife to George S. Moore for 100 acres in Edray district.

A TERRIBLE DISASTER.

Two Hundred People Killed in Louisville.

Shortly after 12 o'clock a. m., on the 28th inst., tornado swept over Louisville, Ky., wrecking two or three hundred houses and killing two hundred people. The wind came from the southwest. Union depot, at the foot of 7th street, was lifted from its foundation and turned over into the raging torent of the Ohio river.

A train of cars making up for the Louisville Southern road went over with the building.

Falls City Hall, west of market street was wrecked. In the hall were over one hundred people, and but few of them escaped alive. Many buildings after falling caught fire and the inmates were burned. All streets were blockaded with debris of falling buildings or telegraph and electric wires.

The Missing Pig.

Mr. Enoch W. Jordan, a prominent farmer of Lee County, tells the following snake story: He was walking over his plantation when he came to a sow which had a fine litter of pigs. He found one of them absent. Going a short distance further he overtook a huge rattlesnake which he promptly dispatched. He noticed that it seemed very large and was apparently gorged. Cutting it open, out jumped the pig, which, as soon as released from its close quarters, took to its heels and ran home.—Atlanta Constitution.

The New York Court of Appeals has decided that the electric capital punishment act is constitutional and that no error was committed in the trial of Kemmler.

The great strike of the English miners has ended by the employers conceding the demand for an increase of wages.

The noble lady who advertised in one of the London society papers recently that she would introduce Americans at court "for a consideration," is said to be an American woman herself, married to a disreputable and spendthrift lord, and takes this means of providing for herself and him.

PUBLIC SALE

Of valuable Stock and household and Kitchen Furniture.

I will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, at Marlinton, Friday, April 18th, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m., One Bay Mare, four years old, three Cows, five head of Hogs, and all of a valuable lot of Household and Kitchen Furniture

Terms made known on day of sale.

D. H. GARBER.
D. A. FISHER,
Auctioneer.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered on the 21st day of October, 1889, in the Chancery Cause of

M. H. Corbett
vs
Wm. E. Johnson and others.

I, as Special Commissioner appointed in said decree, shall proceed to sell, in front of the Court House of said County at public auction to the highest bidder

ON THE 7th DAY OF APRIL, 1890,

a one half interest in about 100 acres of land, lying on Greenbrier River, in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, adjoining the lands of James E. Johnson and others, being a half interest in the lands of which Wm Johnson died seized.

TERMS OF SALE.

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue, the purchaser will be required to execute two bonds with good security falling due respectively in Six and Twelve months from day of sale and bearing interest from date. A lien will be retained as ultimate security.

H. S. RUCKER, Spec'l Com'r.

I, J. Beard, Cl'k of Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va., do certify that bond as required has been given by the above commissioner.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Mar. 6-4t Printer's fee $9.97.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE
Lands in Pocahontas County.

In pursuance of two decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term, 1889, in the chancery cause

C. L. Austin &c.,
vs
W. F. Arbogast &c.,

I will on

MONDAY THE 7TH DAY OF APRIL

next, offer for sale at public auction in front of the Court house of Pocahontas County, two tracts of land, one of [illegible] acres and the other of 1,320 acres. These tracts of land are situate on the Allegheny mountain, are known as lots No. 9 and 10, in the big survey and are valuable for the timber thereon.

TERMS:

Cash in hand to pay costs of the two suits and the costs of sale and for the balance the purchasers will be required to execute bonds with good security payable in six and twelve months, bearing interest from day of sale and the legal title to be retained as ultimate security.

L. H. STEPHENSON,
Commissioner.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that L. H. Stephenson, Com has given the bond as required by said decrees.

J. J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Feb. [illegible] printer's fee [illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville. W. Va.

April 3. 1890.

A CAVALRY CHARGE.

We had been held in reserve on the second day at Gettysburg so long that men and horses became nervous and afraid, writes and ex Confederate. My horse was an old veteran, who would drop his head and pick at the green grass with a battery firing on either side of us, but as the moments dragged away on this occasion he evinced a woman's nervousness. I looked down the lines and saw that the alignment was constantly being broken by the horses backing up or forging ahead. They could see the fighting to the right and in front, and the smoke from the Union battery to the left and in front of us drove back and over us, and the horses breathed it in and blew it out of their nostrils in gasps.

A tremor of excitement—a sort of shiver—ran down the line.

The wind had shifted a bit to blow the smoke to our left, and down across the meadows we saw the Confederate cavalry forming, with the green woods for a back ground. Jeb Stuart's men were there—Ashby's men—men from Hampton's Legion—Imboden's Virginians—Rosser's Rangers—guerrillas from Mosby's command. There were fragments from every cavalry command we had met on the turnpikes of old Virginia, and there wasn't a squadron that would stand for a charge. The battery began firing more rapidly, and there wasn't a man of us who did not realize what was coming long before we got the word. Some of the horses knew it, too. You could feel them filling their lungs and stringing up their nerves for hard work.

The troops in gray wheeled into line under a fire which must have tried the nerves of the bravest, and then the compact mass got the word to advance. They were coming for our battery, which was without infantry supports. There we stood, two thin, short lines, representing one thousand dragoons, but not numbering half that figure, and a body of five to one was moving down. They saw the odds and wondered, perhaps, why we did not run away.

"Attention!"

We had obeyed the order before it was given.

"Right dress!"

We were a minute ahead of the command.

"Forward—draw sabres—guide right—trot!"

Ah! We are off! The gray moves north and the blue moves south. We are going to meet in the meadow below. We must hold them back until infantry support can be brought up. Every man knows he is moving down into a maelstorm of death, but no one lags. A strange exultation creeps into the heart. It is as if you had heard some grand, good news and wanted to shout over it and tell everybody of your good luck.

"Gallop—charge!"

[illegible] Who, if one could die a score of times instead of only once, there would be no fear. I sit so lightly in the saddle that my horse seems to have no weight to carry. He skims over the ground as if he had wings, and I begin cheering and yelling in chorus with my comrades. It is a living missile of five hundred men thrown at the front of three thousand. What a crash there will be! How horses will go down and men pitch from their saddles! Afraid? No! Why, man, I would not miss the scene for a year's life! My hand clutches the sabre with a strength I did not know I possessed. I feel a hunger for blood such as I never felt before.

"Yi! Yi! Whoop—rah!" and we strike them fair in the center. The five hundred have the greatest momentum, and we drive through the three thousand as a wedge is pounded into soft wood. Men strike at me. There is a flash, flash and a pop, pop of pistols. I strike back. I feel the desire of the tiger to slay.

"Rally!"

We have driven through the mass and the bugles sound the call to gather for the return. The horses obey it without a touch of the rein. It seems that the whole living mass is riding in a circle and that there is blood on every man and horse. All at once we shoot out from under the smoke cloud into the sunshine—not the five hundred, but the three hundred—and the battery opens again. We are to the right of it, and it sends grape shots into a wild mob to drive it back into the cover of the woods. It is a sight to look down over that field. Five hundred dead and wounded men and horses are lying there. It is only as I sit on my horse and look over the field that I feel weak and grow frightened. My head begins to swim—things grow dark, and some one helps me to the ground. I have a pistol ball in my shoulder and the blood is running down my back from a sabre cut on the head.—Detroit Free Press.

There is dog in Brunswick Me., who visits the corridor daily to warm his feet at the radiator.

"Anything new under the sun to-day?" "Yes, that paint you're sitting on. I painted that step this morning."

In five minutes a woman can clean up a man's room in such a way that it will take him five weeks to find where she put things.

"If it hadn't been for me little Harry Parker would have gotten a good licking to-day, ma., He hit me." "And what did you do, my son?" "I didn't hit him back."

A doctor in an institution with many children declares that nothing irritates a cough more than to cough He bribed the children in one of the hospital wards to hold their breath when tempted to cough, and was himself astonished at the speedy relief of some of them.

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Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interest to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, April 10, 1890. Terms of Subscription: $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. No. 37.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

—First-class Kentucky Bourbon [illegible] Va., whiskeys at Lam & O'[illegible] W[illegible]rell's at the foot of the Alleghany of P[illegible] mountain, Bath Co., Va. 37 4t

D[illegible] —Alfred Rheinstrom, Esq., of [Ch]arleston, was attending Court [thi]s week, and made us a pleasant [cal]l.

—Court adjourned this afternoon [an]d Judge Campbell started for his [ho]me.

—April is too damp for anything. [illegible] Mt Herald. For ducks and the [illegible] too!

[illegible] Nathan Green, who broke into [illegible] of Mr. Andrew Dil-[illegible]

His Revenge.

The girl that I love has gone back
on me quite,
It is hard thus my hopes should
miscarry;
But I am told in a note which came
to me last night,
That another man she is to marry.

Ruddy haired was my love, and I
thought I could trust
One with locks which should make
her warm hearted;
But she's made her decree, and accept it I must—
I have tried to be brave since we
parted.

And though to my happiness this is
the end,
Through my hopes and my fancies are dead ones,
A flower piece superb to her wedding I'll send—
A horse in white roses on red
ones.

A LITTLE SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY MARION W. O BROWN.

"I guess I won't go to church this morning, Silas," said Mrs. Peters, while sitting at the breakfast table one lovely Sabbath in June.

"Why Mandy! I thought you wanted to hear the sermon; you know Elder Bishop is going to preach to-day."

"I know all about that," replied Mrs. Peters, with a sigh; "but it's nine o'clock now, and with all I have to do I can't possibly get ready to start by half past ten."

"Let me help you, Mandy. I can wash dishes; yes and sweep too," he added, triumphantly.

"Yes, and probably you can make all the beds and get the children ready for Sunday-school, and clean off the stove and skim the milk and wash the pans and peel the potatoes for dinner and get the meat cut and in the spider and lay the fire ready to light when we get home," replied Mrs. Peters, scornfully.

"Now, Mandy," said he by this time crestfallen Mrs. Peters. "I [illegible] all right; can't you let the [illegible]ng and cleaning the stove [illegible] time! and we can do with[out the pot]atoes for once. It will make [a chan]ge," he added dryly.

[Cha]nge! Yes, I guess so. If [you wa]nt a change so bad you had [better] go and board with Mrs. Rus[sell]. You'll get a change there I [guess]," and she smiled grimly. [Why], when I went over there the [other] morning to borrow a little [soda t]hey had just finished break[fast, a]nd such a breakfast!"

[W]hy, what was it, Mandy?" [asked] Silas, with his curiosity [arouse]d.

"What was it? You had better say what wasn't it. That was just exactly it. There wasn't a single bit of pie on that table, nor pickles, nor cheese, nor jelly, nor anything—much."

"Well, they had something to eat didn't they?" queried Mr. Peters.

"Yes, they had bread and butter and mashed potatoes and steak, oatmeal and cream, and coffee and cookies," with a sniff of scorn; "but not even one smitch of pie."

"Well, she's a good cook anyway for I've eat there," said Silas, decidedly. "And I don't see but what they had as good a meal as we've got, Mandy."

"Humph! Guess you better board there a while, Silas Peters." And Mrs. Peters rose from the breakfast table.

"Anyway," said Silas to himself as he was harnessing his horses for church, "I'd rather eat just bread and milk for dinner if Mandy would only go with me once in a while. Yes, and for breakfast and supper too," he added heroically. "There goes Tom Russell now with his wife and baby. How happy he looks, and well he may, for he's got his wife; she goes' most everywhere with him. I do wish Mandy would go with me. It seems kinder lonesome," he mused, getting into the buggy with his two furbelowed children and chirping to the old horse.

In regard to this conversation, it may be well to say that the women of the little hamlet of Ashville had followed strictly in their forefathers' (or foremothers', rather) footsteps—tables crowded with everything set on promiscuously—pickles, cheese and pie for breakfast, pie cheese and pickles for dinner, and cheese, pickles and pie for supper. And at each "society" or tea party that was held each lady tried to outdo the one before her. If Mrs. A had three kinds of cake and two of pie, Mrs. B. would have four or five of cake and three of pie, with perhaps tarts as an addition; while Mrs. C. would by no means diminish the quanity of pie and cake, but would also add dried beef, jelly, cheese etc.

Elder Bishop's sermon that morning was excellent; so thought every one with perhaps the exception of Silas Peters. He sat in his pew with his two children, but his eyes kept wandering to the Russell's pew.

"She's most as old as Mandy," mused he. "Mandy's a little past thirty and Mrs. Russell, so Jim Snyder's wife said, is twenty-eight She don't look worried; no wrinkles nor lines.

Poor Mandy! maybe I haven't helped her as much as I might. Mrs. Russell looks so happy and contented. Wonder if she had as much to do as Mandy this morning?" as a sudden thought struck him.

After service he returned home to find a clean house, beautifully shining stove and a delicious dinner; but a worried and irritable wife.

"It's been so warm," she said. "It tired me all out cleaning up. I haven't sat down a minute since you've been gone;" with the air of a martyr who faces duty at whatever cost.

"Mandy, why don't you let something go once in a while and rest a little? This dirt fight will wear you out."

"Rest! Me! With all this work! Leave some? Cleanliness is next to godliness, Silas Peters."

"Yes, Mandy, next to godliness. The godliness comes first, dear," hesitatingly.

Mandy looked quickly up, a pink flush on her face; when had he called her so before? Not since their old sweet courting days. It touched a tender spot in her heart, and after the dinner work was done up, as Silas sat thoughtfully on the porch in the shade, she said softly:

"Silas, wouldn't you like to take me to church to-night as you used to?"

He looked up quickly.

"Like to? Why Mandy, you know I've wanted to for ever so long, but you are always so busy or tired. Will you go, Mandy?" with an eager light in his eyes.

"If you will take me," she said, half smiling.

He looked at her a moment and then said abruptly:

"How pretty you look, Mandy; why, what makes your cheeks so pink? You look almost as you used to eight years ago." Then, with a sudden daring look in his eyes: "Have you heard how Tom Russell uses his wife?"

"Why no, Silas Peters; he's kind to her, I know he is. You needn't tell me any bad stories about Tom Russell. I know better. But what did you hear? How does he use her?"

"This way," answered Silas; and suddenly rising and going to where his wife was leaning against the lattice work he slipped his arm around her slender waist, while with his other hand he tipped her face up to his and softly kissed her lips.

"Why, Silas!" and she burst into a passion of tears upon his shoulder.

"Mandy, I know I haven't been very kind to you of late years. I've been thinking all the time of getting my work done and making money, and I guess, Mandy, maybe it's a good deal my fault that you don't go more, and are getting so worn and tired; but, please God, dear, I will try and do better," holding her close to him.

"Silas, forgive me!"

"For what, dear?"

"Being so cross to you."

"It's all right, dear. I don't blame you; being so tired and worried it was natural. But we will try and do better, won't we, little woman?"

And standing there that lovely afternoon, her head on his breast and his arms around her, they seemed nearer and dearer to each other than they had in many long years.

Mandy is not the only woman who carries this dirt-fight to an extreme. But, as dear Samantha Allen says, "Do be mejum." If it cannot be both—and with many, especially those with children to care for, it cannot be—which shall it be? The "mejum" course, making the home a true home, the best and dearest place on earth to husband and children; a home which will always be remembered in connection with mother, love and sympathy, the dear home refuge from the outside world? or a home remembered in connection with spotless floors, shining stoves, duster, mop and scrubbing brush?

"Keep Mam" Out of Jail.

An incident occurred recently in one of the police courts of Chicago, in which a little street boy's devotion to his drunken mother was touchingly shown.

A woman had been picked up in a state of intoxication and carried to a police station, where she spent the night. The next morning she was arranged before the magistrate. Clinging to her tattered gown were two children, a boy and a girl, the former only seven years of age, but made prematurely old by the hardships of his wretched life.

"Five dollars and costs," said the judge, sternly; "seven dollars and sixty cents in all."

Instantly the little fellow started up, and taking his sister's arm, he said: "Come on we've got to get that money or mam'll hev to go to jail. Jest wait Mr. Jedge, and we'll git it!"

The children hurried out, and going from store to store, solicited subscriptions to "keep mam from going to jail," the boy bravely promising the giver to return the money as soon as he could earn it. Soon he came running back into the court room, and laying a handful of small change on the magistrate's desk, exclaimed:

"There's two dollars, Mr. Jedge, and I can't git no more now. I ain't as big as mam, and I can't do as much work; but if you'll jist le me go to jail, 'stead o' her, I'll stay longer to make up for it."

The bystanders wiped their eyes, and a policeman exclaimed, "Your mother shant go to jail my lad, if I have to pay the fine myself."

"I will remit the fine," said the judge; and the woman clasping her boy in her arms, sank upon her knees solemnly vowed that she would lead a better life and try to be worthy of such a son as that.

Golden Bricks.

Better to use money than manhood.

Backsliding is nothing against Christianity.

Talk is the parent of many broods of troubles.

He who is afraid to attempt is already defeated.

To be great and good a person need not be popular.

The wisest persons do not watch for the faults of others.

Entertain your guests but not with acts or talk unpleasant.

Closed lips strangle spats and quarrels before they are born.

Till men are honest they are not capable of self government.

The more you vex others the easier are you vexed by others.

Groaning over the departure of the dead is no help to the living.

He is no friend who enters your garden to rob it, or your life to worry you.

The one who makes drunkards is the greatest enemy of the human race.

Clouds may come but they cannot possibly remove the clear sky back of them.

Parents who rear their children to idleness and fashion, make only mud pies.

The man who refuses to surrender is greater than are all who are against him.

The man who is capable of giving advice never gives it unasked, and not always then.

There is little difference between supporting a wife who is lazy, and carrying a corpse.

What a pity that all children are not as welcome on earth as they will be in Heaven.

Well bred persons will never say anything in company to hurt or jar upon the feelings of others.

Children soon lose their respect for those who use profane language and who are quarrelsome.

The son who goes from home to get drunk should remain from home till he is cured of the habit.

It costs less to grow strawberries in the field than on the nose, and the result is far more of profit.

One pound of put-your-shoulder-to-his-wheel does more for your neighbor than does a mile of prayer.

Some Christians, when they reach Heaven, will never forgive God for admitting those of opposing creeds.

"Where is the dashing boarder who used to be the life of the table when I was here before, Mrs. Livermore," asked the old patron of the house, addressing the landlady.

"I married him," was the quiet reply.

"Indeed! He was one of the sprightliest fellows I ever met, always bubbling over with spirits and chock full of stories. He's away from home, I suppose; I haven't seen him since I returned."

"He's at home; he has never been away."

"Indeed! where is he then?"

"He's in the kitchen washing dishes."

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

April 10, 1890.

WASHINGTON LETTER

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 4th.—Mr. Harrison has been appealed to by his party associates to use his influence to stop the big row which the new tariff bill has created among the republicans in the House. Mr. Harrison will find it a big contract should he decide to undertake it. The Massachusetts members accuse chairman McKinley of breaking up his pledged word to them, and say that no bill which puts a duty upon hides (this one does now) shall ever pass the House with their consent. There are a number of republican members from other sections who are mad because their constituents were not given free carpet wools, and other raw materials and to these may be added the sugar and tobacco crowd who do not like the bill. The republican leaders are very uneasy over the outlook and fear to call a caucus on this bill until they can stop some of the protests, and an effort will be made, now that the bill is before the full committee, to make some changes in it. If they are not successful the bill is likely to be openly opposed by enough republicans to insure its defeat.

The bill for the admission of Idaho has been railroaded through the House.

The spasm of industry which caused the Senate to pass a resolution making 11 o'clock the hour of meeting passed off as it came on and the old hour will be resumed on Monday.

Contrary to general expectation, the Senate Judiciary committee has reported a substitute for Senator Sherman's trust bill. It is substancially the original bill stripped of the amendments. House committee on the Judiciary is also making a great pretence of being engaged in considering anti-trust bill. Notwithstanding all this I think the trusts are safe so long as the republicans control Congress.

Mr. Quay had to ply the party whip very vigorously before he got those Florida nominations confirmed, but he whipped the kickers in at last and his orders were obeyed, and yet there are republicans who deny that Mr. Quay is the autocrat of the Senate.

The dependent pension bill has passed the Senate, and the debate upon it makes it certain that quite a number of republicans are opposed to any other pension legislation at present. There is a plot in the House to add the Morrill service pension bill to this measure as an amendment, and if it succeeds there it may afterwards get through the Senate.

The Montana contested election cases were taken up in the Senate this week, and a vote is expected today or tomorrow. It has also leaked out why the matter has dragged so slowly along. Senator Evarts and one or two other republicans have so far refused to vote to seat the republicans, believing that the matter should be referred back to the people.

Absenteeism on the part of the Chiefs of divisions and bureaus in the Interior department has become such an abuse that Secretary Noble has issued an order that no chief or other clerk shall absent in future without obtaining permission.

Hamilton Shidy, the man who was given a position in the Census office as a reward for testifying against the postmaster at Milwaukee, by whom he was employed, has been removed from office, but the Civil Service Commissioners for whom Shidy did the dirty work, and who got him the office he has been dismissed from, are still in office.

The Senate Committee seems in no hurry to report the World's Fair bill, and will probably not do so before next week.

The members of the Pan American Congress will start on their southern excursion in about two weeks. On the 11th inst. Secretary Proctor has ordered a review of all the regular army troops stationed here and of the local militia for the pleasure of the foreigners. On the evening of the same day the Congress will entertain Mr. Harrison at dinner.

Two appropriation bills—the army, and the fortification, have been passed by the House.

The National association of democratic clubs has established headquarters in this city, and will take a very active part in the coming Congressional campaign.

The members of the House who lost their salaries through Silcott's defalcation were made to feel good by a decision of the court of claims this week that the Government was responsible for the stolen money. The case will be appealed.

The friends of the Windom silver bill will try to have that measure called up for consideration by the House on the 15th inst.

Senator Edmunds and Ingalls have not spoken to each other outside of the Senate chamber for quite a long while.

The Roanoke Machine Works has 1,200 employes on its pay roll.

FOR RENT.

A good log house, three rooms, near to wood, water, and forty acres of land. Apply to

LANIER DUNN,
Warm Springs, Bath Co., Va.

FLOUR.

I have on hands about 200 bushels of wheat which I will grind and sell at $2.50 per 100 lbs. for cash, and will warrant it as good as can be bought in the county.

JAS. BARKLEY.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF

Valuable Hotel Property.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County entered at the October term, 1889 in the Chancery Cause of Peter Beverage and others vs. J. R. Apperson and others, and R. S. Turk, Trustee vs. Jennie B. Skiles and others, I will, as Special Commissioner, appointed for the purpose, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County, W. Va., on

MONDAY, APRIL 7TH 1890

A certain tract of land containing one acre, on which is a large and commodious dwelling house and suitable out building's; situate at Marlinton in Pocahontas County, being the same property formerly occupied by T. M. Skiles. This is a most desirable property suitable for hotel purposes or summer resort and located in a good neighborhood convenient to churches and schools.

TERMS OF SALE.

Sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale; the balance in two equal installments, falling due in 9 and 18 months from day of sale. The purchaser to execute bonds with approved personal security bearing interests from date for the deferred payments; a lien will be retained on said property as ultimate security.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Special Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, certify that the above Commissioner has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k Cir. Ct.

March 13-4t. Printer's fee $10.28.

Fiduciaries.

The following is a list of Fiduciaries whose accounts are before me for settlement:

C. F. Moore and L. M. McClintic, Adm'rs of J. B. Hannah, dec'd.

JAMES W. WARWICK,
Com'r of acc'ts for Pocahontas County.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Of Valuable Lands.

Pursuant to, and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va., rendered at its June term, 1889, in the cause of

J. H. Arbogast, Adm'r,
vs.
J. H. Arbogast's Heirs &c.,

I will sel at public auction to the highest bidder in front of the Court house door in Pocahontas County, W. Va., on

MONDAY, 7TH DAY OF APRIL, 1890,

all the lands yet belonging to the Estate of Jacob H. Arbogast, dec'd, composed of a tract of 43 acres; part of a tract of 123 acres and part of a tract of 50 acres, all adjoining each other, and containing in the aggregate about 577 acres, lying in the forks of Greenbrier River on the S. & P. Turnpike. About 65 acres of these lands are in cultivation, with a good dwelling and other buildings and orchard &c., The balance affords a good outlet for young stock, especially sheep, and has some good Hemlock, Spruce and Oak timber upon it.

TERMS OF SALE:

10 per cent. of the purchase money cash in hand, the balance in equal payments, falling due in 9, 18 and 27 months from day of sale, with interest from that day. The purchaser to execute bonds with good security for the deferred payments, a lein will be retained until a future order of the Court.

B. M. YEAGER, Spec'l Com'r,

March 13-4t. Printer's fee $16.16.

GOOD FLOUR.

2½ cts pr. pound, meal 75 cts per bushel at H. H. McClintic's mill, also his flour at A. Barlow's Huntersville, and Barlow & Moore's, Edray. mar. 28.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 23rd day of October, 1889, in the Chancery cause of Levi Gay, Adm'r &c., vs. Wm. Sheets, I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree, shall proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House of said County, on the

7TH DAY OF APRIL, 1890,

the following tracts of valuable lands; to-wit: a tract containing 1045 acres, and a tract of 44 acres situate on the waters of Knapp's Creek a tract of 1090 acres situate on Buckley Mountain, and a tract of 185 acres situate on Droop Mountain, all in Pocahontas County, West Virginia. Any one desiring further particulars concerning said lands may obtain same by writing to the undersigned Commissioner.

TERMS OF SALE.

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue the purchaser to execute three several bonds with approved security falling due in 6, 12 & 18 months, respectively from day of sale; said bonds to bear interest from date. A lien will also be retained on said lands as ultimate security.

C. F. MOORE, Spec'l Com'r.

Bond has been given by above Com'r as required by decree in said cause.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Mar. 6-4t. Printer's fee [illegible]

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election at the next election as Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas county.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Most respectfully,
JOHN J. BEARD.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas County at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next, and, if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said offices to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

HOME NEWS

—Advance farm work in April.

—"Get the best" seeds and plants.

—Make a note of all crops planted.

—Rough March after a mild winter.

—Give ample room to fruit tree roots.

—Plant plum trees on strong soil.

—Paint and whitewash pay, remember.

—How about permanent improvements?

—Good seed, good soil, and good culture.

—Well drain your soil before you set out your orchard.

—Give horses more grain and less forage as their work increases.

—Cabbage stumps early set out will grow you a lot of nice greens.

—There was a big crowd in attendance at Court.

—Thanks to those who paid us cash this week.

—Thos. H. Dennis, Esq., Ed. Independent attended Court this week.

—Several new subscribers this week.

—Some of the boys got too much liquor this week.

—The full proceedings of the Court will appear next week.

—India puts 50,000,000 bushels of wheat on the English market annually.

—Japanese buckwheat for sale, price $1.50 per bushel, by D. V. Buckman, Mill Gap, Va. apr.10 4t

—First-class Kentucky Bourbon and Va., whiskeys at Lam & O'Farrell's at the foot of the Allegheny mountain, Bath Co., Va. 37 4t

—Alfred Rheinstrom, Esq., of Charleston, was attending Court this week, and made us a pleasant call.

—Court adjourned this afternoon and Judge Campbell started for his home.

—April is too damp for anything.—Mt Herald. For ducks and the like too!

—Nathan Green, who broke into the meat house of Mr. Andrew Dilley and stole several pieces of meat, a few days ago, gets five years in the penitentiary.

—Oliver Bryne, who broke into Mess. Moore & Hannah's store at Edray, and stole several dollars worth of goods a few months ago, gets two years in the penitentiary.

—In purchasing medicines, don't try experiments; the first and only consideration should be genuineness. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has stood the test of forty years, and to-day it is in greater demand than ever—a triumphant proof of popular approval.

—The attorneys attending Court this week from a distance were, J. W. McAlister, C. E. Jones and L. H. Stephenson of Monterey; Thos. H. Dennis and J. W. Arbuckle, of Lewisburg; Jas. W. Stephenson, Geo. Rivercomb and Wm. M. McAlister, of Warm Springs; Gen. Wm. Skeen, of Covington and Sheldon Roger, of Philippi.

—The announcement of E. H. Moore, Esq., for Clerk of the County Court, will appear next week.

—Fret not your life away because your hair is gray, while young, as you can stop all grayness and can beautify the hair with Hall's Hair Renewer and be happy.

—"Ayer's Hair Vigor is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The Vigor is a sure cure for dandruff."—J. W. Bowen, Editor Enquirer, McArthur, Ohio.

—We are running the Herald office now altogether "in the family," being assisted alone by our son and daughter, Emmetta and Grace, and get along as smoothly as when we kept two regular printers.—Mt. Herald. THE TIMES is also "run in the family," though the family only consists of ye editor, and gets along as well, and does equally as much, if not more work than when four or five printers were regularly employed.

A Terrible Explosion.

The boiler of the steam saw mill engine belonging to Jas. Gibson, on Elk exploded on the 2nd inst., scalding to death almost instantly Wm. Jack, an employe. The unfortunate young man was about 15 years of age, and a son of W. O. Jack. A few of the other employes were slightly hurt, but not seriously. The engine was blown about ten feet.

Dunmore Doings.

The next musical association will be held at Green Bank, about May 29th. All are invited.

Mr. C. E. Pritchard and family and Miss Kittie Laken are on a visit to Traveler's Repose.

Capt. R. A. Smith and R. R. Mason are off on a business trip.

Dr. Jno Ligon put up some of his pat fence at Dunmore. It is O. K.

The men off Dan O'Connell's drive have returned.

S. P. Ward, of Huttonsville was over to see his betsy.

John A. Kerr, will leave next week for Upshur county.

AMOS COWHOOF.

A Sad Accident.

On last Wednesday the 2nd inst., the boiler of Jas. Gibson's steam saw mill bursted, causing the death of Wm. Jack, aged about 16 years, and son of W. O. Jack, of Elk. The accident occurred about 2 o'clock, and the young man died the next morning the 3rd about 9 o'clock. He was blown several feet away from the engine, and literally boiled alive; there being "but a small patch on his breast of flesh that did not peel off, he suffered fearfully he was buried on Friday on his father's farm.

Sad ending of a life just beginning, but unforseen and hence unavoidable.

A few minutes before the explosion a leak of steam was noticed by Mr. Robertson the sawyer, in the corner of the boiler, he went to it with a hammer and cold chisel and closed the leak to some extent and went back to the saw; by the time he run three or four lines the explosion occurred—thus showing how near a man can come to eternity, and yet stay on the shores of time.

Mr. Gleady, the fireman had a dream the night before in which he thought that his engine blew up and killed him, and did not care much about going to work that morning, but the hands laughed at his fears and premonition, and he went to work. So it did blow up, and he was not killed, but one was. So much for the warning of impending evil.

Mr. Gleady at the time of the explosion was filling the fire box with wood. The break was on the back end of the boiler, as far from him as it could be; he was knocked down and rolled over, but fortunately was not scalded, being under and out of the line of the escaping steam.

He had just told the young man who was killed who was standing near the boiler at the leaking place, to go away as it was dangerous there, and he supposed he had just started off, when the steam struck him, as his coat was turned over his head when found near the saw.

Mr. Gibson's children had just left the engine and gone a few rods toward home, they only escaped death by about 3 to 5 minutes.

XX.

TWO DISTRESSING ACCIDENTS.—On Wednesday, March 26th in the neighborhood of Bald Eagle, Va., about 12 miles above Lynchburg, Mr. Robert Campbell was burning brush on his farm on the Amherst side, his little nine year old daughter being with him. The little girl was standing near one of the fires when her dress caught in a blaze and she was so badly burned that she died from her injuries in a short time.

Mr. Thomas Haight and wife, living on the opposite side of the river, learned of the accident, and decided to go over and spend the night with their afflicted neighbors. They started about dusk to cross the river in a small boat. Through some mishap the boat was capsized, and the husband and wife were both drowned while on their mission of love. Eight children are left orphans by this double calamity, and the sympathies of the neighborhood are stirred to the depths.

A HERO OF THE LAKES.—A pathetic story of disaster, of lingering horror and of supreme heroism comes to us from the great lakes. At this season of the year they are lined with broken ice and swept by fierce gales. Venturesome fishermen, nevertheless, try their skill amid the perils of wind and waves. On the edge of the ice pack on the shore of Lake Erie an upturned, waterlogged and rapidly sinking boat bearing a half frozen, half starved man was picked up the other day. He had been in the ice and water for days, and was so nearly dead that his recovery will be attended by the loss of some of his frozen limbs. When he set out on the treacherous water he had a companion. Their boat was overturned, and they clambered on her bottom. For hours they hung there, hoping for rescue. Then they discovered their joint weight was too great for the water logged boat. If both remained by her both would die by drowning when she went down. One might stand a chance of being saved. The other man coolly and calmly looked the situation in the face. "I have no relatives dependent on me, no one to mourn for me," he said at last, "while you have a mother and sister who look to you for support. Goodbye, old fellow. I'm going to meet my creator." Then with a silent prayer he slid into the chill waters and disappeared forever. That was heroism of the highest tpye—the heroism of the highest type—heroism of sacrifice.—Press.

A dispatch from Washington to the New York Star says: There are well sustained rumors that Bridget Sweeney, the trusted old servant who had been living in Secretary Tracy's family for fourteen years or more, has confessed that she fired the house, at which his wife and daughter were burned to death in Washington, with kerosene, and that after starting the fire she went to church. No motive whatever is assigned for the horrible deed, and no possible incentive except insanity.

The treaty between the United States and Canada has been approved and published by the Queen and went into effect April 4. After this the boodlers will have to seek seek some other retreat for safety.

A shower of fish from an inch to three inches in length fell at Lebanon, Tenn., March 25, from a pear shaped cloud that was rapidly propelled by a strong current at an immense height. An examination of the fish proved that they were of a kind only found in the waters of China and Thibet.

Two fools well matched are Douglass Green, the New York banker, and Mrs. Snell McCrea, daughter of the murdered millionaire Snell, of Chicago, who were married by a negro preacher at Old Point Comfort and fled to London, but they do not seem to know it, as each is sick of the other and both want to come home and hide their diminished heads.

PUBLIC SALE

Of valuable Stock and household and Kitchen Furniture.

I will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, at Marlinton, Friday, April 18th, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m., One Bay Mare, four years old, three Cows, five head of Hogs, and all of a valuable lot of Household and Kitchen Furniture

Terms made known on day of sale.

D. H. GARBER.
D. A. FISHER,
Auctioneer.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered on the 21st day of October, 1889, in the Chancery Cause of

M. H. Corbett
vs
Wm. E. Johnson and others.

I, as Special Commissioner appointed in said decree, shall proceed to sell, in front of the Court House of said County at public auction to the highest bidder

ON THE 7th DAY OF APRIL, 1890,

a one half interest in about 100 acres of land, lying on Greenbrier River, in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, adjoining the lands of James E. Johnson and others, being a half interest in the lands of which Wm. Johnson died seized.

TERMS OF SALE.

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue, the purchaser will be required to execute two bonds with good security falling due respectively in Six and Twelve months from day of sale and bearing interest from date. A lien will be retained as ultimate security.

H. S. RUCKER, Spec'l Com'r.

I, J. Beard, Cl'k of Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va., do certify that bond as required has been given by the above commissioner.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.
Mar. 6 4t Printer's fee $9.97,

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE Lands in Pocahontas County.

In pursuance of two decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term, 1889, in the chancery cause

C. L. Austin &c.,
vs.
W. F. Arbogast &c.,

I will on

MONDAY THE 7TH DAY OF APRIL

next, offer for sale at public auction in front of the Court house of Pocahontas County, two tracts of land, one of [illegible] acres and the other of 1,328 acres. These tracts of land are situate on the Allegheny mountain, are known as lots No. 9 and 10, in the big survey and are valuable for the timber thereon.

TERMS:

Cash in hand to pay costs of the two suits and the costs of sale and for the balance the purchaser will be required to execute bonds with good security payable in six and twelve months bearing interest from day of sale and the legal title to be retained as ultimate security.

L. M. STEPHENSON,
Commissioner.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that L. M. Stephenson, Com. has given the bond as required by said decrees.

J. J. BEARD, Cl'k.
Feb. [illegible] printer's fee [illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

April 10, 1890.

How Convicts Get Pardoned.

Henry Southgate was one of the men engaged in robbing the Indiana National Bank some years ago in what was known as the "orange box robbery," the box being used to stand upon while the thief reached over the glass framework upon the counter and lifted out several thousand dollars in bank notes—it was, I think, $20,000 or $25,000.

Southgate's friends pressed an application for pardon on the ground that he was dying of consumption. Governor Hendricks believed the story and pardoned him. "In a very short time after his release Southgate was as lively and healthy an evil doer as there was in the State," said a prison official. "He had simply been playing the soap trick."

"What's that?"

"Eating soap. The effect was to bleach his skin by producing a dearth of blood, or rather by changing the corpuscles, increasing the white and diminishing the red. There are no serious consequences following the use of soap, and when discontinued the man rapidly gets well.

"Governor Hendricks, naturally enough, was much chagrined over the deception, and made an entry in his office to the effect that it was never safe to pardon a man merely because he looked sick. Men in prison will do other things to excite sympathy and make it appear that they are dying of consumption."

"Now and then a fellow will strike himself in the throat, or even cut himself within the throat or under the tongue. Then he will spit blood in the presence of the physician, walk feebly, and talk in a whisper. Sometimes they eat dirt, which stops digestion, and this is followed by a falling off in flesh.

"A short time ago a request was made for the pardon of a notorious criminal, on the ground that he was dying. He was, upon that showing placed in the hospital, from which he escaped, but was captured four days later."

"You can't teach an ol[illegible] new tricks," said old Judge D[illegible], of Yellow Mound City, when [illegible] wife begged him for the third [illegible] to remember to eat with his f[illegible] at her approaching dinner party. "I'll try not to forget, my dear, [illegible] I wasn't brought up to it, [illegible] folks ought to do what they are brought up to."

He did not remember at the dinner party. His knife went [illegible] his mouth a dozen times. Next day, when the family was dining [illegible], the old judge detected his [illegible] est son, Frank, with his knife [illegible] his lips.

"Eating with your knife, [illegible] Leave the table!" thundered the old judge. "You'll eat [illegible] and milk till further orders."

"Really, papa, I think [illegible] too hard on poor Frankie," said Mrs. Dewey, as the little fellow left the table. "The boys of [illegible] older boys and the grown up daughters showed that they agreed with their mother.

"He ate with his knife growled the old man.

"So did you at the dinner," retorted Mrs. Dewey, severely.

"Don't I know it returned the judge. Don't I know it! I eat with my knife because I was brought up to it, but that boy wasn't brought up to it. None of my children was brought up to it, and if I catch one of 'em doing it, as sure as I live, I'll lock 'em up on spoon victuals till they learn the use of a fork!"

There has not been a death among the white population of Elbert County, Ga., in two years.

"Remarkable how wet it is!"

"Wouldn't it be more remarkable if it was dry, in this rain?"

A young lady had been sworn in court in Philadelphia, and had begun her testimony, when a typical juror objected because she had not kissed the Bible, which led Judge Arnold to say that he would not have kissed a book as greasy and dirty from handling as that was, either and that the kissing ought to be abolished as a relic of idolatry.

Mrs. Billus—John, what day of the month is this?

Mr. Billus—This is the fifth.

(Watching him out of the corner of her eye)—Why, this is our wedding anniversary, isn't it?

Believe it is, Maria—believe it is. Nasty-looking day, isn't it? (Yawns.)

One Or The Other.—"When I drink much, I can't work, and so I let it alone."

"The drinking?"

"No, the working."

Binks (as he hears a knock at the door)—Come in.

Jacob Pretzel—It's me, sir I haf der schmall pox——

Binks—For goodness sake, get out of here. Do you want to imperil the lives of my wife and children? I'll call an——

Pretzel (perplexed)—Vat's der madder mit you? I haf der schmall pox of putter dot you send me for, ain'd id?

"How does yer like him, Jinkins?" asked one colored citizen of another.

"De genmen dat yoh int'duced me to de udder day?"

"Dat's de man."

"Well, I mus' say dat I'm kind o' 'spicious ob 'im."

"Whaffo?"

"He wah sayin' dat he kind o' like to larn to play pokah."

Mr. Newwed (with suppressed emotion)—The last time I went to the club and came home late I found you asleep, and in your sleep you murmured "Come to-morrow night as usual, my darling; my husband will be away." Now, madam, I have stayed at home every night since, but I have been unable to identify my rival, and I demand an explanation.

Pretty wife (fondly)—I wasn't asleep.

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POCAHONTAS

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN R. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, April 17, 1890. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. No. 38

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, G. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

POLLY'S GHOST.

Pretty Polly Paschall sat bolt upright, her red-brown curls falling in rich confusion about her throat, her brown eyes as wide as if she had not been in bed and asleep for hours. The lamp was turned low, as she had left it, and shown with a dim, soft radiance over all the richly furnished room.

Polly stared about her. The chairs, the tables, the little quaintly carved stand by the window which held her precious pilgrim bottle, were all just as she had left them! Suddenly, her eyes fell upon the little square in the wall high above book-case.

"My ghost at last!" said Polly, clasping her palms together. She waited a moment in breathless silence, but hearing no repetition of the noise which had awakened her she sprang out of bed, put on her slippers and dressing gown, threw some bits of wood upon the still glowing embers, and, turning out the lamp, she sat down before the fire to await the ghost whose coming she had been expecting for lo! these many days.

The Paschalls, father, mother and daughter, had moved into their present abode to await the erection of their own house, and upon the very first day of their coming Polly had spied the little "secret door" as she called it, and selected this for her room.

"Just think of the possibilities for a romance!" she said to her father; and he had gotten upon the house cleaner's step ladder and found the door fastened hard and fast.

"It is all safe," he said.

"Oh, I want it to be safe from mortal hands," Polly said [illegible]

Though the rain pattered soothingly upon the windows, and the warmth and glow within were conducive to day dreaming, Polly soon found the hours of idleness growing tedious.

"I shall try again," she said, at last, "to see if I can open the little door door which I am sure leads to my ghost."

Polly was light and graceful and agile, so to scramble from the back of the big chair to the top of the bookcase was but the work of a moment. The little door, which was sunken in the wall above, was of black oak, richly carved. Polly searched it closely to see if she could find any possible way to open it. Suddenly, almost by chance, her fingers touched a little spot in the eye of one of the carved griffins, a spring clicked, and the door flew open in her face.

Polly gave a scream, and sank down upon the top of the bookcase. She waited a moment; no sign, no sound resulted from her successful effort, and she stood up and peered through the doorway. Gradually, as her eyes became accustomed to the semi darkness, she began to distinguish the objects in the little room beyond. There was a case of books, a large square table, and one chair, big and cozy and comfortable looking.

Polly's father had always called her a plucky girl, and now she hesitated only a moment, then stepped up through the opening into the room beyond.

It was a very small room she found when she had gotten in, and the only door that led from it was locked. The books on the shelves were old and rusty looking.

"They belong to a dead generation," said Polly.

[illegible] the tables were papers, sheet [illegible] sheet of manuscript, pencils, and ink. The chair was sit[illegible] before the table as if some one [illegible] been writing, and upon the [illegible] were fresh embers.

"[illegible] ghost is certainly a sensible [illegible] creature—humanly so," said Polly, [illegible] seated herself in the chair, [illegible] began to look over the papers [illegible] table.

[illegible] there were many notes and [illegible], meaningless and disjointed, [illegible] finally she came to a packet [illegible] containing quite a long manuscript, [illegible] written, much folded and [illegible].

"[illegible] ghost is an author," said [illegible] his manuscript has been [illegible] proved unavailable for [illegible]. Poor fellow! Well, [illegible] read his story. The plot [illegible]. Think of being able to [illegible] ghost's story!"

[illegible] began to read, turning the [illegible] slowly at first, but gradually [illegible] page flew over the closely [illegible] meagery the words and [illegible] were filling her with an [illegible] she had seldom felt.

"[illegible] the woman had not been [illegible]," she said; "if she had [illegible] such stiff, silly things, one [illegible] feel that the story was perfect."

She sat a moment in deep thought. "[illegible] before I can do it; at all events I shall try; but not now." She got up, arranged the papers and chair just as she had found them, and crept down through the little door into her own room.

The next day, Miss Paschall surprised the [illegible] by ordering a whole [illegible] of "[illegible]."

Richard Blount opened the door of his bare little study, put down the armful of wood he was carrying and knelt down upon the hearth to kindle a fire. He was what a casual observer would call an ugly man, but he had a good, well-knit figure, a fine head, and strong though irregular features.

There was a tired, troubled look on his face, as he sat down to his writing table and bent his head upon his folded hands. He was weary in mind and body. His days had been always days of toil; his life had been one long struggle. With the heritage of a good name that had come to him from his forefathers, there had come from his father a legacy of debt which he had been striving for years to pay.

"My task is almost done," he said to himself. "If I could only get my story accepted! If I only knew how to make it go! I feel sure there are good things in it; but if I only knew what to make the girl say! When a fellow's acquaintance with women doesn't extend beyond a knowledge of his own grandmother, he can't have a very clear idea of what a young girl's conversation would be like. Well, I'll try once more and see what I can do with it."

He picked up the MS., which was folded carefully, and still in the place where he had left it.

Slowly he turned over the first few pages, listlessly reading them.

Suddenly he held the paper up close to the lamp. The handwriting had changed! There was no break in the story, but as he read on he found whole pages which he had not written, and gradually it dawned upon him that these additions were giving his story a life, a spark that it had not had before.

"Who can have done it?" he said, when he had finished. "No one knows of this den but myself—not even grandmother. Perhaps it is a ghost come back from out our past grandeur," he said, with a smile, "and a very witty ghost she is, too," looking at the beautiful womanly writing that was mingled with his own. "I feel deeply indebted to her for her interference. Well, I shall send the story off again, and, if it is published, that will make my assistant show up, if she be not a ghost in very truth," he said, by and by.

"I have brought you the magazine containing the new story that is creating such a furor just now," said Polly's father to her one day. "Nobody knows the author, but I am told he has made the hit of the season."

"Oh," said Polly, significantly, when she had cut the leaves. That was all. She went up to her room, taking the magazine.

"I believe I shall pay another visit to my ghost's apartment, she said, when she had finished reading the story.

So saying, she scrambled up on the bookcase, opened the door and went into the room beyond. Her dress caught on the door as she passed through and pulled it to with a click. Before she had time to extricate herself, she heard a key inserted into the lock on the other side of the room, the door opened and a man walked in. Polly leaned back against the wall frightened.

The young man stood holding the door in his hand, with a startled expression in his big, gray eyes.

"How on earth did you get here?" he asked, abruptly.

"Through the little door here," said Polly, [illegible]. "It has shut [illegible] behind me. Oh, dear, I thought you were a ghost!"

"No, I think it is you who are the ghost," said the young man, with a smile.

"Won't you open the door for me?" said Polly, recovering herself.

The young man came up to her.

"You are Miss Paschall," he said. "I have heard my grandmother speak of you. My name is Richard Blount."

Polly turned her beautiful eyes a moment up to his good, ugly face, and held out her hand to him. He blushed as he took it, and for a moment neither spoke.

"I fear I can not open this little 'trap' door for you from this side," he said at last. "There is a long hall which leads over your house to the one grandmother and I occupy now. Come, I will take you out that way. I come all the way over here so that my light may not disturb grandmother at night. If your own apartments are near this, I fear I have disturbed you," he added, as he held the door open and she passed out into the narrow hallway.

"O, no," she answered, "I think I have only heard you once, and then I was in hopes you were a ghost."

"So you were caught by the little spring lock," said old Mrs. Blount, when they had found her and Polly's presence was explained. "I remember being fastened in the little square room once. It was when I was a young girl, and here on a visit to your Aunt Ellen, Richard. Your grandfather induced me to climb through the little door, and then he fastened it behind me. He called to me that he would not let me out until I had promised to marry him. But come, we will take Miss Paschall through the little side door of the library and she will be at home in a moment," said the old lady.

"There was a time when I was in hopes you were a ghost, too," Richard said to Polly, as he held the door open for Polly to pass through.

"Why?" asked the girl.

"So that I might hope for farther assistance in writing my stories," he answered, with a smile.

Not many months had passed, however, before he was telling her he could not write without her—that he could not live without her.

"Well, I suppose I must make the sacrifice and marry you Richard, dear," Polly answered, "if for nothing but to preserve you from manufacturing such heroines as your first was before I redeemed her."

She was from Boston; he from St. Joseph.

"You have traveled a great deal in the West, have you not, Miss Beacon?"

Oh, yes, indeed. In California and Arizona, and even New Mexico."

"Have you ever seen the Cherokee strip?"

There was a painful silence, but finally she looked over her glasses at him and said:

"In the first place, sir, I deem your question extremely rude; and in the second place, you might have been more refined in your language by asking me if I had ever seen the Cherokee disrobe."

The [illegible] of the hotel was in the parlor warbling, "Oh, would I were a bird."

"Well, here's a beginning for you," said the landlord. And he handed him his bill.

"That is not more than half the composition," she said, as she turned on the piano stool. "Shall I play the rest?"

"Yes," he replied, abstractedly, "play the rest by all means; play all the rests you can find."

[illegible] D. [illegible] Reed, [illegible] on [illegible] Huntersville circuit [illegible] few years [illegible]. Mrs. Reed was a christian lady. Her work on earth is finished; [illegible] duly done.

BETH & THOS.

[illegible] News.

[illegible] are having spring and winter [illegible]nately about every three or [illegible] days.

[illegible] Nath. McNeil, who has been [illegible] for about six weeks, is able to [illegible] out again.

[illegible] Mrs. Clarke Kellison, who [illegible] expected to die a few days ago [illegible] getting better now, and it is [illegible] that she will soon recover.

[illegible] Addie L. McNeill was quite [illegible] last week with mumps.

[illegible] B. H. McClintic, who has [illegible] quite sick with mumps for two [illegible] past is better.

[illegible] Withrow McClintic, while in [illegible] Co., a few days ago on business was taken with spasmodic colic which came near proving fatal. [illegible] is about recovered again.

[illegible] Alex. Hefner hauled a load [illegible] to Huntersville, Saturday [illegible] Court, and on his return, let [illegible] run away, smashing up a [illegible] and hurting one of the horses.

---

cent; [illegible] was murde[illegible] ing house [illegible]

The follo[illegible] of the Cir[illegible]

COMMON[illegible]

State [illegible] disturbi[illegible] guilty.

Same [illegible] deadly w[illegible]

Same [illegible] fessed ju[illegible]

Same [illegible] demeano[illegible] $10 and [illegible].

Same [illegible] B., confe[illegible] costs.

Geo. M[illegible] Sutton, [illegible] $106.08 w[illegible] til paid.

Alfred [illegible] lesion, w[illegible] in this C[illegible]

Shelton [illegible] pt, on hi[illegible] ted to gra[illegible]

B. B. M[illegible] of New [illegible] oath that [illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Huntersville, W. Va.

April 17, 1890.

The Iowa Legislature passed the Australian ballot reform bill.

The Washington Presbytery has decided by a vote that they don't want any change in the confession of faith.

Governor Jackson, of Maryland, signed the Australian ballot bill. The new law will be operative in Baltimore and many of the counties.

William Falloway, who ran the first locomotive on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, died suddenly in Baltimore. He was the oldest railroad engineer in the world and was born in 1809.

A syndicate, of which it is said President M. E. Ingalls, of the Chesapeake and Ohio, is a member, has purchased property near Charleston, and will lay it off in town lots. The price paid was $200,000, and it is said that an iron furnace will be erected there at once.

A trust deed has just been recorded by Ted Hotchkiss, of Staunton, Va., for $450,000, purchase money on a 400,000 acre tract of land in Lincoln and Wayne Counties. The deal is the largest in wild lands ever recorded in West Virginia.

A young mail carrier named Gustavus Wilmouth is under arrest in Roane County for a peculiar series of crimes. Wilmouth forged the name of Benjamin Rodgers, a wealthy farmer, to a number of notes and collected the money. He then systematically broke open the mails and destroyed the notes when they were sent back to Rodgers. Wilmouth has confessed.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the surrender of Lee to General Grant at Appomattox, was celebrated at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on the 10th inst., by the Twenty-third Regiment, who tendered a reception to General Wm. Tecumseh Sherman, General G. O. Howard and General Henry Slocum. There were no speeches.

Two young shoemakers of the New Hampshire village of Northwood could not find any whiskey there, and, as a substitute for it, bought a quart of Jamaica ginger at a drug store. One of them was dead two hours after, and the other came near it.

BARN BURNED.—On Thursday night last, the barn of Miss Katie Mott, between Lewisburg and Ronceverte, was burned. The fire was discovered about midnight, but too late to save anything—not even the stock that was quartered therein. She lost besides the barn, three fine horses, a carriage, a buggy, harness and other property. Her loss will aggregate from $1,200 to $2,000. No insurance. The origin of the fire is shrouded in mystery. —Independent.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 14th. —Ex-Speaker Samuel J. Randall, who has for many years occupied a conspicuous place in the front rank of the fighting democracy of Congress, has probably made his last appearance upon the political stage. He has been confined to his house ever since Congress met and this week his case has become almost hopeless and his death is regarded by his physicians as only a question of days, perhaps hours. It is very touching to see, as your correspondent did, two of his democratic colleagues in the House standing talking of his condition with the tears trickling down their cheeks.

Ex Speaker Carlisle has prepared the minority report on the McKinley tariff bill, and it is a very strong and full statement of the position of the democratic party on the tariff. It has about been decided that the democrats of the House will not prepare a tariff bill of their own, but will offer such amendments to the McKinley bill as there may seem a probability of passing with the aid of republican votes, provided that the republicans make a serious attempt to pass their bill which at this time seems somewhat doubtful.

The Senate has completed the absurd farce by passing the alleged bill against trusts which was reported from the Judiciary committee last week as a substitute for the Sherman bill, which was itself a fraud as far as placing any real restrictions upon the operations of the trusts was concerned. Of course the people know better than to expect any relief from a Senate largely composed of millionaires who have made their money by trusts or similar monopolies. The Senate is too far from the people to have a fellow feeling for them.

The members of the House whose salaries were carried off by Silcott are happy. The Secretary of the Treasury having decided not to appeal from the decision of the Court of Claims that the Government was responsible, a bill appropriating $75,000 to make good the stolen money has passed both Houses and Senate.

The Montana contested election case is still being debated as "unfinished business" between times by the time boss Quay brings out his whip they will obey him as usual.

The republicans of the House made a sly attempt this week to railroad a modified pension bill, involving an estimated expenditure of $30,000,000 a year, through under a suspension of the rules, but fortunately for the tax payers of the country the necessary two-thirds vote was not secured, though they came very near it.

Still another useless office is proposed. The republicans, encouraged by their success in getting Congress to create assistant secretaries of the Navy and War departments, have introduced a bill for still another assistant secretary of the Navy at a salary of $4,500 a year, and this too in the face of the fact that one can hardly turn around in Washington without coming in contact with Naval officers drawing salaries for doing nothing, who might just as well perform the duties of assistant to the Secretary of the Navy.

The republicans are now trying to tickle the silver people by giving it out that a special committee of the Senate is preparing a bill that is to be more favorable to silver than any of the measures before Congress.

The lot of the civil service commission is certainly not a happy one. An attempt is to be made in the House to defeat its appropriation. This would be a cruel way to kill the law, but many people think it would be justifiable.

Mr. Blaine's proposition to amend the McKinley tariff bill so as to make it inoperative in the cases of such American countries as will reciprocate is not enthusiastically received by the republicans in Congress. They say that the proper way to bring about free trade, if it is desired with those countries, is to negotiate separate reciprocity treaties with each and submit them to the Senate for ratification. Perhaps Mr. Blaine remembers the treatment the Senate gave, not so long ago, to a reciprocity treaty with Mexico. Several reciprocating treaties are believed to have already been negotiated by Mr. Blaine with Central and South American countries.

The members of the Pan American Congress leave here on the 18th inst. for a tour of the South. They will return May 10.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,

[illegible]untersville, Pocahontas County, W. [illegible], April 14th, 1890.

George S. Riffle & wife,
vs.
Wm. J. Wooddell, Guard & als.
Wm. J. Wooddell, Guard &c.
vs.
Adam Wooddell,
and
John Osburne, Assignee,
vs.
Wm. J. Wooddell's Adm'r et als.

[illegible]ll persons interested in above causes [illegible] hereby notified, that I will proceed [illegible] my office in Huntersville, W. Va., [illegible] Monday, the 19th day of may, 1890, [illegible]ake an account of the following [illegible]tters to-wit:

[illegible]st. An account of all the liens against [illegible] lands of said Joseph W. Riley, with [illegible]ir amounts, dignities and priorities.

[illegible]nd. An account of all the lands [illegible]ned by said Joseph W. Riley with [illegible] fee simple and rental value of the [illegible]ne.

[illegible]rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest, as required by decrees of the Circuit Court of said County rendered at [illegible] June term of 1884 and the April [illegible]rm 1890, respectively.

JAMES A. WARANE, Jr.
Com'r Cir. Ct. P. C.

[illegible]pril 17-4t. Printer's fee $9.96.

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of Joseph W. Riley.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Joseph W. Riley to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said Joseph W. Riley, which are liens on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on or before the 19th day of May 1890.

Given under my hand this 14th day of April 1890.

[illegible]

ANNOUNCEMENTS

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election, at the ... election, ... Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas county.

... for past favors, ... your support at the ...

Most respectfully,

... J. ...

To the ... of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas County at the election to be held on the ... day of November next, and if elected pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,

S. L. Brown.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County. Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,

E. H. Moore.

HOME NEWS

—The Rev. Mr. Sharp, will preach in the Methodist church next Sunday at 11 o'clock, a. m.

—R. H. Garrett, Esq., of Pinkney, Va., called to see us last Saturday.

—Owing to ...

... is agreed ...

"After a ... I am convinced ... the most ... epilepsy ... cure of liver ... plaints."—John ... leme, Texas.

Driftwood Dillings.

Misses Lula ... who have been ... borhood have ... Lula will soon ...

Miss Emma Taylor ... spent last Sunday ... Taylor.

Mrs. F. B. Stal... Spencer, spent W... with L. J. K. Dysard...

Mr. A. Rexroad's ... has been suffering with ... is some better.

Mrs. Annie Caswell is ... ting parents and friends ... while.

Hillsboro Locals.

Miss Kate Guthrie, who has ... teaching at the M. and F. Acade... returned to her home at Smithv... Va.

Miss Sallie Hamilton has enrolled as a pupil at the M. and F. Academy.

Dr John Ligon, of Clover Lick, was in town Saturday.

Mr. Gilbert Sharp, of Huntersville is spending a few days with his sister Mrs. Clara Overholt.

Mr. Wm. H. Overholt, left for Hunterville, Saturday morning.

Mr. Harry Patterson, of Huntersville was in town Monday.

Rev. L. F. Sharp, spent Friday with Mr. A. E. Smith enroute to his Huntersville circuit.

Mr. M. V Hill's many friends will be glad to know he is able to be out again.

Died, at the residence of Mr. G. N. Bruffy, Mrs. Sarah F. Reid, mother of Rev. D. L. Reid, who was on the Huntersville circuit a few years ago. Mrs. Reid was a christian lady. Her work on earth is finished, life duly done.

Dave & Tom.

Sunbeam News.

We are having spring and winter alternately about every three or four days.

Mr. ... McNeel, who has been sick for about six weeks, is able to be out again.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE.

DROP

A POSTAL CARD TO

W. E. KIRWANS.

BOOKS, PAPERS, NOVELTIES.

Purchasing Agency.

Corner Pratt and Concord Streets, Baltimore, Md., and he will furnish you the Exact Cost of any article you may need, and you will save money.

Jan 22-4 o w-6 m.

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Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interest to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

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JOB OFFICE.

POCAHONTAS TIM[ES]

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, April 24, 1890. Terms of Subscription, [illegible]

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, J. M. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. R. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

BESSIE IN THE BLIZZARD.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Bessie, "how dreary it all looks!"

And indeed the view seen from the window of the big, white Western farm-house was anything but cheerful. Bare, brown, treeless prairie all around a sullen, wintry sky overhead, and not a living creature in sight, except a distant speck of scarlet down in the "draw"—Baby Willie at play.

Indoors it was pleasant enough. Bessie was a brisk and tiny little housekeeper. When, immediately after dinner, her father had brought round the team and he and her mother had driven off to town to do their regular weekly shopping, or "trading," as they called it, Bessie had bustled about at wonderful rate. She had washed the dishes, and put them in a shining row on the pine dresser; she had swept the room, she had polished the stove, and brought in water; and straightened the rocker cushions; she had set "sponge for the bread that was to be worked at night, and baked early in the morning; she had shaken the gay strip of rag carpet, and dusted the clock shelf, and ranged the chairs by the wall with mathematical precision. Then she had washed her face and hands in the bright tin pan kept for that purpose on a backless chair near the door and brushed and braided her soft brown hair. She took off her apron blue checked gingham, put on one of snowy nainsook, hung a clean roller towel on the rack, and put a kettle of water on the fire. Then she had taken up her one dear story book, and sat down to read.

It was a tremendously attractive book to the girl who had been brought up in the tameness and [illegible]

[illegible] rattling! and what a brisk tattoo the skeleton sunflower by the back door was playing on its panels!

But Baby Willie was enjoying himself. She could see him running up and down the "draw," dragging his little wagon after him.

She turned away. She sat in the big wooden rocker. She curled herself up like a comfort loving kitten. And rocking and thinking, somehow or other, she rocked and thought the cozy kitchen away. She didn't live in Nebraska, within five miles of the town of Bubble. She was not Bessie Linard at all. She was a brave woman in a frail boat, out on a stormy sea. She a helmeted heroine, leading hosts to battle. She was——

What a deafening noise! Was it the clang of a coming army? Was it the beat of drums, the clamor and clash of swords, the tread of marching feet!

No, not any of these. Only the creaking of the fan of the windmill, which was whirling at an astonishing rate. Only the noise of shaking windowframes. Only the clatter of milk pails piled outside the door.

Slam! Bang!

Bessie sprang from the rocker. Erect she stood, dazed, bewildered, still half asleep. A shutter had been blown violently against the window. Had a storm begun while she slept! She rushed to the casement, looked out—rather, she strove to look out. Ten feet beyond the pane she could see absolutely nothing. The whole world was white, wild, whirling.

"A snow storm!" gasped Bessie.

But it was no ordinary snow storm that had blown up. It was the terrific, the memorable blizzard of March 12, 1888.

Suddenly she cried out, such a [illegible], quivering cry:

"[illegible]! Baby Willie!"

[illegible] as a flash she flung a heavy [illegible] of her mother's over her, and unlatched the kitchen [door]. The furious wind tore it [from] her hold, and dashed it fierce[ly] back against the wall. Vainly [she] strove to close it behind her. [The] snow was driving in, swirling [over] the floor. She loosened the [illegible]. That the wind dashed [illegible] place just after she had made [her] frantic plunge into the storm.

[Never] such a storm! Bessie had lived [on] the prairie since she was a baby, [and] had seen the elements in their [wildest] moods and caprices. But she [had] never seen or imagined any [thing] like this. [illegible]

[illegible]

sent her reeling. Her palms were cruelly lacerated by contact with the barbwire which formed the pasture fence. She knew now where she stood. About two yards to the left began the descent to the bluff, in the ravine of which she had last seen the child she sought. Her shawl wound itself around her body in a manner which impeded her progress as she stumbled on. She could feel she was going down the "draw;" feel, for sight was useless in such a storm.

The dear little lad! if she could only find him! She imagined him crouching down, trembling, sobbing, frightened; and growing stark and helpless with cold.

She tried to accelerate her speed—to rush down the incline. She tripped, fell; but she was up again in a second and battling on.

Down at last. Here, in the hollow between the prarie slopes, the blizzard raged less fiercely than above.

"Willie!" she called.

She could hardly hear her own voice.

"Willie!" she shrieked.

But the wind swept the word from her lips, and its sound was soft as a sigh.

If she could only see! She put up her hand and rubbed her eyes. The lashes were wet with freezing sleet. Her hair was one stiff, matted mass. Her feet ached with the sharp, biting cold. She tried to pray. "Dear God, Baby Willie! Oh, dear God, Baby Willie!" That was all she uttered.

All at once she stumbled over something—something scarlet in the snow. Eagerly she grasped it.

She dragged it up to her breast. She wrapped, as best her cold hands could, the shawl around it. Dead? Oh, no, no! She could feel the shivering pressure of the little limbs as she cuddled them to her.

Oh, for strength to reach home! Or would they both freeze, and die down here, and be buried in the snow!

A heavy burden for her slight arms, for her freezing hands, the sturdy baby she carried; a burden made still heavier by his present semi-stupor. She gripped her numb fingers around him. She bent her head. Beaten, swayed, buffeted, she made her way up the hill. She reached the level. She could not go much farther. Her hold of Willie was relaxing. He was slipping from her, or so she fancied. The bitter, bitter cold! her very heart was paining with it. Her whole slender, unprotected body was racked with its agony.

Was that the house? Directly before her something dark had loomed up. She tottered against it. A haystack. At its base she sank exhausted. One step farther would be simply a physical impossibility. Tighter she wrapped Willie in the shawl, and held him to her. Then, with her back against the haystack, her head bowed forward, her face hidden, she crouched there in lethargy, which drifted into drowsiness—drowsiness that was deadly as de[ath] [illegible]

———

"Willie!"

This was the first word she said, [illegible]

[illegible]

voice was [illegible] not dream[ed] [illegible]

"He is [illegible] well. [illegible] yet."

When she [illegible] derson was [illegible] and just behi[nd] [illegible] wee, rosy, rogu[ish] [illegible]

"You will be [illegible]" the doctor said, [illegible] der you lived. [illegible] ous when your father found [illegible] his return from town."

Just then her father came in. [He] said very little, but he stroked tenderly the thin hand on the gay calico counterpane.

"And—Willie?"

"He was not much the worse, thanks to you. You had him well protected. Come here, Willie."

He lifted the little chap on the bed. She smiled as she felt the clasp of the small, strong arms.

"Is it—snowing—still?"

The doctor laughed.

"Dear child, it is May," he said.

She looked bewildered.

"It was an awful blizzard," the doctor went on; "the worst ever known in the West. The papers were full of it. Many perished. Since the people were very brave and unselfish, and saved the lives of others. Their deeds, at least those that came to public knowledge, were praised all through the country. Yours was as grand as any. You are a heroine Bessie."

He was a young man a good-looking man. "A powerful smart doctor," averred the Western people among whom he had elected to practice. It had taken the exercise of all his skill to save Bessie Linard's life, and now he felt correspondingly elated.

"Oh no!" said Bessie very slowly and seriously; "I—thought no one could be a heroine in Nebraska."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Doctor Henderson, and he looked gravely at the wan sweet face on the pillow.

"Besides," she went on, meeting his glance with that quiet, direct, convincing gaze she had, and with just a flicker of rose-bloom coming into her cheeks, "heroines do something very wonderful, and I—I only did my best!"

That was two years ago. Bessie is eighteen now, and taller, healthier and prettier than ever. She and her mother are busy sewing; for this year there is to be a wedding in the old farm-house. When it is over Bessie Linard will not be Bessie Linard any more, but Mrs. Doctor Henderson. If they were fashionable people Willie would be pressed into service as a page. But as they are not anything of the sort, he will figure in the important ceremony merely as a boy, in a new corduroy suit and a silk necktie; a boy who possesses a fond pride in his sister and a tremendous appreciation of wedding cake.

———

City Editor—Well, how are they coming?

New reporter—It's been an awfully dull day. The only thing I saw that even promised an item was a fellow slipped and fell on the ice, but when I rushed up to him I found he wasn't hurt a bit.

City Editor (absently)—Know who he was?

New Reporter—Yes. Flanagan, the ball player.

City Editor—Flanagan, the ball player? Why, good heavens, man, that's good for half a column, at the very least.

———

[illegible]

[illegible] morning with whooping cough.

[illegible] Wooddell has commenced to [work] the road between Dunmore [and] Green Bank.

[illegible] C. B. Swecker will work [the] road Friday and Saturday the [25th] and 26th.

[We] must have better roads, and [it will] take lots of work. Over[seers] should get the men and teams, [and] scrapers out early and [use them] to a good advantage.

[illegible] Geo. E. Swecker is on a visit [to] our town.

[It is] thought that Capt. C. B. [Swecker] will poll a strong vote in [the n]ext election for the Legislature, as he is strongly in favor of [road] improvements.

[illegible] to better roads, bridges, [illegible]

[There will be] [preach]ing at the X roads school [house] Sunday the 27th inst.

A. F.

———

[illegible]

[illegible] J. B. [illegible]shaw, of McDowell, [s]pent Sunday in town, on his [way] to Baltimore, to buy his stock [of] spring goods.

[illegible] Sarah Clark, who has, been [ill] for some time, is improving.

[illegible]

[illegible] TION.

[illegible] ance; after [illegible] nths, $1.50 [illegible] ly complied

[Hun]tersville, W. Va.

April 24, 1890.

There were 51,751,835 cigars made in West Virginia in 1889.

A large oak tree in the cemetry at Salem, Va., was riven by light ing last week. By spliting of the tree a silver tea pot was exposed, and on examination it was seen that it obtained the skull of a child. The date on the vessel was 1823. It was unique in make and intrin sically very valuable. Its history, however, is a mystery.

The most remarkable marriage that has ever occurred in this State for years was solemnized on the 12th inst., at St. Mary's. The groom was Samuel shinn, aged 96 years, and the bride Mrs. Jane Patterson, aged 66. The old man, after near ly a century of single life, conclud ed to enjoy matrimonial happiness. In movement and speech he seemed no older than the bride, and gives every indication of living many years.

The Robert E. Lee monument board, of which Govenor McKinney is chairman, have resolved to invite General Jubal A. Early to preside over the meeting of the vast assem blage which is expected to gather in Richmond on the occasion of the unveiling of the Lee statute on May 29th. General Early has been the most liberal contributor to the mon ument fund. The orator of the oc casion will be Col. Archer Ander son, of Richmond.

ONE'S HOME ESTIMATE.

The general estimate of one in the community in which he lives is a convenient average test, but it is by no means conclusive, else why the embezzlers and defaulters and debauchers who have stood high, and by very virtue of public confi dence have been put in position to betray and plunder?

Opinion is not infallible. Nay, it is always open to scrutiny. Men are judged by superficial tests, by manners, church attendance, good looks, polite speeches, plausible compliances. The "The good fel low" has a well-known record. The "estimable citizen" may be found in Canada.

Still it would be hard to repudi ate the testimony of those with whom one lives, and as a rule the standing of a man in his own com munity must stand for much. It must hold good until a lapse of some kind proves its fallibility.

There will always be a few who look closer at men and study their [illegible] more searchingly than the [illegible] at large is in the habit of doing. The opinion of these [illegible] and cautious observers is [illegible]

[illegible]

WASHINGTON LETTER

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 19th. —Secretary Blaine having sent for the United States minister to Bra zil has been holding long confer ences with him this week in order to concoct a plausible statement, which is to be made public, to ac count for the slowness on the part of this Government in recognizing the Republic of Brazil. He may make any statement he pleases but the fact will remain that the recog nition did not take place until the democrats in Congress had intro duced a resolution to compel its be ing done.

The tariff bill, which after many hitches and delays was finally re ported to the House late Wednes day afternoon, is not the measure it was when first made public by a good deal. The committee could not stand the pressures and were compelled to make many changes, among the most important of which were the placing of hides and su gar on the free list. To conciliate the sugar producers of this country a bounty of two cents a pound is provided for during the next fifteen years. Mr. Carlisle's minority re port shows that the bill will in strong terms punctures the hypocr isy of the whole bill; an additional minority report againt the sugar clause made by Mr. McKenna, a re publican. The majority report prac tically admits that the bill is a poor one, but excuses it on the ground of the necessity for "protection;" it admits also that the exact effect upon the revenues of the bill is "dif ficult of ascertainment," and very naively says: "It is not believed that the increase of duties upon wools and woolen goods and upon glass ware will have the effect of increasing the revenues." If the report told the entire truth it should have added that this increase in duties will add materially to the ex penses of every family in the Un ited States that purchases woolen goods of any kind or glassware. Further on the report says: "This bill is framed in the interest of the people of the United States." To have been truthful it should have read: "This bill is framed in the interest of certain manufacturers at the expense of the people of the Un ited States."

Thousands of people viewed the remains of the late Samuel Jackson Randall, as the body lay in state yesterday morning, previous to the funeral, in the Presby terian church which he and his family have at tended for years, and of which he became a member a few months ago. His colleagues of the House were anxious to have the funeral take place in the Hall of the House of Representatives, where Mr. Ran dall had gained his greatest tri umphs, but his widow refused to al low it because her distinguished husband had requested that he be given only the funeral of a private citizen. Immediately after the fun eral services the body was taken to his old home in Pennsylvania for in terment. Already there is a move ment started here by his old com rades of the Army of the Cumber land to erect a monument to his memory. He was a private in that army and should the statue be er ected it will be the first time that a private soldier has ever been so honored. Mr Randall lived and died a poor man, though he had opportunities to have made mil lions had he chosen to take advan tage of his official position as so many of our public men unfortun ately have done, but he has left a heritage far more valuable than money unimpeachable honesty, and a name that will forever shine in the pages of history among the brightest galaxy of the statesmen of his time.

The edict has gone out from Can [illegible] that legislation is to be rail roaded through the House from this time on, in order to adjourn by the first of July, and the republi cans began this [we]ek by passing the Naval appropriation bill, and the bill to reorganize the U. S. dis trict courts and appoint seventeen new judges. So outrageous was the haste to pass the latter that the democrats refused to vote, but the Speaker counted a quorum and an nounced the passage of the bill. The democrats are helpless now against these usurpations, but they will appeal to the people next No vember.

The republicans are still wrestl ing with the silver problem, and a joint committee of the House and Senate is trying to form a bill that will meet the approval of a caucus of their party.

The republicans of the U. S. Su preme Court have affirmed the de cision of the U. S. Circuit court which released Neagle, the U. S. deputy marshal who was arrested by the California authorities last summer for killing Judge Terry. Chief Justice Fuller and Justice La mar dessented; it was too great a stretch of Federal authority for them.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,

Huntersville, Pocahontas County, W. Va., April 14th, 1890.

George S. Riffle & wife,
vs.
Wm. J. Wooddell, Guard & als.
Wm. J. Wooddell, Guard &c.
vs.
Adam Wooddell,
and
John Osborne, Assignee,
vs.
Wm. J. Wooddell's Adm'r et als.

All persons interested in above causes are hereby notified, that I will proceed at my office in Huntersville, W. Va., on Monday, the 19th day of may, 1890, to take an account of the following matters to-wit:

1st. An account of all the liens against the lands of said Joseph W. Riley, with their amounts, dignities and priorities.

2nd. An account of all the lands owned by said Joseph W. Riley with the fee simple and rental value of the same.

3rd. Any other matter deemed perti nent or required by any party in inter est, as required by decrees of the Cir cuit Court of said County rendered at the June term of 1884 and the April term 1890, respectively.

JAMES [illegible] WARNER, Jr.
Com'r Clr. Ct. P. C.

April 17-4t. Printer's fee [illegible]

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judg ment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of Joseph W. Ri ley.

In pursuance of a decree of the Cir cuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Joseph W. [illegible]

[illegible]

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby [illegible] myself as a candidate for re-election at the next election as Clerk of Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas county.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Respectfully,
JOHN J. BEARD.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas County at the election to be held the 4th day of November next, and if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said offices to the best of my ability.
Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County. Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,
M. MOORE.

HOME NEWS

—The Methodist Sunday school will be organized next Sunday morning.

—It is an unprofitable hired man who objects to working between meals.

—Oats and peas grown together are called "ham sandwiches" for stock.

—Attorney C. F. Moore, is in Washington this week, on business.

—Japanese buckwheat for sale, price $1.50 per bushel, by D. V. Kockman, Mill Gap, Va. apr.1-4t

—Be sure to raise such crops as your market demands. There is no profit in a lot of unsalable truck.

—Owing to the sacrifice of [illegible] ing stock some are predicting better prices for beef in the near future.

—"Dr Tanner's famous forty days' fast is outdone." "How?" "A Kentucky man has gone forty-three days without whiskey."

—No greater triumph in medicine or chemistry has been recorded than Hall's Hair Renewer to revivify and restore gray hair to the color of youth.

—Mr. D. B. McElwee, and family, of Ilgnmore, have moved to the Lockridge ford, and will soon commence the erection of a new store house.

—H. M. Lockridge, Esq., of Knapp's creek, has gone into the real estate business at Buena Vista, Va. Mr. Lockridge is a thorough business man, and doubtless will make a success.

—License to marry were issued this week to S. L. Cline to Mary E. Dotson, of Beaver creek, and Richard B. Sardegar to Susie Chappell, of near Jacox.

—The average pay of school teachers in Mississippi is less than thirty dollars per month. So says the American Journal of Education. In this State the average pay is not more than twenty.

—A Canton (China) paper estimates that [illegible] people die every year in China by fire and flood, but it adds [illegible] China is the [illegible] 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 [illegible] make elbow room [illegible] left.

—For nearly half a [illegible] er's Cherry Pectoral [illegible] most popular cough [illegible] world. The constantly [illegible] demand for this [illegible] to be the very best [illegible] coughs, and all [illegible] and lungs.

—For the [illegible]

—The Rev. Mr. Snapp, preached his first sermon at this place last Sunday, and a very interesting one it was.

River Valley Items.

Misses Susie Meeks, Claudia and Bessie Dysard, of Driftwood, are visiting friends in this lovely valley of the Greenbrier, accompanied by their escorts, Messrs. C. B. Meeks and L. J. B. Dysard.

Mrs. V. C. Burner, of this place is now in the neighborhood of Green Bank, where she has been called to the bedside of her son, C. L. C. Burner, who is very ill.

Success to THE TIMES.

LAME GRASSHOPPER.

Hillsboro Locals.

Messrs. E. I Holt and S. J. Pane left for Baltimore Monday morning.

Mr. Lanty Lockridge of Manderson, Neb., is visiting his many relatives and friends at this place.

Mr. Abe Beard, of Falling Spring's passed thrugh town to day.

Mr. L. F. Snapp, spent a few day's with his uncle Mr. A. R. Smith last week.

As the Institute is to be held at Huntersville this year, some of the teachers down here want to know if our worthy County Supt. is going to furnish a tent and not compel them to go into the old Court house again. Why not have the Institute at Hillsboro this year and Green Bank, next year then it will give the citizens of our county an opportunity to attend the Institute and meet with the teachers.

BETH & THOS.

Dunmore Doings.

Nice day after the frost.

Look out for the advertisement of our enterprising young merchant R. L. Nottingham, soon.

Wm. Taylor and N. S. Nottingham left last week for Montanna.

H. A. Yeager, Esq., has left for his home in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

J. A. Kerr, is on a trip to Elkins.

Miss Lena McGlaughlin's school closed last Friday, with a big spelling match. John W. Carpenter was the champion speller.

A little child of W. L. Taylor's died Tuesday morning with whooping cough.

J. P. Wooddell has commenced to work the road between Dunmore and Green Bank.

Capt. C. B. Swecker will work the road Friday and Saturday the 25th and 26th.

We must have better roads, and it will take lots of work. Overseers should get the men and teams, plows and scrapers out early and use them to a good advantage.

Prof. Geo. E. Swecker is on a visit to our town.

It is thought that Capt. C. B. Swecker will poll a strong vote in the next election for the Legislature, as he is strongly in favor of public improvements.

Here's to better roads, bridges, &c.

Singing at the X roads school house Sunday the 27th inst.

A. F.

Green Bank He[illegible]

Mr. J. B [illegible]shaw, of McDowell, Va., spent Sunday in town, on his way to Baltimore, to buy his stock of Spring goods.

Mrs. Sarah Clark, who has been quite ill for some time, is improving slowly.

Mrs. Hiram Wooddell, who has had a severe attack of la grippe is [illegible]

[illegible] has moved [illegible] stock.

[illegible] Lewis [illegible]

GET THEM AT THE [illegible]

JOB OFFIC[illegible]

Death of Mr. Randall.

Hon. Samuel J. Randall, member of Congress from the third district of Pennsylvania and ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, died at his residence in Washington at 5 o'clock on Sunday morning last, April 13th, 1890, aged 61 years. He was one of the ablest and purest of American statemen, an acknowledged leader of the Democratic party, and but for his fidelity to his tariff convictions which arrayed against him the masses of his party, he might have been President of the U. S. Mr. Randall's defence of the South in the years succeeding the war will always command for him the affection of her people.

Rowan county, Kentucky, the scene of the late murderous demonstrations of the moonshine distillers, lies in a mountainous region of that State and in the last Presidential election gave a majority for Harrison. In the campaign of 1888 the moonshiners were assured by the Republican orators and emissaries who were sent among them that in the event of Harrison's election the internal tax on whiskey would be repealed. Relying upon this promise, they gave a large vote to the Republican party and elected two Republicans to the present Congress. When the Republican Administration went into power they became more emboldened in their contraband pursuit, and now fiercely resist the revenue officers who are endeavoring to break it.—Ex.

TREAT OLD PEOPLE WELL.—There is nothing in the world more pathetic than the meek, timorous, shrinking ways of certain old people—we have all seen them—who have given up their old homes into younger hands, and subsided into some out-of-the way corner of it, to sit by the fireside and table henceforth as if afraid of "making trouble," afraid of being "in the way," afraid of accepting half that is their due, and going down to their graves with a pitiful, deprecating air as if constantly apologizing for staying so long. There is no scorn too deep and sharp for the sons and daughters who will accept this attitude on the part of those to whom they owe so much. Sometimes to be sure, people grow old with a bad grace. They become embittered by misfortune or affliction, or are peevish or unreasonable under the goad of ill-health. All the more they do appeal to great gentleness and faithfulness. Let it be borne in mind that we, too, are hastening on toward the sunset of life, and that we may ripen into very uncomfortable old people, to demand much more of patience and devotion than we as children, yield them—Christian Union.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is 10 fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and it is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

☞Sold by druggists, price 75c per bottle.

The Postoffice Committee reports favorably the scheme to provide every town of a certain population a postoffice building, at the discretion of the Postmaster General. The bill appropriates $2,000,000 to begin on, there being about 2,000 towns which come within the scope of the measure.

A law providing that railroad employes who have worked twenty-four consecutive hours shall not resume until they have had eight hours' rest, has been passed by the [illegible] Legislature.

The Senate by a vote of 36 to 26 legalized the grabbing of two seats by the republicans of Montana.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

James Allen, one of the wealthy men of Starke County, O., who died the other day, at the age of 70, and was buried in accordance with his will, which was that no believer in "the contemptible and blasphemous doctrine of eternal punishment should be permitted to talk" at his funeral, no stone was to mark his grave, his wife was not to wear black, and the mourners were to have a big feast as soon as the funeral was over. Given a man with free thinking ways of an Ohio Yankee and the stubborn prejudices of ancient orthodoxy and you have a terror.

WOOL! WOOL!!

We take this method of informing our friends and the public generally that our Factory Wagon will be at Huntersville, during the June term of Court, with a full line of Woolen goods, consisting of Plain and Fancy Flannels, Cassimeres, Stocking yarn, all wool Hosiery, Jeans, Blankets, and Ready-made Clothing which will be sold at prices that can't be beat anywhere; taking into consideration the lasting qualities of our goods.

We pay, in Factory Goods, 27c per lb. for unwashed and 40c per lb for washed wool.

When parties furnish wool we will do the spinning and manufacturing at the followinn rates:

For spinning,	15c per lb;
For making Jeans (we furnish Warp)	28c per yard;
Cassimeres,	37½c per yard;
Flannels,	20 to 22c per yard;
Blankets,	one-half for the other.

Wool will be received at Messrs. Herold & Moore's, Frost; Mr. Amos Barlow's, Huntersville and Mr. R. Rimel's Sunset.

Respectfully,
HOLLYWOOD M'F'G CO.,
Hollywood, Monroe Co., W. Va.

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.

J. C. MARCUS,

Monumental Architect

Staunton, Va.

G. C. COOPER, Agent,
Green Bank, W. Va.

Headstones and Cemetery work done at short notice and at lowest prices.

SPRING 1890.

We Have Just Opened Our

New Spring Goods.

WE HAVE IN THE LATEST STYLES,

Clothing and Gents Furnishing Goods, Dry Goods and Ladies' Dress Goods, Mens, Ladies, Boys, Misses and Childrens Shoes, Notions, Neckwear, Trimmings, Corsets, Hosery, Satchels, &c., &c.

COME AND SEE US. NO TROUBLE TO SHOW OUR GOODS.

LOURY & DOYLE.

The further trial of the Miller boys, of Brownsburg, Va., has been abandoned. The commonwealth entered a nolle prosequi in all the cases.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR STRENGTH [illegible]

ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

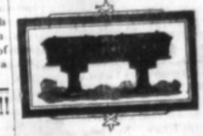
Fiduciary Notice.

The following is a list of fiduciaries whose accounts are before me for settlement.

R. C. Shrader Adm'r of James W. Moore dec'd.

JAMES W. WARWICK JR.
Com r of acc'ts for P. C.

FOR THE BEST FURNITURE CHAIRS AND FINEST TRIMMED



in the county, go to

C. B. SWECKER,
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER.
Dunmore, W. Va.

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.

UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

FOR RENT.

A good log house, three rooms, near to wood, water, and forty acres of land. Apply to

LANIER DUNN,
Warm Springs, Bath Co., Va.

FLOUR.

I have on hand about 200 bushels of wheat which I will grind and sell at $2.50 per 100 lbs, for cash, and will warrant it as good as can be bought in the county.

JAS. BARKLEY.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	5 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	8 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

April 24, 1890.

Enough of the Yankee.

A thrifty German, who owns a small farm out in Jefferson, has decided he will deal with his own people in the future. Not long ago a Connecticut man purchased a farm next to his, and one day he bought a sheep of his German neighbor, agreeing to pay him for it in 30 days. About two weeks later he called on the German and traded him the sheep for a hog.

At the end of the month the German went around after his money.

"Money for what?"

"Vy, for de sheep."

"Why, you've got your sheep. I traded him with you for a hog, didn't I?"

The German nodded and then asked for pay for the hog.

"Why should I pay you for the hog when I traded you the sheep for him?"

The German looked bewildered and said he must have pay for the sheep.

"Now, why should I pay you for what I haven't got?"

"Vell, den, I vant pay for my hog."

The Yankee smiled compassionately. "Didn't you trade me the hog for the sheep?"

The German nodded, looked tired, and said: "Dot's a——of a vay to do pizness!"

...heart wish! You ... wonderfully prosperous, ...ilkins.

Mr. Wilkins (sadly)—True, but after all I get only half the profits of my great establishment. I just tell you, my old friend, the mistake of my life was in taking a partner.

A little Rhode Island avenue girl came puffing into the house yesterday afternoon, and met her mother in the hall.

"Why, Flossie," she exclaimed, "what's the matter?"

"I just walked home, mamma," was the answer.

"What did you do that for? I gave you a quarter for a car ticket."

"Well, you see, mamma, it was this way: I gave the conductor the quarter and he put it in his mouth and said 'Is this good?' and I said no, it wasn't, because I never saw anybody eat a quarter, and then he handed it back to me and I didn't have any more money, so I got out and walked. Conductors don't eat money do they, mamma?"

"Would you like to leave?" said the wood-chopper to the Young Tree.

"I don't know but I would," answered the Young Tree. "Can you take me down with a hack?"

"I guess so," said the chopper; "seeing you've only got one small trunk."

Nothing Good Enough

Managing Editor—H'm! I understand that you are a graduate of a school of journalism. Am I right?

Applicant—Yes, sir. I have a diploma showing that I finished my course with honors.

Managing Editor—H'm! Yes, I'm sorry, but we haven't any position on this paper quite good enough for you.

Mother—John, you went to church as usual today?

Son—Yes, mother.

Mother—What was the text?

Son—Well, er—you see I didn't get there in time to hear the text.

Mother—What was the gist of the sermon?

Son—I can't tell. You see, mother, I came out just before he got to the gist.

A young man was calling on a Congressman's daughter the other evening, when the father appeared at the parlor door.

"May I come in?" he asked hesitatingly.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "you may, but we have a quorum without you."

Then he didn't.

Complimentary to Chagg.

"Chagg, is it true that Fludger has quit working for the Monthly Paralyzer?"

"Yes. He's out."

"I knew he wouldn't stay on that magazine a great while. He's too bright a man. They never keep anybody that has any sense very long. Do you know who's got his place?"

"Yes, I have it myself."

"You? By George, old fellow, I congratulate you! You'll have no trouble keeping that job, Chagg!"

A Southwest Georgia Justice of the Peace had listened to the evidence in a case that had been concluded. One of the lawyers arose to make a speech in favor of his client. The Judge listened patiently for half an hour, and then began writing on a piece of paper in front of him. A few minutes later he interrupted the lawyer by saying:

"Gentleman, when you finish your speeches, you will find my decision written on this piece of paper. You will have to excuse me for a while, as I have to plant some potato slips. Let me know when you have concluded, and I will return and sentence the prisoner." It is unnecessary to mention the fact, that another young lawyer had his finest effort cut short.

SUBSCRIBE
—FOR THE—
POCAHONTAS TIMES,

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry. It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interest to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

One year in advance $1.00
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AND IF YOU NEED

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Drug Envelopes, Tags, Business Cards, Official Blank Bonds, Posters, ...Court of Appeals etc.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, May 1, 1890. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 40.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, ... McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, ... W. Beard.
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, G. G. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard. / S. B. Hannah. / G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

MY DELIVERER.

The following story was told by an old settler of the White Hills, many years ago. His name was Damon Clark, and he, and his father before him, well into a hundred years made the region north of the mountains their home.

I will give the story as near as I can remember in his own words, as he told it one evening when we sat out in front of the farm-house, with the great Presidential Range—Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Monroe and others—rising before us bathed in bright moonlight.

"I was born on this farm here," he said, by way of beginning. "The old cabin stood out yonder, where you can see those big maples. My father was one of the first to find his way up here, coming through the notch from the neighborhood of the seashore down by Portsmouth. I was about twenty-five years old, when the adventure I am about to relate chanced to me.

"One morning, in the month of September, I told my wife that I was going into the woods for a day's hunting.

"'I am afraid you will get wet before you return, Damon,' she said. 'Unless all signs fail, we shall have rain before night.'

"'A little water won't hurt me if it comes, Maudy. There ain't much that I can do if I stay at home, and I feel as though I'd like a bear-steak, or one of venison, for a change. It has been some time since I had one of your cooking. You know you can't be beat in that line. I was lucky in getting a wife who knew how to cook. One that don't, ain't fit to cumber the earth.'

"'There's enough of that, Damon. I'll spoil the next steak you bring in to pay you for this praise, which you know you do not mean.'

"In spite of her words, I knew that she was pleased. A woman likes to be praised once in a while whether she deserves it or not.

"I took my rifle and started off for the forest. I thought myself there would be rain before nightfall. Great masses of black clouds hung over the mountains, and came a long distance down their sides. They seemed to be so full of water that it was impossible for them to rise up and float away.

"When I wanted to make sure of all the game I could carry, I went straight to the foot of the Mountains, and then taking one of the narrow ravines which led up among them, I would in a little time be loaded down with all the game I could carry home. "I went in this direction now. As I neared the foot of the mountains, the sun disappeared behind the clouds, and soon after the air commenced to grow cooler, while at the same time it grew darker amid the trees, as though night were coming on.

"The clouds increased fast, and looking up at the summit of the great mountains above my head, I could see the great masses of vapor rolling away into what clear sky still remained to the northwest. A storm was surely coming, but whether it would hold off until nightfall was more than I could determine.

"Be that as it would, I had no thought of turning back. If I got wet to the skin, I was not at all fearful that it would do me harm.

"I entered the narrow valley and slowly made my way up, keeping now a sharp lookout for game, which I expected now to come upon at any moment, as the ravine was a [illegible] place for it.

"The deer, feeding on the coarse grass and stunted shrubs high up on the rocks, came down hither to find the shade and to slake their thirst in the sparkling water of the brook which leaped and gurgled in the bottom of the valley.

"Suddenly I saw a noble buck standing on a rock, with head aloft, and gazing in my direction as though he scented me.

"I raised my rifle and fired.

"The buck leaped high in the air, and then fell down among the rocks.

"After reloading my rifle, I went up to him, and found that he was motionless, the bullet having entered between the eyes.

"I was bending over the deer, feasting my eyes on the prize I had got, when suddenly a vivid flash of ligetning almost blinded me, followed by a peal of thunder, which shook the rocks beneath my feet. A moment later great drops of rain began to fall. One of those tempests and rainfalls so common among the mountains was close upon me. I could hear it roaring like a waterfall as it came rushing down from the lofty heights above me.

"I knew that I should be drenched to the skin in a minute after it struck, and I glanced hastily about me in search of a place of shelter from its fury.

"I was close to the foot of the mountain where on one side it came down into the ravine, and as I glanced up and down along its base my eyes fell upon a dark aperture which seemed to lead in among the rocks. Within might be a cavern large enough to give me shelter.

"Another tremendous peal of thunder hastened my steps, although I was mindful of the errand on which I had come.

"I dragged the carcass of the deer after me, and in a few minutes had it in the cavern, where I could prepare it in a shape for carrying home when the storm should be over.

"I did not seek to fathom the depths of the cavern. Behind me all was blackness which no eye could penetrate.

"I thought I had seen terrific storms in the mountains, but I had to admit that nothing in my recollection came near to this.

"Instead of drops, the rain seemed to come down by the bucketful. There was almost a continual flash of lightning, while the roll of the thunder was deafening.

"But safe and dry, and intent upon my work of skinning the deer and quartering it up, I did not pay much heed to the tempest, whose roaring filled my ears with a terrible din.

"But, suddenly I started up, with something very like fright tugging at my heart.

"The earth trembled where I stood. There was a terrible, horrible, grinding roar, which seemed to come from up the mountain directly above me.

"In a moment I knew what it was. A land-slide was coming.

"My first impulse was to rush out of the cavern, and I did take a step in that direction, but in a moment I saw that it would be a rash act on my part.

"Almost stunned by the terrible noise above me, I stood motionless.

"There was a rush and a roar above my head. It lasted for a minute, and then all was still. No sound could be heard, but the blackness of the darkest night was about me.

"In a moment I comprehended my situation. I was buried alive.

"The entrance of the cavern was completely blocked up, and I entombed even more surely than if I had been laid away by human hands.

"What was I to do? How was I to escape from my living grave?

"There was but one way that I could conceive of, and that was to dig out.

"Without tools, this might prove a task more than I could accomplish, as the rocks and dirt heaped up at the mouth of the cavern might be many yards in thickness.

"Hope of escape seemed well-nigh impossible, and my heart sank within me as I realized my terrible condition.

"Another sound startled me, and caused me to turn my head in the direction of the back part of the cavern.

"All I could see was a pair of eyes, glowing dimly in the darkness.

"But the sound I knew well. It was the deep growl of a bear.

"I had company, to share with me my living tomb. The sound it made, told me that the brute was moving in my direction.

"I raised my rifle and took aim between the shining eyes. Another moment and I should have pulled the trigger, but a sudden thought flashed across my mind.

"A bear can dig well, and it might help me to escape.

"Instead therefore, of giving it a bullet, I seized one of the quarters of venison and threw it in its direction.

"There was another and deeper growl, and then a munching sound told me that it had commenced its feast.

"It took another quarter to satisfy its appetite, and then it began to approach me nearer.

There was some leaves and sticks scattered at my feet. These I scraped together, and to the pile added a tow garment that I wore. Then, with a flint and steel, I struck a light and soon had a flame blazing up which illuminated the interior of the cavern.

"By it I saw that a huge rock had completely filled up the entrance, so that escape was impossible.

"I looked toward my brute companion. For an instant it stared at me and the fire, then turned and retreated rapidly.

"Hope sprang up in my heart. There must be another passage leading out of the cavern, through which the bear had gone.

"Making as good a torch as possible out of the burning fuel, I soon discovered that this was the case and a current of air told me that it led to the outer world. When the bear had gone I could follow, and in a little time I stood outside in the pouring rain and howling wind.

"I looked about for my deliverer, the bear, but it was nowhere to be seen. I would not have harmed a hair on its body for its weight in gold. I bore it too much gratitude for that.

"I had no easy task in getting home, but I reached there by nightfall, thankful for my escape from what might have proved a living tomb."

Extend sympathy to some people, and they begin to cough all the more loudly, to show you how bad they are.

Some people think they pay a debt by telling their creditors every other day that they owe it.

George: "Laura, will you be my better half?" Laura: "Oh, George, how can I, and you so good?"

The wicked things that a man would do for money, a woman will do for man.

Many girls get married because their folks are not able to keep them and find their husband in the same fix.—Parson White.

Let tomorrow take care of itself and you will find that it will let you take care of yourself when it gets here.

Listening to some people tell a story is equal to judging a view by what you can see through a dusty window.

"Do you like your new mamma, Charlie?" was asked of a precocious youngster of six. "No," he said loftily; "I do not care for ladie's society."

Book Agent—But, sir, perhaps I am annoying you and interrppting your business. His victim—Not at all sir; you don't disturb me in the least. I'm not listening to a word you say.

Mabel—Did you hear that Bessie Willis was married yesterday to Tom Guzzler?

Maud—Really? I thought she would be the last person to marry him.

Mabel—Well, she was, wasn't she?

A 14 year old boy went into his mother's presence with one eye black, his lip swollen, and a ragged scratch across his cheek, and blood from which he had wiped off on his shirt sleeve. "Nicodemus," cried the parent, as he sneaked in, "have you been fighting again?"

"Nope," he sullenly granted.

"Then what on earth ails your face?"

"Jim Green's ma's dead," he replied.

"Well, suppose she is, what's that got to do with your bunged up face?"

"I seed Jim just now," answered the boy, "an, he looked awful sad and soleminsome."

"Well?"

"I didn't know what ter do to make him bright and chipper like, an' feelin' so sorry for him, I jest went up an' let him hit me a few licks."

"Did it help him?" asked the mother.

"Help him!" echoed the boy in a surprised tone, "course it did! Don't you think it'd make you feel good to bust a fellow that way what had licked you every week for a year?"

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

May 1, 1890.

The wealth of the kingdom of Great Britain is estimated at $50,000,000,000.

The letter with money in it is always delayed, but the letter with a bill is always on time.

Expenses of witnesses in the Cronin murder trial at Chicago, reached $5000; legal expenses, $20,000; stenographers and type-writers, $10,000; the jury, $8,000, and the total cost $100,000.

Our four new States are healthy, well grown children. Washington contains an area of 38,726,400 acres, and has a population of 275,000. Montana contains 93,263,0000 acres, with a population of 185,306. North Dakota embraces 48,595,000 acres with a population of 271,000, and South Dakota has an area of 49,708,800 acres, with a population of 379,000.

In 1879 the value of the South's agricultural products was $571,000,000 in 1888 it was $739,000,000, and in 1889 about $850,000,000. In 1879 the South produced 431,000,000 bushels of grain, and in 1888 632,000,000 bushels, and the yield for 1889 will probably show 650,000,000 to 675,000,000 bushels. In 1879 the value of the live stock in the South was $391,400,000, and in 1889 it had jumped to $560,100,000.

It is believed that the largest farm under cultivation in this country belongs to Colonel John W. Bookwalter, of Ohio. The farm is on the Nebraska line south of Beatrice, and the Kansas City Wyandotte and Northwestern road runs through it that contains nearly 13,000 acres, covering twenty square miles, all under excellent state of cultivation.

Rowan county, Kentucky, the scene of the late murderous demonstrations of the moonshine distillers, lies in a mountainous region of that State, and in the last Presidential election gave a majority for Harrison. In the [illegible] of 1888 the moonshiners were [illegible] ed by the Republican [illegible] and [illegible] that in the event of Harrison's election the internal tax on whisky would be repealed. Relying upon this promise, they gave a large vote to the Republican party and elected two Republicans to the present Congress. When the Republican Administration [illegible] into power they became [illegible] in their contraband pursuit, and now fiercely resist the revenue officers who are [illegible] to break them up.

A TRUE STORY.

The American workingman [illegible] home at night from his toil clad in a woolen suit taxed 40 per cent; stockings and under shirt taxed [illegible] per cent., and perchance a pair of gloves in winter taxed 40 per cent.

He carries in his hand a dinner pail taxed 45 per cent., and greets his wife with a cheery smile as she looks at him through a window pane taxed 80 per cent., from which she has drawn aside the curtains taxed 40 per cent.

After scraping his boots on a scraper taxed 45 per cent., he wipes them on a mat of bagging 16 per cent.; he lifts the door latch taxed 43 per cent., steps in on a carpet taxed 68 per cent., and gives a kiss to his wife in a woolen dress taxed 70 per cent. She has a needle taxed 25 per cent. in her hand, with which she has been mending with thread taxed 40 per cent. an alpaca umbrella taxed 50 per cent.

It is a small brick house which they have bought with their hard earnings of a building association. The bricks were taxed 20 per cent., the lumber taxed 16 per cent., and the paint 54 per cent. The wall paper, taxed 45 per cent., makes the room brighter with its plain furniture taxed 35 per cent. He hangs his pail on a steel pin taxed 45 per cent., and proceeds to get ready for his supper. He washes his hands with castile soap taxed 20 per cent, in a tin basin taxed 45 per cent. He then goes to the looking glass taxed 45 per cent, and fixes his hair with a brush and comb taxed 30 per cent.

He is now ready for his supper which his wife has cooked on a stove taxed 45 per cent., with pots and kettles taxed 53 per cent. The table is spread with the commonest crockery, taxed 56 per cent., and he drinks his water out of a cheap glass tumbler taxed 45 per cent.

The little sugar that he puts in his tea is taxed 80 per cent., and he stirs it with a spoon taxed 45 per cent.

His meal is a frugal one because hard times have cut his wages down by making a dollar buy less, and he is saving every cent to pay the next instalment due on his home.

With an appetite worthy of an ampler meal he takes up his knife and fork taxed 45 per cent., and begins to eat a piece of salt flesh, taxed 25 per cent.

He pours on vineager, taxed 36 per cent. Upon his boiled potatoes, taxed 40 per cent., he sprinkles salt, taxed 80 per cent., and eats a small pickle, taxed 35 per cent. He ends his meal with a pudding of rice taxed 112 per cent.—Ex.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE.

Wm. Gibbs.
vs.
C. A. Yeager & others.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the above cause, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in said cause on the 9th day of April, 1890, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court, at my office in the town of Huntersville, in said County,

ON TUESDAY, 27TH DAY OF MAY, 1890,

to take the following matters of account to-wit:

1st. An account of all the liens on the lands of the defendant, C. A. Yeager, with their amounts, dignities and priorities.

2nd. An account of all the lands owned by the defendant, C. A. Yeager, with their location, probable value, and whether said lands will rent in five years for a sufficient amount to pay off and discharge the liens against the same.

3rd. Any matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

F. C. MOORE, Com'r.

May 1-4t. Printer's fee $6.40.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

George J. Rivercomb, Special Receiver,
vs.
A. G. Bonner.

All parties interested will hereby take notice, that pursuant to decrees of the Pocahontas County Circuit Court, entered on the 8th and 9th days of April 1890, in the above styled cause, I will at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on the 30th day of May, 1890, proceed to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. An account showing all the liens on the 100 acres of land of the defendant A. G. Bonner in the bill and proceedings mentioned, their dignities, priorities and amounts.

2nd. A statement showing what part of the plaintiffs said judgment has been paid by the defendant A. G. Bonner, and what part thereof has been paid by D. V. [illegible], Peter [illegible], John F. Bonner, John A. Bonner and J. W. Bonner respectively.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or required to be specially stated by any in interest.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

May 1-4t. Printer's fee $6.40.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered on the 8th day of April 1890, in the Chancery Cause of Jacob Piles vs. John Piles and others, I as special Commissioner shall proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House of said Pocahontas County on the

16TH DAY OF JUNE, 1890,

2 tracts of land, one containing 61 acres more less, lying on the waters of Beaver Lick creek; the other containing 200 acres, more or less, adjoining the first mentioned tract, lying on Stephenson's Ridge, South East side of Greenbrier River, in said Pocahontas County West Virginia. A portion of this land has been heretofore held by Isaac Dean, Josiah Sims and others, but it is all subject to the liens of legacies and judgments reported and decreed in this cause.

The unaliened lands will be first sold, and then that aliened in the inverse order of alienation.

The title to this land is clear; a portion of it is well timbered; it lies well and is considered valuable farming and grazing land.

TERMS OF SALE:

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and expenses of sale. On the balance, a credit of Six, Twelve and Eighteen months will be given, the purchaser executing bond with good security, bearing interest from day of sale, and a lien will be retained as ultimate security.

H. S. RUCKER, Sp'l Com'r.

Bond has been given by the above Com'r as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

April 17-4t. Printer's fee $10.25.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,

Huntersville, Pocahontas County, W. Va., April 14th, 1890.

George S. Riffle & wife,
vs.
Wm. J. Wooddell, Guard & als.
Wm. J. Wooddell, Guard &c.
vs.
Adam Wooddell,
and
John Osborne, Assignee,
vs.
Wm. J. Wooddell's Adm'r et als.

All persons interested in above causes are hereby notified, that I will proceed at my office in Huntersville, W. Va., on Monday, the 19th day of May, 1890, to take an account of the following matters to-wit:

1st. An account of all the liens against the lands of said Joseph W. Riley, with their amounts, dignities and priorities.

2nd. An account of all the lands owned by said Joseph W. Riley with the fee simple and rental value of the same.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest, as required by decrees of the Circuit Court of said County rendered at the June term of 1884 and the April term 1890, respectively.

JAMES S. WARWICK, Jr.
Com'r Ch. Ct. P. C.

April 17-4t. Printer's fee [illegible]

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of Joseph W. Riley.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Joseph W. Riley to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said Joseph W. Riley, which are liens on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on or before the 19th day of May 1890.

Given under my hand this 14th day of April 1890.

JAMES S. WARWICK, Jr.
Com'r Ch. Ct. P. C.

April 17-4t. Printer's fee $3.00

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election at the next election as Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas county.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Most respectfully,
JOHN J. BEARD.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas County at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next, and, if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said offices to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County. Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,
E. H. MOORE.

HOME NEWS

Preaching Appointments.

The preaching appointments of Rev. L. F. Snapp, pastor of Huntersville Circuit M. E. Church South:

1st Sunday, Bethel 11 a. m., Sunset 3:30, Huntersville, 8 p. m.
2nd " Mt. Pleasant 11 a. m., Huntersville 8 p. m.
3rd " Huntersville 11 a. m., Sunset 3:30 p. m., Bethel 8 p. m.
4th " Huntersville 11 a. m., Mt. Pleasant 4 p. m.

—Attorney C. F. Moore, has returned from Washington.

—G. McAllister, of Covington, Va., was in town last Thursday.

—Deputy Sheriff L. W. Herold, of Frost, was in the city last week.

—Dr. Jno. Ligon, of Clover Lick, was in town last Thursday nigh.

—Geo. W. Whiting, of Academy, was in Huntersville last Friday.

—Peter Hill, Esq., of Jacox, was a visitor to our city last week.

—Several lumbermen are stopping in town, waiting for the camps to start up.

—Howard Donaldson, well known in the lumber camps of our county, got sent up for six years in Ky. for counterfeiting.

—J. C. Loury, Jr. has been on the sick list for a few days past, but we are glad to say is able to be out again.

—Attorney H. S. Rucker, had the misfortune to have his little bay mare die last Friday.

—Martin Madden, Esq., of the Buckhannon marble works, called to see us Monday.

—Melvina Gordon, of the Infirmary at Hillsboro, was lodged in jail at this place, on a charge of lunacy.

—J. W. Milligan, Esq., and family, will start in a few days for Buchanan, Va., where they expect to make their future home.

—Dick Mays, of Split Rock, was in Elkins this week, having moved D. H. Garber, here from Marlinton. Elkins News.

—We are pleased to place on our exchange list this week, the Clifton Forge and Iron Gate Review. It is an 8 col. folio and presents a first-class appearance.

—A faded or gray beard may be colored a beautiful and natural brown or black, at will, by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

—Miss Laura Feamster, of Lewisburg and Mr. F. W. Taylor, of Morristown, Tenn., were married in the former place, on the 11th inst., so says the Independent.

—The opinion of those who have seen Dr. John Ligon's Patent Farm Fence, is that it is the best thing out. There is a few panels built in Huntersville. Every farmer should see it.

—Messrs. J. C. Loury, Jr., and J. H. Doyle, have received [illegible] a Patent Handler, [illegible] which [illegible] little step ladder [illegible] thing, and no doubt [illegible] with the merchants.

—Covington, Va., is booming.

—Attorney H. S. Rucker, and family, accompanied by Sam. Scott, Esq., started last Saturday for a few weeks visit to their parents in Lewisburg and near Lynchburg.

—The County Court of Randolph Co., refused to submit to a vote a proposition to remove the court house from Beverly to Elkins, whereon the Circuit Judge granted a mandamus which was asked for. They will have a lively time.

—The Daily Charleston Gazette, was printed in red ink in honor of its second birthday. The Gazette is a good newspaper, and we are glad to say is having the success it so well merits.

—Minne Ashcraft and pal, supposed to be Chas. Bush, were arrested in Cincinnati on a charge of dealing very extensively in "green goods." They are known among the lumber camps of this county.

—Wm. Dovenspike, formerly of Pa., but for the last three years of our Co., we understand, passed himself off for an internal revenue collector at White Sulphur Springs and collected quite a little "stake" of internal revenue. He was in town about a week ago.

—The value of a remedy should be estimated by its curative properties. According to this standard, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best and most economical blood medicine in the market, because the most pure and concentrated. Price $1. Worth $5 a bottle.

—A dry, hacking cough keeps the bronchial tubes in a state of constant irritation, which, if not speedily removed, may lead to bronchitis. No prompter remedy can be had than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which is both an anodyne and expectorant.

—Wm. Kerr, was arrested near Green Bank, last Thursday by deputy sheriff L. W. Herold, on a capias profine from Randolph Co., and lodged in jail in this place.

—Basic City, one mile east of the C. & O. and N. V. railroad, is on a boom. On the 8th, a large number of lots will be sold at public auction by the company. Attorney C. F. Moore, and probably others of this place and vicinity, will attend the sale.

—Why can't Huntersville get up a boom? Look at Va., just across the mountain here; she is booming. Why, we are told that one goes to sleep over there, with nothing to disturb the quiet slumbers of farm life, save the croak of the frog, to the hoot of the night owl, to be waked in the morning by the toot of the mighty engine and the busy hum of a thriving city, built all over his farm.

—Capt. R. A. Smith, wife, and little girl and C. B. Swecker, Esq., of Dunmore, took dinner in town Tuesday, on their way to Charleston. Mr. Smith is summoned on the petit jury in that place, and Mr. Swecker as a witness for the U. S. against John [illegible] for robbing the mail between this place and [illegible] more a few years ago. Also Mr. Jas. W. Warwick, Jr. is the same morning for the same place, where he is summoned as a witness in the same case.

—The Southern Methodists are looking to the completion of their new church in order to have it dedicated in the fall. The church is handsome and attractive, modern in design, [illegible]

NOTICE.

The [illegible] system has been tried and found wanting at Hannah & White's. We will sell [illegible] cash and good produce [illegible] [illegible] after May 1st, 1890. Quick sales and small profits our motto.

Respectfully,
HANNAH & WHITE,
Frost, W. Va.

40-4t.

Buckeye News.

Mrs. Angeline McNeil, died last Friday morning at 3 o'clock, aged 71 years.

Mr. N. C. McNeil, is worse at this writing but but it is hoped not seriously so.

Mrs. Clark Kellison, is still quite sick.

Born to Charles L. McNeil, and wife, a girl on April 18th. Who is prouder than Charley!

Misses. E. J. Buckley and Nevada McNeel, are visiting relatives in Ronceverte.

Green Bank News.

Mr. Jas. Stretch, has moved his family to Mrs. Maupin's in town.

Misses Emma and Lula Barner, were visiting their grandma Mrs. Sarah Clark the latter part of last week.

W. L. Taylor will move to the Hickman house this week.

Ellis W. Curry, lost a valuable work-horse last week.

The many friends of Mr. J. H. Curry, Sr., were glad to see him at church Sunday, the first time for several months on account of his protracted illness.

A postal to Wm. H. Hull, yesterday states that R. A. Yeager will start for Green Bank, with his family the first of May.

Died, an infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. L. Sheets, on April 21st.

PAULINA.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of transfers of real estate for the month of April:

A deed from Jas. B. Canfield and wife, of Gordonsville, Va., to Jno. E. Campbell, for lot in Huntersville.

From H. Nathan, to Jas. A. Larue, for lot in Hillsboro.

From Granville Eastham, to L. H. Stephenson, for land on Allegheny mountain.

From Jno. A. McNeel and wife, to Brown M. Yeager, for land on Laurel creek.

From Jno. A. Slaughter and wife, of Lynchburg, Va., to R. M. Yeager, for land on Greenbrier river.

A deed of lease from A. R. McComb, to Jacob Bouer, for dwelling and store house, in Huntersville.

From Andrew Dilley, to Wm. H. Dilley, for all rights and interests in land on Thorny creek.

Marlinton Movements.

The past few days have been quite like spring. The farmers are busy putting in oats and preparing ground for corn. Considerable gardening done.

The sale advertised in THE TIMES, by Mr. D. H. Garber, was largely attended and booming prices paid for the [illegible] things sold. There seemed to be no scarcity of money. The community regrets the departure of this nice family. THE TIMES will raise a crowd every time.

Aaron Kee, Esq., one of our most worthy and prosperous citizens, has greatly improved his residence. He was hindered in the good work, however, by the burning of some very nice lumber that was in process of seasoning. About fifteen hundred feet lost.

A new engine, to replace the one that exploded so disastrously a few weeks ago, passed here Tuesday on the way to Elk.

We are in the midst of the proverbial "six hungry weeks," and were it not for "lean fruit," it would be hard to enjoy living just now. As Mr. Ira Skinner, our Driftwood correspondent would say:

"Were it not for gravy and eggs,
One could hardly carry his two legs,
For something fresh one vainly seeks
While getting through six hungry weeks."

Mrs. Angeline McNeil [illegible] highly [illegible] ill but is more comfortable for the time being. For the present she is at the house of her daughter, Mrs. Buckley, near Buckeye. It is very comforting to one's faith to see how she is sustained by her faith in her Savior, who has gone to prepare a place for her in the House of Many Mansions.

J. K. S.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is 10 fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and it is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

☞ Sold by druggists, price 75c per bottle.

NOTICE.

The Old Credit System has played out at Herold & Moore's. They will Sell for Cash or good produce only, after May 1st, 1890. Unless other special arrangements are made, our motto is, "Cash up, Quick sales and small profits."

Very respectfully,
HEROLD & MOORE,
Frost, W. Va.

40-4t

WOOL! WOOL!!

We take this method of informing our friends and the public generally that our Factory Wagon will be at Huntersville, during the June term of Court, with a full line of Woolen goods, consisting of Plain and Fancy Flannels, Cassimeres, Stocking yarn, all wool Hosiery, Jeans, Blankets, and Ready-made Clothing which will be sold at prices that can't be beat anywhere; taking into consideration the lasting qualities of our goods.

We pay, in Factory Goods, 27c per lb. for unwashed and 40c per lb for washed wool.

When parties furnish wool we will do the spinning and manufacturing at the followina rates:

For spinning,	15c per lb;
For making Jeans (we furnish Warp),	28c per yard;
Cassimeres,	37½c per yard;
Flannels,	20 to 22c per yard;
Blankets,	one half for the other.

Wool will be received at Messrs. Herold & Moore's, Frost; Mr. Amos Barlow's, Huntersville and Mr. R. Rimel's Sunset.

Respectfully,
HOLLYWOOD M'F'G CO.,
Hollywood, Monroe Co., W. Va.

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.

J. C. MARCUS,
Monumental Architect
Staunton, Va.

G. C. COOPER, Agent,
Green Bank, W. Va.

Headstones and Cemetery work done at short notice and at lowest prices.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Fiduciary Notice.

The following is a list of fiduciaries whose accounts are before me for settlement.

R. C. Shrader, Adm'r of James W. Moore dec'd.

JAMES W. WARWICK JR.
Com'r of acc'ts for P. C.

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.

UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of C. A. Yeager:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said C. A. Yeager to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said C. A. Yeager, which are liens on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me, at my office in the town of Huntersville in said County, on or before the 27th day of May, 1890.

Given under my hand this 29th day of April, 1890.

C. F. MOORE, Com'r.

May 1-4t. Printer's fee $6.70.

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of A. G. Bonner.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said A. G. Bonner to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said A. G. Bonner, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me, at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on or before the 30th day of May, 1890.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

May 1-4t. Printer's fee $5.90.

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment, or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of William Skeen.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, made in the cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said William Skeen to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said William Skeen, which are liens on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me, at my office in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas county, W. Va., on or before the 15th day of May 1890.

Given under my hand this the 14th day of April, 1890.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

April 17-4t. Printer's fee $6.30

SPRING 1890.

We Have Just Opened Our

New Spring Goods.

WE HAVE IN THE LATEST STYLES,

Clothing and Gents Furnishing Goods,
Dry Goods and Ladies' Dress Goods,
Mens, Ladies, Boys, Misses and Childrens Shoes,
Notions, Neckwear, Trimmings, Corsets, Hosery, Satchels, &c., &c.

COME AND SEE US, NO TROUBLE TO SHOW OUR GOODS.

LOURY & DOYLE.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

May 1, 1890.

A Lelsure Moment; A Jotting For "The Times."

ED. OF THE TIMES:

The following note invites attention to a very instructive and beautiful poem.

As is well and widely known, General Skeen has been a distinguished member of the Virginia Bar for more than forty years.

In connexion with his eminent legal abilities, he possesses a correctly cultured taste for the best literature, and much of his remarkable influence with juries is due to the forcible illustrations derived from the noblest productions of poetic genius, and eloquence imbued by a correct appreciation of the masters of human speech.

W. T. P.

Huntersville, W. Va., April 6,'90.

REV. WM. T. PRICE:

I have not the pleasure of your wife's acquaintance, but I know that she is an occasional visitor to the "Temple of the Muses," and I therefore desire you to call her attention to this production of her sister "Amelia," for it certainly required "earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected" to pen the lines "which breathe" and words that pray in [illegible] of the Pulpit Eloquence.

Very truly, your friend,
WM. SKEEN.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

The following beautiful lines were written many years ago for the Louisville Journal by a distinguished poetess of Maryland, signed "Amelia."

The day was declining—the breeze in its glee
Had left the fair blossom to sing on the sea,
As the sun in its gorgeousness, radiant and still,
Dropped down like a gem from the brow of the hill.
One tremulous star in the glory of June
Came out with a smile and sat down by the moon,
As she graced her blue throne with the pride of a queen,
The smile of her loveliness gladdened the scene.

The scene was enchanting! In distance away
Rolled the foam-crested waves of the Chesapeake Bay;
While bathing in the moonlight the village was seen
With the church in the distance that stood on the green,
The soft-sloping meadows lay brightly unrolled,
With their mantles of verdure and blossoms of gold,
And the earth in her beauty, forgetting to grieve,
Lay asleep in her bloom on the bosom of eve.

A light-hearted child, I had wandered away
From the spot where my footsteps had gamboled all day;
And free as a bird's was the song of my soul,
As I heard the wild waters exultingly roll;
While lightening my heart as I sported along
With bursts of low laughter and snatches of song,
I struck in the pathway half worn o'er the sod
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

As I traced its green windings, a murmur of prayer
With the hymn of the worshippers rose on the air,
And drawn by the links of its sweetness along,
I stood unobserved in the midst of the throng.
For awhile my young spirit still wandered about
With the birds, and the winds, that were singing without,
But birds, waves, and zephyrs, were quickly forgot
In one angel-like being that brightened the spot.

In stature majestic, apart from the throng,
He stood in his beauty, the theme of my song!
His cheek pale with fervor—the blue orbs above
Yet the heart-glowing rapture that beamed from those eyes
Seemed saddened by sorrow, and chastened by sighs,
As if the young heart in its bloom had grown cold
With its loves unrequited, its sorrows untold.
Such language as his may I never recall,
But his theme was salvation—salvation to all—
And the souls of a thousand in ecstacy hung
On the manna-like sweetness that dropped from his tongue.
Not alone on the ear his wild eloquence stole;
Enforced by each gesture, it sunk to the soul,
Till it seemed that an angel had brightened the sod,
And brought to each bosom a message from God.

He spoke of the Saviour—what pictures he drew!
The scenes of his suffering rose clear on my view—
The cross—the rude cross, where he suffered and died;
The gush of bright crimson that flowed from his side;
The cup of his sorrows—the wormwood and gall;
The darkness that mantled the earth as a pall;
The garland of thorns: and demon-like crews
Who knelt as they scoffed him, "Hail, King of the Jews!"

He spoke, and it seemed that his statute-like form
Expanded and glowed, as his spirit warm;
His tone so impassioned—so melting his air,
As touched with compassion he ended in prayer;
His hands clasped above him—his blue orbs upthrown,
Still pleading for sins that were never his own,
While that mouth where such sweetness ineffably clung,
Still spoke, though expression had died on his tongue.

O God? what emotions the speaker awoke;
A mortal he seemed—yet a Deity spoke;
A man—yet so far from humanity riven;
On earth—yet so closely connected with heaven!
How oft' in my fancy I've pictured him there
As he stood in that triumph of passion and prayer,
With his eyes closed in rapture—their transient eclipse
Made bright by the smiles that illumined his lips.

There's a charm in delivery—a magical art
That thrills like a kiss, from the lip to the heart;
'Tis the glance—the expression—the well-chosen word—
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred;
The smile—the mute gesture—the s[illegible] startling pause—
The eye's sweet expression, that m[illegible] w[illegible] it awe;—
The lip's soft persuasion, its musical tone;
O such was the charm of that eloquent one!

The time is long past—yet how clearly defined
That bay, church, and village, float up on my mind;
I see amid azure the moon in her pride,
With the sweet little trembler that sat by her side;
I hear the blue waves, as she wanders along,
And I tread in the pathway worn o'er the sod
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

The time is long past—yet what visions I see!
The past, the dim past, is the present to me;
I am standing once more 'mid that heart-stricken throng,
A vision floats up—'tis the theme of my song—
All glorious and bright as a spirit of air,
The light, like a halo encircling his hair,
As I catch the same accents of sweetness and love,
He whispers of Jesus, and points us above.

How sweet to my heart is the picture I've traced!
Its chain of bright fancies seem almost effaced,
Till Memory, the fond one that sits in the soul,
Took up the frail links, and collected the whole,
As the dew to the blossom, the bud to the bee—
As the scent to the rose—are those memories to me.
Round the chords of my heart they have tremblingly clung,
And the echo it gives is the song I have sung.

Pater—My boy, when I was your age I was at my desk at 7 o'clock in the morning. The Son—That may be, but I know the business is perfectly safe in your hands, even while I'm away.

The women are getting bolder. One was seen carrying a corset box on the streets to-day in broad day light.

SUBSCRIBE

—FOR THE—

POCAHONTAS TIMES,

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry. It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interest to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

One year in advance	$1.00
If not paid within 6 months	1.25
And at the end of the year	1.50

AND IF YOU NEED

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Drug Envelopes, Tags, Business Cards, Official Blanks, Blank Bonds, [illegible] Briefs for the Court of Appeals

GET THEM AT THE TIMES

JOB OFFICE.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, May 8, 1890. Terms of Subscription: $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 41.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, G. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

SKIPPER BEN'S GIRL.

If, in your travels, you ever visit the rugged coast of New England, you may come upon "The Cove," with its cluster of brown, gray and black wooden houses having queer, uneven roofs and crooked chimneys, and its narrow strip of pebbly beach, backed by high, forbidding rocks.

You are very likely to find boats drawn up upon this beach, some of them overturned for calking, and great heaps of hemp and seaweed and layers of salt hay, showing how far up the water comes at high tide.

And climbing over the boats or playing along the beach, I am quite sure you will find a little girl in a faded pink frock, whose hair is like seaweed a rich chestnut underneath, but faded to a sort of nutty tinge where the sun strikes it.

If you ask this little girl who she is she will peep shyly up through her tangled hair, with a pair of eyes that will win your love and admiration at once, and answer, "Dolly!"

Then she will run away and hide among the boats, with her brown curls shaken over her blushing cheeks.

But if you ask one else—say the lobster man yonder examining his lobster pots beside his warped and leaky old dory, or, better still, old Capt. Graves, as he stands on the wharves every day, or sits by the stove in 'Lisha Tucker's store, telling of the fishing when he was young, he will say:

"Thet! oh, thet's Skipper Ben's gal!"

It is a strange story, and it all happened some years ago—a great many years ago, Dolly would say, when Skipper was not a skipper at all, but merely a brown-skinned young fisherman.

He lived with his old mother in the little brown house that stands quite by itself by the water side, and whose eaves almost touch the ground. And over in the blackish looking cottage, with the shingles down the side, lived his sweetheart—a rosy lass named Dolly.

They had always been friends ever since they were old enough to go about, and sailed boats together in the pools among the rocks, or fished from the wharve. As they grew older, the Cove "just kind of understood" that they were to be married as soon as Ben should become owner or part owner of a fishing vessel.

Ben was an industrious fellow, and was always off at the Banks. Each time he came home he laid a little money away in an old stocking, for he was saving up to buy his boat, and once, while he was on a fishing cruise with Captain Pratt, the captain told him of a prime little schooner he had at home in the Cove, which Ben might secure for the contents of his stocking and in payment for his services that season.

Ben came home a happy youth. He had already christened his new possession the Dolly. And as he walked up the little narrow street of the little fishing town he wondered why all his old comrades should look at him with such solemn pitying glances.

Poor Ben! He soon learned why they all looked pitying at him. His sweetheart, Dolly was dead. Two weeks before she had been buried in the little graveyard upon the hill.

Poor Ben, indeed!

He was never the same man afterward. He kept the Dolly and took pride in her, going off to the Banks and becoming in time one of the best fishermen in the Cove. But he never was a boy again; all his old light-heartedness had vanished, and he became grave, moody and silent. For some years he lived, when he was at home, alone in the little brown house—for his old mother was dead, too. A lonely time he had of it, when he was not at the Banks. In the evenings he would sit for hours with his pipe, staring into the fire, and thinking how different it might all have been if only Dolly had lived.

One night there was a terrible storm, and Skipper Ben sat by his lonely hearth, smoking and thinking. The wind blew and howled about the little brown house. It rushed down the chimney, and beat against the side of the house until it rocked. But Ben does not notice a bit of wind.

Presently his gloomy thoughts got the better of him. The tiny room seemed to grow as narrow and as suffocating as a grave, and he rushed out into the night and the storm, where he could draw in deep breaths of the wild, salt air.

There was no rain, but the clouds were scurrying swiftly across the sky, And well they might, with such a wind at their heels.

Such a wind! If Ben had not been the broad, sturdy fellow that he was, it would have blown him off his feet. But as it was, he strode up and down the beach with long, fierce strides, and heeded neither the wind nor the roaring surf.

Was it strange that, with the fierce storm raging without, and the equally fierce storm raging within, Skipper Ben should not have heard the shriek and cries of distress that night? Not so very strange, I think, but what was strange was that, above all the din and commotion, he should have heard a feeble wail—the faintest little wail in the world.

But he heard it, at any rate, and hurried to the spot whence it came.

There, lying on the beach, with its frock securely fastened to a broken spar, was a little child.

"Why you poor little creeter!" exclaimed Ben, as he unfastened the dress. "How 'n the world did you git out here?"

The baby stopped crying as soon as she saw him, and stretching out her tiny arms, gave a little chuckle of delight.

He picked her up tenderly, and, wringing out the soaked little garments, which were like cobwebs, and were trimmed with the finest lace, buttoned her up inside his heavy jacket.

Then it was that he heard the shouts and cries for the first time, and saw men running helplessly up and down the beach, and gazing seaward.

What were they looking at? Looking at nothing. They were staring and gaping at the place where a good ship had just gone to pieces. Could no one be saved? No, it was impossible. No boat could live in such a surf, and there is, moreover, no lifeboat at the Cove.

The ship went to pieces where she struck. Of all the crew no one lived to tell the tale, and of all the passengers, not one was saved—except the little baby buttoned up under Skipper Ben's rough pilot jacket.

But the baby lived, and was like a sunbeam in the little brown house, for no one talked of putting her in the "Asylum." Nor is there any orphan asylum at the Cove, though there are orphans, in plenty, for many a good fellow goes to the Banks never to return, not supposing that he has said good-by for the last time to the youngsters at home.

The baby cried for "mamma" a little at first, but she soon learned to say "Ben" instead. And from that day on, the little room never became narrow and stuffy, and Ben's pipe was the pipe of peace and comfort.

The next year, when he went to the Bank's, he left her in the care of 'Lisha Tucker's wife, at the store; but the year after she cried so hard when he was going that he took her with him. And ever since she has been his constant companion. And he named her—Dolly. Five years have passed since that stormy night, and Dolly is six years old. She is a bright, happy little girl, and loves the grim old ocean dearly, even if it did so nearly become her tomb. Sometimes in the evening, when the wind is howling and shaking the little brown house, and the fire is roaring brightly and merrily up the chimney, Skipper Ben will tell Dolly how he found her lying on the beach, securely fastened to a broken spar.

Then he will pull out a little, old, worn leather trunk, and will take from it the once dainty baby clothes. They are yellow now and still stained with sea water. He will hold the delicate fabric in his hard, rough hand with reverential awe, and look with wonder at the little faced blue ribbons that once were shoulder knots.

"I wonder who your parents was?" he says to Dolly. "Only think what you might ha' been! Why, you might ha' been a Markis!"

Skipper Ben's round blue eyes become rounder and bluer at the thought, and he takes his pipe from his mouth.

"You might ha' been a Dorches!" But Dolly shakes her head with its brown curls and lays her cheek against Ben's rough coat, saying,

"No, no! I'd rather be skipper Ben's girl!"

My father was Sheriff of a certain county in Kansas about twenty years ago, and during a certain summer we received a sentence for six months a tough fellow named Joe Williams. He had been sentenced for attempted horse stealing, and my father knew that a sharp watch must be kept over him or he would take French leave.

Joe had put in about two weeks on his term when my mother started off on a visit, was hurt en route, and father had to go to her. His first deputy and assistant jailer a man of fifty, named Stebbins, who was his cousin. "Steb" was a peppery old chap and a great brag and liar. According to his statements he had licked more men, killed more Indians, run down more horse thieves and helped lynch more desperadoes than any other man living. Father cautioned him over and over about watching Williams, who was the only prisoner we had, and "Steb" scornfully replied:

"You go right along and rest easy Henry. If I was fool 'nuff to let him git away I'd expect to be shot and throwed to the gophers."

Father had scarcely gone when Williams began calling, and I went into the corridor with the old man to see what was wanted. I was only ten years old, but I can vividly recall everything. The jail was made of rough stone and one-half of it was the Sheriff's residence. The jail part was only one big room, with a plain but stout iron grated door leading into the corridor. As the weather was warm, both corridor doors were open. When we looked in on Joe he said:

"See here, Steb, I hear you are bragging a good deal about how many men you have put on their backs."

"There's no brag about it," replied the old man. "I never found a human I couldn't lay down in five minutes."

"That's all wind, and you know it," retorted Joe. "You ought to be ashamed of your jaw."

"Who you talking to?"

"To you, you old wind bag! You talk of wrestling! Why, I kin grease the floor with your carcass!"

"Don't git my dander up!" warned Steb in a tremulous voice, "or I'll trounce you!"

"Trounce me! Say, old blowhard I kin lather you with one hand tied behind me! If I could only git at you I'd make you holler in one round!"

"Shet up!"

"I won't, and you ain't big 'nuff to make me!"

"Yes, I am!"

"You're a liar!"

"Take that back!"

"Never!"

"Take that back or I'll come in and make pulp of you!"

"You dasn't! I'll dare ye to come in and put a finger at me!"

Some more of the sort followed, and Steb got the idea that he must enforce his authority or suffer a loss of prestige. He was the older but also the bigger man, and he kept getting mad until he finally peeled off his coat, unlocked the door and dodged in. He made for Williams, but the latter ducked under his arm, upset, me at the door, and was off like a shot, and before pursuit could be organized he was beyond reach. Old Steb stood in the back door and watched him for fully five minutes before saying a word. Then I heard him growl.

"Consarn him for skipping out, but I've got the consolation of knowing that he's the forty-third man I've licked outer his boots in the last five years!"

"Sir," he said to the barkeeper of a saloon on Michigan avenue "I represent the United States Government."

"Yes—exactly. Have a drink?"

"I don't care if I do."

"What will you take?"

"Brandy."

It was placed before him, and after he had taken a pull, the barkeeper queried:

"Internal revenue, I suppose?"

"No."

"Don't you belong to the custom house?"

"Oh, no."

"Postoffice?"

"No."

"Some port official?"

"No."

"Then how do you represent the government?"

"As a humble citizen, sir—a man whose great grandfather fought at Lexington."

"Oh, that's it. Well, let's see how well you can fight at Detroit."

And he flung him over a table and booted him out doors, and the representative of the government had no fight in him. On the contrary, when he was safe across the street he said:

"That's 20 cents' worth of brandy for 10 cents' worth of licking and the United States is way ahead!"

Charles J Bonaparte, of Baltimore is the grandson of a King and the grand nephew of an Emperor. He is a millionaire but lives the life of a plain American lawyer.

[P]ocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
[ED]ITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

[Ent]ered at the Post-office at Hunters[ville] W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
[illegible]	$1 00	$1 50	$3 50	$5 00
[illegible]	[illegible]	4 00	6 00	10 00
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	10 00	17 00
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	20 00	30 00
[illegible]	10 00	[illegible]	[illegible]	50 00

[Re]ading notices, not exceeding five [lines], twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

[T]ERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[One] copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after [6] months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50 [Th]ese terms will be strictly complied [with].

Huntersville, W. Va.

May 8, 1890.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Fr]om our regular correspondent.]

[W]ASHINGTON, D. C., May 2.—Sen[ato]r Voorhees of the Library Com[mi]ttee reported the Senate joint [re]solution accepting the battle [sw]ord of the late Capt. Samuel [Re]id tendered as a gift from his son [S]amuel C. Reid. It provided for [th]e presentation of a gold medal to [th]e donor. Captain Reid command[ed] the privateer "Gen. Armstrong" [in] the battle of Payal, and rebuked [an]d resisted with great slaughter [th]e English men-of-war. Gen. [Ja]ckson said that the delay occas[io]ned by this battle enabled him to [d]efend New Orleans. Senator [G]orman opposed the resolution [fo]r the reason that the victory was [ga]ined by a privateer whose mo[ti]ves, he imagined, couldn't have [be]en sufficiently patriotic to deserve [th]e honor proposed. Senator Ev[ar]t's advocated the resolution, de[cl]aring that "but for Captain Reid [th]e battle would not have been [f]ought, but for him the victory [w]ould not have been won." Sena[to]r's Plumb and Pratt objected on the ground that it would set a pre[c]edent that would be followed by a multitude of cases. A standing vote resulted in 12 yeas, 36 nays. No quorum voting it was laid over retaining its place on the calendar.

The committee of the House on the judiciary in reporting the anti trust bill says that no system of laws can be devised by Congress which could effectually protect the people against the evils and oppressions of trusts and monopolies. That whatever Congress may enact on this subject will be of little value unless supplemented by legislation in the states, but concludes with the statement that it can do no better than it has done under the circumstances.

The ministers plenipotentiary of nine of the American Republics have signed the treaty of arbitration for reference to their respective governments. Three more signatures are expected soon, and it is expected that all the powers will sign the treaty during the Summer and Autumn.

Senator Blackburn has introduced a bill to admit Arizona Territory into the Union.

On May 13th Senator Call will address the Senate on the joint resolution, heretofore offered by him, as to opening negotiations with Spain to allow Cuba to establish a Republic.

Senator Cullom has introduced a bill to compel railroad companies to use automatic couplers on all freight cars.

Mr. Ingalls has introduced a bill granting a pension of $8 per month to all soldiers who served in the late war 3 months and less than one year; $8 per month to those who served one year and not exceeding [illegible] days and one cent per diem for those who served more than [illegible] days. No person who is worth $[illegible] can avail himself of this act. [illegible]

The committee appointed by the Republican Senate caucus to frame a compromise silver measure have been unable to reach a conclusion. Senator Teller introduced a bill in the Senate providing for free coinage and urged very strongly his objections to the feature of the House silver bill which makes it possible for the Secretary of the Treasury on demand to give silver bullion in exchange for certificates issued on bullion. Senator Sherman insisted that, that provision should be retained. A good many members of the House feel impatient on account of the uncertain attitude of the majority of the Senate in regard to silver legislation. This feeling has found expression among representatives of both parties to the effect that if the Senate should not choose to agree on the bill formulated by the Republican joint caucus committee there would probably be no silver legislation whatever this session.

Senator Reagon has introduced a bill to abolish the retired lists of the army, navy and judiciary. It is not expected to become a law, but it has occasioned no little uneasiness among the retired officers. They fear that with public attention directed to the large amount expended for this class of pensioners, and the abuse of the retirement laws, an atempt will be made at weeding out which will result in loss of pay to the deserving as well as to those who have no just claims.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, west Virginia, on the first Monday in May 1890.

Mary E. Piles
vs. — In Ch'nc'ry.
George C. McGlaughlin.

The object of this suit is to collect a claim of the plaintiff Mary E. Piles, against the defendant George C. McGlaughlin, for Sixty Dollars, with interest thereon from November 8th, 1889, by subjecting to the payment thereof and costs of this suit so much as may be necessary of a tract of about 175 acres of land lying in Pocahontas Co., W. Va. near Green Bank, conveyed to said George C. McGlaughlin by J. C. Arbogast and wife, and upon which an attachment is issued in this suit has been levied to secure such payment.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant George C. McGlaughlin is a non-resident of the State of west Va., it is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

H. S. RUCKER, p. q.
may 1-4t. — printer's fee $5.90

NOTICE TO TAKE DEPOSITIONS.

To George A. McGlaughlin: Take notice, that on the 6th day of June, A. D., 1890, between the hours of 6 o'clock, a. m., and 6 o'clock, p. m. at the Law office of H. S. Rucker, in the town of Huntersville, in Pocahontas County, west Virginia, I will take the depositions of Lemuel J. Piles and others, to be read as evidence in my behalf, in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, and State of west Virginia, in which I am, plaintiff, and you are Defendant.

If from any cause the taking of said Depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

MARY E. PILES,
By counsel.

H. S. Tucker, p. q.
may 8-4t — printers' fee $ 7.75

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

George A. Revercomb, Special Receiver,
vs
A. G. Bonner.

All parties interested will hereby take notice, that pursuant to decrees of the Pocahontas County Circuit Court, entered on the 8th and 9th days of April [illegible]

[illegible]

May 1-4t. — Printer's fee $[illegible]

The replies to Secretary Proctor's inquiries concerning the needs of the people in the region overflowed, show that there are in Louisiana 25,000, in Mississippi 20,000, and in Arkansas 500 people, who are suffering for food, and should have a 10 days' supply. Accordingly the Secretary has ordered army officers down there to use their discretion in complying with the demand for rations.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas county West Virginia, on the first Monday in May, 1890.

John Dilley's Ad'mr &c.,
vs. — In chy.
William Dilley & als.

The object of this suit is to enforce collections of various judgment against the defendant, William Dilley held by the plaintiffs respectively and to set aside as to said judgment a deed of Trust conveying a tract of about 100 acres of land in Pocahontas County, W. Va., made by said William Dilley to F. A. Dilley, trustee, to a secure a pretended deed, to the defendant William F. Dilley, and also to subject said land to the payment of said judgments.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that Wm. F. Dilley and John N. Lightner are non-residents of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. M. MCCLINTIC, p. q.
may 8-4t. — printer's fee $5.60

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia rendered on the 8th day of April 1890, in the Chancery Cause of Jacob Piles vs. John Piles and others, I as special Commissioner shall proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House of said Pocahontas County on the

16TH DAY OF JUNE, 1890,

2 tracts of land, one containing 61 acres more less, lying on the waters of Beaver Lick creek; the other containing 200 acres, more or less, adjoining the first mentioned tract, lying on Stephenson's Ridge, South East side of Greenbrier River, in said Pocahontas County West Virginia. A portion of this land has been heretofore held by Isaac Dean, Josiah Sims and others, but it is all subject to the liens of legacies and judgments reported and decreed in this cause.

The unaliened lands will be first sold, and then that aliened in the inverse order of alienation.

The title to this land is clear; a portion of it is well timbered; it lies well and is considered valuable farming and grazing land.

TERMS OF SALE:

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and expenses of sale. On the balance, a credit of Six, Twelve and Eighteen months will be given, the purchaser executing bond with good security, bearing interest from day of sale, and a lien will be retained as ultimate security.

H. S. RUCKER, Sp'cl Com'r.

Bond has been given by the above Com'r as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

April 17-4t. — Printer's fee $10.[illegible]

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,

Huntersville, Pocahontas County, W. Va., April 14th, 1890.

George S. Riffe & wife,
vs.
Wm. J. Wooddell, Guard & als.

Wm. J. Wooddell, Guard &c.
vs.
Adam Wooddell,
and
John Osborne, Assignee,
vs.
Wm. J. Wooddell's Adm'r et als.

All persons interested in above causes are hereby notified, that I will proceed at my office in Huntersville, W. Va., on Monday, the 19th day of may, 1890, to take an account of the following matters to-wit:

1st. An account of all the liens against the lands of said Joseph W. Riley, with their amounts, dignities and priorities.

2nd. An account of all the lands owned by said Joseph W. Riley with the fee simple and rental value of the same.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest, as required by decrees of the Circuit Court of said County rendered at the June term of 1884 and the April term 1890, respectively.

JAMES W. WARWICK, Jr.
Com'r Cir. Ct. P. C.

April 17-4t. — Printer's fee $[illegible]

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of Joseph W. Riley.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Joseph W. Riley to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said Joseph W. Riley, which are liens on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on or before the 19th day of May, 1890.

Given under my hand this 14th day of April 1890.

JAMES W. WARWICK, Jr.,
Com'r Cir. Ct. P. C.

April 17-4t. — Printer's fee $7.[illegible]

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[I h]ereby announce myself as a [can]d[id]ate for re-election at the next elec[tion to] Clerk of the Circuit and County [Cou]rts of Pocahontas county.

[F]eeling very grateful for past favors, [and] soliciting your support at the next [elec]tion, I am,

Most respectfully,
JOHN J. BEARD.

[To] the voters of Pocahontas County.

[I] hereby announce myself a candi[da]te for Clerk of the Circuit and Coun[ty] Courts of Pocahontas County at the [ele]ction to be held on the 4th day of [No]vember next, and, if elected, I pledge [my]self to discharge the duties of said [off]ice to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

[T]o the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candi[da]te for the office of Clerk of the Coun[ty] Court of Pocahontas County. Your [p]atronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,
E. H. MOORE.

HOME NEWS

Preaching Appointments.

The preaching appointments of Rev. L. F. Snapp, pastor of Huntersvile Circuit M. E. Church South:

1st Sunday, Bethel 11 a. m., Sunset 2:30. Huntersville, 8 p. m.
2nd — Mt. Pleasant 11 a. m., Huntersville 8 p. m.
3rd — Huntersville 11 a. m., Sunset 2:3 p. m., Bethel 8 p. m.
4th — Huntersville 11 a. m., Mt. Pleasant 4 p. m.

—Quite a shower of hail this morning.

—Attorney C. F. Moore, started Tuesday for Basic City, Va.

—Capt. D. A. Stofer, who has been visiting friends on Elk, for some time has returned.

—Elkins, Randolph county, will soon commence the erection of a $20,000 depot.

—Mr. R. L. Nottingham, is receiving the cheapest lot of Hats, Shoes and Glassware in the country. Come and see him.

—W. S. Yeager, Esq., a popular young drummer, of Baltimore, was in town over Sunday.

—C. B. Swecker, Esq., on his return from Charleston, came in to see us Monday.

—Mr. A. F. Denning, of White Sulphur, was in town the first of the week.

—License to marry were issued last Saturday to Mr. W. H. McCloud to Miss Mary E. Ervine, near Edray.

—Mr. Jno. J. Beard and Mrs. C. F. Moore, were down at Hillsboro last Saturday and returned Sunday.

—Mr. Wm. L. Brown and son R. L., of Green Bank, were visiting his son S. L. Brown, Esq., of this place last week.

—J. C. Loury, Jr., Esq., is traveling for the purpose of selling state rights to manufacture and sell his parcel handler, lately patented.

—Mr. B. C. Elmore, postmaster at Alderson, died on April 28th. Cause, supposed to be neuralgia of the heart.

—If that lady at the lecture the other night only knew how nicely Hall's Hair Renewer would remove dandruff and improve the hair she would buy a bottle.

—Col. Rudolph Turk, died at his home at Mossey Creek, Agusta Co., Va., on April 24th, after a protracted illness. He was the father of Col. R. S. Turk, formerly of this place, but now of Wichita, Kan.

—Mamma, to her little boy: "Now, Bennie, if you'll be good and go to sleep, mamma'll give you one of Dr. Ayer's nice sugar coated Cathartic Pills, next time you need medicine." Bennie, smiling sweetly, dropped off to sleep at once.

—A. T. Stuart, Esq., formerly, of Alleghany Co., Md., but for some time of our Co., and who is now boarding for a while in town, has been helping us quite a little in our composing room for some time, and is becoming quite an adept in the art of "sticking type."

—[Mr.] Hickman, formerly of this County, who was to be tried in Charleston last week, for breaking open the mail between this place and Dunmore several years ago, confessed judgment and was fined $100; imprisonment suspended.

—Rheumatism is caused by an acid in the blood therefore, external treatment affords no permanent relief. To eliminate the poison and make a thorough cure of the disease, nothing else is so efficient as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Give it a trial. Price $1. Worth $5 a bottle.

—On and after July 1st, the schedule on the mail route from Lewisburg to this place will be changed to run as follows: Leave Lewisburg every morning except Sunday, and arrive at Hillsboro same evening, and from thence, next day, to this place. Contracts were awarded as follows: From Lewisburg to Hillsboro, to C. N. Scaville, at $699, and from Hillsboro to this place, to H. O. Roop, at $368.

Frost Freaks.

MR. EDITOR TIMES: As Kate's mind seems to be wandering toward the Myrtle and the Ivy at present, and not to the interest of our County paper, I will try and give you a few items from this part.

We are having beautiful spring weather, and the farmers are making great preparations for putting out their crops.

Miss Sallie Gilmer, is spending a few days with her sister Mrs. Horace Herold, at this place.

Mr. L. W. Herold and wife, spent Saturday and Sunday, at her Bro., H. M. Lockridge's, on Knapp's creek.

Rev. G. P. Hannah, returned last Saturday from Elk, where he has been spending a few days with friends and relatives.

Sunday school was organized here last Sunday, seemingly with great interest, we hope it may be a success.

Plenty of drummers lately.

Wishing THE TIMES success, I will close for this time.

JESSIE JAMES.

Hillsboro Locals.

The spring time is now upon us and all nature is beginning to unfold herself in all her glory.

C. B. Swecker, of Dunmore, passed through town Monday.

Miss Bella Clark, left Monday, for Split Rock, where she will teach a select school.

Mr. J. J. Beard and Mrs. C. F. Moore and little daughter, were the guests of Mr. Joe McNeel, Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Lillie Hull, of Edray, has enrolled as a pupil of the H. T. School.

Mr. John Shrader and son Chalmers, spent a few days last week with Mr. N. Stulting.

Mr. Charley Hogsett, left Monday for Roanoke, Va. There is one young lady, wears a sad smile since his departure, what is half so sweet as loves young dream.

Rev. M. D. Dunlap, is very ill at this time.

Mr. E. L. Beard, of Locust, passed through Hillsboro last week with a fine lot of cattle.

Died, near Locust, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fannie Callison, of whooping cough. Her sorrowing parents have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community in their sad affliction, but they should remember she is now among the angels, and look for comfort to Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

BETH AND THOS.

Senator J. B. Beck, of Kentucky dropped dead in the Baltimore and Potomac Station, at Washington, on the 3rd inst., of paralysis of the heart.

An unusually large peanut crop is to be planted in Virginia this year.

$10,000 Fire At Ronceverte.

The upper lumber mill of the St. Lawrence Manufacturing Co. at Ronceverte, Greenbrier county, accidentally caught fire about 10:30 o'clock on Monday morning last, April 18th and in a short while was completely destroyed, together with some lumber. The buildings were frame and very dry, and burned furiously, all efforts to save them being unavailing. The loss is reported to be $10,000, upon which there was $6,000, insurance.

Terrible Railroad Accident at Staunton.

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A Coming Motor.

"Ten years from now you will not see so many horses in Chicago," said Charles Herold, who registered from Germany at the Grand Pacific.

"A firm in Munich is making carriages to be propelled by gas generated from benzine. Several of the new vehicles are in successful operation, and the company is securing patents in all the big nations of the world. I rode in one of the carriages only two months ago. On the country roads we went at the rate of ten miles an hour, but in the crowded streets we moved about as slowly as a horse car. The motor is placed in the rear over the main axle, and the benzine is carried in a receptacle under the seat. It holds enough for a trip of eighty miles.

The gas mixture is ignited in a cylinder by an eclectric spark. The motor is started by simply turning a lever. A link chain belted to a wheel on the rear axle applies the power. In its make-up the carriage is something like a tricycle, having only three wheels, and it is guided precisely the same way. It is easy to increase or diminish the speed, and the carriage can be stopped in a moment. The system can be applied to small or large vehicles. The cost is comparatively low."

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Rhode Island, for the first time in her history, is in the hands of the Democrats. The election by the people having failed in that neither candidate recieved a majority of the votes cast, it was thrown into the Legislature, where by the second election, the Democrats have a majority of two on joint ballot. This will give the Democrats all the State officers.

The un[veiling of the Lee monu]ment will [take place at Richmond] on May 29, [and every Confederate] soldier is invit[ed] ... do honor to th[e] ... South's great ... of organizations ... have already sign[ified their intention to] attend. The veterans [of the Confed]eracy will do honor to ... throughout the broad ... will be none whose h[earts] ... with truer for a reunited ... than the men who followed Ro[bert] E. Lee, and will stand beside ... monument on May 29.

Geo. Denson, a merchant at Randolph, Ala., declared Sunday night that he would die suddenly at 4 o'clock on Monday afternoon. On Monday moring he slected a coffin, made his will and gathering his family and friends about him, spent the day in prayer. At 4 o'clock he seated himself in a rocking chair, and in three minutes was dead. The doctors say death was caused by heart disease, brought on by mental and nervous excitement. Denson was about 40 years old and apparently in excellent health.

NOTICE.

The Old Credit System has played out at Herold & Moore's. They will Sell for Cash or good produce only, after May 1st, 1890. Unless other special arrangements are made, our motto is, "Cash up, Quick sales and small profits.

Very respectfully,
HEROLD & MOORE.
Frost, W. Va.

40-4t

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of C. A. Yeager:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said C. A. Yeager to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said C. A. Yeager, which are liens on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me, at my office in the town of Huntersville in said County, on or before the 27th day of May, 1890.

Given under my hand this 29th day of April, 1890.

C. F. MOORE, Com'r.

May 1-4t. Printer's fee $6.70.

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of A. G. Bonner.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said A. G. Bonner to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said A. G. Bonner, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me, at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on or before the 30th day of May, 1890.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

May 1-4t Printer's fee $5.90.

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment, or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of William Skeen.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in the cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said William Skeen to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said William Skeen, which are liens on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me, at my office in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas County, W. Va., on or before the 15th day of May 1890.

Given under my hand this the 14th day of April, 1890.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

April 17-4t Printer's fee $6.90

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE.

Wm. Gibbs,
vs.
C. A. Yeager & others.

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ON TUESDAY, 27TH DAY OF MAY 1890.

to take the following matters of account to-wit:

1st. An account of all the liens on the lands of the defendant, C. A. Yeager, with their amounts, dignities and priorities.

2nd. An account of all the lands owned by the defendant, C. A. Yeager, with their location, probable value, and whether said lands will rent in five years for a sufficient amount to pay off and discharge the liens against the same.

3rd. Any matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

C. F. MOORE, Com'r.

May 1-4t Printer's fee $[illegible]

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[illegible] hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election at the next election as Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas county.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Most respectfully,
JOHN J. BEARD.

To the voters of *Pocahontas County.*

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas County at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next, and, if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

To the voters of *Pocahontas County.*

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County. Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,
E. H. MOORE.

HOME NEWS

Preaching Appointments.

The preaching appointments of Rev. L. F. Snapp, pastor of Huntersvile Circuit M. E. Church South:

1st Sunday, Bethel 11 a. m., Sunset 3:30, Huntersville, 8 p. m.
2nd " Mt. Pleasant 11 a. m., Huntersville 8 p. m.
3rd " Huntersville 11 a. m., Sunset 3:30 p. m., Bethel 8 p. m.
4th " Huntersville 11 a. m., Mt. Pleasant 4 p. m.

—Quite a shower of hail this morning.

—Attorney C. F. Moore, started Tuesday for Basic City, Va.

—Capt. D. A. Stofer, who has been visiting friends on Elk, for some time has returned.

—Elkins, Randolph county, will soon commence the erection of a $20,000 depot.

—Mr. R. L. Nottingham, is receiving the cheapest lot of Hats, Shoes and Glassware in the country. Come and see him.

—W. S. Yeager, Esq., a popular young drummer, of Baltimore, was in town over Sunday.

—C. B. Swecker, Esq., on his return from Charleston, came in to see us Monday.

—Mr. A. F. Denning, of White Sulphur, was in town the first of the week

—License to marry were issued last Saturday to Mr. W. H. McCloud to Miss Mary E. Ervine, near Edray.

—Mr. Jno. J. Beard and Mrs. C. F. Moore, were down at Hillsboro last Saturday and returned Sunday.

—Mr. Wm. L. Brown and son B. L., of Green Bank, were visiting his son S. L. Brown, Esq., of this place last week.

—J. C. Loury, Jr., Esq., is traveling for the purpose of selling state rights to manufacture and sell his parcel handler, lately patented.

—Mr. D. C. Elmore, postmaster at Alderson, died on April 28th. Cause, supposed to be neuralgia of the heart.

—If that lady at the lecture the other night only knew how nicely Hall's Hair Renewer would remove dandruff and improve the hair she would buy a bottle.

—Col. Rudolph Turk, died at his home at Mossey creek, Agusta Co., Va., on April 24th, after a protracted illness. He was the father of Col. R. S. Turk, formerly of this place, but now of Witchita, Kan.

—Mamma (to her little boy.) "Now, Bennie, if you'll be good and go to sleep, mamma'll give you one of Dr. Ayer's nice sugar-coated Cathartic Pills, next time you need medicine." Bennie, smiling sweetly, dropped off to sleep at once.

—A. T. Sizzell, Esq., formerly, of Allegheny Co., Md., but for some time of our Co., and who is now boarding for a while in town, has been helping us quite a little in our composing room for some time, and is becoming quite an adept in the art of "sticking type."

—[illegible] Hickman, formerly of this County, who was to be tried in Charleston last week, for breaking open the mail between this place and Dunmore several years ago, confessed judgment and was fined $100; imprisonment suspended.

—Rheumatism is caused by an acid in the blood therefore, external treatment affords no permanent relief. To eliminate the poison and make a thorough cure of the disease, nothing else is so efficient as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Give it a trial. Price $1. Worth $5 a bottle.

—On and after July 1st, the schedule on the mail route from Lewisburg to this place will be changed to run as follows: Leave Lewisburg every morning except Sunday, and arrive at Hillsboro same evening, and from thence, next day, to this place. Contracts were awarded as follows: From Lewisburg to Hillsboro, to C. N. Scoville, at $699, and from Hillsboro to this place, to H. O. Roop, at $368.

Frost Freaks.

MR. EDITOR TIMES: As Kate's mind seems to be wandering toward the Myrtle and the Ivy at present, and not to the interest of our County paper, I will try and give you a few items from this part.

We are having beautiful spring weather, and the farmers are making great preparations for putting out their crops.

Miss Sallie Gilmer, is spending a few days with her sister Mrs. Horace Herold, at this place.

Mr. L. W. Herold and wife, spent Saturday and Sunday, at her Bro., H. M. Lockridge's, on Knapp's creek.

Rev. G. P. Hannah, returned last Saturday from Elk, where he has been spending a few days with friends and relatives.

Sunday school was organized here last Sunday, seemingly with great interest, we hope it may be a success.

Plenty of drummers lately.

Wishing THE TIMES success, I will close for this time.

JESSIE JAMES.

Hillsboro Locals.

The spring time is now upon us and all nature is beginning to unfold herself in all her glory.

C. B. Swecker, of Dunmore, passed through town Monday.

Miss Rella Clark, left Monday, for Split Rock, where she will teach a select school.

Mr. J. J. Beard and Mrs. C. F. Moore and little daughter, were the guests of Mr. Joe McNeel, Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Lillie Hull, of Edray, has enrolled as a pupil of the H. T. School.

Mr. John Shrader and son Chalmers, spent a few days last week with Mr. N. Stulting.

Mr. Charley Hogsett, left Monday for Roanoke, Va. There is one young lady, wears a sad smile since his departure, what is half so sweet as loves young dream.

Rev. M. D. Dunlap, is very ill at this time.

Mr. E. L. Beard, of Locust, passed through Hillsboro last week with a fine lot of cattle.

Died, near Locust, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fannie Callison, of whooping cough. Her sorrowing parents have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community in their sad affliction, but they should remember she is now among the angels, and look for comfort to Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

BETH AND THOS.

Senator J. B. Beck, of Kentucky dropped dead in the Baltimore and Potomac Station, at Washington, on the 3rd inst., of paralysis of the heart.

An unusually large peanut crop is to be planted in Virginia this year.

$10,000 Fire At Ronceverte.

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Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is 10 fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and it is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

☞Sold by druggists, price 75c per bottle.

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C. F. MOORE, Com'r.

May 1-4t. Printer's fee $6.70.

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In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said A. G. Bonner to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said A. G. Bonner, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me, at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on or before the 30th day of May, 1890.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

May 1-4t Printer's fee $6.90.

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment, or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of William Skeen.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in the cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said William Skeen to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said William Skeen, which are liens on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me, at my office in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas County, W. Va., on or before the 15th day of May 1890.

Given under my hand this the 14th day of April, 1890.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

April 17-4t Printer's fee $6.90

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE.

Wm. Gibbs,
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C. A. Yeager & others.

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C. F. MOORE, Com'r.

May 1-4t Printer's fee [illegible]

Pocahontas [Times]

JOHN E. C[AMP]... — EDITOR AND [PROPRIETOR]

Entered at the [Post Office at Hunters]ville, W. Va., as [second class matter].

ADVER[TISING] RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	1 00	$2 00	$3 00	$5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr.	5 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half	8 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

[Local notices], not exceeding five [lines], twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

May 8, 1890.

Curing Bow Legs.

Mrs. Bassett had twins, three-year old boys, who were bow legged. She consulted a doctor and asked if she must put their legs in irons.

"Irons!" shouted the doctor. "Fiddlesticks! Take off their shoes and stockings. Their muscles have probably been cramped and weakened already and irons will only increase the trouble. Off with their shoes."

Another suggestion of the doctor was to let the boys walk up hill, and when they could not be out of doors to have an inclined plane arranged in the house for them to practice on. In the effort to walk up a steep incline one naturally throws the feet outward. After some months' treatment of this sort the boys' legs straightened and their muscles grew strong. It was learned by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children that a baby girl just beginning to walk was toddling around in her little bare feet, and a committee visited the mother.

"But does your baby actually go barefoot, too?" asked one of the visitors.

"Yes. She has never worn a shoe in her life. When she goes out for an airing she wears warm woolen socks, for until she can walk she cannot of course, take sufficient exercise to keep her feet warm. But in the house she is as bare-footed as the boys. She is just beginning to get on her feet, and her little bare toes are almost as useful to her as fingers. They have saved her many a fall.

One of the members of the committee was the wife of a shoe dealer; she sat aghast. "But do you never intend to have your children wear shoes?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, when I feel quite sure that the muscles of their feet and ankles are strong enough to endure them, but the moment they begin to indulge in that hateful abomination of toeing in, off they come again until the difficulty is remedied."

The society decided not to interfere, and the campaign against bow leggedness continues.

A strapping big fellow, who wore only a shirt, trousers and a pair of Government shoes, was called on to read. He got along very well, until he reached the word "biped." Here a gentleman in the audience interrupted, when the following dialogue occurred:

"My man, what is the meaning of the word biped?"

"A biped is a beast."

"Why is a beast a biped?"

"Because it has four feet."

"Are you a biped?"

"No, sir."

"Why?"

"Because I hasn't got four feet."

"What are you then?"

"I'se a suped!"

The shout of laughter which greeted this sally broke up the exhibition.

The committee appointed by the [Republic]an Senate caucus to frame [a] silver measure have [been unable] to reach a conclusion ... introduced a bill ... providing for free ...

Jones very strongly ... with a friend ... feature ... of the dissolute ways of his nephew and heir.

"But you could give him a good talking to," urged Jones.

"No use, dear boy; he never listens to anybody but an idiot."

"Perhaps," suggested Jones, with great modesty, "a few words from me might have the desired effect."

Teacher (to new scholar)—"What is your name, sonny?" Boy—"Gunn." "Give me your full name." "John G. Gunn." "What is the G. for?" "Get yer." "What do you mean by that?" "Well, all the boys call me Johnny Get yer Gunn anyhow."

Flowers are the proof that angels smile upon the good deeds of those who live on earth.

The husband who cares not for the body of his wife has no interest in her soul, and therefore will not be with her in the future.

Marriage signifies much more than the ordinary bodily union licensed by law or solemnized by priests for revenue only.

The death of Christ was not a sacrifice, but a proof that what men call death is but the entrance into another condition of life.

A man's pocket book after Christmas does not resemble a cloud. The cloud has a silver lining, you know.

When money is tight it has more sense than a man in the same condition, for it makes itself scarce.

Quite neat and appropriate is it that a cross-examination is often instituted to settle a vexed question.

It goes without saying that prompt mail delivery regulations should be enforced to the letter.

The man who swears off is gloomy for awhile, but it is not long before he begins to smile again.

Dead men tell no tales, but the ones who write their obituaries often do.

SUBSCRIBE

—FOR THE—

POCAHONTAS

TIMES,

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry. It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interest to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

One year in advance	$1.00
If not paid within 6 months	1.25
And at the end of the year	1.50

AND IF YOU NEED

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Drug Envelopes, Tags, Business Cards, Official Blanks, Blank Bonds, Posters, Briefs for the Court of Appeals etc.

GET THEM AT "THE TIMES"

JOB OFFICE.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, May 15, 1890. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 42.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

A MIDNIGHT ESCAPE.

A Story of the French Revolution.

At the Castle of R——, about three leagues from Bordeaux, at 6 in the evening of the 29th of October, 1792, a young lady and a child about 8 years old were assembled in a low room, lighted by small and barred windows. The elder persons were full of painful thoughts; but the child made his shouts heard, which were repeated by the echoes through the corridors of the castle. Trunks and packages were strewn about the room. Count R—— frequently showed movements of impatience and anxiety as he turned his eyes upon his wife and son. His agitation betrayed the fears of his heart.

"William is a long time before he returns," he said, rising from his seat; "has the scheme failed? Had he betrayed me? Oh God! save my wife and son!"

"My dear," said the lady, gently, "cease to worry yourself; Jaques, the footman, is an honest fellow."

"Yes; he is a Republican," replied the Count.

"Still he is an honest man," replied the lady.

"But William ought to remember that we are impatient to see him back again. I feel very much inclined to go as far as the village."

"Do not go out!" exclaimed Mme. de R——, throwing herself on her husbands neck; "do not go out, I implore you."

"I am armed," said the Count.

"Wait only a few minutes. William cannot be long."

The Count sat down again. His son Edward, who had been playing about the room, now climbed up on his knees. He took him in his arms, kissed his forehead, and then appeared calmer.

Half an hour had passed away in sad silence, when two gentle knocks at the door announced William's return. He was followed by a man who carried a bulky packet under his arm.

"Monsieur de Comte," said William, "here is Jacques. All is arranged; we must start."

"You are very late my friend," replied the Count.

"Because I could not get out of that wretched public house until I had drunk to the health of the republic, for I must pass as a patriot, as a citizen, and I don't know what else beside."

"It is true, M. le Comte," said Jacques; "but here we are at last. I bring you the clothes which you must put on at once. You must disguise yourself as a sailor—it is the safest thing to do. And for you, Madame, here are caps and petticoats of my wife's and a cabin boy's dress for M. Edward. All this is necessary, otherwise there are no means of saving you."

"Brave man!" said the Count, pressing his hand with an emotion which he could not conceal.

"Listen, M. le Comte: I am only a simple sailor, owner of the boat which my late father left me. It is three years since that terrible northwest gale stripped me of all I possessed, but it was you who set me afloat again. Do you think that we are folk who don't remember all that?" No, no, by the faith of a sailor; and it is with our hearts that we are going to brave the sentinels coast guards for you, and put you on board an English ship, or land you in Spain or Jersey. My boat is provisioned for a fortnight."

"Here is my purse," said the Count; "take it."

"I have no need of it," said Jacques. "Keep it, you will want it in a foreign land. Before long it will be midnight; then it will be high tide; then you must go one, by one, to the shore at Martinet. If you went altogether it would arouse suspicion; and we have a bad lot in the village who can't sleep. I know very well why—the wicked never sleep."

The Count R—— had given proofs of his courage and his love for his royal family, both at Paris and at Versailles. He was one of those brave men who exposed themselves to death on the 10th of August rather than to allow the Queen's apartments to be profaned by a furious mob.

The Count had retired to his castle, with the hope of living there unnoticed among the peasants who loved him.

One morning he saw a stranger mounted on a fine horse, covered with dust and foam, enter the castle courtyard; the man gave him a note and at once departed. Count R——, astonished, opened the note and read the words: "Fly, Monsieur le Compte, your life is threatened, The Representative has just ordered your arrest; you have not a moment to lose. Fly! it is a friend who implores you to do so. This evening it will be too late." When he read this note the Count thought it might be a snare which was laid for him; he resolved to remain at home rather than seperate himself from his wife and son. However he informed the Countess of the message, who less confident than her husband, with tears in her eyes, implored him to go. It was then decided that they should, all start together. But how were they to fly? They were still deliberating when William, the Count's man of business, was announced. This man was young he had been brought up at the castle. He was a peasant who had received the usual education of his class, but who concealed under a coarse exterior and rough clothes a quick penetration.

Count R——, therefore, at once told him his fears, and informed him of the letter which he had just received from Bordeaux. William perceived the necessity for a prompt departure.

He prepared a plan which was accepted.

"Do not trouble yourself, Monsieur le Comte," he said. "I will intrust you to to the hands of a man who will know how to lead you to safety, so you have nothing to be anxious about."

William went to see his cousin Jacques, the owner of a boat. All was soon arranged between them. them. The Count and his family were to be landed in Spain or Jersey, or taken on board the English fleet, which for some days had been in sight of Corduan. Jacques was one of those old sea wolves of which many are to be found at the mouths of rivers. Entirely occupied by his arduous calling, he troubled himself very little about the various forms of government which for the last three years had succeeded each other. All he cared for was to be able to govern his own bark; and if he had any difficulty it was only when the sea was rough, and the winds prevented him from affording help to vessels in danger. Formerly he had distinguished himself by his courage on board the squadron of the Comte de Grasse. He was honest, upright and kind hearted. When his cousin proposed to him the perilous mission of rescuing the Count from the plots of his enemies, it was with the greatest enthusiasm that he accepted it. A squeeze of William's hand was the pledge of his determination.

Midnight had just sounded from the castle clock. The Count started. William's presence prevented a scene which might have deprived the fugitives of that strength and energy of which they then stood so greatly in need.

After a debate, full of the most devoted love, it was decided that Mme. R—— and her son should go on first, and then the Count should follow them in a few minutes.

Rather more than five minutes had elapsed since Mme. R—— had left under the escort of Jacques and one of his men, when the bell of the outer gate of the castle rang violently. William left the Count, and went out by a secret door to examine who their late visitors might be. It was not long before he perceived that they were men armed with sticks swords and guns, who ordered the porter in the name of the law to open the gate and to deliver up to them the keys of the castle. The porter, who was in William's confidence, parleyed with them as long as he could and did not yield up the keys till he saw that all resistance was impossible. The haste which the chief of the band made to reach the Count's apartments, counting as he said, in a loud voice, to find the hair in his hole, proved that he was well acquainted with the castle.

During this time M. de R—— and William were on their way to the shore by cross roads. Twenty times they risked their lives, but what was the despair of M. de R—— when at last they arrived to find neither the boat nor his wife nor Jacques!

"You have betrayed me, William!" he said, seizing his arm.

"No, Monsieur le Comte," replied William, firmly.

At the same instant a man came out of a ditch and approached them slowly. Count R—— advanced to meet him, a pistol in his hand; and when he was near enough to recognize him he saw that it was Jacques.

"What have you done with my wife and child?" he said in a voice trembling with emotion.

"Silence!" said Jacques, putting his finger to his mouth. "Silence, Monsieur Le Comte! or you are lost. They are in safety. You must follow me." After an hour's walk they arrived at the banks of a very high rock. Jacques, making a trumpet with his hands, hailed a bark, which the morning fog prevented them from perceiving. They did not wait long for an answer.

"William," said Jacques, "return to the castle and watch over the corn and stores. Those rogues have come as far as Martinet, and we've narrowly escaped being caught by them. They have gone on further, and they may find us here yet."

"Farwell, Monsieur le Comte! courage and confidence," said William; "we will take good care of all in the castle."

The Count pressed his hand affectionately, "Farewell," he said to him in a choking voice.

Three minutes had not elapsed since William had left the Count and Jacques when he returned, running and making signs which were only too well understood by the fugitives. "Embark!" cried William, "here they are!" but the boat had not yet touched the shore; they heard the oars beating the water with hurried strokes; on the other side they perceived armed men, who were pursuing them, running, who evidently saw them. It was all over with them. "There is only one means of safety," said Jacques; "follow me." Both rushed into the water, the sailors in the boat redoubled their efforts, and in less than a minute they arrived to aid the fugitives. The wretches who pursued them, furious at not having been able to capture them, raised savage cries and terrible threats. One of them, who appeared more exasperated than his comrades, and who was armed with a gun, took aim at the fugitives; he fired, and a ball struck Jacques in the leg. The unfortunate man fell to the bottom of the boat. "It is nothing," said Jacques, as he got up again.

In the evening, when they passed near the cutter stationed at the mouth of the river, they were hailed; but they were able to answer in a satisfactory manner. They cruised about till the morrow, hoping to meet an English vessel. At early dawn they saw a sail coming straight to them; it was an English frigate. Jacques steered toward it, and soon he had the happiness of putting on board the Count and his family, who were conveyed safely to England.

Count R—— profited by the first law in favor of emigrants to return to France. His property had, indeed, been sold, but he knew that his steward William, had become the purcaser of it to preserve it for him. An unknown hand had supplied him with the means of paying a higher price than that offered by the count's enemies. This friendly hand was the same which a week before had written the note urging the count's departure; this hand was that of a man who could not forget that Count R——, by lending him a lage sum of money, had rescued him from the infamy of a convict's life.

When Count R—— returned to his castle he was welcomed with the greatest joy. He threw himself on William's neck and embraced him as a brother.

"And Jacques?" he asked immediately, "where is Jacques?"

"Here he is, Monsieur le Comte," replied William, pointing to a man who out of respect, was keeping in the background; and this man had a wooded leg.

"Ah!" cried the Count, "then you are my brave fellow, who saved us! But your are wounded! How did that come about?"

"Oh, it is nothing; it does not hinder me from working."

"But in what battle did you lose your leg?"

"In a battle in which the combatants were not very numerous, but which was not without glory. Do you remember, Monsieur le Comte, the shot which fell on the boat?"

The Count embraced the old sailor with tears in his eyes.

The Count, William and Jacques henceforth dwelt together in the Chateau of R——; and in winter evenings they often related to their children the adventures of the night of October 29, 1792.

"Your face is familar, but I can't place you," said the street-car conductor, as he sp ed a plugged quarter among his change.

"Mudge—"I believe you told me a couple of weeks ago that you were going to try making love to your land-lady's daughter, so that the old lady would be a little easier on you. Did it work?"

Yabsley—"Work! I should say not! I played it so well that the old woman thought I was hopelessly infatuated, and tried to raise the price of my board on the strength of it."

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	30 00	30 00	50 00

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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

May 15, 1890.

The Singer Sewing machine factory at Elizabethport, N. J., was damaged to the extent of $200,000,000, on the 6th inst., by fire.

The disaster at the Provincial Insane Asylum, 10 miles from Montreal the 6th inst., was a most deplorable affair. At least 50 lunatics were burnt to death, and the number may be more. Seven nuns are also supposed to have lost their lives.

A remarkable elopement is reported from Jackson County. Miss Delia Lyon, a well-known school teacher, eloped with and was married to one of her pupils, Tommy Murray. The bridegroom is just 16 years old, while the blushing bride confesses that she has seen 30 summers. Young Murray is the son of a well-known minister. Mrs. Murray says she will continue school teaching.

A Parkersburg dispatch says: Ex Senator Camden, Ex Senator Davis and Stephen B. Elkins have conveyed to the West Virginia and Pittsburgh Railroad 86 500 acres in Webster county, rich in timber and coal, for $246,125, which were purchased a short time ago for $71,400 An iron mining company with a capital of $400,000, has just purchased 9,300 acres for $150,000 in Greenbrier county, which is richly underlaid with minerals. Two thousand acres near this city, rich in timber, were sold Tuesday for $50-000.

The Paris edition of the New York Herald quotes Dr. Brown Sequard as maintaining that to cut one's head off is an almost painless operation. You begin with your throat and as soon as you have cut a little way into the windpipe all pain ceases, and you can go on and cut through the whole neck, with the exception of the spine, without being made uncomfortable. The painless part of the process seems to be overlooked by those persons who make their exit from this world by severing their windpipe. They usually stop when that is done, and then expire, without enjoying the rest of the process, the painless and comfortable part. Suicides by the throat cutting operation should bear this in mind and cut off the head entirely, thus seeing the whole show for the price of a single ticket.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 9th.—The Republicans of the House held a caucus Tuesday in which they experienced how vexatious Speaker Reed's arbitrary rulings are when applied at home. The caucus met to decide upon the order of business. The River and Harbor managers tried hard to have that appropriation bill disposed of the first thing, but Mr. Reed had determined that the tariff should have precedence. Then they wanted second consideration, but were denied that, or any time definite and were extremely exasperated. The time to be taken up by tariff talk was discussed. Speaker Reed suggested that general debate be omitted and the bill taken up in detail at once. He knew the bill would pass and there wasn't any use of much talking. Mr. McKinley jumped to his feet and protested vehemently against the insinuation that no debate was necessary. He declared that the party need not fear to discuss the bill before the country; that to cut off general debate would be an outrage upon both minority and majority. Mr. Burrows created amusement by saying that some people having made a tariff speech thought the subject exhausted for all time to come, and were naturally impatient at hearing other people talk. (This was a drive at Mr. Reed's tariff speech two years ago.) The Speaker then laid down his ultimatum—There would be fifty more working days this session and the majority could give the whole time to the tariff if it would, but it must be understood that other legislation suffered as 'twas very necessary to adjourn early. He probably meant public buildings and other little jobs so important to candidates for re election. The outcome of it all was a compromise that the bill should pass the House and be in the Senate in a fortnight.

Importers of all kinds that put up their money for the high tariff candidate have discovered their mistakes and are daily harrassing the Ways and Means Committee for favors and relief. The manufacturers of sugar made from imported molasses, now insist upon a bounty. But out west the light of reason is finally dawning upon the people. The leading republican paper in Minnesota, the St. Paul Pioneer Press, says, that if the McKinley tariff bill passes, that state will go democratic; that all the farmer's necessaries are grevioudsly taxed and that he is given no corresponding relief. The session will be a long one. The republicans have full power to enact any measure they want and are not likely to leave until the approach of the congressional elections this fall warns them to go home and correct the ideas the farmers are getting that the tariff is a heavy tax.

The Senate republican committee has abandoned all hope of reaching a satisfactory solution of the silver question. The whole matter will therefore have to be determined on the floor of the Senate. An influential member of the Finance committee said that if they desired it, the free coinage people could pass their measure as the majority of the Senate was in favor of it. But that the President had intimated that he wouldn't approve a free coinage bill and the doubt in the minds of the extreme silver men was whether they should go ahead in spite of this intimation, or whether they should agree to some compromise that would obtain the President's signature.

Before the committee of the whole House in discussing the Diplomatic and Consular appropriation bill Mr. McCreary, of Kentucky, condemned the administration for being opposed to reciprocity with the South American states and for keeping the proceedings of the Pan-American Congress as quiet as a Star-Chamber. The McKinley tariff bill, he said, cut off reciprocity with Canada, as well.

The blunders and mistakes of those having the Pan-American Congress in charge had delayed and retarded its success. It was a mistake to appoint all the U. S. Delegates from those who were in sympathy with the present administration, and not in sympathy with more than half of the people. It was a mistake not to appoint one delegate who was identified with the southern states. It was a mistake that the delegates were not sent south, but he feared that was a premeditated blunder. This bill has been passed in the House.

Kee Nee, a Chinaman of high rank has arrived in Washington to enter the diplomatic service of his government. In speaking of the exclusion of his countrymen from this country, he said that he could not conscientiously condemn the measure, for the reason that ninety per cent. of the emigrants are the worst vagabonds of the nation, an element of which his home government would gladly be rid. "Did our respected citizens come over here however," he said, "such a law would not have been necessary."

AUCTION.

I will offer for sale at public auction, on Friday the 23rd day of May, the following personal property: One fine 7 year old Horse, one Mare and yearling Colt, four head of Cows, all fresh, four head of Hogs, one year old and a lot of good Sheep, also Household and Kitchen furniture.

TERMS: 12 months time, with good security.

WM. F. ERVINE.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas county West Virginia, on the first Monday in May, 1890.

John Dilley's Ad'mr &c., vs. William Dilley & als. In chy.

The object of this suit is to enforce collections of various judgment against the defendant, William Dilley held by the plaintiffs respectively and to set aside as to said judgment a deed of Trust conveying a tract of about 10 acres of land in Pocahontas County, W. Va., made by said William Dilley to P. A. Dilley, trustee, to a secure a pretended debt, to the defendant William F. Dilley, and also to subject said land to the payment of said judgments.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that Wm. F. Dilley and John W. Lightner are non-residents of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. M. McCLINTIC, p. q.
may 8-4t. printer's fee $8.50

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

George A. Revercomb, Special Receiver, vs A. G. Bonner.

All parties interested will hereby take notice, that pursuant to decrees of the Pocahontas County Circuit Court, entered on the 8th and 9th days of April 1890, in the above styled cause, I will at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on the 30th day of May, 1890, proceed to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. An account showing all the liens on the 100 acres of land of the defendant A. G. Bonner in the bill and proceedings mentioned, their dignities, priorities and amounts.

2nd. A statement showing what part of the plaintiffs said judgment has been paid by the defendant A. G. Bonner, and what part thereof has been paid by D. V. Buckman, Peter Gum, John F. Bratton, John A. Bonner and J. W. Bonner, respectively.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or required to be specially stated by any in interest.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

May 1-4t. printer's fee $9.62

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, west Virginia, on the first Monday in May 1890.

Mary E. Piles vs. George C. McGlaughlin. In Ch'nc'ry.

The object of this suit is to collect a claim of the plaintiff Mary E. Piles, against the defendant George C. McGlaughlin, for Sixty Dollars, with interest thereon from November 8th, 1889, by subjecting to the payment thereof and costs of this suit so much as may be necessary of a tract of about 175 acres of land lying in Pocahontas Co., W. Va. near Green Bank, conveyed to said George C. McGlaughlin by J. C. Arbogast and wife, and upon which an attachment is issued in this suit has been levied to secure such payment.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant George C. McGlaughlin is a non-resident of the State of west Va., it is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

H. S. RUCKER, p. q.
may 1-4t. printer's fee $8.50

NOTICE TO TAKE DEPOSITIONS.

To George A. McGlaughlin: Take notice, that on the 6th day of June, A. D., 1890, between the hours of 8 o'clock, a. m., and 6 o'clock, p. m. at the Law office of H. S. Rucker, in the town of Huntersville, in Pocahontas County, west Virginia, I will take the depositions of Levand J. Piles and others, to be read as evidence in my behalf, in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, and State of west Virginia, in which I am plaintiff, and you are Defendant.

If from any cause the taking of said Depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

MARY E. PILES,
By counsel.

H. S. Rucker, p. q.
may 1-4t. printers' fee $7.75

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election at the next election as Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas county.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Most respectfully,
JOHN J. BEARD.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas County at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next, and, if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said offices to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County. Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,
E. H. MOORE.

HOME NEWS

Preaching Appointments.

The preaching appointments of Rev. L. F. Snapp, pastor of Huntersville Circuit M. E. Church South:

1st Sunday, Bethel 11 a. m., Sunset 3:30, Huntersville, 8 p. m.
2nd .. Mt. Pleasant 11 a. m., Huntersville 8 p. m.
3rd .. Huntersville 11 a. m., Sunset 3:30 p. m., Bethel 8 p. m.
4th .. Huntersville 11 a. m., Mt. Pleasant 4 p. m.

—Dr. M. Wallace, of Mill Point, was in town Tuesday.

—Rev. W. T. Price has returned from the Greenbrier Presbytery.

—H. M. Lockridge and wife, returned from Buena Vista, Va., last week.

—In this issue, a call is made for a meeting of the County Democratic Executive Committee by the Chairman, C. F. Moore.

—Put a new fence around the court house square. Its present condition is a disgrace to our county.

—Vol. 1, No. 1, of the Kanawha Democrat, came to us last week. It is bright, newsy and well gotten up. We wish it success.

—Marshall county this State will soon vote on a proposition to issue $200,000 bonds for the macadamizing of her public roads.

Grain Drills, Hay Rakes, Conklin Wagons, Harvesting [illegible] &c., at Simms, Workman & Best's, Ronceverte, W. Va.

—Harry L. Beard, who has been attending the State University at Morgantown, came home last Saturday.

—It is reliably reported that B. S. Turk, formerly of Huntersville, and now of [illegible], will locate in Staunton, [illegible] in the near future.

—James W. [illegible], Jr., was registered at the [illegible] Hotel in Staunton, [illegible] looking after the boom, [illegible]

—Bro. [illegible] of the Greenbrier Independent [illegible] down at the sale of lots at [illegible] City, Va. last week, [illegible] purchase, we understand.

McCormick Harvesting machinery and [illegible] of repairs for same. Send in [illegible] orders early. Simms, [illegible] Best, Ronceverte, W. [illegible]

—[illegible] A. Smith, wife and little [illegible] have been at Charleston [illegible] for a few [illegible] that dinner Tuesday week [illegible] their way to their home in [illegible] at [illegible]

[illegible] F. Moore, of our town, [illegible] of last week in Virginia, [illegible] various booming towns, and [illegible] made considerable investments at Clifton Forge and other [illegible]

DENTISTRY.—Dr. O. J. Campbell, of Monterey, [illegible] will be at Green Bank, May [illegible] and remain 6 days; Dunmore, May 22nd and remain 4 days; Frost, May 26th and remain a short time. Further notice as to his appointments at Huntersville and elsewhere will appear in THE TIMES. Anyone wishing dentistry done, can do no better than to get Dr. Campbell.

—A number of wagons passed through this place Monday and Tuesday for Millboro Depot, Va.

—We are receiving daily many new subscribers, and our subscription list is growing with a rapidity that any newspaper may be proud of.

—Double Shovel Plows, bull tongues and iron and steel shapes of all kinds for home made plows at Simms, Workman & Best's, Ronceverte, W. Va.

—The H. T. School commencement at Academy, will be held June 3rd, beginning at 8 o'clock, p. m. The public are cordially invited to attend. G. M. SHEARER, Principal.

—Rock Salt for cattle and horses; the only style of salting used by the best Stockmen west. Buy only "Retsof" brand. Simms, Workman & Best, agents for Greenbrier and Pocahontas Counties.

—John McGlaughlin, Esq., of Edray, came in to see us Monday, on his way to Baltimore and other places, looking for a situation. He is one of our county's most worthy and deserving young men, and we wish him much success.

—The Democratic Executive Committee of the Third Congressional District, will have a meeting at Hinton on the 17th day of May. Attorney C. F. Moore, of this place is a member of the Committee.

—Patrick Wallace, Esq., formerly of Mill Point, now travelling for a Baltimore dry goods and notion house was in town Tuesday night. Peck is an exemplary young man, and his many friends wish him all the success he is sure to achieve.

Democratic Meeting

The Democratic Executive Committee of Pocahontas County, will meet in Huntersville, on Tuesday, May 20th, at 1 o'clock p. m. All the members of said Committee are urged to be present, as important matters are to be acted on.

C. F. MOORE,
Chairman.

The number of schools youths of Pocahontas County, for 1890, is as follows, classified according to sex:

Green Bank district, males 327, females 299, total 626; Edray district, males 378, females 356, total 734; Huntersville district, males 191, females 174, total 365; Levels district, males 340, females 338, total 678.

Total males 1236, females 1167, Total for the County, 2403.

M. G. MATHEWS.

Disappearance of the "Black Hole."

There was on the farm of Alex. H. Sitlington, near the Big Spring in this county, a well or pool of water, the depth of which was never ascertained, by the oldest inhabitants or their ancesters, though many efforts were made so to do. It was about fifty feet in circumference and the water perfectly black in appearance, though quite clear when taken out. Hence it was called the "Black Hole." It was located on a flat piece of ground at the foot of Middle mountain. The water stood about two feet from the surface, and was never known to get higher or lower. Around it was a favorite place for cattle to lay down, and although water was scarce in that immediate locality, and the hole never fenced or otherwise enclosed, stock were never known to approach it to drink. It is located but a short distance from the public road, and strangers, who had seen an account of it, in Howes' History of Va., or heard of it from other sources, often stopped in the road, and visited this pool of water.

A few days ago, Wm. A. Varner, who lives on the farm, was passing by to salt his cattle, and discovered that the earth had fallen in around it, the water all gone, the Hole filled up to within about 15 or 20 feet of the top and so dry, that the earth at the bottom was cracked.

On the [illegible] [illegible], a few hundred yards from the Hole is a perpendicular cavern, and persons who have dropped rocks therein, have imaged that they could hear the rocks fall in water at a very great distance, and the theory is, that by reason of the quantity of rain that has fallen in the last year, that a vein of water from this cavern, had found its way to the Black Hole, passing through the same, and this belief is sustained by the fact that two wet weather springs, that come out about one mile south, ran muddy water one whole day, a few days before Mr. Varner's discovery, while all other streams were perfectly clear.

Traveler's Repose Items.

Misses Mollie Arbogast and Belle Keller, who have been visiting friend here have returned home.

Miss Mary Cackley, of Dunmore, returned to her home, Saturday after paying a visit to Miss Daisy Yeager.

Corn planting is about over in this neighborhood.

Miss Kittie Lakin, of Dunmore, arrived here last Friday, for a two weeks visit.

MATILDA.

Dunmore Doings.

Nice weather.

Most of our farmers are done planting corn.

Sheep shearing is next in order.

The most needed of all thing is good roads and they should be worked this month.

Col. S. C. Pritchard, has returned home from Tucker Co., where he has been for six weeks.

Mr. W. H. Cackley and daughter, Mis Otie, left this week for Ronceverte to spend a month. Miss Otie will also visit Richmond, Va.

L. C. Bartlet, is painting the new church at this place.

Mr. R. R. Mason, has moved in the D. B. McElwee house.

The Lumber R. R. has been all taken up ready for shipment.

Mr. R. L. Nottingham, is off to see his best girl this week.

A Sunday school at X Road school house, was organized last Sunday, with a large enrollment.

Singing at Green Bank, next Sunday, at 2 p. m.

Sunday School and preaching at this place next Sunday.

TOM SAWYER.

Split Rock Briefs.

Not seeing anything in your paper from this part of the Co., for some time, I will give you a few items.

The weather has been wet and cold, mixed with snow by intervals, for some time past.

Corn planting is later than usual, on account of bad weather.

The lumber business has got to be an important matter in this section.

Wooddell's saw mill is doing good work.

Jas. Gibson, Jr., has moved his large engine near here and will be employed sawing cherry lumber for the rest of the season.

Mr. Brown will start twenty four horse teams in the near future, hauling cherry lumber from here to Elkin's.

Miss Bella Clark, is teaching a subscription school here with a good attendance. Why not more of these kind of schools in the Co?

The sick in this immediate vicinity are on the mend. A few cases of whoopingcough, mumps and Grippe.

Woods McGlaughlin expects to move to Elkin's soon.

Some fishermen of Baltimore succeeded in catching a fine lot of trout, and returned home rejoicing. Why don't the farmers have their land posted to prevent foreigners from destroying all the fish?

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," but if Harrison's administration continues this hard to the end, there certainly will be great rejoicing when it closed.

Success to THE TIMES.

RENO.

THE LATE REV. JAS. E. MOORE.

The following memorial notice we clip from the Episcopal Methodist, and publish by special request:

DEAR BRO. BOYLE:

Since my return from Conference, it has been my sad duty to bury two of my old parishioners, Rev. Jas. E. Moore and Mrs. Caroline Scales, both of Marvin Chapel congregation Levelton circuit, Lewisburg District.

Bro. Moore was born in Pocahontas co., W. Va., May 26, 1811, and died at his residence, Mill Point, same county, March 26, 1890, in the 79th year of his age. He was converted September 17, 1831, at a campmeeting held near Hillsboro, same county, under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Spriggs. He was licensed to preach by the Quarterly Conference of the Huntersville circuit, November 4, 1837; was ordained local deacon in Baltimore by Bishop Waugh, and ordained local elder March 7, 1869, by Bishop Wightman. He was a local preacher of the highest type, consecrate to that part of the work which God and his Church called him. He was abundant in labors and liberal in his support of Christ's cause. His secular duties never seemed to hinder him from attending to the wants of the Church. He married and buried more people, baptized more children, and was instrumental in the conversion of more souls, than any other preacher that ever lived in his county. All classes loved and praised him. He was very sick when I left for Conference, and afterwards expressed a desire to live until my return that he might hear from the brethren. This privilege was denied him, but he went up to join that host of preachers who had crossed the flood, and are resting under the shade of the "Tree of Life." A large family mourn his loss.—Among them are the wives of Revs, R. M. Wheeler and W. M. Ballengee of our Conference. His end was peace. He has taken his crown. On a spot of ground where Bishop Asbury once stood, and it is said once held a Conference, we buried him to await the resurrection morn."

W. E. MILLER.

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of C. A. Yeager:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said C. A. Yeager to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said C. A. Yeager, which are liens on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me, at my office in the town of Huntersville in said County, on or before the 27th day of May, 1890.

Given under my hand this 29th day of April, 1890.

C. F. MOORE, Com'r.
May 1-4t. Printer's fee $6.70.

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of A. G. Bonner.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said A. G. Bonner to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said A. G. Bonner, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me, at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on or before the 30th day of May, 1890.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.
May 1-4t. Printer's fee $8.90.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE.

Wm. Gibbs.
vs.
C. A. Yeager & others.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the above cause, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in said cause on the 9th day of April, 1890, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court, at my office in the town of Huntersville, in said County,

ON TUESDAY, 27TH DAY OF MAY 1890,

to take the following matters of account to-wit:

1st. An account of all the liens on the lands of the defendant, C. A. Yeager, with their amounts, dignities and priorities.

2nd. An account of all the lands owned by the defendant, C. A. Yeager, with their location, probable value, and whether said lands will rent in five years for a sufficient amount to pay off and discharge the liens against the same.

3rd. Any matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

C. F. MOORE, Com'r.
May 1-4t Printer's fee $[illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1.00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

May 15, 1890.

IN THE DARK
or
A Fearful Fright.

We were just getting ready for dinner when a Mexican ran excitedly into camp and announced with trembling lips that old Diavolo, the man-eating lion, was on the ranpage again. He had killed a sheep herder only last night, and the Mexican assured us that he had struck our trail, and might descend on the camp at any moment.

Our party consisted of Ben Sutro, a grizzled forty-niner; Lieutenant Mason, a young West Pointer; Pedro, the cook; and Bob Mason and myself, two newspaper men writing up the West.

The Mexican's story had excited the party so much that they could hardly finish their meal, and old Sutro was in favor of going in search of the lion and kill him before he had a chance to try the same game on us.

Having ridden sixty miles that day and feeling rheumatic, I did not ask to join the party, but offered to keep house while they were away.

It was in early fall, yet the night air was chilly; so I heaped more fuel upon the fire, and set the coffee pot where it would keep hot until the return of the hunters; for I knew they would relish a draught of the cheering beverage after their tramp.

Then, using my saddle for a pillow, I rolled myself in my blankets, and lay down with my feet to the fire.

The stars were shining brightly, and I lay for a long time gazing at the tiny worlds above me, and listening to the croaking of the frogs.

I did not intend to go to sleep but gradually my senses left me and I was in the land of dreams.

I had slept some time—when I was awakened by a sharp pain in my left arm, and at the same was aware that I was being turned over.

My natural impulse was to yell and spring to my feet, but something restrained me. -ad I moved I should not be here to tell this tale.

I immediately got possession of my faculties, and although wrapped head and ears in my blankets, I distinctly heard a purring sound, as though a great cat was standing over me. The memory of Jose's encounter with the lion flashed upon me.

The next instant all doubt was removed, for the sharp claws again pierced my side, and I was rolled over like a log. I dare not cry out for help, for I knew that the slightest movement, the least sign of life, would be instant death. Oh, what agony I suffered in those brief moments.

Perspiration started from every pore in my body. My heart stood still. I was frozen with horror. Each instant I expected to feel the cruel fangs fasten upon my throat. The muzzle of the brute pressed me as he snuffed at the blanket. It seemed as if whole hours were being consumed.

What was I to do? If my comrades did not return the lion was sure to tire of toying with the inanimate roll of blankets, and tear them into shreds. Already my side was frightfully mangled by the sharp claws, and I suffered dreadfully.

One's senses are sharpened by peril. I revolved a dozen schemes in my head while I lay upon my face, scarcely daring to breathe.

Suddenly a desperate ruse suggested itself. The pond, deep and black, lay but a few feet from the fire, which now must be dead, or the lion would never have approached. The bank sheveled to the water's edge. It was a life-or-death risk, but I determined to attempt to roll into the water.

Once in the deep water of the lake I knew I should be safe, for all the cat tribe are afraid of wetting their feet.

But how to escape these terrible claws. At the first movement the lion would be upon me with a bound.

Ha! I had my revolver in its holster at my side, and my hand was near it.

Slowly, with an imperceptable motion, I slipped my hand around until I grasped the hilt. I dared not draw the weapon. It was a self cocking revolver, and I knew that if I could fire it the report would so startle the beast that I might roll into the lake before he recovered from his panic. At any rate, I would make the attempt.

My finger was upon the trigger, and I felt it yield just as the ponderous paw again landed upon my side directly over the holster.

There was not an instant to lose.

With a jerk I threw the muzzle of the weapon still in the holster, as nearly as I could in a line with where I judged the beast's body to be, and pulled.

There was a sharp report, and a terrific scream, that froze the marrow in my bones, but I retained sufficient sense to roll over and over, and fall plump into the lake.

I sank down, and down, like an animated crowbar. The water was like ice, and I was confronted by a new peril; for the blankets were wrapped so tightly around me that I could not free myself readily.

But I struggled desperately, and succeeded in lowering my arms. As I came gasping to the surface I heard two gunshots in quick succession, and several shouts.

I knew that my comrades had returned, and had just strength enough to paddle to the shore and drag myself out upon the bank.

When I regained consciousness I was lying upon a couch of blankets, surrounded by the boys, and the colonel was holding a flask to my lips.

"It's all right, old man," said Sutro. "You had a pretty close call, all along of that infernal Pedro. We missed the lion and he got between us and the camp on the trail.

"We heard the shot as we were returning, and a minute afterward something came bounding down the trail like all get out. I let it have both barrels of slugs, and it fell at my feet in a heap. It was old Diavolo, sure enough, and the biggest lion I ever set eyes on. He will measure ten feet from tip to tip and must weight five hundred pounds."

I grasped Ben's hand gratefully, and then shook hands with each of the other fellows.

Hearing a groan, I turned my eyes in that direction, and saw the wretched Mexican lying upon the ground.

"Oh! he'll do," said Sutro, answering my unformed question. "Only a couple of ribs and a shaking up. We will send him back to San Jose with Jose tomorrow."

The fire was blazing again, and Jose was busily engaged in preparing a decoction of bruised aromatic leaves, with which he speedily bound up my wounds. The Mexicans and California Indians are skillful with herbs, and Jose's poultices gave me instant relief.

We examined the carcass of the old lion on the following morning, and found it pretty well riddled with the colonel's slugs. There were a dozen scars of bullets the old fellow had carried away with him in former years, and in the fore paw we found the bullet from my revolver.

As I write this account of the most thrilling event of my life, my feet rest upon old Diavolo's pelt stretched out in front of my fireplace. We are old friends now.

Mother—"Oh, doctor! My darling boy has swallowed a needle. What shall I do?" Doctor—"Do not be alarmed, madam, He will soon have a stitch in his side. We can then locate the needle, and extract it."

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, May 22, 1890. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 43.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

JOHN'S CHOICE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Engaged, eh?" said John Jaggett. "Well, I never looked at it in exactly that light before!"

"We've all took it for granted," said Mrs. Jaggett, pursing her thin lips and knitting away very fast.

"Does she think so, mother?"

"What else can she think, John?"

"I never asked her to marry me, mother."

"There's other ways of proposing to girls, John, except askin' 'em to marry you in so many words," said the old lady.

John Jaggett gave his thick, brown moustache a resentful tug.

"I'm blessed if I know what they are, mother," said he.

"Everybody has took it for granted, John," repeated his mother, severely. "And Melinda is a capital housekeeper—just the girl I'd like to see in charge of things here, now that I'm getting old and feeble."

John Jaggett put his hand caressingly on his mother's shoulder.

"Why, mother," said he, "don't talk that way. So far as I can see! you're as young and spry as you ever were."

Mrs. Jaggett shook her head, mournfully.

"No, I ain't John," said she. "When a woman gets to be sixty old, she begins to fail in spite of everything—and rheumatism always run in my side of the family. If I could only see you married and settled down before the Lord sees fit to call me away."

John whistled.

"Time enough, mother," said he—"quite time enough."

"I don't know about that, John. You were thirty yesterday!" urged Mrs. Jaggett.

"How the dear old mother remembers things!" said he, laughing. "And Melinda Butts is three and thirty."

"A year or two don't make no great odds, John."

"Well, perhaps it don't," he assented.

"John," cried the woman, as her son took up his hat, "where are you going?"

"I'm going to New York for a day or two, to see about that new hay-cutter, mother before the grass gets too high," answered he.

"To-day, John?"

"Yes, to-day. Why not?"

"Go over and see Melinda first, John. Get something settled," pleaded Mrs. Jaggett.

"Why, mother, what a hurry [illegible] cried, [illegible]

[illegible]

...county once before, and a better [illegible] it has never had. It is [illegible] necessary for us to add [illegible], as every body in the County [illegible] him to be a thorough business man, and exact though kind [illegible] everyone.

[illegible] News.

[illegible] Farmers here are about done [illegible] planting corn.

The Assessor was around assessing property last week.

[illegible] E. H. Moore, candidate for [illegible] Co. Court, was in the neighborhood looking after his interests [illegible] day last week.

[illegible] still flourish—one new [illegible]

Mrs. Clarke Kellison, who has [illegible] quite sick for some time is improving very slowly.

Miss Sharp, of Bath Co., Va., who has been the guest of G. W. Mc[illegible] for some weeks past, has returned to her home.

store for his mother and finally stopped at a little millinery store, kept by a former Skull Mountain neighbor.

"I want to get mother a lace cap or a worsted shoulder-cape, or something," thought he.

But the store was full of strange faces, and a new name gleamed, in newly-painted letters, on the sign above the door.

Hello!" said Jaggett. "What's the matter?"

"Mrs. Mixsell was buried last month," said the new incumbent a stout widow with a row of artificial auburn curls which did not in the least match her black hair. "And poor Alice is crying her eyes out in the back room. P'r'aps you know some of her friends? It don't stand to reason as I can keep her here, with three daughters of my own. And you know—"

"Oh, Mr. Jaggett, uttered a soft appealing voice from the stuffy, half lighted little apartment beyond "is that you? Oh, poor mother has died and left me, and I don't know what to do!"

Alice Mixsell was a fair haired, mountain daisy complexioned girl of seventeen. Her blue eyes, drenched in tears, looked piteously up to John Jaggett—her coral lip trembled. They were old acquaintances, and he had always admired her. Nay, once or twice, when he had been staying in the city, he had taken her to a theatre matinee or a picture gallery. As he looked at her, sweet, helpless loveliness, a great wave of protecting tenderness swept over his whole nature.

"Alice," said he, "my darling! Sweet Alice, dry your tears. Henceforward you shall be my care. Get your bonnet and things! We'll go to the little parsonage around the corner and be married at once—and I'll take you back home with me!"

Alice drew back—her velvet blue eyes flashed.

"No!" said she. "You are saying this simply out of pity!"

"I'm saying it because I love you!" he cried, earnestly—and the deep light of his dark eyes corroborated his words.

Man is a creature of impulse, and John Jaggett's feelings had taken such complete possession of him, that it was not until Alice had become his wedded wife that he thought of Melinda, of the red hair and turkey-egg complexion.

"But it will all be right," he argued to himself. "Mother can't help liking dear little Alice. She and Mrs. Mixsell used to be good friends of B[illegible]ld days before the Mixsell ste[illegible] sold; and Alice will be a the sunbeam in the house—God a s[illegible]r!"

[illegible] the yellow twilight of May [illegible] when John brought his [illegible] blushing young wife to the [illegible]stead.

[illegible]ll surprise the mother," said [illegible]rily. "We'll go around by [illegible] tree lane and creep in [illegible] back door. And you shall [illegible] in the keeping room when [illegible] in. She's talking to some [illegible] the carriage block, now!"

[illegible] company, I think, John," [illegible] her heart fluttering like [illegible] in its cage. "It's a carryall [illegible] trunk strapped on behind [illegible] tall, red-haired woman step[illegible] Oh, John, who can it [illegible]

[illegible] Jaggett changed color, as [illegible] the shrill, nasal accents [illegible] Melinda Butts!

[illegible]!" uttered that female. "I [illegible] I didn't reckon on 'get[illegible] married quite so sudden, Mrs. Jaggett; but after what you said to me, and neighbors' gossip and all, why, of course—"

John drew a long breath as he realized this new complication. His mother had proposed to Melinda Butts for him, as he had jestingly suggested, and here she was, bag and baggage, an embodied acceptance of the offer.

"Am I a Mormon in spite of myself?" he thought. "How, in the name of all the fates and furies, am I to get out of this tangle?"

"Sit still a minute, Allie," he said to his pretty young wife. "I'll go and tell them you're here."

"But if you've got company, John—"

"No company can be more honored than my wife, Allie," he said, gently, as he passed into the shady little parlor, where a scent of dried rose leaves came from the quaint old China jar on the mantle.

There stood a lank, spectacled, elderly man.

"Why, it's Lawyer Judd!" said John, starting back. "How do you do, Mr. Judd? May I ask what has procured us the honor of this visit?"

Lawyer Judd smiled and wriggled, and interwove his respectable-gloved fingers in each other, after a most embarassed fashion.

"How are you, Mr. Jaggett—how are you?" said he. "Well, to be candid with you, I came here with the young lady outside."

"You did?"

"Yes, I did," nodded the lawyer, who was one of those restless individuals who can never keep still a minute, but slipped and writhed and twisted himself about like a snake in black cassimere garments. "On—he, he, he!—a little question of matrimony."

John flushed to the roots of his wavy brown hair.

Was this to be a matter of breach of promise? Did they imagine for a second that he was to be coerced like this?

"Mr. Judd," said he, "there is some mistake here."

"I hope not, neighbor Jaggett," said the lawyer, more like the letter S than ever—"I hope not. Why should there be a mistake?"

"And," went on John, excitedly. "I don't propose to be bullied! I have never engaged myself to the young woman, nor have I given her any reason to believe—"

"No, no—no, to be sure not!" uttered the lawyer, swaying himself to and fro. "If I had supposed so, I should certainly never have married her."

"Married whom?" demanded John.

"Married Mrs. Elias Judd, to-be-sure—the late Miss Melinda Butts. This morning, Mr. Jaggett; and we're on our way to the Albany boat now, and my—ahem!—wife has stopped to bid your respected mother good-by as we came past. And really," glancing at a turnip-shaped silver watch which he carried in a fob pocket, "we have no time to spare. Melinda, my dear—"

He was amazed at the vehemence and cordiality with which John Jaggett wrung his hand.

"I congratulate you, my dear sir—congratulate you with all my heart!" said he. "Where is Mrs. Judd? Let me have the pleasure of expressing my good wishes to her also!"

And when the late Miss Melinda Butts" came in, rugged, hard featured and coarse, he thought of the little human rosebud waiting out by the keeping room window, and rejoiced inwardly.

All these occurrences took much less time in the happening than has been consumed in their relation; and when, finally, the dust of departure rolled after Mr. Judd's respectable carriage wheels, Mrs. Jaggett turned tearfully to her son.

"There, John," said she, "I told you how it would be! Melinda Butts is married and gone, and I havn't got no daughter-in-law, after all."

"Yes you have, mother," said John, his whole countenance growing radiant as he took her hand and led her into the room where Alice now sat, her innocent heart full of vague wonder and surmisings. "I was married to Alice Mixsell the day before yesterday."

Alice lifted her blue, wistful eyes to Mrs. Jaggett's amazed face.

"Mother died last month, said she. Will you be my mother now?"

Mrs. Jaggett clasped the girl to her heart.

"Yes dear, I will," she faltered. "Any one that John loves I'm going to love too. And we did need some woman about the house younger and smarter than I am. Kiss me, Alice! and now we'll have our tea. But, John, why didn't you tell me before?"

"Because I didn't know it myself, mother, said John Jaggett. "But I do think I've made a better bargain than Lawyer Judd; don't you?"

"Well," said Mrs. Jaggett, looking at Alice, "I—don't—know—but—that—you—have!"

MAN'S FLATTERY OF WOMAN.—I would advise young women not to depend for happiness upon the flatteries of men.—It is a poor compliment to your sex that so many men feel obliged in your presence to offer unmeaning compliments. Men capable of elegant and elaborate conversation elsewhere sometimes feel called upon at the door of the drawing-room to drop their common sense and to dole out sickening flatteries. They say things about your dress, and about your appearance that you know, and they know, are false. They say you are an angel. You know you are not. They tell you that "you are looking singularly beautiful this evening," when you know very well that the remark is only a commonplace one. Some men think that a conversation with a woman is interesting only as it is dotted and spiced with flatteries and meaningless compliments. Determined to tell the truth in office, and store, and shop, they consider it honorable to lie to a woman. The same thing that they told you on this side of the drawing-room, three minutes ago they said to some one on the other side of the drawing-room. Oh, let no one trample on your self respect. The meanest thing on which a woman can build her happiness is the flatteries of men.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage in March Ladies Home Journal.

Justice (to student)—You are accused by Mr. Meyer, who lives across the street from your room, of insulting him.

Student (surprised)—In what way have I insulted him?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer.

Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question?

Mr. Meyer—Vat is it yout vant to know?

Student—Mr. Meyer how do you spell your name?

Mr. Meyer—I spells my name M-e-y-e-r.

Student—I thought so. Your honor will perceive at once how groundless Mr. Meyer's charges are when I inform your honor that my dog spells his name M-a-y-e-r.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

May 22, 1890.

In a fight with cowboys, twenty-five miles south of Oklahoma City, Ind. Ter., five men were killed, three fatally wounded and four slightly hurt.

The San Francisco Alta speaks of the Mississippi flood as "a waste water." To the dweller in a city where water costs more than flour, so prodigal a flow of the aquous fluid must look like great waste.

The Augusta Chronicle, (S. C.,) put these head lines over a dispatch announcing the lynching of a negro accused of an assault on a white girl: "An Outrage. A Horrible Murder in Lexington County, S. C." Comment unnecessary.

A novel way of raising money to build a church has been adopted by a congregation in an Iowa town. They borrowed $120,000 and gave life insurance on a number of members, which is to be applied on the debt as fast as death ensues.

The daily income of Jay Gould is estimated at $7,446; that of Cornelius Vanderbilt at $5,249; John M. Rockfeller, at $18,715 and William Waldorf Astor at $21,593. These horny handed sons of toil" appear to be doing reasonably well, and it is not probable that they will inaugurate a strike for higher wages.

A remarkable coincidence is reported from Elm Grove this State. A census was taken preparatory to corporating the village as a town with the following result: Number of males over 21 years of age 148; number of males under 21 years of age 128; number of females over 16 years of age 148; number of females under 16 years of age 148; grand total 592.

The best authorities give 1,400,000,000 as the present population of the earth. Some writers on the classification of the population of the world according to the religion professed, have estimated the number of Christians of all denominations—Protestants, Roman Catholics and Greeks—to be 420,000,000. This leaves one billion, or as it might otherwise be expressed, near 1,000,000,000 to be followers of other religions. The most widely diffused non-Christian religions are the Mohammedan, the Brahminical, the Confucian, the Buddhistic and Fetish worships.

The Louisiana Lottery Company will make a tremendous effort to secure a new lease of life from the Legislature of that State, which has just entered upon its annual session. Any amount of license fee which the Legislature would be at all likely to demand would be promptly paid, and the State is sadly in need of money for many purposes. The opponents of the lottery are likely to have a hard fight, as it is reasonable to suppose that private as well as public inducements will be offered to members to consent to the lease.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 16th.—The sensation of the week in Congress was the tariff speech of Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, republican member from Cincinnati, Ohio. He said a great deal, and evidently meant more than he said. He has kicked out of the Republican traces on the tariff issue and will not be whipped back. It requires courage for a man to step outside of the party lines for the purpose of stating whole-some truths, but Mr. Butterworth was equal to the occasion and, while he has no doubt invited the displeasure of the blind party press, the people who have become tired of the swish of the party lash will applaud his utterances.

Mr. Butterworth said that the price of an article was not reduced on account of competition alone. It was reduced on account of the improved methods of manufacture.

The committee had tried to do the best it could in framing the bill, but it was not always safe to rely altogether upon the testimony of the beneficiaries under a law. (Applause on Democratic side). He had indicated his belief respecting the proper function of a tariff act and would sooner resign his seat than depart one hair's breadth from that belief. Of course he respected the wisdom of the committee, but why was Paul favored and Peter turned down? Why increase the profits of certain classes? He could name capitalists whose profits had exceeded those of all the agriculturists in any State of the Union. (Applause on Democratic side.)

If, when we had protected equally and lifted up all our industries, and the time should then come when we could not hold our own—being the most intelligent the freest and ablest people on earth—then we had better retire from the field. (Democratic applauses)

Mr. Butterworth then proceeded to expound his views touching reciprocity with Canada. He said that we were endeavoring to cultivate relations with 50,000,000 people to the southward, and yet were afraid of Canada. Abraham Lincoln and U. S. Grant were not suspected of lack of patriotism, yet they favored reciprocity. There were some things in the bill he did not like. He had known of an industry that had been able to make $60,000,000, dividends on a capital of $1,250,000.

Protection! Why, the country could in such cases better afford to keep these men in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, pay their board and expenses, and set them up in the banking business. He favored proper protection, but these men held the world in their grip. When he said that he did not favor that kind of protection, he was told: "You are not sound on the tariff." The time is come when some little concern should be shown to American homes and American firesides. A great body of employes in this country was foreign. In some factories in the East they were known on the rosters by numbers because of unfamiliarity with their names. He did not believe it was wise or prudent to make such a sweeping reduction in sugar to be supplanted by a bounty. What he wanted to avoid were such features as he had pointed out in this bill there was a thing as paying too much for an industry. Such was the case with tin plate. The duty would be a tax on every farmer's patch; on every can of goods: That tax would amount to $50,000,000 before the manufacturers of tinplate could declare a dividend. He was anxious that his party should not take a false step.

The silver tongued Senator Jones from the erstwhile silver state of Nevada made a five hours silver speech in the Senate this week and demonstrated to his own satisfaction at least that the cloud had a silver lining. I will give you some of his jingle: "Remonetized silver and activity will replace stagnation; movement will supplant inertia; courage will banish fear; confidence will dispel doubt; hope will supersede despair."

The act of Congress, which shall happily solve it, will constitute a degree of emancipation as veritable as any that ever freed serf from thraldom, but more universal in its application. It will proclaim the freedom of the white race the world over; it will lift the bowed head of labor; it will hush the threnody of toil. It will inaugurate the true renaissance—a renaissance of prosperity, without which industry, learning, science, literature, art are but apples of Sodom.

Rally for the Bonanza Senator! no Sophomore could have done prettier!

A bill in which the country is greatly interested was introduced in the Senate yesterday by Mr. Edmunds. It is to establish here the University of the United States, and the bill provides for a corporation, to be governed by a board of regents, the President, Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of War, Secretary of the Navy, the Attorney General, Postmaster General, Secretary of the Interior, Secretary of Agriculture, Chief Justice of the United States, and twelve citizens of the United States. All branches of education are to be taught.

The Louisiana Lottery Company has doubled its offer to the State and now offers $1,000 per annum for the privilege of maintaining a lottery.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas county West Virginia, on the first Monday in May, 1890.

John Dilley's Ad'mr &c., vs. William Dilley & als. } In chy.

The object of this suit is to enforce collections of various judgment against the defendant, William Dilley held by the plaintiffs respectively and to set aside as to said judgment a deed of Trust conveying a tract of about 100 acres of land in Pocahontas County, W. Va., made by said William Dilley to F. A. Dilley, trustee, to a secure a pretended debt, to the defendant William F. Dilley, and also to subject said land to the payment of said judgments.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that Wm. F. Dilley and John W. Lightner are non-residents of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. M. McCLINTIC, p. q.
may 8-4t. printer's fee $8.60

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, west Virginia, on the first Monday in May 1890.

Mary E. Piles vs. George C. McGlaughlin. } In Chancery.

The object of this suit is to collect a claim of the plaintiff Mary E. Piles, against the defendant George C. McGlaughlin, for Sixty Dollars, with interest thereon from November 5th, 1889, by subjecting to the payment thereof and costs of this suit so much as may be necessary of a tract of about 175 acres of land lying in Pocahontas Co., W. Va. near Green Bank, conveyed to said George C. McGlaughlin by J. C. Arbogast and wife, and upon which an attachment is issued in this suit has been levied to secure such payment.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant George C. McGlaughlin is a non-resident of the State of west Va., it is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

H. S. RUCKER, p. q.
may 1-4t. printer's fee $8.95

NOTICE TO TAKE DEPOSITIONS.

To George A. McGlaughlin: Take notice, that on the 6th day of June, A. D., 1890, between the hours of 8 o'clock, a. m., and 6 o'clock, p. m. at the Law office of H. S. Rucker, in the town of Huntersville, in Pocahontas County, west Virginia, I will take the depositions of Lemuel J. Piles and others, to be read as evidence in my behalf, in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, and State of west Virginia, in which I am, plaintiff, and you are Defendant.

If from any cause the taking of said Depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

MARY E. PILES,
By counsel.

H. S. Rucker, p. q.
may 8-4t. printers' fee $1.75

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election at the next election as Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas county.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Most respectfully,
JOHN J. BEARD.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas County at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next, and, if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County. Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,
E. H. MOORE.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff. Election Nov. 4th, 1890.

Respectfully,
J. C. ARBOGAST.

HOME NEWS

Preaching Appointments

The preaching appointments of Rev. L. F. Snapp, pastor of Huntersville Circuit M. E. Church South:

1st Sunday, Bethel 11 a. m. Sunset 3:30, Huntersville, 8 p. m.
2nd „ Mt. Pleasant 11 a. m., Huntersville 8 p. m.
3rd „ Huntersville 11 a. m., Sunset 3:30 p. m., Bethel 8 p. m.
4th „ Huntersville 11 a. m., Mt. Pleasant 4 p. m.

—Sheriff M. J. McNeel, Esq., of Mill Point, was in town Monday.

—C. O. Arbogast, Esq., is assessing property about here now.

—L. W. Herold, Esq., was in town Monday.

—J. W. Riley, Esq., of Green Bank, was visiting our city the first of the week.

—Ezra Woodell, of Green Bank, was in Huntersville Monday.

—Everybody are done done planting corn about here.

—Capt E. A. Smith, of Dunmore, was in the city Monday.

—Weed the garden early and often.

—Yes, the country blooms—and booms.

—Haff, the dehorner, says 15,000,000 cattle have been dehorned in the West.

—Mr. Lanty Lockridge, of Kansas, is visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity.

—We can save you 20 per cent. on Buggies, Spring Wagons, Hamen and Conklin Wagons. John Wurts & Co., Frankford, W. Va.

—If you grow Japanese buckwheat, do not grow it by the side of the common varieties, if you want it to keep pure.

—The mosquito will soon show the American people whether hides are free or not.

—For first class letter heads, note heads, envelopes &c., come to THE TIMES office.

—An Allegheny (Pa.) woman has given birth to twins weighing together only one and a quarter pounds.

—Rev. Christopher Sydenstricker, of Hillsboro, is expected at the Southern Methodist church at this place next Thursday evening.

—To restore, thicken, and give you a luxuriant growth of hair, to remove dandruff, use only Hall's Hair Renewer.

Grain Drills, Hay Rakes, Conklin Wagons, Harvesting tools, &c., at Simms, Workman & Best, Ronceverte, W. Va.

—A good garden is the most profitable patch of the size on the farm. It is a lesson on the advantage of high culture.

—Attorney H. S. Rucker and family and Sam. Scott, Esq., returned Tuesday, from Lynchburg and Lewisburg, where they have been visiting relatives for a few weeks past.

—W. C. H., Esq., merchant, of Edray was in town Tuesday.

—B. M. Yeager, Esq., of Traveler's Repose, was in to see us Tuesday.

—Maj. Arbogast, of Green Bank, was in the city a day or two the first of the week.

—Agency L. M. McClintic will soon commence the erection of a large addition to his dwelling house.

—Messrs. L. M. McClintic, Albert and Gilbert Sharp, started to Williams river to spend a few days fishing.

—We have a lot of last years Deering Mowers that we will sell cheap for cash. Call early. John Wurts & Co., Frankford, W. Va.

—We understand that Mr. Perry A Buzzard and Miss Clara M. Shinnabery, of near Frost, were married to-day (Wednesday.)

—Double Shovel Plows, Bull tongues and iron and steel shapes of all kinds for home made plows at Simms, Workman & Best's, Ronceverte, W. Va.

—J. C. Loury, Jr., Esq., who has been traveling for a few weeks past in the in the interest of his parcel handler, has returned, and reports to have done very well.

—I will be in Huntersville during Court and prompt attention will be given all orders. Call on me at G. W. Wagner's. John Wurts, Ronceverte, W. Va.

—We are requested to announce that the funeral sermon of the late Mr. B. H. Waugh, will be preached in the Methodist Church, at Academy, on the first Sunday in June, at 11 a m.

McCormick Harvesting machinery and full line of repairs for same. Send in your repair orders early. Simms, Workman & Best, Ronceverte, W. Va.

—Rock Salt for cattle and horses; the only style of Salting used by the best Stockmen west. Buy only "Retsof" brand. Simms, Workman & Best, agents for Greenbrier and Pocahontas Counties.

—The entering wedge of a complaint that may prove fatal is often a slight cold which a dose or two of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral might have cured at the commencement. It would be well, therefore, to keep this remedy within reach at all times.

—The prevalence of scrofulous taint in the blood is much more universal than many are aware. Indeed, but few persons are free from it. Fortunately, however, we have in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the most potent remedy ever discovered for this terrible affliction.

—The Pocahontas County Musical association will convene at Green Bank, Pocahontas County W. Va., on Friday, June 6th, and continue two days. Let everybody attend. Open at 10:30 a. m.

S. B. MOORE, President.

—In this issue of THE TIMES will be found the announcement of Maj. Arbogast, of Green Bank, for Sheriff of Pocahontas County. The Maj. has held the office of Sheriff of our county once before, and a better sheriff it has never had. It is scarcely necessary for us to add more, as every body in the County knows him to be a thorough business man, and exact though kind to everyone.

Buckeye News.

Farmers here are about done planting corn.

The Assessor was around assessing property last week.

Mr. E. H. Moore, candidate for Clerk Co., Court, was in the neighborhood looking after his interests one day last week.

Mumps still flourish—one new case.

Mrs. Clarke Kellison, who has been quite sick for some time is improving very slowly.

Miss Sharp, of Bath Co., Va., who has been the guest of G. W. McKeever, for some weeks past, has returned to her home.

Mess. J. Killingsworth and O. E. McKeever, left last Monday for Addison in Webster Co., where they expect to follow their trade (carpentry,) during the summer.

There will be a basket meeting at the M. P. Church here on Sunday the 16th of June next. Preaching by the President of the conference.

LUCIAN.

A Meeting.

A number of the citizens of Hillsboro and vicinity met in the Academy, May 15th to hear the address of Mr. J. T. Black, of Monroe Co., W. Va., on the subject of the Farmer's Alliance, and to consider the propriety of organizing one at this place.

On motion of Capt. Wm. L. McNeel, Dr. Mat. Wallace, was chosen to preside over the meeting.

Capt. McNeel then introduced Mr. J. T. Black, who pointed out in a very clear and forcible manner the advantages to be gained through this union. He showed that every other class was organized for self-protection, and that the farmers, without organization were left a prey for avarice minopoly and capital.

After some questions as to the nature and practical working of this order, answered by Mr. Black, names were enrolled for a permanent organization of a Farmers' Alliance. Sixty names were enrolled, twenty-five gentlemen and thirty-five ladies.

It was resolved, that this organization be known as "The Little Levels Farmers' Alliance."

The following is a list of the officers elected viz:

President—Capt. Wm. L. McNeel; Vice-President—M. A. Dunlap; Secretary—C. J. Stulting; Treasurer—M. J. McNeel; Lecturer—Isaac McNeel; Assistant Lecturer—Dr. J. A. Larue; Door Keeper—Geo. Clendenen; Assistant Door Keeper—R. K. Burns; Sergeant-at-Arm—Jas. H. Welford; Business Agent—Alvin Clark.

It was resolved to meet in Academy at Hillsboro, on the 2nd and 4th Saturday of each month at 2 o'clock p. m.

On motion the secretary was ordered to send to the POCAHONTAS TIMES, for publication a short account of the proceedings of this meeting.

C. J. STULTING, Sec.

Deputy Marshal Killed.

Deputy Marshal W. M. Bean was shot through the head on last Thursday afternoon near Gap Mills, Monroe county, by Constable Henry Eggeston, and died about two hours later. Eggleston had an execution against him and was trying to levy upon a buggy in which Beans was riding when he drew a pistol and Eggleston shot him. He gave himself up and is now in jail at Union.

A Ghastly Find on Files Creek.

On the 14th inst., while Charlie Stalnaker was hunting his cows, on Files creek, about seven miles east of Beverly, he was attracted by a stench to a point where he found the body of Paul Louk hanging to a small sapling, the knees touching the ground. He had apparently been dead for two weeks, the tongue protruding from the mouth and the eyes eaten out by worms. This is either a suicide or one of the foulest crimes. He was about the only witness for the State in a murder case at Beverly, and when wanted on the trial, was missing, and has not beenseen since till found dead, as above stated.—Elkins News.

The assessed value of property in Virginia in 1880 was $303,997,613, and in 1888 it was $344,169,473, being an increase of $40,171,860 in eight years.

Richmond citizens estimate that between 40,000 and 50,000 visitors will be in the city on the 29th inst.

Seven prisoners escaped from the Martinsburg jail on the 10th inst.

A colored man in Richmond stole nine eggs sometime ago. Last week he was tried and found guilty by the Hustings Court and sent to the penitentiary for five years.

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of C. A. Yeager:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said C. A. Yeager to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said C. A. Yeager, which are liens on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to me, at my office in the town of Huntersville in said County, on or before the 27th day of May, 1890.

Given under my hand this 30th day of April, 1890.

C. F. MOORE, Com'r.
May 1-4t. Printer's fee $6.75

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of A. G. Bonner.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said A. G. Bonner to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said A. G. Bonner, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me, at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on or before the 30th day of May, 1890.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.
May 1-4t. Printer's fee $5.90.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE.

Wm. Gibbs,
vs.
C. A. Yeager & others.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the above cause, that pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in said cause on the 9th day of April, 1890, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court, at my office in the town of Huntersville, in said County,

ON TUESDAY, 27TH DAY OF MAY 1890,

to take the following matters of account to-wit:

1st. An account of all the liens on the lands of the defendant, C. A. Yeager, with their amounts, dignities and priorities.

2nd. An account of all the lands owned by the defendant, C. A. Yeager, with their location, probable value, and whether said lands will rent in five years for a sufficient amount to pay off and discharge the liens against the same.

3rd. Any matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

C. F. MOORE, Com'r.
May 1-4t. Printer's fee $8.40

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

May 22, 1890.

Outwitting A Custom Officer.

The famous Hungarian, Count Zichy, who lived on a princely income in Vienna, was, in his younger days, well known all over Europe on account of the bets he made and generally won. Once, when there was a heavy duty imposed on every head of cattle entering the Austrian capital, he made a bet that he would carry a lamb duty fee through the gate of Vienna, and that the gate-keeper, who acts as imperial officer, adjusting and receiving the duty, would be glad to let him pass.

Next morning, the count, disguised in the clothes of a butcher, his butcher knife in his hand, his shirt sleeves rolled up, and carrying a heavy sack on his shoulder, made his way to one of the fashionable gates of Vienna. But the watchful officer soon espied him.

"What have you in that sack, fellow?"

"A dog, sir."

"A dog! Dog yourself! Down with that sack! I know fellows like you sometimes carry dogs in sacks through the gates, and sell them for mutton in town. Down with your sack!"

"But it's nothing but a dog, and a bad dog, too. I will—"

"Never mind what you will. Down with your sack!"

The officer pulled the sack from the supposed butcher's shoulder, cut the string, and, sure enough, out jumped one of the biggest dogs in Vienna. The dog rushed against the faithful government servant, landed him several steps away in the gutter, and then left for parts unknown. After him went the young butcher, shaking his big knife before the eyes of the frightened officer, and exclaiming:

"I'll settle you after I catch that dog."

About two hours afterward, the face of the butcher again appeared before the raised window of the gate office.

"I have just caught that dog again. Would you like to look at him?"

"Get away! Get out, you and your infernal dog!" And with a crash the smiling butcher entered Vienna.

But no dog was that time in his sack, but the fattest lamb that could be found in the suburbs of the capital.

BOOMING THE TOWN.—"That's the sort of a town to live in," remarked Seedley taking his eyes from the paper.

"What about it?"

"Why, it's so healthy that nobody was ever known to die there until the only undertaker in the place had to die himself in order to introduce the fashion and give the business a boom."

It is wrong to marry for wealth, but it is foolish to marry for poverty and when you have got the wealth, you see, it is sometimes hard to undo the wrong.

If a woman would believe less of what a man tells her before marriage and more of what he tells after, the wedded state would be a much more harmonious affair.

Visitor—I heard your pastor to-day, and for a fashionable preacher he is certainly very unusual.

Parishioner—In what way think you?

Visitor—He talks like a man who has experienced religion.

Mrs. Figg—"Isn't there any way to get rid of that youdg Jinks who keeps calling on Clara, without positively insulting him?" Mr. Figg—"Why; certainly, Just give him th baby to hold the next time he comes." Mrs. Figg—"Do you reckon that'll start him?" Mr. Figg—"Why, I should snicker if it won't!"

"Johnnie," said a prominent mine operator to his youngest the other day, "I'll give you a dollar if you'll dig up the front yard already for your sister's new garden."

"All right," said Jonnie, thoughtfully, "but I shall have to ask for 25 percent. of the contract price in advance. Not as an evidence of good faith, but for working capital."

"Work—what do you mean?"

"Well, you see, I guess I'll just bury the quarter somewhere, and tell all the boys in the neighborhood that a pirate hid some treasure around there. When they strike that quarter, they'll make the dirt fly, I can tell you. In that way I can clean up about seventy five per cent. In fact I——"

"Well, what!"

"In fact I don't know but what I can also arrange so as to find that quarter myself. I'll work it just like that salted mine you were telling mamma about unloading on the street, last night."

And the father wept tears of joy, as he thought what a cold day it would be for Jay and Rufus when this boy grew up.

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Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry. It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interst to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

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JOB OFFICE,

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, May 29, 1890. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 44.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

JOSEPH KENDALL'S BROTHER.

BY ARTHUR MERRICK.

There was a snow storm on the morning of the day fixed for the execution of Jonas Toms, who had been convicted of the murder of the old farmer, Joseph Kendall. The down train on the branch from X——to the county seat had come through without great difficulty, and the up train—with a load of morbidly curious men, who had taken passage for the purpose of witnessing the hanging—was at last reported as having reached the county seat. So the road was open, and if the snow did not drift into the cuts, there would be no need of sending out the snow plow.

Jonas Toms was looking through the grating of his cell when the whistle of up train reached him, and for a half hour, he waited expectantly, hope not failing him until the Sheriff came to the cell door and shook hands with him in silence.

"She did not come?" the condemned said, desparingly.

"No. She was not on the train, but there are two hours yet and I have put a deputy at the telegraph office with orders to run here at once with any message."

"You are very kind, Sheriff," Jonas faltered and turned away from the grated door.

"It wouldn't be human not to try to make an ugly job like this as easy as possible," muttered the Sheriff, "and I never was sure Jonas was guilty, though he couldn't prove he wasn't."

The Sheriff's opinion of the case was shared by a great many citizens of the county of——and they had signed a petition to the Governor for a respite for the prisoner, and a commutation of his sentence, if the Governor could not see his way clear to grant a pardon. With this petition Mrs. Jonas Toms had gone to the capital to make use of it in pleading for her husband's life. That morning the prisoner had looked for her return with definite information concerning him—whether he was to die or not. As no word had been received from her, he was not hopeful, and he had really expected her to come back to him only for a final leave taking.

Yet, when the Sheriff spoke of the telegraph, hope asserted itself again and Jonas was buoyed with imagining his devoted wife wrestling still the Governor and refusing to abandon the struggle for her husband until it was useless to plead longer.

And while the condemned was thus catching at a straw, and his heart was overflowing with love and gratitude to his devoted, tireless wife, the deputy left the telegraph office and hastened to the jail. The Sheriff seeing him coming ran to meet him but paused abruptly when he could see clearly his subordinate's face.

"The operator can't git X——," said the deputy. "The wire must be down."

The Sheriff groaned and trembled as if shaken by a strong wind. "Go back," he said, "go back and wait, for if there's word to come it will get here."

The Sheriff spoke as if he expected a miracle to be wrought to deliver him from the awful legal duty of taking a man's life to satisfy the vengeance of the law, but yet he, having once more obtained control of his nerves, walked firmly back to jail, where he proceeded at once to conclude the preparations for the solemn act.

Meanwhile a crowd of men was surging about the jail entrance, and some boys had climbed a tree to look over the wall at the scaffold. The deputy in charge of the door admitted those who had passes, and kept back the others, who nevertheless clamored to be let in. Those who were within the gates by permission trampled the snow in the yard and impatiently wished the Sheriff would "hurry up," while the other prisoners in their cells were silent and curious and glad—not glad because one who had been with them in compulsory association was to be hanged, but glad because their crimes were not so heinous as his; and they all vowed to reform lest they, too, should end on the gallows.

But at X—— the telegraph operator was frantic. He had called the operator at the county seat and could not get a reply—he was in despair and he thumped the key. There before him lay a message from the Governor of the State.

"To the Sheriff of——County:

"Respite of ten days granted to Jonas Toms."

The telegram was signed by the Governor's Secretary, but apparently it was as useless as if it had never been written. The county seat was thirty miles distant, and there was but an hour to get word of the respite to the Sheriff before it would be forever too late.

A restless man walked up and down the long platform—he seemed to be waiting for a train and impatient because it was delayed. He noticed the telegraph operator's agitation and made inquiry concerning the cause. The operator showed him a message and the man's face blanched as he demanded tremulously:

"Why don't you send it?"

"I can't, I say, for the wire is not working."

"The man paused a moment irresolutely and then said: "Give the message to me, seal it in an envelope with wax. I will take it to the Sheriff."

"How?"

"On that engine." He pointed to a locomotive that was standing on a siding with steam up, but was not manned—the engineer being at his home, and the fireman having made a trip to the round house.

"Give me a switch key," the stranger said, nervously," and be ready with the telegram when I come past the platform."

The operator gave the man the key, but instantly reached for it again as he exclaimed: "The gravel train—it is up the road."

"Never mind. I'll scare it on a siding. You have the message ready."

Quickly the stranger ran to the switch and turned it for the siding. A yard man noticed him, but at the distance thought him the station agent, who, at the time, was away from his office, fortunately for the stranger's plan. The engine responded to the throttle and came out on the main track slowly—the yardman looking after it in astonishment, then starting on a run to see what mad man's impulse seized to control the man at the lever! The telegraph operator was rapid in his movements, and when the engine steamed past the platform on the track that led to the county seat he delivered to the man, whom he now regarded as a hero, the message properly sealed and authenticated.

"God bless you," he called after the unknown, "and save you from the gravel train."

The road to the county seat was a single track and the gravel train sent out to keep the road-bed clear of drifts was liable to be collided with upon any curve by the engine running without schedule or orders, but the stranger merely smiled as he pulled the throttle lever further back. The engine dashed up the track, the engineer standing in the door-way of his home and looking at it aghast, while the station agent and train dispatcher hastened to the telegraph office to learn the reason of the engine's departure on a "wild cat" trip.

The engineer rushed up to the platform where stood the operator explaining to the dispatcher how it happened that the stranger took out the engine.

"But he will not get through," said the dispatcher, "for he has no fireman."

"Yes, he has," exclaimed the engineer, "he's doin' the firin' too. He's just lettin' her run, he'll just fire and whistle."

And, as if to confirm the engineer's statement, the scream of the steam reached their ears—the whistle shrieking a frantic demand for a clear track.

At the jail the Sheriff's jury were drawn up in the corridor, solemnly waiting for the conclusion of the last conference of the condemned with his spiritual adviser. The Sheriff restlessly paced the flagging, while one of the deputies nervously fingered a black cap and the other toyed with the cords to be used in pinioning the prisoner.

The Sheriff, who had repeatedly looked at his watch in a way that seemed to beg time to go more slowly, glanced at it at last with a heavy sigh and went to the jail entrance for a final look toward the telegraph office. The deputy stationed there was not in sight and the executive official turned with a heavy heart to the prisoner's cell.

"Come," he said, and the heavy foot-falls of the jury sounded dismally through the corridor.

"It is time," he said gently to the prisoner, who courageously stepped into the corridor and bravely faced the jury while the deputies bound his arms and slipped the cord of the cap over his head. He was ready, but just when the word to move to the yard was given, he turned a longing glance toward the main entrance, as if he hoped to see his wife appear there suddenly.

"Slowly the procession moved, the prisoner leaning on the arm of the clergyman, his back toward the main entrance, his temples throbbing many beats between the foot-falls of his executioners, who stepped heavily and in time with him, as if to deaden to him the sound of his own feet, which shuffled in spite of him, the nails in the heels of his boots rasping on the stone floor.

And then came shrieking through the corridor the whistle of a locomotive—strident scream on scream rising higher each second and indicating that the engine was approaching at terrible speed. The heart of every man in the jail leaped. The prisoner stood still and his lips moved as if in silent thanksgiving, for to him the shrill sounds were trumpeting his freedom. The Sheriff rushed to the jail entrance, a commotion rose among the visitors who had grown cold in the snow, and they began to crowd into the jail. The deputies momentarily forgot the prisoner, while they contended with the impatient and excited spectators, forcing them back to the yard.

The conductor of the gravel train was startled when the whistle penetrated his ears with its cry for a clear track, and he was glad that he had reached with his train the safety of the siding at the county seat when he saw the engine leaping toward the town on a steep down grade.

The deputy stationed at the telegraph office ran out on the track to learn the meaning of the terrible shrieking. The operator ran with him, and the crowd around the jail stampeded toward the station. The whistle ceased its screams and a man was seen standing between the cab and the tender, as the engine, with unabated speed forged toward the station.

The crowd stood still in silence as the man lowered himself on the step to the cab.

"Heavens! he is going to jump," said the deputy, and the crowd fell pell mell back out of the way, but every one heard the man cry:

"Take this to the Sheriff.

He waved his hand in which he clutched something yellow.

"A man's life depends on it," he shouted again.

Then he jumped and rolled to the feet of the depty, who wrenched an envelope from the grasp of his twitching fingers. Without pausing to see whether the man was alive or dead, the crowd ran after the deputy, and no one looked around when the engine crashed into the dump and was totally wrecked.

The Sheriff in trembling, eager haste, opened the envelope and read aloud the telegram.

The crowd shouted and returned to the station where a physician with the calmness due to his profession was endeavoring to restore the senseless man to life. At last he succeeded. The stranger opened his eyes and looked in a bewildered manner at the crowd of curious men and boys. But presently his eyes lighted with intelligence and he asked in a whisper:

"Was I in time?"

"Yes," said the surgeon.

"Thank God. I killed Joseph Kendall and this is my expiation. I am Joseph Kendall's brother."

With great presence of mind the physician wrote the confession in his note book and then read it aloud.

"Is that correct?" he asked.

The stranger nodded and his lips moved, but the uttered no sound. He died while the doctor was having one or two reliable witnesses sign his confession.

"No, Hiram," said the young girl, sadly, "I cannot be your wife. We are too compatible."

"Compatible?" he exclaimed, "isn't that the very reason why—"

"Not in our case. I should probably insist from motives of economy on dispensing with a servant and doing my housework, and you would probably let me do it, Hiram."

Rev. Mr. Winkwonk—My hearers, I shall have to ask your indulgence for a few minutes. I forgot my manuscript and have sent my little boy for it.

His son (coming in)—Mam couldn't find the writin', but here's the book you copied it from.

Guest (in country hotel)—Say, there were bugs in the bed I slept in last night.

Proprietor—Is that so?

Guest—Yes, sir, but I can tell you how to get rid of them.

Proprietor—Go ahead.

Guest—Charge them the same price for a night's lodging as you have me.

Pocahontas Times.
JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THERE is a wide-spread kick against the impertinent questioned the census enumerators are to ask. Several weeks ago when the questions were first made public the REGISTER took occasion to point out that the government was not warranted in asking them, and that any citizen was fully warranted in refusing to answer or in answering at random. Though the penalty for refusal to answer is $100 fine we do not believe any court would enforce it. It is none of the government's business whether a man owns his house or not or whether it is mortgaged.

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Gen Joseph E. Johnson has accepted the invitation to unveil the monument of Gen Lee. Gen Wade Hampton will command the cavalry; and Gen George H. Heath the infantry, Gen John R. Cook is chief marshall and his assistants are Generals Tomax, Rosser, Anderson, Hamton, Payne, Walker, and Terry, of Virginia, Kershaw, Logan, and Law of S. C; Colquitt and Young, Georgia and Scale, Ransom and Hoke, of N. C. So Billy Mahone is left out. The traitor ought not to be allowed on the grounds.

John G. Carlisle was unanimously elected United States Senator in the place of the late Mr. Beck, on the 17th inst.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 23.—There is a very common impression among the American people, especially those who disdain to bother themselves with the tiresome details of Congressional action and public finance, that the U. S. treasuries are filled with inexhaustible loads of gold and silver, and that the problem of "reducing the surplus" is the great urgency of the times. All manner of schemes have been suggested to this end, and by those who should know better! A few billions for sea-coast defenses, with a neat fortune for every soldier, and a good farm modestly stocked, for every poor man it is thought would somewhat relieve this bulging state of affairs. But it remained for Senator Plumb of Kansas to bring out the most fantastic remedy. He has introduced two bills in Congress providing for an organization called the "Grand Army of Labor." All citizens of 21 years of age are entitled to membership. No one shall work more than 4 hours a day, not more than 5 days a week, nor more than six weeks without an intermission of two weeks. Every country in the U. S. is to be provided with a governmental farm. The government is also to undertake public enterprise for the purpose of providing labor for members, whose daily recompense is to be $4.

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A delegation of 250 representing all the wholesale importing Houses of New York City, will besiege the Capital this week, and the importers of other cities will also be on hand. In view of the indifference of the majority in Congress to money matters these visiting delegations will no doubt be graciously received and accommodated.

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Senator Butler presented the petition of the heads of nine families, aggregating 72 persons, that Congress appropriate $100 per capita to enable them to emigrate to Liberia and maintain themselves six months. The petition had a printed heading, and it was said that an organized movement in the South indicated a scheme of wholesale deportation of the colored people of South Carolina. If these are not good and respectable citizens they have no claim upon public charity. If these are good citizens why should the government pay $500 or $600 to get a family of them out when it lets any number of bad citizens in, and charges them nothing?

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And it appearing by affidavit filed that Wm. F. Dilley and John W. Lightner are non-residents of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

L. M. McCLINTIC, p. q.
may 8-4t. printer's fee $5.60

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

George A. Rivercomb, Special Receiver, vs. A. G. Bonner.

All parties interested will hereby take notice, that pursuant to decrees of the Pocahontas County Circuit Court, entered on the 5th and 9th days of April 1890, in the above styled cause, I will at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on the 30th day of May, 1890, proceed to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. An account showing all the Liens on the 100 acres of land of the defendant A. G. Bonner, in the bill and proceedings mentioned, their dignities, priorities and amounts.

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Mary E. Piles vs. George C. McGlaughlin. } IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to collect a claim of the plaintiff Mary E. Piles, against the defendant George C. McGlaughlin, for Sixty Dollars, with interest thereon from November 1-th, 1889, by subjecting to the payment thereof and costs of this suit so much as may be necessary of a tract of about 175 acres of land lying in Pocahontas Co., W. Va. near Green Bank, conveyed to said George C. McGlaughlin by J. C. Arbogast and wife, and upon which an attachment is issued in this suit has been levied to secure such payment.

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Teste:
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H. S. RUCKER, p. q.
may 1-4t. printer's fee $5.90

NOTICE TO TAKE DEPOSITIONS.

To George C. McGlaughlin: Take notice, that on the 6th day of June, A. D., 1890, between the hours of 8 o'clock, a. m., and 6 o'clock, p. m. at the Law office of H. S. Rucker, in the town of Huntersville, in Pocahontas County, west Virginia, I will take the depositions of Samuel J. Piles and others, to be read as evidence in my behalf, in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, and State of west Virginia, in which I am, plaintiff, and you are Defendant.

If from any cause the taking of said Depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

MARY E. PILES,
By counsel.

H. S. RUCKER, p. q.
may 8-4t. printer's fee [illegible]

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ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, west Virginia, on the first Monday in May 1890.

Mary E. Piles vs. George C. McGlaughlin. — In Chancery.

The object of this suit is to collect a claim of the plaintiff Mary E. Piles, against the defendant George C. McGlaughlin, for Sixty Dollars, with interest thereon from November 1th, 1889, by subjecting to the payment thereof and costs of this suit so much as may be necessary of a tract of about 175 acres of land lying in Pocahontas Co., W. Va. near Green Bank, conveyed to said George C. McGlaughlin by J. C. Arbogast and wife, and upon which an attachment is issued in this suit has been levied to secure such payment.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant George C. McGlaughlin is a non-resident of the State of west Va., it is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

H. S. RUCKER, p. q.
may 1-4t. printer's fee $8.[illegible]

NOTICE TO TAKE DEPOSITIONS.

To George C. McGlaughlin: Take notice, that on the 6th day of June, A. D., 1890, between the hours of 8 o'clock, a. m., and 6 o'clock, p. m. at the Law office of H. S. Rucker, in the town of Huntersville, in Pocahontas County, west Virginia, I will take the depositions of [illegible] J. Piles and others, to be read as evidence in my behalf, in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, and State of west Virginia, in which I am plaintiff and you are Defendant.

If from any cause the taking of said Depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

MARY E. PILES,
By counsel.

H. S. Rucker, p. q.
may 8-4t. printers' fee [illegible]

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election at the next election of Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas county.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Most respectfully,
JOHN J. BEARD.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas County at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next, and, if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said offices to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County. Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,
E. H. MOORE.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff. Election Nov. 4th, 1890.

Respectfully,
J. C. ARBOGAST.

HOME NEWS

Preaching Appointments.

The preaching appointments of Rev. L. F. Snapp, pastor of Huntersville circuit M. E. Church South:

1st Sunday, Bethel 11 a. m., Sunset 3:30, Huntersville 8 p. m.
2nd " Mt. Pleasant 11 a. m., Huntersville 8 p. m.
3rd " Huntersville 11 a. m., Sunset 2:30 p. m., Bethel 8 p. m.
4th " Huntersville 11 a. m., Mt. Pleasant 4 p. m.

—Samuel Schrecengost and J. A. Galford started last week for Montana.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McComb and Geo. W. Wagner returned from Staunton last Monday.

—D. O'Connell and Geo. Baxter are on Anthony's Creek in Greenbrier County doing some surveying.

—All scalp and skin diseases, dandruff, falling of the hair, gray or faded hair, may be cured by using that natural line remedy, Hall's Hair Renewer.

—We can save you 20 per cent. on Buggies, Spring Wagons, Harness and Conklin Wagons. John Warts & Co., Frankford, W. Va.

—Rev. Christopher Sydenstricker, of Hillsboro, spent last Thursday night in Huntersville, and preached a most acceptable sermon at the Methodist Church.

—Col. A. C. L. Gatewood, of Big Spring, passed through Huntersville last Friday on his return from Virginia, where he had been called by the death of his brother W. B. Gatewood.

Grain Drills, Hay Rakes, Conklin Wagons, Harvesting tools, &c., at Simms, Workman & Best, Ronceverte, W. Va.

—Slight derangements of the stomach and bowels may often be corrected by taking only one of Ayer's Pills. Through not having the Pills at hand, your disorder increases, and a regular fit of sickness follows. "For the want of a nail, the shoe was lost," etc.

McCormick Harvesting machinery and full line of repairs for same. Send in your repair orders early. Simms, Workman & Best, Ronceverte, W. Va.

—We are requested to ask all who have subscribed to the purchase of a bell for the Methodist Church at this place to please pay the same as soon as convenient, as it is desired to make the purchase at once.

—I will be in Huntersville during Court and prompt attention will be given all orders. Call on me at G. W. Wagner's. John Warts, Ronceverte, W. Va.

—On Tuesday at about 7 o'clock, p. m., Mr. Amos Kerr and Miss Rosalie E. Ray were united in marriage at the Clerk's office in Huntersville, Rev. L. F. Snapp officiating. Mr. Kerr is from Palace, and Miss Ray of Tomahawk. The TIMES extends congratulations to the young couple and trust they may enjoy [illegible] and [illegible] years of perfect happiness.

—Capt. E. A. Smith has contracted to stock a large body of timber owned by the St Lawrence Boom and Manufacturing Co., on Meadow Creek in Greenbrier County. Last week he passed through town on his way to the timber to begin operations.

—Rock Salt for cattle and horses; the only style of Salting used by the best Stockmen west. Buy only "Retsof" brand. Simms, Workman & Best, agents for Greenbrier and Pocahontas Counties.

—Savages expect to imbibe bravery by drinking the blood of their brave enemies. A more enlighted method of vitalizing the blood is by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It braces up the nerves and gives strength and fortitude to endure the trials of life.

—Double Shovel Plows, Bull tongues and iron and steel shapes of all kinds for home-made plows at Simms, Workman & Best's, Ronceverte, W. Va.

—The Editor, Jno. E. Campbell, is visiting in Virginia this week and the "Times" is running itself, a good excuse for all defects.

—Ex Gov. E. W. Wilson will address the people of Pocahontas county at Huntersville on Monday, June 16th, the first day of Circuit court. He will discuss the tariff question particularly as it relates to the agricultural interest of this section. The Governor is a vigorous talker and believes in calling things by their right names. Every body will do well to come out and hear him.

—We have a lot of last years new Deering Mowers that we will sell cheap for cash. Call early. John Warts & Co., Frankford, W. Va.

—H. S. Rucker and C. F. Moore were down at Hillsboro last Saturday on professional business.

—L. M. McClintic, Jas. A. Sharp and Gilbert Sharp were fishing up William's River last week, with good success we are told.

—We are informed that everything sold at Mr. W. F. Ervine's last Friday brought all it was worth. It is usually so at public sales.

—Last Sunday evening at about 9 o'clock some one carried away from the Wagner Hotel a trunk belonging to Mr. J. P. McComb, which among other things contained about $225 in money. Early monday morning the trunk was found in a meadow not far from the Hotel. It had been broken open and searched but the thief in his haste had overlooked $100 of the money; succeeding however in escaping with about $125. It is not positively known who the thief is, but all the circumstances indicate that it was a certain individual who had been stopping at the Hotel for some weeks, and who unceremoniously disappeared about the same time the trunk walked out.

—Some people wonder why the "Boom" don't strike Pocahontas. They see no reason why we should not advance as well as other places. The reason is obvious. Just take a glance at the road around the hill opposite Huntersville, look at the new road near the Lockridge ford, stand on the bank of Knapp's Creek and view the bridge across it, go then to the records and see what our people are taxed to make these shabby improvements, and you will wonder that Pocahontas has managed to escape bankruptcy. Taxation is no burden if the revenue be so applied as to enhance the value of property, but where the purse is constantly drained with no visible result, except such as [illegible], it is folly to talk about public prosperity or "Boom."

[illegible]

—On last Saturday a terrible rain and hail storm passed over the vicinity of Hillsboro between 11 and 12 oclock a. m., doing considerable damage to gardens and growing crops. Shortly afterward the sky partially cleared up and the sun shone out as if the storm were all over, when to the surprise of every one a vivid flash of lightning was seen and simultaneously was heard a startling peal of thunder. It was soon discovered that the lightning had struck the stable of W. H. Overholt, standing a very short distance from his dwelling and store house. At first it was thought the stable was on fire, but fortunately it was not. There were six horses in the stable at the time, two belonging to Mr. Overholt, two to Mr. Henry Perry, one to Mr. John R. Marshall and one to Mr. C. F. Moore. They were all standing with their heads close together. One of Mr. Perry's horses was instantly killed; the other one, one of Mr. Overholt's and Mr. Moore's were also knocked down by the shock, but not hurt at all. The loss to Mr. Perry was a very serious one. He is an industrious man of limited means, and is left without a team, having but the two horses, the better one of which was killed. The destruction however was small to what it might have been, as one or two parties who had been feeding the horses had been away from the stable but a few minutes before it was struck.

Preaching Notices.

Sacramental meeting at Liberty church, 1st sabbath of June, Preliminary services Friday night and Saturday night before.

Sacramental services at Marlins Bottom, 3rd sabbath of June Preparatory excercises, Friday night, and saturday morning before.

All day meeting, with refreshments on the ground, at Mary Gibson Chapel Elk 5th sabbath of June.

Dysthare's Creek Items.

Mrs. Henry Sharp, and daughters, Misses Effie and Pearl, were down at Academy, one day last week.

Miss Lillie Carpenter, of Burnsville, Va., is visiting on our Creek this week.

Capt. McCormick, of Pennsylvania was the guest of H. White, Esq, Sunday. The Capt is a nice man and a good talker.

Mr. Henry White, and sister, Miss Ida, made a flying trip to Frost last Saturday.

Mr. D. B. McElwee has almost completed his new store house at the Lockridge ford.

Mr. John Moore, of Mingo Flats was on our creek last week looking at some work cattle.

What has become of Kate?

PEGGY JAMES.

Obituary.

Died, at Linden, Fauquier County Va., May the 11th, 1890 of Bright's disease of the Kidneys, William B. Gatewood aged 43 years and 10 months. He was born at Mountain Grove, Bath Co., Va., and was a son of the late Samuel V. Gatewood, and brother of Col. A. C. L. Gatewood, of Big Spring in this county. Mr. Gatewood married Miss Mary DeButts, of Fauquir Co., Va., who is left a widow with four children—two girls and two boys. He was a kind and affectionate husband and father, and one of the best of neighbors. For more than [illegible] years, he was in the employ of the Va. Midland and Danville Railroad, as general live stock agent and was regarded as one of the best agents in their company. The large concourse of neighbors and railroad officials that attended his funeral as well as the large number of telegrams condolence and sympathy that were received by his sorrowing widow, as soon as the news of his death ran over the wires, were evidence of his standing as a citizen. He was a member of no church, but he was one of the most moral of men, from his youth to his death. Peace to his ashes.

A FRIEND.

Committee Meeting.

The Democratic Executive Committee of Pocahontas County will meet at Huntersville on Monday, June 16th, 1890. It is hoped that every member will be present.

C. F. MOORE, Chairman.

The General Conference of the M. E. Church, South, now in session at St. Louis, recently elected Drs. Atticus G. Haywood and O. P. Fitzgerold to the Episcopacy. Dr. Hawgood has for a long time been looked upon as one of the most advanced thinkers of the Country, while Dr. Fitzgerold has gained an enviable reputation since his promotion to the head of the Nashville Advocate. He is a brilliant talker and charming author. Both men will make able and acceptable Bishops.

—It is said the members of the "Bath Squadron" contemplate a reunion at the Warm Springs, in Bath Co., on the 4th of July. Several of our Pocahontas citizens belonged to the Squadron.

Mr. McKinley offered an amendmen to the tariff bill increasing the duty on lamp chimneys, which was adopted. Probably this is to prevent the poor workingman from spending his wages in reading Democratic newspapers.

The Democratic Executive Committee will meet at Hinton on the 7th day of June, to perfect a plan of action for the party in the Third District.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	10 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va. May 29, 1890.

He was Disappointed.

Shortly after a fire in a town "down South," says the New York Ledger a colored man called on an insurance agent and said:

"Wants my money, Cap'n."

"I don't owe you any money."

"Ain't yuss'f de 'sho'ence agent?"

"Yes, I am an insurance agent?"

"Den yer owes me money, fur my sto' burned up durin' de late fire, sah."

"You were not insured in my company."

"Golly, you say I wan't!"

"Come, get out of here."

"Hold on, boss, an' lemme 'splain Wuz Mr. Jones 'shored in yer comp'ny?"

"Yes."

"Wuz Mr. Jackson?"

"Yes."

"Wall an' good. Now my sto' wa jus' tertwixt Mr. Jones an' Mr. Jackson De wall o' dar sto's made de walls o' my sto.' If yer'd a took dar sto's erway, my sto' woulder been gone. De inshorin o' dar own sto's insho'ed mine, doan yer see?"

"No, I don't see."

"Den I ain't goin' ter get nuffin, is I?"

"No."

"I'll recolleck dis, sah, an' see what de cou't'ous'll had ter say;" and, turning away, he muttered:" Ef I'der knowed de comp'n wuz so tricky I wouldn't ter set de blame sto' afire."

Schoolboy (poring over his lesson) —Father, what language do they speak in Chili?

Father—H'm! The language spoken in Chili, my son, the—er—language spoken —er—in Chili, is do you find that question in the book you are studying, my son?

Schoolboy —No, but I thought I'd like to know.

Father (severely)—Then don't ask it my son If it isn't in the book it isn't proper for you to know.

A man up in Maine, whose wife was a most inveterate talker, hit upon the following plan to gain a much needed rest. He told his wife that he was going to Assangwatawogamagogwongtongowa fishing, and then went round and got his friends to call at his house and ask where he was When he returned his wife had one jaw fractured and the other one out of place.

His mother (suddenly opening pantry door)—Here now, sir, what are you doing up there?

Tommie—Oh, nothin,' Ma—nothin'. I'm jist lookin' fer my Sunday school lesson sheet; it's got lost somehow.

—"Aunt Sue died this morning very suddenly," said Mr. Fungle to his wife, as he read a telegram. "Is that so? Why only last week she had her teeth filled with solid gold."

Former" Pal"—What do you mean by that advertisement in the paper reading, "Big opening for right party with small capital. Fortune in a year?"

All Round Advertiser—I meant that there'll be a fortune for me in a year—if enough fools put their money into the big opening.

"There's only one fault I have to find with Dr. Pulpit's sermons," said Mrs. Poots, whose pew is in the back part of a large and fashionable church.

"What's that?" asked Mr. P.

"I can't hear one word he says."

"Humph! That's just what I like about 'em," grunted Poots.

An old couple were walking down street the other day reading signs, when they ran across one which the old man read thus: "Johnson's Shirt Store." "Well, I declare!" exclaimed the old lady. "I wonder how he tore it."

"Why, darling, what can be the matter with these onions?" he ejaculated as he pushed back his plate.

The young wife burst into tears. "There, I told the groder they smelt awful! And I soaked them in that nice cologne yesterday morning, too!"

He (rapturously)—O, my love, I adore you! My heart goes out to you! Can you not feel love's darts piercing your bosom!

She—Well, I do feel something. But I think it's a pin in my dress.

Mrs. Abrams—An' so your poor, tear husbant ees det. Vas he resignet?

Mrs. Isaacs—Yah, he vas villings to go. He said dere vas no moneys in der cloding peesiness nowatays.

"How much do you want for that cat."

"Ten dollars! That is an imported cat from Warsaw."

"Well, I don't wish for a Pole cat."

Customer—Is it customary to fee the waiter here.

Waiter—Yes, sir.

Customer—Then hand over your fee I've waited for you nearly an hour.

Aunt—Well, Bobby, what do you want to be when you grow up?

Bobby (remembering private seance in the woodshed)—An orphan.

SUBSCRIBE

—FOR THE—

POCAHONTAS TIMES,

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry. It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interst to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

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GET THEM AT "THE TIMES."

JOB OFFICE,

Pocahontas Times.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, June 5, 1890. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 45.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

THE ROMANCE OF A FLOOD.

BY HARRIET F. CROCKER.

They had parted coldly.

Richard Holmes had walked rapidly up the street to his boarding place with a white face, sternly set lips, his hands clasped tightly behind him, and his whole frame quivering with wounded pride and keen disappointment.

Eloise Ellison had turned her pretty face homeward with a proud little toss and a look of something like triumph in her coquettish dark eyes.

That she was a spoiled and petted beauty, every one in the village knew and that she was as wilful and capricious and exacting, as she was bright and pretty and bewitching, every one knew as well. The only child of the wealthy mill owner, from her infancy indulged in her every wish and fawned upon by admiring friends, it was no wonder that she was, when she chose to be, a most tyrannical specimen of young womanhood.

She had chosen to be such the afternoon she met Richard Holmes her father's bookkeeper, on the street, and allowed him to turn and walk beside her. It was raining, and she graciously closed her own elegant little umbrella to share the larger one he carried.

They had gone on together enjoying the rain, laughing and chatting gayly, gossiping in their light way about this and that happening in the social life of the village.

Perhaps he had chosen an inauspicious moment to declare his love and offer her his hand, but, inauspicious or not, he had spoken and recieved his answer.

They had exchanged a few hot words and then parted in a sudden frigidity which seized them both. She had added such scorn and disdain to her refusal that it was more than he could bear in silence. She had even insinuated to him that it was not herself he loved, but her father,s wealth. She had wounded him cruelly and intentionally, and he had left her suddenly with a cold adieu.

Eloise raised her own umbrella with a defiant little laugh, and a glance at the retreating figure, and then turned homeward humming a fragment of the latest opera.

Her father's bookkeeper! Presume to offer her his hand! It was absurd!

Thus she communed with herself as she went on up the street to her home. She tried to be angry at the presumption of the man, but in spite of herself she could not.

She had always admired him—yes, in a way she had quite liked him, and it was pleasing to her vanity to know he loved her, but marriage—that was another thing, indeed, and quite out of the question.

For days and days it rained. It grew [illegible] and wearisome.

Eloise wandering aimlessly about the drawing room looking over a [illegible] striking a few [illegible] going from window to window to look out at the [illegible] the [illegible] land scape was [illegible] lonesome and [illegible] of view.

Why did not [illegible] come? [illegible]

him! It had never occured to her to say that. She wished she had been less unkind that day—wished she had held him off a little longer at least— it used to be so pleasant to have him drop in for an hour or two.

The day was closing in dark and stormy. Eloise from the window looked at the swollen river, and the pools that stood here and there on the lawn.

Suddenly she stood erect, and looked eagerly at a well-known figure coming toward the house. It was Richard Holmes.

The girl stood watching his progress eagerly, as he picked his way among the pools of water, her lips parted, her pretty head thrown back, her dark eyes glad and bright.

"I am glad he is coming," she said, softly to herself, as she stood, surrounded by the creamy draperies of the window, waiting for him.

She heard his firm step on the piazza. She heard him ring the bell, and then speak a few words to the maid who opened the door.

Suddenly a great roar filled all the air, drowning the voices in the hall drowning the silvery chime of the little French clock, drowning everything, swallowing up everything in its awful volume of sound.

There was a terror in it unlike the heaviest crash of thunder—a strange and terrible menace in the sound, swelling and growing louder every moment.

Eloise stood paralyzed with fear. She was powerless to cry out, to move herself; she could only stand and listen to that awful, all pervading roar.

She did not think what it might mean. She had heard vague rumors of fears for the great dam above, but had not heeded.

In a moment it was all over; the sound had come upon her in all its awfulness. She fell back, overpowered with terror, and became unconscious.

A violent blow on her head roused her to herself. She found herself floating on the strong current, borne along at a sickening speed, upheld by the strength and fury of the roaring waters.

Near her she saw the great elm tree that stood before her house ever since she was a child. It must have been a branch of that which struck her and brought her back to life.

With great, dark eyes dilated with horror, and a face white and ghastly as the faces of the dead, the girl flew along. She had caught hold of the branches of the great tree, and was clinging with a grasp like death itself. Life was sweet—too sweet to lose. In her first moment of consciousness she had thought of Richard Holmes. Where could he be? Drowned? O, God forbid—not drowned—the thought was dreadful to her. In a flash she was revealed to herself. She loved him—loved him with her whole heart—had loved him all the time without knowing it. What had he come to the door for that night—it seemed ages ago to her now—to bring a message of warning? Her father—was he safe? O, Heaven! that appalling darkness—that dreadful roar of rushing waters!

She raised her voice and called "Richard!" It was lost in the roar [illegible]

might be somewhere near her now.

She raised her voice again and called his name with a desperation born of fear and love. A dark object was floating near her, tossing up and down on the resistless current. She could see that it was a man clinging to a mass of boards. The face was turned from her, but the head was familiar. She called again, and the man turned and looked at her.

"Is it you, Eloise?" he screamed; and then she barely heard him—"you, Eloise! Thank God!"

She breathed a sigh of relief. She felt safe now—safe, even on the bosom of this rushing ocean of fierce waters and crashing debris—if he were near.

She saw that he was trying to get to her, but could not; that he dared not loose his hold of the boards and trust himself one instant in that mighty current. She could see his face, white and agonized, turned to her—always turned to her. Something had struck him and cut a gash in his head, and the blood was tickling down his pallid cheek; she could see it from where she clung in the branches of the elm tree.

She did not know that one beautiful, white arm was bare, bleeding from a cruel blow she had received—she did not realize the pain in her head where the tree had struck her—such things were trivial now. Life was the only thing to be thought of—life and death—if death should come.

A house came reeling down and struck the mass of boards to which Richard clung. The shock loosened his hold and tossed him far out in the water. The horrible under current sucked him in and he sank from sight. The next moment his white face showed above the water. Such horror and despair Eloise had never seen as she saw there. One last appealing look at her, one cry from his white lips, and he was gone again. Eloise prayed—prayed as she had never dreamed of praying before; crying aloud for help and pity in this time of need.

Richard came to the surface again—near her this time. Could she reach him? Only a little nearer—he was half unconscious and could not help himself. She leaned far out over the dark torrent, holding to the tree firmly with one arm and touched him with her hand—caught him by his collar and held his head above the water as they were borne along. She called to him wildly. He heard and understood, made one great effort to seize the branches of the tree, and at last with an almost superhuman strength, drew himself up into the sheltering arms of the old elm.

There he clung with what frail strength was left him; but he was too weak for words. It was no time for speech. The scene was more terrible than any of the imaginings of Dante. Great masses of timbers, that ten minutes before had been houses and homes, came rushing by with shrieking women clinging to them, and little children borne along upon them. Strong men were [illegible] the wagons, and horses and cattle were plunging madly for life among the ruins of great [illegible] crashing by. [illegible]

waters. Eloise and Richard were hurled into the air and fell together clinging to whatever they could find—a door, a fence—anything to keep afloat. At last they climbed to the ridge pole of a house and clung there. All night they floated bruised and cut by heavy objects striking them, almost losing their hold many times, but never quite—tossing, plunging, flying with a speed that was terrible.

In the first gray dawn of morning they were rescued. Friendly hands drew them from their perilous position and bore them to a place of safety. There they lay for hours unconscious. The shock had been to great—human endurance had been too sorely tired.

The physicians who dressed their wounds and the nurses who cared for them shook their heads gravely over the young strangers given so mercifully into thier hands.

Richard woke to conciousness first, but lay with closed eyes, resting and trying to think why he was there and what had happened.

All at once he heard a voice he knew and loved. It was Eloise, delirous with fever. "Richard," she was saying: "I love you now, I loved you all the time, but I did not know it. Richard did the horrible waters drown you? O, my darling!"

He opened his eyes and looked across the room toward the weak voice lying away into silence. What he saw was Eloise lying on the snowy cot with closed eyes and flushed cheeks—Eloise pitifully thin and changed, but Eloise still, despite the lines of pain on her white brow, left there by the agony of that fatal night.

Richard, looking at her thus, loved her all the better for those marks of sorrow; they made her tenfold dearer to him; their mutual distress had welded together their souls forever.

It was a very quiet, very brief ceremony that made them man and wife. It was no time for merrymaking and rejoicing. Death and poverty were everywhere. Her father was among the lost; the servants were missing; many of her friends were gone from human sight forever. She was penniless. The beautiful home was entirely destroyed. Nothing that had been hers remained.

Nothing she had loved in the old days was left her. Nothing? Yes, thank God, her husband—her good, brave Richard! They had gone together through that dreadful night, their paths henceforth through life lay side by side.

Eloise was a changed woman. What had been wrong in her became good. What had been vain [illegible] beautiful and [illegible] What had been [illegible] changed woman. What had been wrong in her became good. What was vain and foolish became beautiful and pure. Her whole nature was changed—her heart ennobled and uplifted, made sweet and womanly and good.

Charlie Rivers—"And so you will be [illegible] Who [illegible]"

Flossie—"Yes, I'm going [illegible]"

[illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

June 5, 1890.

There is considerable criticism going the rounds on the fact that a magnificent monument has been erected to the Confederate General LEE, while the much talked of monument to GEN. GRANT has not yet been begun. Judge COLLIER, of Pittsburg, in his Decoration Day address alluded to the fact in this way:

"Our great commander needs no monument, but we do. The dead heed not, but the living must. Our pride, gratitude, love, honor and respect for ourselves and country; all unite in urging us to do our duty. Is it not sad that we should be behind our southern brethren, who yesterday unveiled a monument to their brave and faithful leader!"

THE STATUE OF GEN. LEE.

The Mercie bronze equestrian statue of General Robert E. Lee was unveiled in Richmond last Thursday, May 29th, a throng computed at from 100,000 to 1250,000 witnessing the event. It occupies a site at the west end of Franklin street at the intersection of two avenues, where it will remain for ages an impressive example of purity and virtue in all the relations of life.

The scene was unprecedented in the annals of that historic city From early morning till night the tap of the drum and the tramp of the soldiers forcibly reminded the older citizens of the stirring days of 61. While thousands of flags were unfurled to the breeze the national flag was displayed in the proportion of fifty to one of the Stars and Bars. Generals Early, Longstreet and Fitzhugh Lee, General Gordon, Wade Hampton and Governor Fowler were greeted with enthusiasm.

Arriving at the monument, the veterans faced the grand stand with the military behind them, the cavalry bringing up the rear. The artillery were posted north of the pedestal.

Gov. McKinney called the assembly to order and introduced Dr. Minnigerode, who offered prayer, after which Gen Jubal Early was called upon to preside. He made a brief speech and presented Col. Archer Anderson as orator of the day.

At the conclusion of Col. Anderson's address, General Joseph E. Johnston pulled the cord which held the covering of the statue and the veil dropped, exposing the beautiful bronze work of art to view when a mighty shout went up from the multitudes and a salute of one hundred guns was fired by the first battalion of artillery. The assemblage then slowly dispersed.

Counting the People.

The Eleventh Census of the United States will be taken during the month of June. The census enumerators began their work Monday, June 2, and will visit every house and ask questions concerning every person and every family in the United States. The questions that will be asked call for the name of every person residing in the United States on the first day of June, with their sex and age, and whether white, black, mulatto, quadroon, octoroon, or Chinese, Japanese, or Indian. Inquiry will be made also of every person as to whether they are single, married, widowed, or divorced, and, if married, whether married during the census year. The place of birth of the father and mother of each person, will also be called for, as well as a statement as to the profession trade, or occupation followed and the number of months unemployed during the census year. For all persons ten years of age or over a return must be made by the enumerator as to the number able to read and write, and also the number who can speak English. For those who can not speak English the particular language of dialect spoken by them will be ascertained. For children of school age, also, the the number of months they attended school will be recorded by the census enumerators. In the case enumerators. In the case of mothers an inquiry will be made as to the number of children they have had, and the number of these children living at the present time.

This inquiry is to be made of women who are or have been married, including all who are widows or have been divorced. Foreign born males of adult age, that is, 21 years of age or over, will be asked as to the number of years they have been in the United States, and whether they are naturalized or have naturalization papers. Of the head of each family visited the question will be asked as to the number of persons in the family, and whether his home is owned or hired; also, if owned, whether the home is free from mortgage incumbrance. If the head of the family is a farmer, similar inquiries will be made concerning the ownership of the farm. In addition to these inquiries, all of which are made on the population schedule, the law under which the census is taken makes provision for special inquiries concerning such of the population as may be mentally or physically detective in any respect, that is, insane, feebleminded, deaf, blind, or crippled, or who may be temporarily disabled by sickness, disease, or accident at the time of the enumerator's visit. Certain special inquiries will also be made concerning inmates of prisons and reformatories and of charitable and benevolent institutions. Besides this, a statement will be called for concerning all persons who have died during the census year, giving their name, age, sex, occupation, and cause of death.

This official count of people comes but once in ten years, and every family and every person should consider it to be their duty to answer the question of the census enumerators willingly and promptly, so that definite and accurate information may be gained concerning the 65,000,000 people living within the bounds of this great country.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 30.—

Mr. Plumb has introduced a resolution in the Senate which will enable its members to learn what they are voting for when they pass a tariff bill affecting the prices of most or all of the productions and importations of the United States. The present practice with tariff bills enables a committee inspired by the protected interests to force a bill through Congress without any consideration and which none but an expert can understand. Until the day that the bill is presented to the House it is shrouded in mystery. Then the party lash is applied. The desperate opposition of a few industries calls their particular cases into notice. A pretense is afforded for the airing of a little oratory and the bill passes. The members don't know what they have increased or decreased in duties in the long lists of tariff rates, and in a great part of the details of the bill the committee that drafted it are guilty of the same ignorance.

The resolution directs that the Finance committee report to the Senate, in connection with the tariff bill, a statement showing the duties levied under the present law, under the McKinley House bill, and under the bill it shall itself produce, in parallel columns for convenient comparason and examination. The committee is specially instructed that where it shall recommend a levy of duty not now provided for by law, or an increase of rate above that now imposed, to furnish the Senate the reasons therefore in each case in writing.

Mr. McKinley said his followers sought to gain fame and political capital by making a totally original tariff bill. To do that the rates were altered for every imported article. After four months of labor the change was made. But no reason could be given for a great many, if not most, of the alterations. In making them Mr. McKinley and the committee neither knew, nor did they take the trouble to learn, what the rates were under the present law. He acknowledged this repeatedly on the floor of the House of Congress when applied to for information. The prime object seemed to be a new and a McKinley high tariff bill. It was presented to the House with no comparative tables, and no reasons were given for the changes made, many of which would destroy flourishing industries, and others raising the tariff where the duties already produce a heavy revenue, and unnecessarily tax the people.

For example what reason was offered for raising the duty on copper, after companies were named in the House who made yearly profits as great as $6,000,000 on an investment on $1,500,000. Or on tin, that every family requires, though not a pound is produced in this country. The people of Kansas would like to hear the reasons why their smelting works should be dried up, and the market in Mexico for their bread stuffs destroyed, by new duties on silver lead ore, that already produces a big surplus revenue, and so on, ad infinitum.

On consideration of the resolution of the Senate, it was amended to add a column showing the equivalent ad valorem duty, another for cases where tariff is reduced, and the words "where practicable" added to the requirement of giving reasons for alterations. This last amendment is unfortunate as the committee will make its own construction of the word "practicable." But it is to be hoped that there are more in the Senate infused with the idea of Mr. Plumb to suffer certain manufactures "to fry their own fat" rather than have the duties higher, and with the frightful example of the House before it, and its increased facilities for information, it is to be hoped that the Senate will produce a tariff bill that will be free of a great deal of the injustice in that one, so wantonly passed by the House.

Having completed "the greatest effort of his life" Mr. McKinley is now preparing a silver bill. It is conservative in its tendencies and of the general terms as that adopted by the House caucus. He expects to pass it through the House by a special order before the Senate passes a silver bill, which he fears will be for free-coinage. He thinks that if a conservative is first passed by the House it will have a good effect in deterring the Senate from extreme courses.

The Naval appropriation bill has finally passed the Senate, including the provision for three heavily armoured vessels at a cost of $4,000,000 each. Quite a spirited discussion preceded the passage of this provision between Senators in favor of and opposed to a large navy Mr. Blair wished to amend by making the provision unavailable until England had been requested by the President to withdraw all her naval forces from American waters, and dismantle her naval stations in both North and South America and adjacent islands, and if the request was not complied with within a year to build a great navy. In reply to a question as to what answer he would expect from England he said that he thought it would be favorable.

Preaching Appointments.

The preaching appointments of Rev. L. F. Snapp, pastor of Huntersville Circuit M. E. Church South:

1st Sunday, Bethel 11 a. m., Sunset 3:30, Huntersville, 8 p. m.
2nd „ Mt. Pleasant 11 a. m., Huntersville 8 p. m.
3rd „ Huntersville 11 a. m., Sunset 3:30 p. m., Bethel 8 p. m.
4th „ Huntersville 11 a. m., Mt. Pleasant 4 p. m.

ANNOUN[illegible]S.

I hereby [illegible] next election as a candidate for re-[illegible] County [illegible] Clerk [illegible] Courts of Poca[illegible] past favors. Feeling very [illegible] the next and soliciting [illegible] election, I [illegible]spectfully,

[illegible] J. BEARD.

[illegible]tas County.

To the voters [illegible] myself a candidate for Cl[illegible] County at the ty Courts [illegible] the 4th day of election to [illegible] selected, I pledge November [illegible] duties of said myself to [illegible] ability. offices to [illegible].

Your [illegible]ly,

S. L. BROWN.

[illegible]ahontas County.

To the vot[illegible] myself a candidate for [illegible] Clerk of the County Court [illegible] County. Your patronage [illegible] solicited. [illegible]ruly yours,

E. H. MOORE.

[illegible] Pocahontas County.

To the [illegible] nce myself a candidate for the [illegible] Sheriff. Election Nov. 4th, 18[illegible] Respectfully,

J. C. ARBOGAST.

[illegible] of Pocahontas County.

To the [illegible]nounce myself a candidate [illegible] represent the 4th Delegate [illegible] of the Counties of Pocahontas [illegible] Webster, in the next Legislature [illegible] Va., subject to the [illegible] of the Democratic party. If [illegible] pledge myself to faithfully [illegible] duties of the trust to the [illegible] ability. Election Nov. 4th [illegible]

Respectfully,

W. C. MANN.

To [illegible] oters of Pocahontas County.

[illegible] announce myself as a candidate [illegible] represent the Delegate District [illegible] of the Counties of Pocahontas [illegible] Webster in the next House of [illegible]: subject to any action taken [illegible] Democratic party to select a [illegible]late.

Respectfully,

L. B. MOORE.

HOME NEWS

—The town well has a new pump.

—Mr. J. J. Beard, was down at [illegible] Levelton the first of this week.

—Maj. Arbogast, of Green Bank, was in the city this week.

—Sheriff M. J. McNeel, of Mill Point, was in town Tuesday.

—The crops are looking nicely about here.

—What's wrong with our correspondents this week.

—Mr. D. V. Ruckman, of Mill Gap, Va., was in Huntersville the first of the week.

—Don't forget that THE TIMES office is headquarters for nice job printing.

—Col. Jno. Driscol and Col. Best, of Ronceverte were in town Tuesday night.

—Many thanks to Attorney C. F. Moore for editing our paper while we were gone.

—License to marry was issued last week by our Clerk to Mr. L. E. Cutlip to Miss Maggie A. Shoe.

—The finest and cheapest line of Glassware in the county at R. L. Nottinghams store.

—We can save you 20 per cent. on Buggies, Spring Wagons, Ha[illegible] and Conklin Wagons. John Wurts & Co., Frankford, W. Va.

—Rev. L. F. [illegible] will preach at Crooked Fork school house Elk Mt. next Saturday evening, June 7th 8 o'clock.

Grain Drills, Hay Rakes, Conklin Wagons, Harvesting tools, &c., at Simms, Workman & Best, Ronceverte, W. Va.

—We had the pleasure of seeing for the first time, and shaking hands with Gen. Longstreet, in Richmond last Thursday.

—Davis Dilley, Esq., who went to Iowa a few months ago has returned home. He says he's got enough of the West.

—The Greenbrier Independent has just passed the [illegible] year of its existence. It is one of the very best county papers in the State and most highly valued among our exchanges, and we [illegible] it continued prosperity for many years to come.

—Attorneys C. F. Moore and H. S. Rucker, went down to Hillsboro this morning (Wednesday) on professional business.

—J. C. Loury, Jr., has been on the sick list for a few days, but we are glad to say is somewhat better now.

—Mess. N. A. Williams and son Wm., photographers, have returned from Greensboro, Pa. They will set up their photograph gallery for a short time at Edray.

—Double Shovel Plows, Ball tongues and iron and steel shapes of all kinds for home-made plows at Simms, Workman & Best's, Ronceverte, W. Va.

—A gray beard on a man under 50 makes him look older than he is. The dye to color brown or black is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

—Mr. A. Barlow and wife, have returned from a several days trip to Baltimore and other places, where he has been buying his spring and summer goods.

—Mess. D. B. McElwee and Bro. have their newstore at the Lockridge ford about completed and are daily receiving a beautiful line of spring and summer goods. Read their new ad. this week.

—Rock Salt for cattle and horses; the only style of Salting used by the best Stockmen west. Buy only "Retsof" brand. Simms, Workman & Best, agents for Greenbrier and Pocahontas Counties.

—Ye editor returned last Saturday from a ten days visit to Richmond and other places, and while gone attended the unveiling of the Lee monument.

—We have a lot of last years new Deering Mowers that we will sell cheap for cash. Call early. John Wurts & Co., Frankford, W. Va.

—Mr. Geo. Hill and daughter Miss Emma who have been visiting friends in Highland Co., Va., for a few days, passed through town Tuesday on their way home to Academy.

McCormick Harvesting machinery and full line of repairs for same. Send in your repair orders early. Simms, Workman & Best, Ronceverte, W. Va.

—Persons need not be afraid to answer any questions the census enumerator may ask about their business, age, &c., as the law provides a severe penalty for any disclosures of information gotten by them.

—I will be in Huntersville during Court and prompt attention will be given all orders. Call on me at G. W. Wagner's. John Wurts, Ronceverte, W. Va.

—In this issue will be seen the announcement of L. B. Moore, for the Legislature. Mr. Moore is one of our very best men, and will doubtless poll a large vote. He is a man of firm convictions, well informed and beyond suspicion of unfair dealing.

—The vocal organs are strengthened by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Clergymen, lawyers, singers, actors, and public speakers find this preparation the most effective remedy for irritation and weakness of the throat and lungs, and for all affections of the vocal organs.

—"My daughter was greatly troubled with Scrofula, and, at one time, it was feared she would lose her sight. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has completely restored her health, and her eyes are as well as ever, with not a trace of scrofula in her system."—G. King, Killingly, Conn.

—S. L. Brown, Esq., candidate for Clerk of the courts who has been out among the boys for several days past, returned Tuesday evening, and from the smile the Squire wears since his return, must have gotten very much encouragement, and one not knowing him to be a candidate would be at a loss to know what was wrong, and would naturally suppose a bran[illegible] had come to his home.

—The announcement for the Legislature of W. C. Mann, will be found in this issue. Mr. Mann is well known througout our county, is a thorough Democrat, a man of good business qualities and beyond reproach, and if elected would no doubt make a good representative.

Cummers Doings.

Hot and still heating.

We are glad to see Mrs. Newton Moore out for the first time for two or three years.

Mrs. Rusmisell, of Augusta Co., Va., is out on a visit.

Mrs. Vint, of Doe Hill, Va., is visiting her son and daughters.

Mr. Steve Lockridge and wife, of Highland, attended the reception of there daughter, who was married to Mr. R. L. Nottingham, of this place. There were a large crowd of friends and relatives attendeded the reception, and partook heartily of the good things provided for the occasion.

Col. S. C. Pritchard has gone to Tucker Co.

Capt. J. C. Lakin is off to Williams river.

Thirteen of our boys left Monday for Meadow creek to work in the lumber camp.

The Singinging Association will commence at Green Bank, Friday the 6th.

Sunday school and preaching at X Roads every Sunday evening at 2 p. m.

Preaching Notice.

Rev. S. L. Wilson, Evangelistic Agent for Greenbrier Prestery expects to preach at Huntersville Friday nigit of this week at 8 o'clock, and several consecutive evenings. He is expected at Marlin's Bottom the 3rd Sabbath in June. He may also be expected to preach there the Friday night before and Saturday morning.

Transfers of Real Estate

The following is a list of tranfers of real estate for the month of May:

A deed from John J. Beard, attorney for Mathew Edmiston to Withrow McClintic for all his undivided interests in 2650 acres of land, on Beaver Dam creek.

From Wm. Skeen and wife, of Alleghany Co., Va., to Lanty Lockridge, for a piece of land on Droop mountain.

From Jacob M. [illegible]verage and wife to the Union Chapel church trustees, in 2nd district, for church lot.

From Stewart C. Slaven and wife to Howard H. Slaven, all of Highland Co., Va., for all their interests in lands on Jackson's river in Highland Co., Va., and on Alleghany mountain in Pocahontas Co. W. Va., and also on Greenbrier river.

From D. A. Peaick and wife, of Rockbridge Co., Va., to B. M. Yeager, for land on William's river. Consideration $10,000, payable in one and two years.

From B. M. Yeager and wife to Jno. T. McGraw, of Grafton, for lands on William's River. Consideration $33,514.25.

From Mary J. Seebert C. T. Seebert and Mary B. Seebert, of Rockbridge Co. Va., to Jas. A. and J. G. Sharp for land on Douthard's creek.

From C. F. Moore, to C. P. Dorr for lands on Clover creek. Consideration $15,000.

From C. T. Seebert Mary B. Seebert and Mary J. Seebert to Jno. Clarkson for land on Douthard's creek.

From David Gragg to J. B. Gragg for land on Back Alleghany mountain.

From C. T. Seebert, Mary B. Seebert and Mary J. Seebert to the St Lawrence Boom & M'f'g Co., for land on Knapp's creek. Consideration 12,000.

From the heirs of the late Jas. Piles to Henry F. Piles and J. S. B. Piles, for their interests in lands on Beaver creek.

From C. B. Moore and C. F. Moore Executors of Isaac Moore dec'd to Ernest N. Moore for lands on Sitlington's creek.

Drowned in Cow-Pasture Creek.

A special from Millboro to the Richmond Times, dated May 28th, says: Mrs. H. M. Francisco, daughter of Hon. John T. Byrd, member of the Legislature from Bath county, was drowned in Cow-Pasture river while returning from this place Saturday evening last to her home, near Green Valley. Her body was not recovered until this evening. Mrs. Francisco was a very estimable lady and much beloved by her neighbors. She leaves a husband and three small children to mourn her loss.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRAUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wolesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Incorporation has been asked for in Illinois by a number of New York and Chicago capitalists. The company propose to erect a steel tower in Chicago 1,500 feet high, at a cost of over $2,000,000.

The exports of merchandise from the United States for the10 months ending April 30 amounted to $747,232,981, and the imports to $643,730,639.

The municipal election in Winchester, Va., held May 23rd, under the Australian system, the first in the State, resulted in the election of the entire Democratic ticket with one exception.

Geo. Francis Train arrived at Tocoma, Washington, on the 24th inst., having completed his tour at the globe in 67 days. 13 minutes and 5 seconds.

Fiduciaries.

The following is a list of Fiduciaries whose accounts are before me for settlement:

Geo. Hill, Ex'r of John W. Jordan dec'd.

Geo. Hill, Adm'r of Martha Jordan dec'd.

John A. McNeel, Guardian of Mary R. Seebert.

JAMES W. WARWICK,
Com'r of acc'ts for P. C.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held for the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, in the State of West Virginia, at the Clerk's office of said Court on the First Monday in June 1890.

Jacob Castle, Plaintiff,
vs.
Geo. C. McLaughlin, Defendant.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to collect for the plaintiff, Jacob Castle, from the defendant, Geo. C. McLaughlin the sum of $[illegible] with accrued interest, and to subject to sale for the payment thereof and the costs of this suit, a tract of about 175 acres of land in Pocahontas County, W. Va., belonging to said defendant which has been attached in this suit: And it appearing by affidavit that the defendant Geo. C. McLaughlin is not a resident of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that he appear here within one month after the date of the first publication hereof and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

C. F. MOORE, Sol.
June 3-4t
Printer's fee 3.[illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

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Huntersville, W. Va.
June 5, 1890.

There are few nooks and corners of the masculine heart unknown to widows.

Her second husband formed a habit shortly after the wedding of not coming home until mornig at 2 or three o'clock.

Once, having forgotten his keys, he had to knock. She put her head out of the window and asked:

Who's there?"

"Me," was the ungrammatical reply.

"Oh; at first I thought it was someone else."

And now that man waits at home nightly and would seem to be waiting for Someone Else to call.—

Applicant(to country editor)—Do you want any help on your paper? Editor—What experience have you had?

Applicant—Have been a cowboy for three years and have assisted at a number of hangings.

Editor—All right; you may go on as critic and also take charge of the poetic department.

Mr. Hawbeck—You aint seen my son afore, have yer?

City Visitor—Why, no, Very likely boy, isn't he? Takes after his father.

Mr. Hawbeck—You bet he does, when he gets riled. Took after me four times 'round th' barn this mornin' 'cause spoke kind 'r irritated to him.

"Frank," said Mable, tenderly "doesn't it seem ages between Tuesday and Saturday night?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Frank, thoughtlessly, "Sometimes it seems as though pay day would never come."

"John," said the minister, "will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" "Now, here, parson, what's the use of asking questions like that? Why do you suppose I am after; a divorce?"

Jinks—"That young lady may be a fine pianist, as you say, but there is no warmth to her touch."

Blinks—"I guess you didn't hear her play the 'Moonlight Symphony.'"

Jinks—"No; but I squeezed her hand."

First Steamboat Passenger—"There's a brass band playing on deck."

Second Steamboat Passenger—"I don't hear it."

F. S. P.—"Probably not; a dozen drummers can play a game of draw without being heard all over the ship."

Littleshort—"I'll call around Wednesday and fix up that account, Mr. Ostaway."

Tailor (severely)—"Very well, sir; I'll make a note of it."

Littleshort—"Good! Make it at ninety days and I'll sign it."

"I don't like Wagner's music." "Indeed! How?" "Because you call the composer 'Wagner,' instead of 'Vagner.'"

Vesey—"Why do you think Fulton dislikes living in New Jersey?"

Cortlandt—"Because every time he gets on the ferry-boat it makes him cross."

Hardbake—"I hear that chap Dryson is somewhat of an inventor."

Snarleigh—"Yes."

Hardbake—"What's he ever invented?"

Snarleigh—"Lies."

Guest(to head waiter)—"Is your name Tide?"

Waiter—"No, sir."

Guest—"Or Time?"

Waiter—"Not at All."

Guest—"Well, it ought to be one of them. You wait on no man."

"Well, I got there?" exclaimed Jaysmith, announcing a recent success. "Yes; with all four feet," replied Cumso.

"Johnny, what do you expect to do for a living when you get to be a man?"

"Well, I reckon I'll get married and board with by wife's pa."

"On the fence, there' is 'Wilson's Shoe Store.'"

"Well, if Wilson's Shoe tore, why don't he go and get it mended?"

Mr. Piexo—I's gettin' tired ob'd railroad persuasion, gennlemen. Mr. Renders—So's I. Mr. Rates—What's yo magnates a-growlin' 'bout? Mr. Piexo—A feller on d' train comin, down guv me a quahter wiv a hole into it, an' when I kicked, he took back'd quahter, an' tole me't use d' hole fer to burry maseff in.

He (making a party call)—I think party calls are great bores, don't you?

She (receiving)—Yes, indeed.

Drill Master—Eyes right! Raw Recruit—Humph! So's I!

SUBSCRIBE

—FOR THE—

POCAHONTAS TIMES,

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interest to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

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If not paid within 6 months	1.25
And at the end of the year	1.50

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Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Drug Envelopes, Tags, Business Cards, Officia Blanks, Blank Bonds, Posters, Briefs for the Court of Appeals etc.

GET THEM AT "THE TIMES"

JOB OFFICE,

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, June 12, 1890. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 46.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 3 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

June 12, 1890.

A new cavern, discoved in Giles County, Va., is said to surpass in extent and beauty that of Luray.

No wine in the Chicago World's Fair! No spirits! No Beer! Nothing that can intoxicate except the eloquence of Governor Fifer! That is the present programme, and a true temperance programme it is.

The efforts to secure a charter for the Louisiana Lottery in North Dakota are being renewed with great energy. The State is swarming with agents of the lottery, and it is said that $5,000,000 will be expended with a view to securing the election of a Governor and Legislature favorable to the scheme.

Alfred T. Ferrine, who is said to have invented the gatling gun, and to have received $3,000 for his idea, has just died in Cincinnati in straightened circumstances. He was at one time worth $150,000, but fired it all away in the great battle of Speculation.

Mrs. Cole, of Fredericksburg, Va., made a pointed observation some days ago. It was a tiny projection from her side, that of a needle that she had swallowed, she says, forty years ago, and which has caused her no pain or inconvenience since.

A German living in the Black Forest has constructed a clock which is warranted to run without further winding untill the year 9999. This is the nearest approach th perpetual motion that has been achieved since Senator Blair stopped talking about his Educational bill.

A couple of Johnstown Pa., lands named Conway were sent after milk last evening and one of them stopped on the way to bathe in the river, when he was drowned. Before going down for the last time he called out to his brother: "Steve, be sure and take the milk home."

A Bible has just been rediscovered in the Vatican library which is in Hebrew. It is supposed to be the oldest in the world, and is valued at $100,000. It is so weighty that it requires two men to lift it, the binding being in heavy metal. In the year 1512, the Jews of Venice offered Pope Julius II its weight in gold for it, but though he was financially straitened just then he refused the offer.

Assuming the estimate that the population of the United States is now 65,000,000, the increase this century "is almost as great as that of the entire population of Spain, as great as that of Mexico and Canada together, or as Belgium, the Netherlands and Portugal combined." No wonder that problems of government have confronted us rapidly.

The Boston Globe correspondent at Burlington interviewed 204 of the 300 members of the Vermont Democratic State convention last week in regard to Presidential preferences with the following result: For President—Cleveland, 167; Hill, 27; Whitney, 1. Second choice—Hill, 68; Cleveland 12; Whitney, 17; W. E. Russell, 2; Campbell 15; Carlisle 7; Mills, 6. Vice President—Campbell 40; Carlisle, 22; Gray, 24; Thurman, 6; W. H. Morrison, 4; J. M. Palmer, 5; Mills, 3; Chauncy M. Black, 2; Roswell P. Flower, 2; Wilson, of West Virginia, 2; Bayard, 1.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.,

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 6.—Tariff, silver and politics are the topics of Congressional consideration at present, and are likely to remain the subjects of attention for sometime to come. Some —— started a report that Congress would take a recess from July 1, to Oct. 1, but that is extremely improbable, as it would be difficult to keep a quorum here during the autumn season.

The solicitude of the members concerning their re-election is of more importance to many of them than the business before Congress; while those who don't expect to be re-elected will be altogether too indigerent about results to return before the next regular session. It is the general opinion now among Congressmen, and those best posted on the subject, that Congress will not adjourn before September 1.

The republicans of the House have determined to take the lead on the silver question, which the Senate has been wrestling with to no purpose, all this session. They will pass under suspension of the rules what is known as the "Cannon bill," which provides for the redemption of silver certificates in lawful money or bullion. It is expected to be somewhat amended to meet the views of the President. The extreme silver men complain that a good many republicans are deterred from taking a bold stand for free coinage, by their desire to stand well with the White House. They are beginning to feel a sense of the futility of passing a free coinage bill, now that it is not doubted that the president would interpose his veto. The constitution authorizes and encourages the President to recomend measures to Congress, and it seems that this would be an excellent time to obey this constitutional injunction in regard to the silver question. He fought shy of the subject in his message but said "at a later day I may communicate further with Congress on this subject." A message from him now would probably expedite a settlement of the long debated question.

Many of the extreme silver men are still confident that they will be able to pass a bill embodying their views, including free coinage in the Senate, but are doubtful of its passage in the House. They say that republicans in both branches of Congress are more concerned about retaining pleasant relations with the administration and the distribution of patronage, than settling a great economic question.

One of the ultra silver men has said that they intended to make an effort in the Senate to have the certificates made legal tender and further amend the pending measure as to make the bullion aggregate 4,500,000 ounces, instead of that many dollars worth monthly. They would follow this by offering a free coinage bill as a substitute. Should it pass, they will use their best endeavors to have the House follow their example, and take the chances of the Presidents veto. If the motion fails they will content themselves with the bill as amended.

The House republicans are more conservative and will endeavor to pass a bill of such tendencies, before the Senate can come to vote on the subject.

As for the tariff the republicans cannot agree. The McKinley and Allison divisions are as irreconcilable as were those of Randall and Morrison in the Democratic House of other days. Even the committee of the Senate that has the McKinley bill under examination is divided against itself, and will in the end substitute a measure totally different. This substitute bill, it is believed will be modeled on the lines of the Allison bill of two years ago, except that where changes occur, the duties will be lowered and not increased. It will probably be passed sometime in August. It is expected that when the Senate bill reaches the house the republicans will vote non-concur. This will send it to a committee of conference when the different items will be fought over indefinitely. The more prominent Senate democrats dont expect a tariff bill to be passed, and believe that the republicans will pursue this course in order to occupy a negative position in the Congressional elections this autumn. When the campaign begins they can say that their friends who are dissatisfied with certain items in the McKinley Bill that it is not proposed to pass that measure, but the Senate bill. A similar argument will be made to those objecting to items in the Senate bill.

The conference on the Army Appropriation report, included a recommendation that no intoxicating drinks should be supplied in canteens, or trader's stores in states and territories where prohibition exists. This provision was adopted by the Senate; 35 yeas, 8 nays.

There is no probability that the Senate bills for the admission of Idaho and Wyoming will be considered this session. The silver and tariff bills, and National election bill will have to be disposed of before any attention is given to state hood bills, but it is possible that political considerations may induce the republicans to admit the new states next session.

DENTAL NOTICE.

Dr. O. J. Campbell, will visit Edray, July 15th, and remain one week.

NOTICE.

All persons having accounts against the Board of Education of Huntersville District will present them for setlement at a meeting of the said Board to be held on Friday, June 13th, 1890.

By order of the President

JAS. W. WARWICK, Jr.,
Sec'y B. of E.

Fiduciaries.

The following is a list of Fiduciaries whose accounts are before me for settlement:

Geo. Hill, Ex'r of John W. Jordan dec'd.
Geo. Hill, Adm'r of Martha Jordan dec'd.
John A. McNeel, Guardian of Mary E. [illegible]

JAMES W. WARWICK.
Com'r of acc'ts for P. C.

NOTICE.

All persons due me as late proprietor of THE TIMES, on subscription, job printing advertising, &c., are requested to settle the same at once with John E. Campbell, and by so doing you will save trouble and costs.

JAS. B. CANFIELD.

NOTICE.

The Old Credit System has played out at Herold & Moore's. They will Sell for Cash or good produce only, after May 1st, 1890. Unless other special arrangements are made, our motto is, "Cash up, Quick sales and small profits.

Very respectfully,
HEROLD & MOORE,
Frost, W. Va.

ANNOUNCEMENS.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election at the next election as Clerk of the Circuit County Courts of Pocahontas county.

Feeling very grateful for past favors and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Most respectfully,
JOHN J. BEARD.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas County at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next, and if elected I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said offices to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,
S. L. [illegible]

To the voters of Pocahontas county.

I hereby announce myself candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County. Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,
E. MOORE.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff. Election Nov. 4th, 1890.

Respectfully,
J. ARBOGAST.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate, to represent the 4th Delegate Dist. composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster in the next Legislature of W. Va., subject to the future action of the Democratic party. If elected I pledge myself to faithfully discharge the duties of the trust to the best of my ability. Election Nov. 4th 1890.

Respectfully,
W. C. MANN.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent the Delegate District composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster in the next House of Delegate's subject to any action taken by the Democratic party to select a candidate.

Respectfully,
I. B. MOORE.

HOME NEWS

—Circuit Court next week.

—Take it easy on hot days.

—About time to prepare for haying.

—Are you ready for the census enumerator.

—N. J. Brown Esq. of Mill Point, was in town on Monday.

—Everybody come to court next week and come in to see us.

—Greenbrier's Circuit Court convened last Monday.

—Mr. J. T. Hogsett, of Mill Point, was in the city Monday.

—Maj. Arbogast, of Green Bank, was in Huntersville Tuesday.

—Quincy W. Poage, Esq., of Edray, was in the city Tuesday.

—Mr. Jno. Bolten, of Academy, was in Huntersville Monday.

—H. M. Lockridge, Esq., has returned for a few days from Buena Vista, Va.

—Our first page this week is an advertisement of the boom at Ronceverte. Read it.

—Mr. J. J. Beard, was up at Traveler's Repose a day or two last week.

—Justice Wm. H. Grose has been very sick with la grippe for a week past, but is able to be out again.

—Did you notice that fine head of hair at church last Sunday? That was Mrs. B——. She never permits herself to be out of Hall's Hair Renewer.

—"For a long time I had no appetite, was [illegible] at night, and very much debilitated. After taking two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, my strength and appetite returned, and my health was completely restored."

—Mr. Geo. McNeel, of Academy, was in town Tuesday, also S. L. Gibson, Esq. of [illegible] and Mr. Geo. [illegible], of Edray.

—A box of Ayer's Pills has saved many a fit of sickness. When a remedy does not happen to be within reach, people are liable to neglect slight ailments and, of course, if serious illness follows they have to suffer the consequences. "A stitch in time saves nine."

—Don't fail to hear ex Gov. Wilson, when he speaks at the Court next Monday.

—Remember the meeting of the Democratic Executive Committe called by the Chairman for next Monday. It is important that the members attend.

—Read Mr. Amos Barlow's ad. in this issue, and then go to his store and get the best bargain you have ever had in your life.

—On Tuesday, the 10th inst., S. L. Gibson, Geo. S. McNeel, Wm. Cleek, H. M. Lockridge and J. C. Arbogast, who were appointed commissioners by the Circuit Court, met in Hunterrville to assess the damages sustained by Wm. Curry and others on account of the new road and bridge proposed to be built opposite town. The County Court was represented by the Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic, and C. F. Moore appeared in behalf of Mr. Curry. The Commissioners proceeded to view the ground and to hear evidence introduced by the defendants; whereupon they made their report, allowing Mrs. Elizabeth McGlaughlin $20.00 the trustees of the grave yard $20.00 and Wm. Curry $250. Inasmuch as these sums are larger than the sums offered by the County Court, the Court will have to pay the costs of the proceedings.

Edray Items.

N. A. Williams & son are holding forth here preserving youthful beauty and doing it well.

Mess. S. B. and G. P. Moore are back from Green Bank, and report that they had a very pleasant time at the Musical Association held there last Friday and Saturday.

Mr. J. T. Black is in this district looking after the work and interests of a Farmer's Alliance for this vicinity.

This county cannot and will not "boom" until land owners show a different disposition from that now prevailing. The damages claimed are too high, when private property is to be dedicated to public use, and when mechanics want a lot none can be had for love or cash, about our villages.

Marlinton Pickings.

The pleasant and commodious house of John Poage, Esq., near Poage's Lane was consumed by fire Friday night May 30th. The inmates barely escaped with their lives. Very little of the furniture was saved. Mr. Poage had just returned from marketing his wool and most of the family supplies were consumed along with fifty dollars in money. The fire is believed to be of incendiary origin, as there seems to be no other way to account for it, that is satisfactory. Loss about $1,200.

Mr. Kenny Moore a very worthy young man of this vicinity was seriously injured in Webster Co., a week or two since. He was occupied in driving logs, and in the attempt to break a jam, his leg was fractured in two places the intermediate bone splitting from fracture to fracture. Soon after this, he was seized with mumps and anxious fears are trembling his friends as to the result of this complicated casualty.

J. K. S.

Dunmore Doings.

Warm and dry.

A. N. Jackson, has returned from Huttonsville, and will start for Ronceverte to morrow.

Miss Birdie Moore, of Huttonsville is visiting here.

Miss Ollie Cackley will be home this week from Richmond.

Cols. John Driscol and C. E. Bird, of Ronceverte, spent last Sunday at Dunmore. They also attended the singing convention at Green Bank on last Friday and Saturday. We like to see men like those gentlemen. They have hearts as large as a bake oven. They contributed for the organ at Green Bank $20.00 and for the organ at Dunmore $7.00. They never stand back for a good cause.

The Musical Association was largely attended and well represented. We expect a big boom in singing this summer, and hope that all may take part in the good work.

Singing every Wednesday night at Dunmore, conducted by Prof. J. A. Taylor, every Thursday night at Green Bank, conducted by Prof. G. D. Oliver and every Sunday at 2 p. m., at X Roads School house, conducted by Prof. C. B. Swecker, assisted by Miss Alice Rayburn, also singing at the upper end of the county conducted by Profs. O. W. Ruckman and C. C. Arbogast.

Our merchant Mr. R. L. Nottingham will have two wagons this week, with goods.

"Uncle" Sam Sutton as he is called by all who know him, has a heifer 13 months old that has been giving milk every since she was 9 months old. She is a natural milker.

Several rattle snakes have been killed this hot weather.

There were 46 scholars enrolled at the Sunday school at X Roads last Sunday evening.

Everybody should go to Huntersville next Monday to hear ex-Governor Wilson speak.

Auctioneer Swecker will attend court next week.

TRAVELER.

A Farmer's Alliance At Locust.

A number of citizens of Locust W. Va., Pocahontas County assembled at the Droop school house on the 5th day of June, 1890, for the purpose of discussing the propriety of organizing themselves together as a body known as the Farmer's Alliance.

On motion Mr. Thomas F. Callison was elected temporary chairman and Edwin L. Beard Sec'y pro tem. The Chairman called upon Mr. J. T. Black the agent for the State of W. Va., to explain the object of the meeting which he did in a very able and satisfactory manner, after which Mr. Henry N. Hannah was elected Treasurer pro tem.

There being nineteen male members enrolled—a sufficient number present—were organized into an alliance to be known as Locust Alliance. Where upon the following officers were duly elected:

Edwin L. Beard, Pres.; Richard Callison, Vice-Pres.; Henry N. Hannah, Secy.; Wm. H. Callison, Treasurer; Thos. F. Callison, Lecturer; Jacob W. Beard, Asst.-Lecturer; Mason Williams, Door-keeper; Jonathan Cochran, Serg't-at-Arms; Business Agent,——.

On motion Thos. F. Callison and L. S. Cochran, were elected delegates to attend the organization of the County alliance of Huntersville on June 21st, 1890.

EWIN L. BEARD, Sec'y pro tem.

COMMENCEMENTS.

The Hillsboro Training School and M. & F. Academy.

The third annual Commencement of the Hillsboro Training school, conducted by the Misses Shearer, took place last Thursday night in the presence of one of the largest audiences ever assembled in Hillsboro.

The exercises were opened by prayer by Rev. Christopher Sydenstricker followed by a number of excellent Recitations, Declamations and many things too numerous to mention separately.

Among the best things of the evening were a Declamation "False and True Glory," by Mr. Jasper Auldridge. "The Bell drill," by 16 boys and girls. "Stretching Things 13," rec. by Miss Jennie Bolten and Master Marshall Isabel. "A Name," a speech by Mr. Norval Clark. "The Lost Hymn," a rec. by Miss L. D. Marshall. "Josiah Allen's Wife at A. T. Stewart's Store," select reading by Miss Annie McNeel. "The Death Bed of Benedict Arnold," dec. by Mr. Gus Eskridge. "Seven living cities claimed a Homer dead Through which a living Homer begged his bread," essay by Miss Addie Williams.

"The May Pole Drill," was another delightful feature of the evening. Eight ribbons were wound around the Pole so as to form checks, and arrows were shot through eight floral triangles, and finally a mark was placed upon the stage and the young lady who hit the centre was to receive a handsome boquet, which was presented to Miss Lillie Hull, of Edray, she being the only one of the eight who hit the centre. The fair marksmen carried bows and arrows handsomely decked with ribbon.

The address by Rev. C. Sydenstricker was very good, as was acknowledged by hearty applause as he took his seat.

The music on this occasion was very fine and consisted of marches, songs and duets. The National song, a quartette, by Misses Rose and Needa Shearer and Mess. Gus Eskridge and Jasper Auldridge, was given up by the large audience to be the best thing of its kind we have ever had here. One and all did jutice to their teachers, and showed careful training and forethought.

THE HILLSBORO M. & F. ACADEMY.

The entertainment given by Prof. Hankla at the close of the M. & F. Academy, on the evening of May 30th, was also a most enjoyable affair and consisted of many good recitations, declamations. Dialogues, &c. All of the scholars acquitted themselves creditably. Among the things deserving special mention were the declamations by Mess. Winters and Summers McNeel, Clarence Overholt, Willie Wysong and Frank Hill, and recitation by Miss Sallie Hamilton. The dialogues were all amusing and caused much merriment. All expressed themselves as well pleased. The music was furnished by Misses Mary I. McNeel and Annie Wallace and Mess. G. F. Crummett and Mott Wallace assisted in the singing.

YANINA.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held for the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, in the State of West Virginia, at the Clerk's office of said Court on the First Monday in June 1890.

Jacob Castle, *Plaintiff*,
vs.
Geo. C. McLaughlin, Defendant.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to collect for the plaintiff, Jacob Castle, from the defendant, Geo. C. McLaughlin the sum of $115 with accrued interest, and to subject to sale for the payment thereof and the costs of this suit, a tract of about 175 acres of land in Pocahontas County, W. Va., belonging to said defendant which has been attached in this suit; And it appearing by affidavit that the defendant Geo. C. McLaughlin is not a resident of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that he appear here within one month after the date of the first publication hereof and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

C. F. MOORE, Sol.
June 5-4t
Printer's fee [illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

June 12, 1890.

"Why are you fumbling in my overcoat pocket?" he asked, as he glanced from his paper.

"I'm looking for a letter," replied his wife.

"Why, my dear, you don't suppose—"

"No, I don't," she interrupted, "I'm looking for the one I gave you to mail last week."

Farmer (hiring help at Castle Garden)—"Pat, if you want to work for me, I'll give you $25 a month and your board."

Patrick O'Flynn (just landed)—"Faix, an' is that same the highest rate of wages they be payin' in this counthry?"

Farmer (facetiously)—"Well, they're paying about $15 a day in Congress."

Patrick—"Thin, begorra, oi'll go to Congriss."

Generous to A Fault.

A friend sends us the following story which may be a little gray with the frost of time, though we do not recall seeing in print, we insert it, anyhow, with the thought that "there's nothing new under the sun."

A young gentleman and a young lady were attending a wedding.—their own wedding, by the way. After the ceremony was over, the groom, in a business-like manner, asked the minister for a statement of account. The parson told him the law allowed him three dollars. The happy groom said, in a generous tone of voice, handing him a fifty-cent piece: "this, with what the law allows you, will make it three dollars and a half.

Time Works Wonders.

One of our nouveaux riches, who was desirous of having his father's portrait sketched, went to the painter and made known his desire. The artist asked to see him who was to be painted, but was informed that it was impossible, as the old gentleman had taken up his permanent residence in the cemetery.

"Well, you have a photograph of him, haven't you?" was the next question.

"Got a photograph of him? Well I guess I wouldn't be a comin' 'round here to get his portrait painted if I had a picture of him already," was the reply.

At that moment a portrait of Moses that was hanging by the studio caught his eye, and he said:

"Who's that?"

"That's a picture of Moses," was the reply.

"Well, if you could paint that old fellow, who lived centuries ago, I don't see why you can't paint my father, who died only a few years ago."

The artist immediately seized upon his prey, as he said:

"Well, come around here in a week, and I'll have your father's portrait painted."

The artist for the following seven days busied himself in constructing an old man after his own ideas, and when the customer arrived at the studio he disclosed the result of his

ingenuity and said:

"There sir is your father."

The Croesus was amazed. He backed aghast at the picture and only found breath to say:

"Lord, how the old man has changed."

SUBSCRIB

—FOR THE—

POCAHONTAS

TIMES,

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry. It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interst to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

One year in advance	$1.00
If not paid within 6 months	1.25
And at the end of the year	1.50

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Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Drug Envelopes, Tags, Business Cards, Official Blanks, Blank Bonds, Posters, Briefs for the Court of Appeals etc.

GET THEM AT "THE TIMES"

JOB OFFICE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Ct.,	A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney,	L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,	M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,	L. Wilfrold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Ct's,	J. Beard.
Assessor,	C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct.	S. Beard, S. Hanna, G. Moore.
Co. Surveyor,	Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October. County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July's levy term.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, June 19, 1890. Terms of Subscription: $1.00 per year in advance. No. 47.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

June 19, 1890.

Ed Van Metere, an educated Sioux Indian has been admitted to practice law before the Dakota circuit courts.

On Sunday last Rev. Sam Jones commensed a series of meeting in Richmond, to be continued three times daily until the 29th inst. The first meetings were attended by from 9,000 to 10,000 people, on each occasion, embracing the best of the citizens of the city.

Preparations are being made to take out a section of the big Red wood for the purpose of exhibition at the World's Fair in 1893. This will be the largest section of any big tree measures ninety feet in circumference and thirty feet in diameter.

The President's wife, Mrs. Harrison, has been presented by a syndicate of friends, with an elegant cottage at Cape May, which she will occupy during the present summer. She is a most accomplished and charming lady, and the gift a recognition of her popularity.

The population of Ireland continues to decline, and appears to have dropped some 50,000 in number during the past year. The lowest point of this present century has now been reached. Its zenith was in 1845, when there were 8,250,000. The estimate for to-day is 3,500,000.

In the year 1700 there was but one newspaper in the United States. In 1870 there were 5,871; this year there are 16,310, and the total for the United States and Canada being 17,107. In 1870 there were but 14,000 periodicals printed in the whole world. Now, however, there are in the United States alone 12,791 weeklies, 1,998 monthlies and 1,584 dailies.

GOV. WILSON AT HUNTERSVILLE.

On Monday last one of the largest audiences that has greeted a public speaker in this county for many years assembled at the court house to hear Gov. Wilson.

The Governor was at his best and held the large audience with marked attention for two hours and a half, while he addressed himself particular to the condition of our farmers and clearly pointed out the remedy for their wrongs. His speech was based on facts and figures that could not be gainsayed, was logical throughout, and delivered with that forceful eloquence peculiar to himself.

The general impression was good; and although he said not a word against any one else, and spoke for the party rather than himself, his speech made him many personal friends beside strengthening the Democratic ranks.

The Gov. is a charming man in his personal intercourse; and while sufficiently dignified, he is easily approached and freely commingles with the people. Many of our citizens were persuaded that we could not do better than to send him to the next Congress.

Democratic Executive Committee.

The Democratic Executive Committee, at its meeting in Huntersville, on Monday last, determined to to hold a primary election on the second Tuesday in September for the purpose of selecting a County ticket.

It was also ordered that on Saturday, July 26 a mass meeting be held in each District of the County for the purpose of selecting delegates to the State, Congressional and Senatorial Conventions and also to the joint-convention held by the counties of Pocahontas and Webster for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the legislature: Each District to appoint three delegates to each of the foregoing convention.

The chairman of the Committee was instructed to confer with the executive committee of Webster county, and, if concurred in by said Committee of Webster, to call a joint convention of the two counties to meet at Huntersville on the second Saturday in August for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the Legislature.

Inasmuch as it is conceded that Pocahontas county is entitled to the candidate for the State Senate and for the Legislatures, it is recommended that the delegates from this county to each of these two conventions before going into said conventions determine among themselves who is the county's favorite candidate and enter said conventions with but one candidate and thus give the support of the County to the man preferred by the majority.

It was also determined that all persons, whatever their previous party affiliations may have been, shall be allowed to vote at the primary election, provided they pledge themselves to support the nominees of said election when they vote at the general election.

The committee adjourned to meet on call of the Chairman.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 13.—

Hon. Commisioner Raum of the Pension Bureau, is to follow the inglorious retreat of Corporal Tanyer.

A resolution has been filed in the House directing the committee on Invalid Pensions to inquire into charges that have been filed with the President relative to the conduct of the Pension Bureau. The charges against the commissioner are scandalous almost beyon belief to those unacquainted with the process by which pensions are obtained. For one gifted with ordinary intelligence there is no necessity for any lawer, or mediator, in the prosecution of a pension cla m. The blanks showing the evidence required are furnished direct, on application, from the department. There is no occassion for a lawyer unless the applicant is unable to write. The idea of having an attorney here to look after the clients interests is a mistake that brings large returns to the pockets of the so colled pension attorneys, but their clients derive benefit for the expense.

To employ an attorney here is simply an additional expense to an applicant for pension, who pays all the law allows for the simple sake of letting the correspondence with department pass through his attorney's hands. Then it is usually necessary to apply to some Justice of the Peace or poor local lawyer, to have the affidavits of witnesses drawn who charges specially for each occassion what he could do for nothing, if the Washington lawyer didn't hold the case. The advantage of the Washington attorney is not to be seen, and he is regarded in his true light by those acquainted with his methods. That is as a confidence man who preys upon the ignorance of the old soldier. He is thoroughly despised by reputable lawyers, but like the quack doctors, he learned a scheme to make money and flourishes. Tanner dropped on to the trick while he conducted the Pension Bureau, and since his expulsion has been practicing the tricks learned there. In an interview this week in one of the Washington papers, in a ebullition of joy he announced that he had made $100,000 in the last year as pension attorney, and expected his yearly income to soon reach the figures $400,000. This opportunity might be a great temptation to whom it be presented, but the poor ignoramuses that pay for it ought to open their eyes. Since his exposure people begin to wonder why the President ever appointed Gen. Raum to the office. At the time he was practically at head of the firm of Green B. Raum & Co., pension attorneys. The other members of the firm, were his sons, John and Green B. Jr. Upon the installatment of his father into office Green B., was appointed Chief of the Appointment Division of the Bureau, and John was left in charge of the office where he has continued to do a flourishing business for the firm. He has been furnished in advance with decisions from the department, which he conveyed to his patrons in solicitation of their claims. He has had his cases made special and called out of the regular order at pleasure, with no reason to offer but the inherent prerogative of the firm.

On the night of March 15, 1890, Miss Grace Gudley, of Amboy, Ill., retired for the night as usual. She has been sweetly sleeping ever since. Her breathing is natural; her face retains its fresh beauty and brightness. Medical men at home and abroad have been called to consult over and prescribe for her case, but all to no effect. She was sleeping soundly at last account, with no indication of a change in her condition.

It is stated that the Armours, the great meat packers and dealers of Chicago, last year killed 1,200,000 hogs, 600,000 cattle and 250,000 sheep—$5,000,000 worth more than during the year previous. They emyloyed 6,000 men, to whom they paid $3,000,000—or an average of $500 a piece for the year, or $1.66⅔ cents per day. There are several other slaughtering and packing establishments in the West—notably in Chicago and Kansas City—each of which does a large business annually.

DENTAL NOTICE.

Dr. O. J. Campbell, will visit Edray, July 15th, and remain one week.

NOTICE.

All persons having accounts against the Board of Education of Huntersville District will present them for setlement at a meeting of the said Board to be held on Friday, June 13th, 1890.

By order of the President

JAS. W. WARWICK, Jr.,
Se'cy B. of E.

Fiduciaries.

The following is a list of Fiduciaries whose accounts are before me for settlement:

Geo. Hill, Ex'r of John M. Jordan dec'd.
Geo. Hill, Adm'r of Martha Jordan dec'd.
John A. McNeel, Guardian of Mary B. Herbert.

JAMES W. WARWICK,
Com'r of acc'ts for P. C.

NOTICE.

All persons due me as late proprietor of THE TIMES, on subscription, job pri ting advertising, &c., are requested to settle the same at once with John E. Campbell, and by so doing you will save trouble and costs.

JAS. B. CANFIELD.

NOTICE.

The Old Credit System has played out at Herold & Moore's. They will Sell for Cash or good produce only, after May 1st, 1890. Unless other special arrangements are made, our motto is, "Cash up, Quick sales and small profits.

Very respectfully,
HEROLD & MOORE.
Frost, W. Va.

[AN]NOUNCEMENTS.

I [an]nounce myself as a can[di]date [for r]e-election at the next elec[tion for Cler]k of the Circuit and County [Courts of] Pocahontas county.

[V]ery grateful for past favors, and [ask]ing your support at the next [elect]ion.

Most respectfully,
JOHN J. BEARD.

To [Vo]ters of Pocahontas County.

I [hereby] announce myself a candi[date for C]lerk of the Circuit and Coun[ty Courts] of Pocahontas County at the [election to] be held on the 4th day of Nov next, and, if elected, I pledge [myself to] discharge the duties of said [office to] the best of my ability. [Your s]upport is solicited.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

To [V]oters of Pocahontas County.

[I here]by announce myself a candi[date for] the office of Clerk of the Coun[ty Court] of Pocahontas County. Your [sup]port is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,
E. H. MOORE.

To Voters of Pocahontas County.

[I here]by announce myself a candidate [for the] office of Sheriff. Election Nov. 4th.

Respectfully,
J. C. ARBOGAST.

[To] Voters of Pocahontas County.

[I he]reby announce myself a candi[date] to represent the 4th Delegate [District] composed of the Counties of Po[cahon]tas and Webster, in the next Leg[islatu]re of W. Va., subject to the fu[ture a]ction of the Democratic party. If [elect]ed I pledge myself to faithfully [dis]charge the duties of the trust to the [best] of my ability. Election Nov. 4th.

Respectfully,
W. C. MANN.

[To] the Voters of Pocahontas County.

[I] hereby announce myself as a candi[date] to represent the Delegate District [com]posed of the Counties of Pocahon[tas] and Webster in the next House of [Del]egate's: subject to any action taken [by] the Democratic party to select a [can]didate.

Respectfully,
I. B. MOORE.

HOME NEWS

—C. B. Swecker, Esq., of Dun[m]ore was in to see us this week.

—Rev. J. W. McNeil will conduct [s]ervices at Mt. Pleasant next Sun[d]ay at 4. p. m.

—Quite a number of persons [c]alled to see us this week while at court.

—Ex-Gov. E. W. Wilson was in our town from Sunday last at noon until Tuesday afternoon, the guest of C. F. Moore.

—The famous Barrett and McAl lister chancery suit, which was sent back from the Court of Appeals for further proceeding, was again decided in favor of the Plaintiff, Frank Barrett.

—There will be one of the grandest picnic's ever in the county on July 4th, in the sugar grove a short distance above Mr. H. M. Lockridge's on Knapp's creek.

—The funeral sermon of the late Mr. Alexander Barlow, will be preached in the Methodist church at Edray at 11 o'clock a. m. the second Sunday in July.

—The bald man's motto: "There is no room at the top." This top may be supplied with a good crop of fine hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer. Try it.

—The benefits of vacation season may be greatly enhanced, if, at the same time, the blood is being cleansed and vitalized by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A good appetite, fresh vigor, and buoyant spirits attend the use this wonderful medicine.

—Next Saturday and Sunday, June 21st and 22nd, the first Quarterly meeting services of Huntersville circuit, M. E. Church South will be held in Huntersville. Presiding Elder S. G. Ferguson, of Lewisburg will be present. The present announcements for the occasion are as follows: Saturday 3 o'clock p. m., meeting of the Quarterly conference; Sunday 9 a. m. Love Feast and 11 a. m. preaching Sacramental services conducted by the Presiding elder. The Sabbath School will give way to these services. Other announcements will be made in due time.

—The following are the Attorneys attending court here this week from a distance: E. B. Knight, of Charleston; Wm. M. McAlister, Geo. Revercomb and Jno. Stephenson, of Warm Springs, Va.; C. P. Jones, Monterey; J. W. Arbuckle, of Lewisburg; Geo. Skeen, of Covington R. S. Turk, of Staunton.

—On Tuesday the 17th the Huntersville Farmers Alliance was organized with the following temporary officers: M. A. Friel, president; H. T. White, vice pres.; C. R. Moore, secretary; S. P. Curry, treasurer; Wm. F. Ervine, chaplain; H. M. Lockridge, lecturer; Wm. H. Clark, asst. lecturer; Chas. L. Moore, door keeper; C. P. Corbett, asst. door keeper; Geo. Dilley, sargt. at arms. The following persons were appointed delegates to the County Alliance to be organized at Huntersville on Saturday, 21st: M. D. McGlaughlin W. H. Grose, H. T. White and C. R. Moore.

A CARD.

Since announcing myself a candidate for Clerk of the County and Circuit Courts of Pocahontas county, I have ascertained that a majority of the people of this county are in favor of electing two Clerks, a different person to each office, and not having the same person hold both offices, as at present. Not caring to antagonize the wishes of the people in any way, I have withdrawn as a candidate for Clerk of the Circuit Court and will run for the County Court Clerkship only. This will give me an opportunity to devote my attention to the one office.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Hillsboro Male and Female Academy will be run during the coming session by Prof. C. A. Brown, of Va., assisted by Miss Grace L. Clark, of this county, who has recently graduated at Lewisburg Female Institute. More extensive announcements will appear in THE TIMES in a few weeks.

Douthard's Creek Items.

Misses Birdie Moore, of Randolph county and Mary Cackley, of Dunmore were visiting Miss Minnie McElwee a few days last week.

Mrs. Henry Hull and daughter Miss Grace are visiting Mrs. Henry Sharp.

B. F. White, of Frost, is home for a few days on business.

Mr. F. M. White, wife, little son and Miss Sallie White, of Mill Point, were visiting at Mr. H. White's a day or two last week.

Miss Sadie Hannah, of Elk is visiting at her grand-father's Mr. Henry White.

Hillsboro Locals.

Quite a crowd from Hillsboro and vicinity attended the basket meeting at Swago last Sunday.

Prof. Young and daughter and Miss Maybelle Feamster, of Lewisburg and Miss Nettie Campbell, of Union, Monroe Co., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Clark.

Miss Grace Clark has returned from the Lewisburg Female Institute where she graduated with honors the present session.

Mr. F. A. Renick left for Alderson Saturdry to bring his daughter Jossie home. She has been attending the select school taught at that place by Miss Converse and will be accompanied home by Miss Converse and Miss Abbie Alderson for a few days visit.

Miss Annie Wallace, of Mill Point is visiting friends in Virginia.

Miss G. M. Shearer left for a short visit to Elk, Edray and other places in this county.

Mrs. Joseph McNeel is visiting her parents in Huntersville.

Miss Mattie Hill, at the time of this writing is very ill with diphtheria.

Mr. Uriah Bird's family, of Mill Point, are suffering from measels.

The mumps have at last made their disappearance from Hillsboro and no new cases of measles are reported.

Dr. Jas. Larue and family are visititing relatives in Greenbrier county.

Mrs. Geo. L. Clark has returned from a visit to her parents at Frankford, W. Va.

JAMIMA.

Wayside Notes.

For exquisite loveliness of natural scenery, and promising attractive families, the community associated with Liberty church, near Green Bank cannot be easily surpassed.

An incident of recent and rather rare occurrence anywhere, is worthy of special notice and commendation.

Quite a number of the young people have been interested in repairing and furnishing Liberty Meeting House, just because it was a building devoted to the worship of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. The young gentlemen, one of them a workman of more than ordinary skill for one so young, met and repaired the vestibule in a very substancial manner, erected spacious upping platforms, and fixed hitching places, giving their labor for days as a free gift.

The young ladies have furnished an organ of superior excellence, a lamp of 324 candle power and renovated the pulpit, and have more improvements in prospect, all too for Christ, no other motive apparant.

Twenty minutes past two o'clock, Monday afternoon, June the 9th, little Clifford, the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Brown, was borne away to be with Jesus, who loves him. Though his sufferings were heart-reuding to his parents and greatly attached sisters and brothers, still they are greatly sustained by the consolations of christian faith, so the writer learns from a very touching letter written by his father, "Little did I think, while listening to your sermon last Sunday week, on the death of Mr. and Mrs. Lightner's little one, that we would be so soon called to mourn a similar loss, but such is our lot. Poor little son he was pure, he had no sins to atone for, he needed no preparations, he was prepared to go at any time, so we feel and think."

May the loving Father remember all of the afflicted over in that community, and make them glad according to days wherein He has afflicted them.

W. T. P.

Circuit Court Proceedings.

The following are the proceedings of the Circuit Court, which convened in Huntersville Monday, 16th, Judge Campbell failing to attend, Attorney J. W. Arbuckle was made Judge:

STATE CASES.

State of W. Va., vs. Thomas Scott, carrying deadly weapons, continued.

Same vs. Henry Church, larceny, continued.

Same vs. Wm. Carter, carrying deadly weapons, continued.

Same vs. Jno. Darnell, misdemeanor continued.

Same vs. Earl Nottingham, misdemeanor continued.

Same vs. Willis Cutlip, carrying deadly weapons, ordered that a capias be issued in six cases.

Same vs. Earl Nottingham, felony, ordered that a capias be issued in two cases.

Same vs. E. E. Sharp, misdemeanor, confessed judgment for $10,00 and costs.

Same vs. Wm. Cutlip, carrying deadly weapons, not guilty.

Same vs. John F. Wanless, misdemeanor, fined 10,00 and costs.

Same vs. B. N. Galford felony, not guilty.

Samuel Cooper, a native of Russia, declared on oath his intention of becoming a citizen of the U. S.

Daniel Cooper, same.

George Bambrick, a native of Canada, same.

Edward Quinn, same.

S. Hackerman, a native of Russia same.

Nathan Baber, same.

State of W. Va., vs. H. M. Lockridge, carrying deadly weapons not guilty.

Same vs. J. W. Geiger, disturbing school exhibition, acquitted.

Same vs. Jas. Webb, carrying deadly weapons, acqu'ted.

Same vs Howard Vandevender, carrying deadly weapons, acquitted.

S. L. Brown, jailor, was allowed $163.50 for boarding prisoners.

W. H. Grose, justice was allowed $15.00 for the trial of Nathan Green.

John L. Hudson, appellee vs. Henry Sheets, appellant, judgment for $7.03.

County Court vs. Wm. Curry and others to condemn land for public roads, report of the Commissioners' confirmed.

A good Story comes from the Pension office at Washington, via the Chicago News: "Some time ago a claimant for a pension submitted an affidavit from a physician at Duluth, testifying to his disability, and to the fact that it was the result of his service during the war. Recently the case came up, when a letter was written to the postmaster of Duluth asking whether the doctor was a regular practioner and a man of truth and varacity. The reply came in due time, in which the postmaster said that he had spent his entire life with the physician in question, and believed him to be a man of good character. During his youth, unlike George Washington, he had told some falsehoods, but had been soundly whipped for them and had learnt better; therefore in his old age, he was able to stick to facts as well as any citiezn. Then he signed his name, which was the same as that of the physician, and it appears that the postmaster and the physician are one and the same person."

The Potter's Field, at Philadelphia, is to give up 6,000 dead bodies to be cremated. Cremation, may not in this generation or the next become the popular mode of disposing of the bodies of the dead, but the day is coming when sanitary consideration will popularize the crematory, and the custom of encenderazing the dead become the universal custom.

The two wealthiest women in Philadelphia, both widows, are said to be Mrs. Thomas H. Powers and Mrs. Thomas A. Scott. It is stated that they are worth between $6,000,000 and $8,000,000 each.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$1 00	$2 00	$3 00	$5 00
Three in.	2 50	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

June 19, 1890.

As Others See Us.

Miss Poesy—You would never be an editor, would you, Lyric.

Lyric Verse—Oh, no; but why do you ask?

Miss Poesy—They're are such a coarse, horrid, contemptable set of creatures. Do you know that just after we were engaged, I wrote to an editor, over an assumed name, of course, and asked him how I could best show my love for you.

L. V.—Well?

Miss P.—Well, the reply came out in the "Answers to Correspondents" column. He said that I might tell my mother she need never show her face 'round our future home.

L. V.—Horrors.

Miss Poesy—And I might bestow my income unreservedly upon you, and take in sewing to supply my own necessities. Lyric, dear, (with a rising sob,) I used to have ambitions for you, and want you to lead a literary and intellectual life; but now I would rather you should be a butcher than an editor. There's some refinement about butchering.

L. V. (with pent up emotion)—That's so!

A cousin from a Western ranch is visiting the Bellinghams, of Boston.

The Cousin (at lunch)—Them stuffed olives is the most all fired elegant things I ever got my teeth intil."

Baby Bellingham (aged two, in a whisper)—"Mamma, this man is literally dreadful. Suppose any of our friends should see that use of the knife. And if he persists in his criminally ungrammatical language, I am absolutely certain I shall have an attack of nervous prostration."

"What are we waiting on, conductor?" asked a passenger from Chicago, when the train came to standstill.

"We are waiting on the track," replied the conductor, who was a Boston man.

Chicago Tribune: The railway accident had been a terrible one, and one of the men who were carrying the thirty-seventh victim up the embankment said with strong feeling:

"Somebody will have to pay dearly for all this!"

The mangled passenger opened his eyes and glared at the speaker.

"The company is not to blame," he said feebly; "this is a dispensation of Providence!"

He was the attorney for the road.

Mabel—The man who marries me must have a good big bank account."

Ethel—You don't mean to say you will marry solely for money?"

Mabel—No, not exactly; but if any one swears he loves me I shall require a deposit merely as an evidence of good faith."

sUBSCRIBe

—FOR THE—

POCAHONTAS TIMES,

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry. It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interest to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

One year in advance	$1.00
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Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Drug Envelopes, Tags, Business Cards, Official Blanks, Blank Bonds, Posters, Briefs for the Court of Appeals etc.

GET THEM AT THE TIMES

JOB OFFICE,

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court,	A. N. Campb[ell]
Prosecuting Attorney,	L. M. McClin[tic]
Sheriff,	M. J. McN[eel]
Deputy Sheriff,	L. W. Her[illegible]
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts,	J. J. Be[illegible]
Assessor,	C. O. Arbog[ast]
Com'rs Co. Ct.	C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor,	Geo. Bax[ter]

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the fi[rst] Monday in April, 3rd Monday in Ju[ly] and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the [illegible] Tuesday in January, March, Octob[er] and second Tuesday in July. July levy term.

C. F. MOORE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.

Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,

Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Our Hotel is new, large and comfortable, and no paines will be spared to keep a first-class house in every respect.

Horses well provided for.

Charges reasonable.

G. W. WAGNER, Proprietor.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, June 26, 1890. Terms of Subscription: $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 48.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

MR. & MRS. BOWSER.

An expressman brought up a small jag of lumber the other afternoon and left it at the barn, and when Mr. Bowser came home I mentioned the fact, and asked what he intended to do with it.

"It's for screen doors for the front doors," he replied.

"Carpenter coming up to make them?"

"Haven't engaged any."

"Mr. Bowser, you are not going to try to make them yourself?"

"There won't be any trying about it. I shall proceed to make and hang them."

"I'm afraid you can't do it. It's a nice piece of joiner work to make a screen door, especially one for the front of the house."

"I am well aware of that," he said as he stroked his chin in a complacent way. "Haven't I got about $50 worth of tools? Don't I know how to handle them?"

"I—I wish you had given your order at the shop, as other folks do."

"I'll be hanged if I pay any $8 for a pair of doors when I can make 'em for $3! You are always dead set against anything I undertake!"

"Mr. Bowser, you can't make a screen door. You can't hang one. Don't blame me when the failure comes."

"Blame you! Are you getting crazy? If those doors are not a success you won't hear a word of fault from me—not a peep. I was thinking of ordering them, but being you have stuck your nose up so high, I'll make 'em now just to show you that I can do it."

And the next morning he put on an old suit and went out to the barn and before 9 o'clock he had measured four different times for those doors. At last he got the dimensions to suit, and I heard him sawing off the strips. About 11 o'clock I went out and found the stuff all cut to lengths, and Mr. Bowser was making half mortices at the end.

"Aren't our front doors higher than this?" I asked as I picked up one of the side pieces.

"Haven't you any housework to see to?" he brusquely replied.

"You've got 'em a foot too short."

"Oh, have I, eh? Some folk's eyes are better than a carpenter's rule."

I went back into the house, but it wasn't long before I saw him sneaking around to the front with one of the pieces. I watched him as he tried it, and it was all of the twelve inches short. Mr. Bowser scratched his ear, growled like a bear, and looked as foolish as a boy caught in a harvest apple tree. Ten minutes later he was at the telephone ordering more stuff.

"Were they too short?" I asked as he hung up the trumpet.

"N—no, but I thought I'd get heavier stuff, he mumbled as he shot out doors.

The stuff came up after dinner, and it was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when he put one of the frames together and stood it up in the door. I went out, and as he began to smile with satisfaction I said:

"Mr. Bowser, that door is squeegawed."

"Squeegawed! Squeegawed! What does that stand for in the back counties?"

"Your door is wider at the bottom than at the top."

"It can't be!"

"Just your own eyes will convince you. There's an inch difference!"

"Never. I'll bet you a million dollars there isn't a hair's breadth."

I ran for my tapeline and soon proved that the difference was over an inch.

"Oh, well, I can fix that in a moment," he said, but it was 9 o'clock that evening before he came in. Then he had pounded one of his fingers with the hammer, run a tack into his thumb, got a bad hurt from a brad-awl, and half a dozen times during the night he groaned out in his sleep about mortises, tenons, hinges, springs, etc., and once I heard him exclaim:

"Fit! Why, if they don't fit I'll knock the infernal old house down!"

"It was 10 o'clock next forenoon when I went out to the barn. He had a door covered with the wire cloth, and proudly called my attention to it.

"Which is the outside of the door?" I asked:

"Why, the side this way, of course."

"Then you've tacked the cloth on the inside!"

"That's where it belongs."

"You never saw it there, Mr. Bowser—never! And look at the way you have tacked the stuff on. It's humped up in dozen different places, because you pulled it askew."

"There isn't one bump—not the sign of a bump! I'll give any man a billion dollars to make a better job of it! All that door needs now is painting.

"But don't they paint the frames before they tack the cloth on? How are you going to paint the inside of the frame?"

"Don't you worry yourself about this job. Mrs. Bowser, I wasn't born alongside of a huckleberry marsh!"

But after I had gone away he tore off the wire and painted the frame, and next morning he covered the other. That night Mr. Bowser kicked around in his sleep in the most awful manner, and at about 2 o'clock in the morning he suddenly sat up in the bed and exclaimed:

"Squeegawed! I'll bet you four hundred thousand billion dollars against a cent that they are as plumb as a rule."

Mr Bowser had been at work an hour next morning before I went out. He had the doors at the front, and he seemed to have some trouble about hanging them.

"You see what you've done, don't you?" I asked after a survey of the scene.

"I don't believe I'm either near-sighted or color-blind," he replied.

"Well, you've got one door wrong side up to begin with."

"H-how?"

"Look at the panels and see. Then you have been trying to hang one to swing in and the other to swing out."

"I have, eh? That shows all you know about it. I'm simply fitting the screens so they will shut tight."

Just about noon he got a hang on both doors, and as I look at them from the hall I had to sit down on on the floor and laugh. They didn't meet in the center within two inches and each was half an inch short at top and bottom. He had also hung them with the cloth on the inside. Just then a neighbor came along and turned in to the steps. After looking at the doors for half a minute in great astonishment, he queried:

"Something just from Paris, Bowser?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you've got a new idea in screen doors. I suppose the space at the bottom is for bugs, that the top for mosquitoes, and the center for flies. I see you have left the frame exposed. They will make capital roosting places for horse-flies and pinch-bugs. Did you do this job?"

"Y-yes."

"Well, if I had a girl 10 years old who couldn't beat it I'd make her go barefot all summer."

"I didn't make these doors for your house, sir."

"Thank heaven for that! Bowser, you're a brick—a soft brick! I'll come up this evening with a band and serenade those doors!"

"When the neighbor had gone I suddenly felt the back end of the house lift up. It was Mr. Bowser pulling those screen doors off. He couldn't even wait to take the screws out of the hinges. They came off in detachments, and the pieces were flung into the back yard. When he had finished he came in and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, I want to have a talk with you—a very serious talk!"

"But didn't I tell you how it would be?"

"Never! You encouraged me to go ahead, and to please a whim of yours I've lost three days time, pounded myself all over, spent $6 in cash and been made a butt of ridicule! Mrs. Bowser, this is the limit—the finis—the end! Make out a list of what furniture you want, and let us agree on the alimony!"

A Lonely Heart.

A little old woman, wrinkled and bent, and dressed in rusty black, with a strip of limp crepe dangling from her shabby bonnet, came into the office of a great daily paper.

"You're the editor, be you?" she asked of the man who looked up from his desk as she entered.

"Yes'm," he replied briefly, but not unkindly. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, I—I—I've brung a little piece I'd like to have printed in the paper. I writ it myself and I don't know as you can make it all out it's so long since I handled a pen, but I'd like mightily to have it printed. It's about my little grandson that—died."

Her voice died away to a whisper at the last word and she wiped her dim eyes on a corner of her shawl before she added:

"He took scarlet fever and didn't live but four days and he'd never been sick a day before in his life, and he was the very picture of health. Here's a photograft I've got of him that I wouldn't take the world for now."

She laid on the editor's desk a card photograph of a sunny-faced boy of about five years.

"That was taken a year ago and it looks just as he always did, and he died with that same look on his face—dear little soul! I know he's better off, still it's awful hard to give him up. His ma and pa are most crazy. That's why I writ the piece, I thought it might mebbe be some comfort to 'em."

She laid several pages of cheap note paper covered with cramped and angular writing in blue ink.

"It's some po'try I made up 'bout him," she said. "It ain't very good, I know; some of the lines don't rhyme very good and lots of the words ain't spelled right, but I reckoned you could fix that up all right. I'd agree to take three extry copies of the paper if it was published."

"I am very sorry," said the editor, as he looked at page after page of verses, "but we don't publish anything more than the mere announcement of death."

"Oh, don't you? I didn't know. I've seen po'try pieces about the dead in papers sometimes, although I don't know as I ever have in this one. I'd be willing to pay to have it printed, but I ain't got a cent in the world. I walked all the way here. I don't mind so much myself, but I know it'd please his pa to see the piece in print. He was so wrapped up in Johnie. But, then, all of us was, for that matter—the dear, dear little fellow!"

She drew a limp cotton handkerchief from her pocket and wiped her eyes as she said:

"I'll take the piece and see if I can git it printed some place else—to please his pa, you know. He was the only child and, unless you've laid away your own flesh an' blood, you've no idee of how turrible it is to have a little life that go out jist when its gittin' more precious an' interesting ev'ry day. Its been mighty hard for me, his old grandma, even when I know it won't be but a little while till I'll be with him agin.

"Well, I'll have to go now. I'm sorry 'bout the piece, but I ain't blamin' you none. Of course you have to go by the rules of the paper. No, thank ye, you needn't help me down stairs. I kin git down alone. But it's kind in you to offer to help me. Yes, yes, I know you'd put the piece in the paper if you could, I ain't blamin' you none. It was silly in me, I know, but I never stopped to think but what ev'ry body'd be interested in our dear little Johnnie as we was. Good bye sir," and she went slowly out, a weak, pathetic little figure, her eyes blinded with tears and her heart aching with loneliness and longing for smiles and kisses and loving words of the little boy that died.

A Few Things Not to Do.

The Farmville Journal culls from a scrapt book the following precepts which are of general and are given for the benefit of whom they may concern:

If you want to keep a town from thriving, don't build any more houses than you can conveniently occupy yourself.

If you should accidentally have an empty building and any one wants to rent it, ask them three times its value.

Demand a Shylock price for every foot of land God has given you stewardship over.

Turn a cold shoulder to every mechanic and business man who seeks to make his home with you.

Look at every newcomer with a scowl.

Fail to advertise in support of your newspaper, that people abroad may not know whether business is going on or not.

Wrap yourself up in coat of impious selfishness.

There is no more effectual way to retard the growth of a town than actions like these.

She: "Indeed, it's not an easy thing for a girl to get a husband." He: "Why, a pretty girl can make her choice of four out of every five men she meets." She: "But it's the fifth that she want."

"Mamma," said Johnny, can anybody hear with their mouth?"

"No child I don't think they can," replied the ungrammatical mother.

"Then mamma what made Mr. Jones tell sister he wanted to tell her something and put his lips to her mouth instead of her ear?"

The mother did not question Johnny, but turned her attention to Mr. Jones, and that worthy made it all right by the proper explanations.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

June 26, 1890.

Seven bodies were picked out of the rivers and sent to the morgue in New York between sunrise and sunset on the 15th.

Mary Anderson, the American actress, was married in London, on the 17th, to Antonia Navarro, of New York.

A census enumerator in Richmond, Va., has found a colored woman named Martha Gray who had thirty-seven children since 1868. She has given birth to triplets six times, to twins six times and to seven others singly. She is now living with her third husband, and of the thirty-seven children but one survives.

In the good old days before the war the Southern blacks used to say that in the next world the whites would be the servants, but their idea of heaven has begun on earth, as a rich colored man of Galveston, with a fine house in the best part of the city employs only white servants.

Representative W. L. Wilson, of West Virginia, on June 14 delivered an address before the literary societies of William Sewell college, of Liberty, Mo. While there he was waited upon by the committee on nomination of the board of curators of the State University and tendered the presidency of the State University. He has, as yet, made no answer to the proposition. He is too valuable a Member of the House to be spared.—National Democrat.

The defalcation of State Treasurer Archer, of Maryland, ascertained by a committee appointed to examine into the matter, gives the sum at $132,401.25; the disposition of all which, except $10,000 in bonds, is accounted for. The funds were appropriated to paying off personal indebtedness, running back to the time when he represented the 2nd Maryland district in Congress. He was liberal with party workers and popular with the boys who run the machine, and to that may be traced the commencement of his troubles and his crimes.

A CARD.

Since announcing myself a candidate for Clerk of the County and Circuit Courts of Pocahontas county, I have ascertained that a majority of the people of this county are in favor of electing two Clerks, a different person to each office, and not having the same person hold both offices, as at present. Not caring to antagonize the wishes of the people in any way, I have withdrawn as a candidate for Clerk of the Circuit Court and will run for the County Court Clerkship only. This will give me an opportunity to devote my attention to the one office.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

LARGE BEAR KILLED.—Mr. Edward Hall, of Hightown, while out hunting last week in Allegheny mountain killed the largest bear that has been killed in that section for a number of years. When he first saw the animal he was some distance from him, but being armed with a Winchester, he fired at the bear and wounded him. This slight wound infuriated the animal very much, and he reared upon his hind feet and started for his enemy. Ed. stood his ground like one out of a thousand would have done, and as the bear approached he gave him full benefit of the contents of seven Winchester cartridges, No 44. Six of the shots did not check the bear's progress, and when the seventh one was fired the bear was standing erect not more than a foot from the muzzle of the gun. This load fired between his clashing teeth and into his frothing mouth did the work. When the smoke cleared away a 600 pound bear laid at the feet of the youthful, but brave hunter.—Recorder.

Two Clerks.

ED. POCAHONTAS TIMES:

Now that the election is drawing near and there seems to be more interest manifested in the Clerkship of the two Courts than in any other office to be filled at this election, I desire, without predjudice to any of the aspirants for the positions, to give expression to a sentiment which I find is held by a great many of the people of the County and which is steadily growing, viz: that the two offices should be divided. It is generally believed that the fees of either office will pay sufficiently well to secure a competent man for each position. If this be the case then why shall not the voters have the right to say who shall fill each office.

I believe this is the only county in the State where there is not a separate Clerk for each Court, and it is well known among the business men of the County that during a term of either Court, parties from a distance frequently wish to examine the records of the Court or have business transacted therein, so that it is absolutely necessary that the Clerk should be there himself or by deputy. If he is also the Clerk of the Court then in session he must have a deputy, who frequently is then only temporarally and is not sufficiently well acquainted with the office to render efficient service. It does seem that those who have the fees to pay should have the right to say who should occupy each office. This subject is brought more forcibly to my attention at this particular time because of the fact that we have such good material to select from. Four candidates each of whom are well qualified for the Clerkship of either Court—each of whom, I doubt not would be satisfied with the fees of either office.

Then, as we cannot elect all let us make two of them happy instead of one.

A VOTER,
Marlinton, W. Va.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.,

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 20.—

It will be a general surprise and matter of interest to those who have watched the discussion in the Senate on the silver problem, to learn of the victory gained this week by the free coinage men. Although a great uncertainty on the subject prevailed, when it came to a vote in the Senate, the conservative men were beaten at every point, and by greater majorities than they had allowed themselves to expect.

Mr Wolcott, the junior Senator, of Colorado made the final effort of consequence in the contest. It was his maiden effort before the Senate, and the chamber, which has remained comparitively empty of late, was filled with an audience in anticipation of something worth listening to. He made a stirring speech, without the use of notes, and at the close was accorded an ovation, such as is seldom seen in the Senate. Ordinarily neither members or visitors in the galleries pretend to listen to a speech delivered in Congress. Although common decency is observed it is a great difficulty to hear an ordinary speaker. But the resonant voice of Mr. Wilcott penetrated every part of the Senate chamber. Senators come tip-toeing from their cloak rooms to hear him, and intently watched his line of argument. It was a compliment that is not frequently offered an entirely new man in Congress, and at the conclusion of his ovation he was surrounded by senators anxious to extend their felicitations. In the voting that followed, absolutely no party lines were observed. Both democrats and republicans were in favor of and against free coinage; which was passed by the Senate, and has, practically, become a law. Of course the concurrence of the House and President is still required; but it is understood that the majority of the House are in favor of it, and that they voted for the House silver bill with the expectation that it would be amended, to meet their actual views in the Senate. No difficulty is apprehended in obtaining the Presidents approval of the bill; which is briefly as follows:

After its passage, the value of a dollar is to be considered 412½ grains silver, and 25 8-10, grains gold. That any one possessing as much as $100 worth of the precious metals may have it coined into money atmint in the United States.

Silver is made legal tender; as are also the certificates to be issued by the Treasurer in the purchase of bullion. In fact the free coinage men got everything they wanted, including the restoration to circulation of the securities held by the U. S. Treasurer for the redemption of the circulation of the national banks. The republican papers here blame the Finance committee, and charge it with the guilt of grave error in tactics; and in having placed the President in a very embarassing position. He had taken a very positive stand on the question of free coinage, but now that the ultra silver men have developed such an unexpected strength, the President will either have to swallow the pill, or abandon any hopes he may have entertained for a second term in office.

The anti trust bill was passed Wednesday. At a conference representing both Houses, both receded from their previone demands in regard to amendments; and the bill as passed, is practically, in the same condition as first produced by the Senate.

The Finance committee of the Senate reported the Tariff bill, as they had amended it Wednesday afternoon; and printed copies were distributed, which were eagerly examined. A rough estimate makes it appear that the committee's amendments increase the public revenues, above that expected from the McKinley bill, about $15,000,000 per annum. In this calculation, it is estimated that $10,500,000 is added by increased duties on tobacco. Other commodities imported are also increased in the tariff schedule above those rates fixed in the McKinley bill, as the extravagance of the present administration has been so excessive, no other course was left the committee, which had been loudly prompted by the Treasury department that a big deficit was liable to occur with the public purse.

Binding twine which is used so largely by farmers now at harvest time, and which the Farmers Alliance have tried so hard, recently, to have taken off the tariff list, is largely increased, in duty above that called for in the McKinley bill. There is great complaint that the bill has been too hastily considered by the committee, and that where increases have been made the advance was too much; and that reductions in other schedules have been excessive.

Incongruities also exist. For instance flax pays $20 per ton; while its refuse tow pays $25. The bill will not be called up before July 1, but there is a prompt expression that the committee's report is unscientific and too hastily drawn.

In reference to the partiality shown Pension Atty. Geo. E. Lemon recently, by the Commissioner of Pensions, some wicked punster here declares that the commissioner claims that he had received no "Lemon aid.".

BRIDGE LETTING.

Sealed Bids will be received until 12 M., July 8th 1890, for the following Work, for the Bridge over Knapp's Creek, near Huntersville, W. Va.

Two abutments, one on each side of Creek. To be 21 feet by 7 feet at base and 18 feet by 3 feet at top, about 16 feet high built of regular cut stone on bed, sides and ends, with chowfered joints at a declension of 12 inches in 8 feet on front and rear wall and a declension of 9 inches in 8 feet on ends, ends to be circular. Joints all well broken, layers on corners, to be not less than 15 inches nor more than 24 inches high, and not less than 2 feet broad; all stone in outside wall to be not less than 2 feet long, except to complete a layer and then the shorter stones to be used in rear walls and joints well broken, the first layer of base to be carefully beded down on the slate foundation—all laid in cement up to 2 feet above high water mark, above this in lime and sand.

The Wing Walls to be laid well below the frost line, extend back 25 feet from abutment, and be laid up with large stone at a declension of 12 inches in 8 feet, well built with uncut stone, without morter, wall to be at least two feet thick, and of sufficient height. Either two or four wing walls will be built as the County Court may hereafter elect. Also for moving the bridge from its present location, and placing it on the abutments aforesaid, when they are completed, with the following additional work: The roof of said bridge to be painted, and the Cords of said bridge over the joints are to be braced by an additional pieces of timber securd by four bolts (1 inch) at each joint; and all parts of the bridge must be sound and not split or damaged in anyway, when rebuilt. The land on which said bridge is to be located has been condemned and the work will be proceeded with at once after the contract is let. The Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids, and will require bond from the contractor to whom the work is let for the faithful performance of his contract.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Com'r. &c.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election at the next election to Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas county.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Most respectfully,
JOHN J. BEARD.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next, and, if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election. Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,
E. H. MOORE.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff. Election Nov. 4th, 1890.

Respectfully,
J. C. ARBOGAST.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate, to represent the 4th Delegate District, composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster, in the next Legislature of W. Va., subject to the future action of the Democratic party. If elected I pledge myself to faithfully discharge the duties of the trust to the best of my ability. Election Nov. 4th 1890.

Respectfully,
W. C. MANN.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent the Delegate District composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster in the next House of Delegate's: subject to any action taken by the Democratic party to select a candidate.

Respectfully,
I. B. MOORE.

HOME NEWS

—Harvest prospects abroad are favorable.

—Are your mowers and reapers ready.

—Early mowing is favorable to a second crop of grass.

—Levy term of the County Court convenes on the second Monday in July.

—As a rule, early cut hay is of better quality than late cut, and quality is better than quantity.

—Do not be in a hurry to cut grass while the dew is on; it will dry faster while standing.

—Begin early in the season and make hay while the sun shines." This is the best general rule in hay making that can be laid down.

—Mrs. Ellen B. McCormick, of Cherrytree, Pa., died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. E. H. Camp in Ronceverte, on the 12th inst.

—Lots of girls—sweet ones too—in Stream Valley.—Highland Recorder. [Bros. Seig and Mather, we think it very mean in you to tell on the girls that way.]

—The wheat harvest of the Valley of Virginia has been in active progress during the week. There are conflicting views in regard to the size of the crop, but all accounts agree that the quality of the wheat is good.

[illegible]

—A quarterly meeting was held in the M. E. church South, here last Saturday and Sunday. Presiding Elder S. G. Ferguson, preached a series of the most excellent sermons it has been our privilege to listen to in a good while.

—Capt. C. B. Swecker, of Dunmore, will be a candidate for the Legislature, to represent this and Webster counties. Comment is unnecessary as Capt. Swecker is well known in this County.

—Changing pastures make fat calves.

—A grand picnic just above Mr. H. M. Lockridges and one at Marlinton on the 4th of July.

—Capt. Geo. Siple, of Green Bank, was in to see us Tuesday.

—Drs. Rod and Mat. Edmiston, of Weston, were visiting Mr. J. J. Beard's family last week.

—Candidates were both numerous and very polite, during Court last week.

—The thermometer has been standing at from 90 to 95 degrees in the shade for several days.

—Attorney C. F. Moore and brother Harry, are attending the sale of lots at Clifton Forge, Va., this week.

—Very heavy rain and hail storm passed over Brown's creek, about three or four miles from Huntersville, Tuesday, doing considerable damage to growing crops &c.

—Don't forget the picnics. One at Marlinton and one about 4 miles above Huntersville in Mr. Wm. H. Cleek's sugar grove, the 4th of July.

—One hundred good white envelopes, post paid to any address on receipt of 25 cents, at THE TIMES office.

—Mrs. Jones hasn't a gray hair in her head and is over 50. She looks as young as her daughter. The secret of it is, that she uses only Hall's Hair Renewer.

—Huntersville Division, Sons, of Temperance, will meet at the usual place, next Saturday evening, June 28th.

—Bishop Geo. W. Peterkin, will preach on the 13th of July at Clover Lick, at 11 a. m.; at Huntersville, at 8 p. m. and at Academy, on the 14th at 8 p. m.

—SAVED.—A fine family of children were all afflicted with scrofula. Two died early; the rest would soon have followed, but for the timely and perserving use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which built them up into a healthy and vigorous manhood.

—Mr. L. B. Philips, of Buckhannon, this State, is selling the Stuart force pump in this County, and as far as we have heard, is pronounced by the people who are trying them to be the best pump in existence. He put one in our town well, and we believe it cannot be excelled in quality durability and excellence.

—You can never know till you try, how quickly a dose of Ayer's Pills will cure your sick headache. Your stomache and bowels need cleansing, and these pills will accomplish it more effectively and comfortably than any other medicine you can find.

—The annual Childrens' Day services of the Huntersville Southern Methodist Sunday school, will be conducted next Sunday at 9:30 a. m. A nice programme of songs recitations and class exercises will be issued. The church will be decorated and everything arranged to make the services interesting. A collection for the benefit of needy Sunday school will be lifted.

—There will be on the 4th of July a grand picnic in the sugar grove on Knapp's creek about four miles from Huntersville near Mr. H. M. Lockridge's. A large dancing platform will be erected for the occasion, also swings &c. Everybody are invited to attend. Refreshments will be sold on the ground. Also we understand it has been circulated that 25 cents would be charged each person coming on the grounds, which isn't at all true.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. J. H. Waymouth will be at Edray, July 2nd and remain 5 days; Mill Point, July 9th and remain 4 days; Huntersville July 14th, 4 days; Frost, July 18th, 4 days; Green Bank, July 23rd, 5 days, and will be prepared to attend to all Dental work. Call early and make your engagements as his time is limited to the above dates. 48-2t

—The Second Quarterly meeting of Pocahontas Circuit M. E. Church, will be held at Brush Run in a grove three miles south of Travelers Repose the first Saturday and Sunday in July. Preaching Saturday 11 a. m. P. E. C., M. Neff; meeting of the Quarterly Conference just after preaching; Love Fast, Sunday, at 9 a. m., and preaching and Sacramental services at 11 a. m. Dinner on the ground. Preaching at 2 p. m., after which there will be some persons baptised by immersion.

Attention Republicans.

At a meeting of the Republican Executive Committee of Pocahontas County held in Huntersville, on 16th day of June 1890, it was ordered, upon vote of said Committee, that the Republicans of Pocahontas County be requested to meet in convention at Huntersville, on Tuesday, July 8th, 1890, at 1 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing delegates to the Congressional Convention, to be held at Hinton, on 21st day of August next; to elect delegates to the Senatorial Convention; to elect a County Executive Committee, and to transact such other business as the convention may deem proper.

It is the desire of the Committee that there be a full attendance from all parts of the County at Huntersville, on July 8th.

S. B. MOORE, Chairman.
H. S. RUCKER, Secretary.

Dunmore Doings.

Arthor Beard, son of Josiah Beard, was killed by lightning at his home, near Green Bank, last Saturday, aged 12 years. While in the field sowing buckwheat the storm came up, and he was told by his brother who was with him to shelter under an oak tree, which he did, and in a few moments his brother heard the peal of thunder and looked to see his brother fall a lifeless corpse at the foot of the tree. Another example that impresses forcibly upon our mind that "In the midst of life we are in death." The bereaved family have the sympathy of all who know them.

Prayer meeting at X roads school house next Sunday at 2 p. m.

Misses Alice and Lena McGlaughlin and Capt. C. B. Swecker, while driving Sunday, let their team run away, throwing them out and smashing the carriage to a considerable extent. Fortunately no one was hurt. The team ran about two miles.

Harry Moore, Esq., is at Clifton Forge, Va., this week.

Miss Mattie Smith is at Ronceverte this week.

W. C. Mann, Esq., and wife, of Edray, are here on a visit.

The County Farmers Alliance is booming.

Some person or persons tore up the culverts between John Wanless' and McCutcheon's last Sunday. Suppose the next grand jury will look after the matter.

TRAVELER.

Wayside Notes.

Thursday the 8th of June, 1890, was spent by the writer in the vicinity of Split Rock. It was a day of surpassing loveliness and the scenery around the famous Big Spring and its contiguous vallies unrivalled for forest charms, never appeared to better advantage.

The occasion of this pleasant visit, was the marriage of Miss Emma N. McCalpin and Mr. John A. Sheets, to be celebrated at the home of James H. McCalpin, Esq. Promptly at 2 o'clock, p. m. the Bridal party appeared on the floor, in the presence of a large number of relatives and neighbors, when the vows were pronounced by Wm. T. Price of Marlinton.

The bride's maids were Misses Lena McCalpin and Katie Sheets; the groomsmen Messrs. Luther Sharp and Andrew Geiger.

The bride and her attendants were attired in spotless white and presented a very attractive appearance indeed.

A varied and bountiful repast was served up. More than fifty persons partook of the good cheer and all passed off in a very becoming manner. Dinner over, the remainder of the sunny afternoon was spent by the young people in a pleasant walk through the green meadows to the store, and picture gallery, while others formed part of the audience addressed by an agent of the Farmer's Alliance.

These young persons have a great many friends to wish their long continued happiness, in the relation so auspiciously entered upon.

One of the most ancient of the anglo saxon proverbs is to this purport, "Blessed is the bride the sun shines on." W. T. P.

County Alliance.

A number of delegates from the several Sub-Alliances of the County convened at the Court house last Saturday and organized a County Farmers Union with the following officers:

M. J. McNeel, President; I. B. Moore, Vice President; C. R. Moore, Secretary; J. A. Taylor, Chaplain; A. M. McGlaughlin, Treas.; Geo. R. Curry, Lect.; Geo. W. Siple, Asst. Lect.; H. Lee White, Door keeper; C. B. Swecker, Sgt-at Arms; Edwin S. Beard, Business Manager.

Delegates to organization of State Union:

J. S. McNeel, H. M. Moore and L. S. Cochran.

Alternates:

Levi Gay, L. W. Herold and C. R. Moore.

On motion, the Sec. was directed to furnish notice of organization to the ED. of POCAHONTAS TIMES, with the request that he publish the same.

Adjourned to meet at the C. H. Friday Oct. 3rd, 1 o'clock p. m.

C. R. MOORE, Sec.

Lord Bute's mansion near Rothsay cost $9,000,000. It is the costliest residence in the world.

There are [illegible] male prisoners in the State penitentiary and 6 females.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1.00	$ 2.00	$ 3.00	$ 5.00
Three in.	2.50	4.00	6.00	10.00
Qr. column	3.00	6.00	10.00	17.00
Half col'n	6.00	12.00	20.00	30.00
One col'n	10.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

June 26, 1890.

It is impossible to convince a woman who arrives five minutes late at a station that the engineer did not see her coming and started off just out of spite.

If there is one thing greater than a girl's praise of her home when she is in another town it is her abuse of it in comparing it to the other town when she gets back.

Young Mr. Scheinstein: "Do you dink dot marriage vas a vailure, Uncle Moses?" Uncle Moses: "Off you make shnish by marrying it vas as good as a vailure, my poy."

Emily—Did Geoege propose last night as you thought he would?

Rose (without much enthusiasm)—Yes, he proposed.

Emily—Did you accept him?

Rose—Of course.

Emily—But you don't seem to be very happy over it.

Rose—I am not. There is a gathering doubt about George in my mind.

Emily—You surprise me. On what account Rose?

Rose—He didn't appear to be sufficiently nervous over it. (Throwing herself into her friend's arms and bursting into tears.)

Oh, Emily, I'm afraid George has proposed to some other girl before!

Mr. Gotham—And so my son, you have been very successful in the west.

Enterprising Son—Yes, indeed, father. I've become a city founder.

"A What?"

"I found cities you know. Fine paying business, I can tell you, Look at this map of Golden Rod City. Look at the parks, and boulevards, and corners for public buildings, and the big spaces for factories. I sold 1,000 lots in Golden Rod City last month. Just think of that!"

"My! my! Where is it located?"

"Well, the fact is, it ain't located anywhere yet; but that'll be fixed after we sell a few hundred lots more. You see, there isn't any use looking for a location until we have money enough to pay for the land you know."

Why Woman is Man's Best Friend.

First and foremost woman is man's best friend:

Because she is his mother.

Second because she is his wife.

Because she is patient with him in illness, endures his fretfulness and "mothers" him.

Because she will stick to him through good and evil reports, and always believe in him if she loves him.

Because without her he would be rude, rough and ungodly.

Because she teaches him the value of gentle words, of kindly thought and of consideration.

Because with him she can endure pain quietly and meet joy gladly.

Because on her breast, he can shed tears of repentance, and he is never reminded of them afterwards.

Because when he is behaving like a fretful boy—and we all do, you know, at times—with no reason in the world for it, woman's soft word, touch or glance will make him ashamed of him self as he ought to be.

Because without her as an incentive he would grow lazy there would be no good work done, there would be no noble books written, there would be no beautiful pictures painted, there would be no divine strains oof melody.

Because she has made for us a beautiful world in which we should be proud to live and contented to die.

Concerning the Lover

When he comes to see you, let me give you a few hints as to your treatment of him.

First of all, my dear, don't let him get an idea that your one object in life is to get all you can out of him.

Don't let him believe that you think so lightly of yourself that whenever he has an idle moment he can find you ready and willing to listen to him.

Don't let dim think you are going out driving with him alone, even if your mother should be lenient enough to premit this.

Don't let him think that you are going to the dance or frolick with him; you are going with your brother, or else you are going to make up a party which will all go together.

Don't let him call you by your first name, at least not until you are engaged to him, and then only when you are by yourselves.

Don't let him put his arms around you and kiss you; when he put the pretty ring on your finger it meant that you were to be his wife soon, he gained a few rights, but not the one of indiscriminate caressing. When he placed it there he was right to put a kiss on your lips; it was the seal of your love; but if you give your kisses too freely they will prove of little value. A maiden fair is like a beautiful, rich, purple plum, it hangs high up on the tree and is looked at with envy. He who would get it must work for it, and all the trying should be on his side, so that when he gets it appreciates it. You know the story of the man who saw a beautiful plum on a tree, which he very much wanted. Next to it hung another plum; it seemed as beautiful, and apparently just as sweet as the one he wanted. The seeker for it stood under it for a moment, looked at it with longing eyes, and, behold, the plum dropped into his mouth. Of what value was it then? It was looked at and cast aside. Now take this little story, and make it point the moral that I wish it to.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

...L. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, July 3, 1890. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 4[illegible]

...icial Directory of Pocahontas County.

...ge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
...ecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
...riff, M. J. McNeel.
...uty Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
... of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
...essor, C. O. Arbogast.
...'ts Co. Ct. C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
... Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

...rcuit Court convenes on the first ...day in April, 3rd Monday in June ... 3rd Monday in October.
...unty Court convenes on the 1st ...sday in January, March, October ... second Tuesday in July. July is ... term.

FRANK SLOCUM'S IDOL.

There was not a more triving seaport city in the south in 1860 than Apalachicola Fla. Railroads were not near so plentiful as they are now, and a large amount of the cotton grown in Georgia and Alabama was carried down the Chattahoochee by the eighteen magnificent steamers then plying its murky waters.

It was my custom to visit this pretty little city every winter and shoot ducks at lake Shipley. It was on my annual trip in the year above named that I met and became fondly attached to Frank Slocum. Like myself he was fond of sport and we spent many pleasant days together on the bay or among the numerous little streams that enter it.

Frank was purser on one of the river steamers and one of the handsomest young men I ever knew and equally as noble as he was handsome. During our intimacy he had confided in me and I learned that his whole soul was wrapped up in Grace Brown, the lovely daughter of a rich cotton merchant.

From what I could learn the match would prove a most acceptable one. Frank had energy and brains, while the girl was beautiful and wealthy—a good combination I thought.

I had never met Miss Brown but once and must confess that in her steel blue eyes appeared something that made me feel a little uncomfortable in her presence. She did not appear cruel or heartless, but there was to my mind a selfish expression about them that was entirely different from Frank's honest, brown eyes.

The time for the marriage was set for the following May, and as each day passed by Frank became more and more impatient for the winter season to close.

* * *

One beautiful Sabbath evening that new and fast mail steamer, the John C. Calhoun, turned her head up stream with the United States mail. Thousands of handkerchiefs waved from the wharves as she steamed swiftly by on her maiden trip up the river. She was in command of the gallant Captain Crawford, and Frank Slocum stood at the desk in the purser's office. The Calhoun was by odds the swiftest and handsomest craft that ever pliedthe Chattahoochee, and was the pride of the city. Little did the thousands who waved her an adieu on this occasion think that it would be a final one.

The Monday following was a dark day for Apalachicola. The steamer, Ware had arrived from up the river and brought the startling and horrible intelligence that the Calhoun had been blown up by an explosion of its boilers and that the gllant Captain Crawford and thirteen other persons had been killed.

The report proved only too true, and as additional particulars arrived the terrors of the explosion were intensified. A landing had just been made, the mail delivered and the boat was rounding out into the river when the explosion occurred.

Later in the day another steamer reached the city bringing the dead and the wounded, Frank Slocum being among the latter. I hurried to his bed side and found the poor fellow horribly scalded about his handsome face and suffering untold agony. He was tenderly cared for, and day after day, as I sat by his bedside watching for returning consciousness, there never was but one name upon his lips and that was Grace. She frequently sent to inquire about him but never ventured to call until one evening when Frank was able to sit up, I wrote her a note and begged her to look in upon him if only for a moment, as it would do the poor fellow so much good. She came accompanied, by a servant, but as soon as she got one glance at my poor friend's scarred face, turned deadly white and without uttering a word left the room, while Frank, with outstretched hands, sobbed as if his heart would break.

In a few days I left for Georgia, bringing Frank with me. It was several months before he fully recovered, but the dark and cruel marks on his face told a tale of horror that was heart rending.

He never alluded to Grace Brown again, but once in speaking to me of his experience during the explosion said:

"When I was thrown violently through the hurricane deck my prayer was that I might not fall on the burning boat and might be spared to live. Had I known what I have since learned, this is the very thing I would have prayed for."

* * *

The ports had been closed and troops were hurrying in every direction to the front. Frank and I were among the first to volunteer and with the—th Georgia took part in the first battle of Manassas. The rash bravery here displayed by my young friend won the plaudits of his comrades and officers, but as they bore him from the field mortally wounded I knew it to be a willing sacrifice, for Frank did not think life worth living.

* * *

Time had wrought its changes and in ten years afterward, as I strolled along the desolate wharves of Apalachicola I felt sick at heart to compare the city of 1860 with that of 1870. The commerce of the town had been destroyed, and none of its former thrift and prosperity seemed visible. As I leaned lasily against a weather-beaten anchor an old sailor approached; I beckoned to him and tendering him a cigar, engaged him in conversation. He told me much as to the hardships of the people whom I had once known. Finally I asked him about the Browns.

"Come with me," he said.

We walked to the lower end of the wharves where is located a miserable lot of little shanties extending over the water. The old sailor stopped in front of one of these and pointed to the door.

In this miserable abode sat a decrepit, dirty, haggard woman, fearfully scarred with small-pox, surrounded by four or five ragged children, all of them engaged in stringing fish.

That woman was Grace Brown!

R. B. HARRISON.

He—Talking about names, I wish I could get mine changed. I think it is too ugly for anything.

She (enthusiastically)—Oh, I don't, I think it is lovely!

Lawyer—My conscience troubled me last night, about that fee I charged Jones yesterday.

Friend (astonished)—Your conscience!

Lawyer—Certainly, I was afraid that I had been unjust to myself.

Patrick—"It's mighty quare how things do rin in a fam'ly sometimes, Mike." Michael—"Yis, it's so Pat. Now, there's Mrs. Chumakilly—she has no childer—an' if I remember right, it was just the same with her mother before her."

THE TRAMP KITTEN.

BY HELEN F. CLARA.

"I hate cats," said Ted.

"So do I," echoed Frank Tibbals.

"There goes one now!" screamed Joe Walters, and catching up a stone from the edge of the pavement he flung it at the timid little creature crouching behind a doorstep acros the street.

"I say, Joe, that cat's not harting you. Why can't you let it alone?" said Fred Raymond.

"When did you turn baby?" sneered Joe tantalizingly. "I'm going to have another shy at it," and reached for a second stone.

Fred stood irresolute, while the stone sped swiftly across the street. The aim was all too true, for the sharp pebble struck the poor cat's leg, and, with a pitiful cry of pain, she sprang into the air and then fell helplessly back on the pavement.

"You brute!" exclaimed Fred in his anger, and no longer a coward, he dashed across and lifted the mewing cat into his arms.

"What are you going to do with her, Fred?" asked Frank.

"Take her home. I guess mother won't care."

Joe laughed and sneered again, calling him a "baby" and "girl boy," but Fred walked bravely on to his own home and rang the bell at the basement door.

"O Fred, we don't want any cats. There's plenty of them out in the back yard," said cook quickly.

"Never mind, Mary, this cat's hurt. I think mother will let her lie in the kitchen till she gets well, and then she can go away again."

Mrs. Raymond came down to see the cat. She wasn't a very attractive specimen of the cat family, for she was long and lank, and so thin that cook declared you could "count the bones." Then, too, she was far from clean, and so timid that she she would run at least noise, and try to escape from even a kindly hand. Mrs. Raymond bathed the swelling joint with arnica, and then carefully bandaged it, while Fred made her a bed in an old basket, and put her in a warm corner by the range, and went back to his play with a light heart.

The boys still teased him about the cat, but he bore it patiently and stuck to his purpose of being kind to animals.

The secret of it all was that Fred's Sunday school teacher had talked very earnestly to his class on the previous Sunday about being kind to God's defenceless creatures, and had told them about the little sparrows that never fell to the ground without the knowledge of the great heavenly Father. And then he told them also of the time that was coming some day when the animals should no longer bite and devour one another, but the wolf and the lamb should feed together, and the lion eat straw like the bullock, and they turned in their Bibles to the eleventh and the sixty fifth chapters of Isaiah and read the wonderful words for themselves.

And Fred did not forget the lesson, and when the time came for him to put it into use, he did so bravely and honorably.

Poor kitty was very sick, and mewed a good deal, till cook's patience well nigh gave way. Then, too, she was afraid of even the kind hands that ministered to her, so that it was very hard to take care of the wounded leg. But one day little four-year-old Daisy came down to the kitchen to play a while, and spying poor kitty lying on her bed in the basket, she sat down beside her and began patting and stroking her head and back with a loving hand, till the poor abused, friendless creature began to purr as happily as though she had never been a poor little tramp in her life. From that hour she made fast friends with Daisy, and when her leg got well, she followed the little girl about all day long, and was so gentle and frolisome that Mrs. Raymond declared her splendid play fellow for the child.

But there came a day when Fred... thanked his Heavenly Fa... from the bottom of his heart ... he had learned to be kind to his... tle creature. For one day—how ... happened nobody knew—Daisy sl... ped away from busy mamma down to the kitchen, and when cook was "head over ears in work," as she said, the little girl followed the grocer's boy out of the half-closed gate, and climbing the low basement steps toddled up the street as happy and care free as a lark. P... scampered after her and caught hold of her soft white dress, ... to draw her back, but Daisy ... said:

"Poor pussy mustn't te... dress. Mamma make p... for baby, pussy mus'n't ... and her little feet patte... the street. Block after ... went, past the beautiful ... over into the park, under ... of the green trees, Daisy ... on the grass and played ... time, till at last she sank to ... on the soft grass, while pussy ... anxious watch beside her.

Mrs. Raymond supposed her little girl was with Mary in the kitchen, and Mary never had a thought but that the child was in the nursery or with her mother, and so two full hours passed before they discovered their loss. Then, with pallid face, Mrs. Raymond hastened to the police station to sound the alarm of a lost child, while Fred, with burning heart and burning eyes, scoured the streets in every direction for runaway baby; but no trace of her could either of them find, and they waited and watched, and then went out to search again and again, only to return to their homes in greater fear and suspense.

The sun was just beginning to sink in the west when Fred, who was standing on the balcony out of the window, exclaimed with a ringing voice, "Mamma, mamma, here she is! Here is baby; the cat is bringing her home!"

There she was, toddling wearily up the street, aimlessly following pussy as she pranced and frolicked before her, or gently tugging at her dress, when the child loitered or turned out of the way.

Mrs. Raymond dashed down the stairs and into the street, and caught the tired baby to her breast, while Fred lifted the faithful cat in his arms and actually hugged her with joy.

When the daughters are infants, mothers are anxious to keep matches out of their reach. Quite the reverse takes place when they grow up, for then the puzzle is to find the matches.

Times.
[illegible] BELL.

[illegible] office at Hunters[illegible] second class matter.

[illegible]TISING RATES.

[illegible]

[illegible] OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[illegible]

[illegible]sville, W. Va.

[illegible] 3, 1890.

[illegible] at Xenia, O., has twice [illegible] given birth to twins.

[illegible] mansion near [illegible]. Both [illegible] It is the cost[illegible] in the world.

[illegible] are 572 male prisoners in [illegible] penitentiary and 6 fe[illegible]

[illegible] claims a population of [illegible] Chicago of 1,200,000.

[illegible] returns for the city of [illegible] population of [illegible] years

[illegible] a man worth [illegible] water nor a [illegible] get inside the bear

[illegible] has two counties [illegible] is not a single church, [illegible] distilleries they con[illegible] green.

It is reported that John L. Sullivan will invest his money in a stock farm in Massachusetts, and retire from the prize ring.

A planter living near Corinth, Miss., Philip Beaman, is believed to be the possessor of the longest beard in the world. Although he is a man 6½ feet tall, his beard touches the ground when he is standing erect.

A colored dentist in Macon, Ga., uses no instruments except his fingers in extracting teeth. By means of long practice his fingers have become as strong as forceps, and he claims that he can pull teeth faster and with less pain than any dentist with instruments.

The amount paid Rev. Sam Jones by the Methodist committee for his meetings in Richmond was $2,000. There was no contract, but Mr. Jones seemed entirely satisfied with $200 per day for himself and his co-laborers.

In the Republican State convention at Harrisburg, Pa., Hon. George W. Delamater was nominated for Governor of that State on the third ballot. General Hastings was unanimously chosen Chairman of the State Committee, but declined the honor.

Chicago has doubled her population within the last decade. It is now over a million, and it is claimed will place her second among the cities of the country if Philadelphia does not figure over her. In another decade, at the present rate of increase, Chicago will number more people than New York.

VICTORY FOR THE LOTTERY COMPANY.—The Louisiana House after debating the proposition at length, pass the Lottery bill, submitting to the popular vote a constitutional amendment extending the charter of the Louisiana State Lottery Company for twenty five years in return for $1,000,000 a year. The vote stood 66 to 29, just enough to pass the bill, as it requires a two

thirds vote, and the House consists of ninety eight members. The bill is reasonably sure to pass the Senate with the same two-thirds majority. It can not be vetoed by the Governor, but goes before the people in April, 1892, and will have to receive a majority of all the votes then to become a law.

A NATION OF COFFEE DRINKERS.—The United States is without a doubt a nation of coffee drinkers. The imports from South America amount to over 325,000,000 pounds annually, of which 69 per cent. comes from Brazil. The second largest shipper to this market is Venezuela, 11 per cent. The first cost in this country averages ten cents and a fraction a pound, aggregating $35,347,000. The first record of production in Brazil begins with 1876, when 180,000,000 pounds were shipped to the United States. High water mark was reached in 1885, with 400,000,000 pounds of shipments. One large item of expense in Brazil is to get the coffee to market. Freight charges as high as fourteen cents a ton a mile have been paid, which from a distant plantation to Rio Janeiro means from $1.25 to $2.50 a sack. The highest charge from Rio to New York is sixty five cents a bag.—N. Y. Herald.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's [illegible] **be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.**

Deafness Can't Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflamation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists. 75 cents.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 27.—

After the long dispute between the House and Senate, regarding the final disposition of the pension problem an end has been reached.

Innumerable bills on the subject have been introduced in both houses.

The original measure Senate, was a dependent pension bill, of the same character as that vetoed by President Cleveland.

The House insisted upon the introduction of a service pension; by granting a pension of $8 per month to every soldier of 62 years of age and hereafter when he got that old.

This Senate was hostile to this idea and forced the House to drop it; but in turn, it has been compelled to make a greater concession.

A conference committee of both Houses have made an agreement [on a] bill which was already been ratified by the Senate, and will unquestionably be the law on that subject, which, briefly stated is as follows: All soldiers who have served as long as three months, honorably discharged, and "and who are now, or may hereafter, be suffering from any mental or physical disability, of a permanent character, not the result of their own vicious habits, which incapacitates them from the performance of manual labor, so as to render them unable to earn a support" are to receive pensions of from $6 to $12 per month, the amount depending upon the soldiers inability to earn a support.

One section of the bill relates to the pension of protecting pensions, and an attempt is made to facilitate it, in respect to dependent parents.

Hereafter the evidence they will be obliged to furnish will be the soldiers death, and their own dependence upon manual labor for support; and the fact that the soldiers by reason of existing laws could not have secured a pension for himself, does not interfere any longer with the parents.

Soldiers' widows, regardless of the cause or time of the soldiers death who depend upon "daily labor for support," are to receive $8 per month. If he has left minor children, they are to receive $2 per month, until they reach the age of 16, and indefinitely afterwards, if they be mentally or physically disabled.

Of course it will cost the government a great amount to fulfill the requirements of the bill. The amounts estimated are as various as there are people interested in the subject; but the bill will probably place on the pension rolls 90 per cent. of the old soldiers who have heretofore, been neglected.

THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL

Beyond question the most interesting fact in the history of Independence day is that the man who drafted the Declaration and the man who stood at his side when he introduced it into congress, and who predicted with accuracy its future fame, died upon the same day and exactly fifty years after completing the greatest act of their lives.

They differed in almost every element of character, yet both were ardent patriots, upright law makers, and, in their ways, able statesmen. The Massachusetts man, with a Puritanical education and inherent distrust of universal suffrage, and the Virginian, or extremely liberal training and unbounded faith in democracy, worked their way to exactly the same conclusion in regard to Great Britain and the colonies. They stood together like brothers while the war lasted, then became the heads of radically differing parties, and were not reconciled till age had cooled their ambition, retirement had allowed resentment to die.

They probably agreed more nearly as to religious questions than any other. John Adams called himself a Unitarian, and posterity has agreed to call Thomas Jefferson a Deist, yet it is impossible to define with any exactness how they differed as to the attributes of God or the moral government of the universe. Adams certainly said the harsher things of Calvinism, but that was probably because he lived where Calvinism was still the ruling power; and it is amusing to note that Jefferson, who never spoke of any man's religion when could decently avoid it was long and vehemently denounced as a blasphemer and "French infidel," while Adams was popularly regarded as orthodox.

The popular instinct, however, was sound; the mind of Adams was reverential—to a degree far greater than that of Jefferson. Some old writer has summed up their alliance in the Revolution, for different reasons, by saying that Adams want[ed] all the existing liberties of English [illegible] by establishing a great and better England in America, while Jefferson wanted a new system root and branch, to secure the absolute liberties of human nature.

John Adams was born Oct. 19, 1735, and Thomas Jefferson April 2, 1744; the former also lived a few hours later, his age at death being within three months of 91, while that of Jefferson was but 83. Jefferson was an extreme blonde, Adams somewhat darker; the former was tall and in youth somewhat ungainly, while the latter was rather below the medium size, fir[m]ly knit and graceful from his youth. Their friendship seemed to increase till the peace and they corresponded freely; but in their service abroad each had an experience which even then indicated that they were soon to be political opponents, the narration of which is both amusing and instructive.

John Adams, as the first American minister to England, was, to put it bluntly snubbed; Thomas Jefferson, on the contrary, was received with enthusiastic welcome at the court of France. The former denounced George III and his ministers, but bestowed high praise on the British government and people; the latter passed King Louis XVI over with something very like a sneer, and railed at his queen. When Minister Adams, after long delay, met George III for the first time the king said abruptly:

"Mr. Adams, I wish you to understand that I was the last man to consent to the independence of America."

Adams made an equally brusque reply: "I have no feeling or affection save for my own country."

"An honest man will have no other," rejoined the king, and so they became good friends.

Whe[n] Minister Jefferson was introduced to Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, his queen they over whelmed him with compliments and good wishes for "our dear allies, the Americans," to which he replied with only official courtesy, was soon intensely interested in the signs of the coming French revolution. It was plain, even then, that Thomas Jefferson would defend that revolution.

That Adams wanted a stronger central government for the United States and Jefferson a larger measure of local independence is a fact known to all. Two parties formed, and then came the French revolution and roused political passions to the boiling point. If the two had been superior to human nature and intent on remaining friends, their furious partisans would not have allowed it. They exchanged only the coldest official courtesies, and for thirteen years did not correspond. The indignation of Mrs. Abigail Adams over a wrong done to her son, John Quincy, was indirectly the cause of reconciliation. She asked for an explanation; Jefferson wrote and convinced her that he was in no wise responsible, and soon the old confidence was restored.

Thus harmonized, the two old statesmen and patriots descended hand in hand, as it were, to the grave. On the evening of July 3, 1826, it became evident that Jefferson was dying. A little after midnight he revived and remarked, "This is the Fourth of July." Early in the forenoon he became unconscious and soon expired—within one hour of exactly fifty years after presenting the Declaration to congress. About 3 o'clock the same day Mr. Adams was roused by hearing the shouts of the people in a distant grove, celebrating the day. He mentioned the fact and added, "Thomas Jefferson still lives." Soon after he breathed his last.

As the slow mails of those days spread the news the people were overcome by the great coincidence and remarked that heaven itself had set the seal of its high approval upon their great work by calling home on its first semi-centennial the author and the chief supporter of the Declaration of Independence.

J. H. BEADLE.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election at the next election as Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas county.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Most respectfully,
JOHN J. BEARD.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next, and, if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County subject the action of the Democratic Primary election. Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,
E. H. MOORE.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff. Election Nov. 4th, 1890.

Respectfully,
J. C. ARBOGAST.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate, to represent the 4th Delegate Dist. composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster, in the next Legislature of W. Va., subject to the future action of the Democratic party. If elected I pledge myself to faithfully discharge the duties of the trust to the best of my ability. Election Nov. 4th 1890.

Respectfully,
W. C. MANN.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent the Delegate District composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster in the next House of Delegate's subject to any action taken by the Democratic party to select a candidate.

Respectfully,
I. B. MOORE.

HOME NEWS.

—County Court next Tuesday.

—Wheat harvest has commenced about here.

—J. H. Doyle, Esq., and wife, were up at Frost Monday.

—Miss Georgie Shearer, principal of the Hillsboro Training school, was in town last Wednesday.

—The Lewisburg mail is coming in now at 11 a. m. instead of at night. Mr. Joe Landes is carrying it.

—Capt. C. B. Swecker, of Dunmore, will accept our many thanks for a box of nice cigars.

—Mr. J. R. Poage, Sr., of Edray, is visiting his daughter Mrs. Amos Barlow in town, this week.

—French Hull, Esq., of the firm of W. H. Hull and son, of Edray called to see us Monday.

—We are authorized to announce a shooting match on Brown's creek, near Amos Curry's, Saturday July 12th.

—The childrens' day exercises in the Methodist church last Sunday, were largely attended and very interesting.

—Attorney C. F. Moore and brother Harry, returned from the drawing of lots at Clifton Forge Saturday. They have about twelve lots there.

—The following are the counties in this State that have only one Clerk for the Circuit and County Courts: Calhoun, Clay, Grant Hardy, Mineral, Monroe, McDowell, Pendleton, Pleasants, Wyoming and Pocahontas.

DENTISTRY.

[illegible]

—A faded and discolored beard is untidy and a misfortune. It may be prevented by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers, a never failing remedy.

—We are requested to announce that there will be a grand public picnic at Marlinton, on the picnic grounds near the mouth of Stony creek, the 4th of July. Everybody are cordially invited to attend.

—S. B. Lowry, Esq., Jr., of Moomaw, Va., is visiting his father, in town this week. He informed us that he had left a big baby, three weeks old at home, making a total number of about six children he has, and one hearing him talk about it would think it was his first.

—Huntersville is coming to the front, along with the rest of the booming towns, without a word. The lumber for three new buildings is being hauled; one dwelling house for Attorney L. M. McClintic, an addition to Huntersville Hotel and a new printing office for the POCAHONTAS TIMES.

—No matter what may be the ills you bear from indgestion, a dose of Ayer's Cathartic Pills will ease you without question. Just try them once and be assured; they have much worse dyspeptic cured. You'll find them nice and amply worth the price.

—Mess. Jno. Hamilton, and Jno. Barnett, have returned from school at Concord. Our young friend Mr. Hamilton, graduated at the head of his class, and brought away with him two of the three gold medals given.

—Until the blood is cleansed of impurities, it is useless to attempt the cure of any disease. Rheumatism, which is traceable to an acid in the blood, has been cured, in numerous cases, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, external treatment being of no avail.

—We hope when the County Court meets next Tuesday, they will make an allowance to, replace the rackety and disgraceful fence around the court house square with a new one. Also a new carpet for the court house would greatly add to its appearance, and the comfort of those who have business there.

—It has been reported that the picnic in the Grove at Mr. Wm. Cleek's would be characterized by drunkenness and rowdyism. We can assure the public upon the word of Mr. D. B. McElwee and Mr. Wm. Cleek, that no drinking or drunkenness will be allowed upon the grounds, and that nothing but perfect gentlemanly conduct will be tolerated at this picnic. The public is cordially invited and may rest assured there will be perfect order.

Dunmore Doings.

Harvest has begun. The wheat crop is better than was anticipated, the grass crop is very good, and corn is looking fine.

Mr. Hugh McGlaughlin and wife, are visiting in Highland Co.

John A. Tayler has gone to Va., with the Barlow pat. churn.

Col. S. C. Pritchard has returned home from Tucker county.

Mr. J. F. Patterson, spent Monday in our town.

The Farmers Alliance will meet at Dunmore, on Saturday July 12th.

Several persons from here will attend the picnic on Knapp's creek, Friday.

R. L. Nottingham, Esq., has returned from [illegible], Va., bringing with him a fine line of [illegible] frames and rocking chairs.

Capts. C. B. Swecker and J. C. Loury, are on William's River.

[illegible]

E. J. Moore, Esq., has erected a pair of cattle scales at Glade Hill.

Mr. H. M. Moore, has returned from Clifton Forge.

Geo. W. Kesler and Miss Lizzie Galford were married Sunday at Green Bank.

TRAVELER.

Hillsboro Happenings

Miss Nettie Campbell, of Union Monroe Co., is visiting Miss Grace Clark and Miss Jessie Renick, of this place.

Miss Mabel Ligon, of Clover Lick, is visiting her sister Mrs. Lizzie McClintic, of Pocahontas Avenue.

Miss R. F. Clark, of Split Rock, spent a day or two at home last week, she was accompanied by Miss Vandervort.

Miss Lillian Overholt returned last Saturday from a trip to Baltimore and different parts of Virginia.

Wheat harvest commenced at this place last Thursday.

Quite a number of people have been on the sick list the past fortnight.

Monday was the warmest day of the season—the thermometer registering 98 degress in the shade.

Mr. Wm. Curry and daughter Lillie, of Huntersville are visiting his daughter Mrs. Joseph McNeel, at this place.

Miss Mollie and Master Hubert Sydenstricker have returned from Alderson, where they have been attending school.

Mr. Sam Bright and sister Jessie and Misses Allie and Bettie Levisay were visiting friends and relatives here the latter of last week.

Miss Mertie Clark is visiting her grand-parents at Frankford.

YANINA.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of transfers of real estate, for the month of June.

A deed from J. H. Rider and wife to Jno. E. Bowers for land on head waters of Knapp's creek.

From L. W. Herold and wife to H. F. Herold for lot in Frost.

From Preston Ervine and wife to Samuel McAlpin, for 4005 acres near Green Bank.

From Samuel C. McAlpin and wife to Wm. Bright for 4 or 5 acres near Green Bank.

From Quincy W. Poage to Letitia Ware a certain parcel of land near Clover Lick.

From Allen Galford and wife to C. Z. Curry a certain parcel of land near Green Bank.

From R. C. Shrader and wife to David Moore, for land near Dilley's Mill.

From Mary J. Merrison to Jas. C. Merrison for 251 acres near Academy.

From P. D. Arbogast to P. M. Yeager, his interest in land on the headwaters of Greenbrier river.

From Annie L. Ashford and Clayborn Ashford, to J. L. Sheets, for land on William's river.

From H. F. Piles and J. S. R. Piles to Lemuel Piles, for their interests in land on Beaver creek.

From Geo. White and wife to C. P. Dorr, of Webster county for land on Tea and Laurel creeks.

From R. S. Turk, commissioner to W. R. Sutton for land on Back Allegheny mountain.

Institute Notice.

The Teachers Institute for Pocahontas Co., will be held at Huntersville, beginning July 21st, at 10 a. m.

M. G. MATHEWS.
Co. Supt.

While some boys were playing in the woods near Perth, New York, last Thursday they found a large quantity of jewelry. The articles, which were partly buried, consisted of watches, chains, finger rings, etc., and filled a halfbushel measure. They were taken to Amsterdam. It is believed that the jewelry is part of that stolen from Norton's jewelry store in Gloversville recently.

Three colored men and one white man were hanged at Memphis. The white man objected to being executed with his colored brethren and was hanged half an hour after the three negroes had been killed.

BRIDGE LETTING.

Sealed Bids will be received until 12 M., July 8th 1890, for the following Work, for the Bridge over Knapp's Creek, near Huntersville, W. Va.

Two abutments, one on each side of Creek. To be 21 feet by 7 feet at base and 18 feet by 2 feet a t top, about 16 feet high built of regular cut stone on bed, sides and ends, with chamfered joints at a declension of 12 inches in 8 feet on front and rear wall and a declension of 9 inches in 8 feet on ends, ends to be circular, Joints all well broken, layers on corners, to be not less than 15 inches nor more than 24 inches high, and not less than 2 feet broad; all stone in outside wall to be not less than 2 feet long, except to complete a layer and then the shorter stones to be used in rear walls and joints well broken, the first layer of base to be carefully beded down on the slate foundation all laid in cement up to 2 feet above high water mark, above this in lime and sand.

The Wing Walls to be laid well below the frost line, extend back 35 feet from abutment, and be laid up with large stone at a declension of 12 inches in 8 feet, well built with uncut stone, without morter, wall to be at least two feet thick, and of sufficient height. Either two or four wing walls will be built as the County Court may hereafter elect. Also for moving the bridge from its present location, and placing it on the abutments aforesaid, when they are completed, with the following additional work: The roof of said bridge to be painted, and the Cords of said bridge over the joints are to be braced by an additional pieces of timber secured by four bolts (1 inch) at each joint; and all parts of the bridge must be sound and not split or damaged in anyway, when rebuilt. The land on which said bridge is to be located has been condemned and the work will be proceeded with at once after the contract is let. The Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids, and will require bond from the contractor to whom the work is let for the faithful performance of his contract.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Com'r Co. Ct

HILLSBORO TRAINING SCHOOL.

The next session of the Hillsboro Training School will begin the first Wednesday in September, 1890.

MISS G. M. SHEARER,
Principal.

A. E. WHITE. R. S. LOVELACE. J. M. PRICE.

WHITE, PRICE & LOVELACE,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS & STOCKS

Ronceverte, W. V.

Those having lands of any description for sale would do well to correspond with us. We operate along the line of the C. & O. R. R. and through the southern Valley of Virginia.

New STORE

JUST OPENED
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We have just opened our new Store, and are daily receiving a most beautiful line of DRY GOODS, LADIES DRESS GOODS, LADIES HATS, CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL KINDS

And, in fact everything usually found in a first class country store, new and in the latest styles.

Call and see us, we charge nothing to show our goods.

D. B. McElwee & Bro.

The appeal in the Kemmler case came up for argument in Saratoga. The court affirmed the decision of the courts below, which was that the warden of Auburn Prison was legally qualified to carry the sentence of death into execution.

HAY & GRAIN RAKES.

If you want a COATS LOCK-LEVER HAY AND GRAIN RAKE, or any repairs call on or address,

H. P. McGLAUGHLIN,
Huntersville, W. Va.

All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

LOOK!
LOOK!!
LOOK!!

BARGAINS!
BARGAINS!
Bargains!

I am now receiving my new stock of Spring and Summer goods which is complete, and I am going to sell as cheap or cheaper than any store in the County, for cash or good trade. I mean business Come and see me.

Respectfully,
R. L. NOTTINGHAM
Dunmore, W. Va,

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.

UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

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Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," [illegible]

C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

July 3, 1890.

THE LIFTED LOAD.

Jack Brantley was a brave man no one ever doubted that; and he was as brave. "A good man," they called him, and that was the general verdict of the people among whom he lived. He was what you would call a patient fellow, whenever patience was needed; thoughtful of others, generation in all things, and slow to anger. But he was a lion when aroused.

Jack had once led a wild life in Texas; that is, he had been in the cattle business there, and had known many thrilling adventures with the boys, and once, when he caught a man in the act of stealing one of his ponies, and the fellow drew a pistol on him, Jack shot him dead on the spot.

Of course he was justified in the act. There was no verdict from a coroner's jury—no trial in a court room; but the people thanked him for ridding the country of a desperado who had been a terror to them, and all memory of the affair soon passed from their minds.

But not from Jack's. Somehow, although he knew that he was justified—that it was either his life or the robber's—he could never quite forget that there was one grave more in the world because of him, and the eyes of the dead man seemed to follow him reproachfully. It was foolish in him to look at it in that way, but natural—and he couldn't help it.

Finally, he decided to leave Texas, and with a snug fortune he settled down in Tennessee, where he married. And his life seemed all the brighter for the smiles of a loving wife. And no man ever lavished more devotion on his wife than Jack Brantley.

But there is a cloud to every heaven; and the brighter the sun shines the darker the cloud when it comes.

It came one evening in a way Jack least expected, and threw its evil shadow over all the brightness of his life.

"Jack," said his loving wife, twining her arms about his neck, as they sat together in the quiet of their home. "Jack, I want to tell you something that I should have told you before. It's a little heart secret of mine, but I want you to know it."

Jack took her in his arms and kissed her, and then she said, with tears in he tender eyes:

"Jack I had a brother once who was a bad, bad man—at least they said he was; he led a wild life in Texas, and it was not long before the tidings came that he was dead—shot dead by a man whose horse he had taken—had taken without leave, and—Oh, Jack! What is the matter? Do you blame me for not telling you before?"

No! he didn't blame her; he was blaming himself, poor fellow! He had let his arms fall from the sweet circle of his wife's neck; his head was bowed, his face pale; a vision rose before him: In the midnight of that Texas border he heard the crack of a revolver; he saw a man reel from a horse, and heard his heavy fall to the ground, where he lay dead, with pale face and wildly staring eyes. But more than this—he saw himself, the slayer of his wife's brother!

The tears rolled down his cheeks; his hand trembled as he drew his weeping wife towards him. "Don't worry about it dear," he said, "I don't blame you at all; I only felt sorry—sorry for him—your brother."

God pity him! but he could not summon courage to tell her that he—her husband—had shed her brother's blood. He would wait awhile and think it over; he could not tell her now!

Time passed, but it was a heavy time to Jack. He lost all interest in business; there was a heavy load upon his heart which he sought in vain to hide from his wife, and the sadness of his life, ill-concealed, was making her life miserable. He had not forgiven her, she thought; he was sorry that he had married her—the sister of a thief!

Things could not continue thus, and Jack knew it. He saw that his wife misunderstood, him, and sooner or later he would have to confess all. But how should he bring it about? And how would she bear it? Would she not shrink from him—cease to love him, and, perhaps, leave him forever?

These were the thoughts that tortured him day by day, and night after night. And he went on wondering and hoping and fearing—the most miserable of men.

But one night he resolved to risk all and throw himself upon the mercy of his wife. As things were, they were both miserable; how could they live with such a burden on their hearts?

"Molly," he said, "I know you love me, and God knows I love you with all my heart. I would give my life for you, Molly. Would you give yours for me?"

"Yes, Jack."

That was all she could say for sobbing.

"Molly, don't you know that I would not do a wrong deed?"

"Yes."

"Molly—dear Molly—" and he folded her to his breast, and bowed his head on her shoulder, "I killed your brother!"

She drew away from him for a moment, standing at arm's length and holding his hands in hers. She looked straight in his eyes, with hot tears trickling from her own. Then she crept close to him again and sobbed on his breast.

It was a moment of suspense to Jack, but her answer was the woman's love and faith—she knew him she believed in him.

"I said I believed you would not do a wrong deed, Jack, and this is my faith in you now. I am your wife and I love you and believe in you."

"God bless you for that!" he cried. "Oh, Molly! what a load you have lifted from my heart!"

But he had lifted a load from his wife's heart, too.

F. L. STANTON.

sUBSCRIBe

—FOR THE—

POCAHONTAS TIMES,

"Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interst to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, July 10, 1890. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 50.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

MABEL'S HUSBAND.

"Of course, I shall never dare to speak another word to her!" said Robert Dale.

"But why not? Only tell me why not!" cried out little Florrie, climbing up the beams of the barn loft, so that her head should be just on a level with that of her tall brother, and clasping him around the neck with both arms.

Robert was a tall, handsome young athlete, at that moment busy in mending one of the cogs of a steam plow with deft and ready touch.

His dark brown hair hung in heavy masses over his broad forehead; his hazel eyes were full of latent fire, and there was a world of character and resolve in his mouth and chin. One might easily excuse Florrie Dale for being proud of such a brother.

"Don't you see, 'Florrie?'" said the young giant, gently putting away the hands that interfered with the delicate screw he held. "I never asked her to be my wife while she was the poor and dependent school-teacher here. How can I have the face to do it now that she has inherited a fortune?"

Florrie balanced herself on the beam, her dimpled face looking out from its frame work of hay; a speckled hen came cackling from half its nest in the fragrant hay, and a dozen captive swallows flew back and forth in the peak of the barn overhead.

"But you were just going to ask her, Bob, you know you were?"

"Ah, but how is she to know it?"

"Why, by instinct, of course," decided Florrie.

Dale shook his head, with rather a sad smile.

"No, my little girl," said he, "I do not choose to be mistaken for one the great army of fortune hunters. I've lost my opportunity, and there's an end of it. It's my own fault."

Florrie burst into tears.

"Oh, Bob!" said she.

Robert Dale stroked down her sunshiny head, not without a sparkle of moisture in his own eyes, but he smiled a wan smile, nevertheless.

"I've often read that pride was a sin," sobbed Florrie, "but I never comprehended it before. Oh, Bob, I could almost hate you, if I didn't love you, so dearly!"

And Florrie scrambled down from her perch on the beam, and ran away, with both hands clasped over her face.

Dale looked after her.

"Poor little darling!" he said to himself. "It is but a scratch on the surface of her tender young heart! On mine it is a deep wound, seared in with red-hot iron. God help me!"

It was one of those romances which occur in real life oftener than one has any idea of. Mabel Wynne was a pretty young school teacher in Abbott's District, whose life of poverty had suddenly been turned into riches by the bequest of a distant and nearly forgotten relative. To Mabel herself it seemed like a golden dream. How often she had built castles in the air, whereof the foundation was "If I were rich!" And now the dream had come true; the pinnacles of the air castles were actually shining athwart the sky of her life, heretofore such a cold and gray expanse!

"And now," said Mabel to herself, "I can fulfill all my heart's desires!"

She took counsel with no one, unless now and then an hour with the grayhaired old lawyer might come under that head; she simply did as she pleased.

"Ma's ye seen the new house that Mabel Wynne is buildin?" said one neighbor to another. "It's a reg'lar Aladdin's castle! With trees all cut away from the lake, and new drives made through the woods, and heathen statters set up here and there, and a row o' glass houses to raise furrin plants and ripen grapes and peaches before their time."

"I don't approve of no such notions," solemnly answered the other. "To my mind, it's a clear settin' o' Providence at defiance. Grapes in march! And orange trees a flowerin' in this 'ere climate, with the snow on the ground! Mark my words, there won't no good come of it!"

* * * * *

It was a bright September evening when Mabel Wynne stopped at at the old Dale farm-house.

Florrie rushed to meet her, and greeted her with hugs and kisses innumerable.

"Dear, dear May!" she said. "Why haven't you been to see us before?"

"Why haven't you been to see me?" retorted Mabel, with the piquant, offhand manner which was one of her greatest charms. "That is the question, I should think."

Florrie's eyelashes drooped; instinctively she turned to her brother.

Robert advanced to her rescue, offering Miss Wynne his hand, with an excellent imitation of composure.

"Because, Mabel, your time has been so much occupied," said he. "I told Florrie that things were changed—that you could hardly be expected to have leisure to devote to her silly prattle."

"How did you know that things were changed?" cried Mabel, with a resentful flash in her violet-blue eyes.

"My own common sense told me so."

"Was that the reason that you haven't been to see me?"

"One of the reasons."

"Oh!" said Mabel, with an indescribable intonation of voice, and fixing her eyes upon his with a sudden, questioning glance, which he was but too thankful to evade by looking another way. "That was all that you cared for your old friend, eh?"

"If I could be of any real practical use to my old friend—"

"You can," briefly interrupted Miss Wynne.

"Tell me how, and I shall be at your service."

Florrie put her arms around her friends neck, whispering softly:

"This is like old times, May!"

"And I shall want Florrie, too," added Mabel, "to help make out my own inexperience. A man's judgment and a woman's taste! May I count on both of you?"

"On me, certainly," said Robert Dale.

"You might know that I would be ready to help you!" cried Florrie, almost inclined to be aggrieved.

"Then, will you both come up to 'The Glen' tomorrow at 10 o'clock?"

"That's the name of your new fairy palace?"

"Didn't you know it?"

Robert smiled.

"I don't ask many questions," said he.

"Yes. It is called 'The Glen,'" she answered.

Mabel Wynne stayed, and spent the evening at the Dale farm-house. She and Florrie sang sweet part songs to the accompaniment of Robert's violin; they talked of old times and new; and when at last Robert returned from seeing Mabel home, Florrie clapped her hands gleefully.

"Oh, Bob," she cried, "isn't it nice to have Mabel here once more?"

And Bob's smile did her heart good.

The next day, however, things assumed a new aspect. Robert and Florrie walked up through the woods to the beautiful new house, whose stained-glass casements commanded so rare a view of hillside woodland, and distant, winding river. Mabel was standing on the portico.

"Now come in," she cried, radiantly. "Walk through all the rooms with me. Here is the library—I want Robert's idea about fitting that up—and here are the drawing rooms. Florrie and I must decide about those; for, to tell you the truth"—and she collored pinker than the heart of a rose—"I am going to be married!"

Florrie started back, with a little exclamation; Robert stood calm and quiet as one of the marble statues in the vestibule.

"Married!" Florrie cried—"and not to confide in me! Oh, May!"

"Tell me," said Mabel—"shall we furnish the drawing-rooms in blue and silver, or pink and gold? And shall my rooms be the south ones, or the suit looking out over the river? And Bob must have the vestibules furnished to suit a man's taste. I shouldn't like to have my husband criticise them when he comes. Will you do this for me, Bob, because of our old friendship? Oh, don't look so solemnly at me! I know I am asking a great deal, but I thought I could depend on you."

"You can," he answered, quietly.

"Come out and look at the new sun-dial on the south lawn, added Mabel. Florrie has run up stairs to see the river from the observatory. We won't wait for her; because, Bob, I want to tell you a secret."

"Would not your husband be the proper person to confide in, May?" he asked.

"In this case, no, Bob!" she cried. "Listen to me. I love this man with all my soul—this husband that is to be—and he loves me."

"Naturally," observed Robert, setting his teeth.

"But he does not dare to tell me so. He thinks, don't you see, that I am an heiress. Well, so I am; but I am a woman, nevertheless, and I love him! Is my wretched money to part us? If so, I will fling it all into the ocean, and begin life anew as a beggar-girl. Now, Bob, what shall I do? It is for this that I have sent for you to come here. Answer me, quickly!"

"Tell him all," said Robert, huskily. "For God's sake do not break his heart for so trifling a cause as this!"

Mabel's cheeks crimsoned, her eyes fell to the ground.

"I have told him," she murmured "within this hour. Oh, Robert, Robert! have I said too much?"

"My May, my own darling!" cried Dale. "And to think that this miserable, false pride of mine failed to measure the nobility of your virtue!"

When Florrie came down from the observatory to the marble sun-dial, where the minutes were measured off by sunshine—ah, how appropriate it seemed just now, this division of time!—Bob and Mabel were sitting side by side on a rustic bench, and there was something in their faces that betrayed the truth at once.

Mabel's lips dimpled into a soft shy smile. Bob drew Florrie toward him at once.

"You have discovered our secret, little sister," said he.

Florrie uttered a cry of joy.

"Oh, May!" she said, "is it Bob?"

"Could it be any one else than Bob?" Mabel whispered, her sweet eyes full of loving light.

And then Florence, the mendacious little gipsy, declared that she had known it all along. It wasn't a bit of a surprise to her. Everybody had seen it but Bob; and Love was proverbially blind.

"You didn't treat Smithers very well after he resigned from the presidency of your club."

"Why? What did we do?"

"You posted a notice that 'an election would be held to fill the vacancy formerly occupied by Mr. Smithers.'"

Fair Enthusiast—What a dear little picture; it's just too sweet for anything! Can you make out the name of the artist, Mr. Cadmium? It looks like "Ochre." Cadmium (recognizing picture by a rival)—Humph! Medi ocre, I guess."

Mrs. Spankwell (to shoe dealer) —"May I try these slippers before I take them?"

Shoe dealer—"Why, certainly, ma'am."

"Mrs. Spankwell (catching her hopeful over her knee)—"Yell kinder easy, Johnny. Tain't as if we was nice and cosey at home, you know.

Judge—"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Prisoner—"Not guilty."

Judge (to witness)—"How much was the stolen watch worth?"

Witness—"Your Honor, it was worth $150.

Prisoner (taking the watch from his pocket)—"That shows he can't be believed. Do you think that watch is worth $150."

Weeping Relative (of very sick statesman.)—"Doctor, is there no hope?"

Experienced Physician—"Only one. We must induce the newspapers to put his obituary in type."

A small boy's composition on "Umbrellas" states that "Umbrellas were introduced in the rain of George the Third, which was a disastrous one in many particulars, being the time when the Declaration of Independence was signed by the 400 and about the date when George Washington could not tell a lie."

Wife (reproachfully)—"You married me for my money?"

Husband (suavely)—"No, my dear, you forget—you hadn't inherited it then. I only took the chances."

Mistress—You are so stupid. I told you to pay attention when the milk boiled over.

Servant—And I did, mum. It was a quarter past 8, mum, by the clock when it boiled over.

Giles—It seems dreadfully extravagant to go to such an expensive tailor.

De Jinks—What could I do? He was the only one that would trust me.

Nothing is so contagious as example; we are never either much good or much evil without imitators.

Wickedness may prosper for a while; but in the long run, he who sets knaves at work will pay them.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

July 10, 1890.

Six thousand coal miners in Alabama will go out on strike, carrying 5,000 men from furnaces with them.

Louisiana Lottery Company is willing to pay $1,250,000 a year for the privilege.

Among the 800,000 Hebrews in New York city there is not a saloon keeper. Among the Irish and Germans they are plenty as flies around a swill tub in July.

The monument erected in the State House grounds at Indianapolis in honor of the late Vice President Hendricks was formally unveiled on the 1st inst.

With a big steal by the late cashier in the New York post office, and another one lately in the Cincinnati post office, the grand old party is blossoming.

A woman in Ohio not long since lost a child through diphtheria, and forced her other children to kiss the dead body. They all grew sick with the same disease and died.

Superintendent of the Census Porter estimates from the returns already reported that the population of the United States and the Territories will reach 64,500,000 against 50,155,783 in 1880.

A company has been organized in this State which will capitalize and place upon the market 3,800 acres of land near the White Sulphur Springs. The land embraces the celebrated [illegible] Creek property.

The rescuing party has at last penetrated into the Hill Farm mine at Dunbar, Pa., but found the mine full of fire, smoke and fire damp; the buckets of two of the miners and a blower were found, but they themselves doubtless perished in the flames long ago.

Careful estimates place the number of pensioners added to the rol under the Dependent Pension bill at 300,000. It will require 400 new clerks to take care of the new accounts.

Yes, a man has a right to lend his newspaper or magazine to all his neighbors, and the right to lend his tooth pick and marriage certificate, but if he desires the editor and publisher for whom he professes friendship, to succeed, he will ask those who come to borrow, to subscribe. Any paper worth taking is worth efforts to extend its circulation.

The Secretary of the Interior asks for $[illegible] with which to pay surgeons who are to examine applicants under the new pension bill, $[illegible] to pay the extra force of clerks required by the bill, and $[illegible] for incidental things too numerous to mention. Twenty five years after the war closed the total pension expenses foot up nearly $[illegible] a year, and at this rate, in 25 years more will foot up nearly $[illegible].

The steamer Rotterdam, which arrived in New York Sunday, brought the largest single consignment of Sumatra tobacco ever received there—4,750 bales, valued at $1,000,000. Manufacturers are hurrying in a stock before the Tariff bill becomes a law and the duty on the Sumatra leaf goes up.

Pittsburgh furnishes the latest novelty in attempts at suicide. A mother and daughter fasten themselves in a room, turn on the gas full blast and light it for the purpose of smothering themselves in the heat. Any one who would adopt that plan in torrid weather like the present must be in deadly earnest.

The weather expert of the New York Herald, after noting the hot wave as unprecedented in length for so early in the summer, adds these words of comfort: "At any rate, the present high American temperatures cannot be taken to portend an abnormally protracted and severe summer. The outlook rather favors an early than a late fall."

The estimated population in some of the most important cities is as follows: New York, 1,627,227; Brooklyn, 900,000; Chicago, 1,214,000; Philadelphia, 1,046,447; Boston, 417,720; Baltimore, 438,000; St. Paul, 180,000; New Orleans, 236,300; St. Louis, 430,000; Kansas City, 125,000. These figures may be somewhat increased or reduced by the final report.

In an interview with the Rochester Union (Dem.) Bob Ingersoll says: "I believe protecting what are called the infant industries, but after these 'infants' get to be six feet high and wear No 12 boots boots it is about time to stop rocking the cradle, especially when the 'infant' tells you that if you stop rocking he will get out of the cradle and kick your head off."

A political sensation has been caused in West Virginia by the announcement of the "flop" of President Carr, of the State Senate, from the Republican to the Democratic party. Carr is one of the most influential men in the State. He was elected to the Senate four years ago as a Labor Republican, and was the hero of the famous deadlock in 1889, which lasted four weeks and resulted in his election to the Presidency of the Senate. He announces that he leaves the Republican party on the tariff question.—National Democrat.

Charles H. J. Taylor, a negro lawyer, of Atlanta, who was Minister to Liberia during the Cleveland Administration, proposes to take the colored voters of the United States over to the Democratic party in a body. Taylor has perfected a plan for a convention, to be held in Atlanta next month, to be composed of one colored delegate from each State in the Union. The purpose of the convention, as announced by Taylor, is to decide upon the best plan of preparing figures to prove to the negroes of the country that they have never received any favors from the Republican party and never will receive any. In an interview with the New York Sun correspondent Mr. Taylor said that he has visited a number of States, North and South, in the interest of his plan and everywhere finds most of the educated and intelligent negroes in full sympathy with the movement. They begin to realize, he says, that they can never hope to be more than mere voting machines while they remain in the Republican party, and that their real friends are the Democrats. Taylor thinks fully 1,000,000 negro voters will vote the Democratic ticket at the next national election.

Speaking of Bores.

The mild and inoffensive type of bore is more formidable than the able and aggressive one.

From the last named, refuge can be sought in flight, or belligerent opposition may work relief. No one, however, dreams of escaping the placid bore, and anger is out of the question.

The energetic bore is an irritant and does not leave one in a state of exhaustion. The cheerful and passive bore wastes one's flesh, reduces the spirits to hopeless dejection, and smiles with severe idiocy at your death gasps. This minister of marasmus is a respectable member of society, and has access to its most exclusive circles.

No one violently abuses the placid bore, or even hints at the miraculous mental inertia by which he or she prostrates victims right or left. All accept the situation as one of the mysterious dispensations of Providence, and the doctors congratulate themselves on having such a missionary capable of defeating all the sanitary blessings of climate, wholesome diet, rest and exercise.

The placid bore attains a ripe old age, and attends the funerals of those who have succumbed.

Wayside Notes.

The last Sabbath of June is to be remembered in the annals of the Mary Gibson, memorial Chapel on Elk. It was arranged to spend the day in social and religious enjoyment. The morning clouds portended rain, but the sequel proved most auspicious for the occasion, and a very lovely Sabbath day was vouchsafed, the immense throngs gathering from every direction. The scene was charmingly picturesque that presented itself as parties in carriages, wagons and on nice horses and afoot traversed the roads and mountain passes converging on the elegant house of worship the ornament and pride of this one of the most charming of vales amid the forest clad mountains. The birds were singing in the leafy groves, herds and flocks roamed the pastures, the hills and the mountains appeared in greenest foliage, while over all the serene and beautiful skies were lowly bending as if Heaven was willing to meet us more than half the way.

When composed for worship, and the writer looked over the audience a pathetic and peculiar feeling touched his heart, as he observed something in the general expression so earnest and expectant as to indicate that deep down in the hearts of the people something mysteriously wonderful is at work. The recess was spent in the enjoyment of a most delicious and ample repast, prepared by willing and skilful hands, and in social amenities. Then came the afternoon service interspersed with singing beautiful Hymns. A number of gentlemen and ladies by request occupied seats near each other and led the singing in a most satisfactory manner, and their services added very much to the interest of the occasion. Early in the afternoon all repaired to their homes, after hearing that were it not for the bible and bible people, there never would have been a successful declaration of Independence, nor a free and happy American people. The people were moreover reminded that there was something within their reach, more to be desired than gold, yea much fine gold.

In one of the discourses, an illustration of what bibles truth has accomplished, was drawn from a remarkable relic of aboriginal or prehistoric worship, once celebrated in this valley. In a beautiful meadow near the Chapel, is a sacred circle formed of two gigantic serpents in the act of mutually devouring each other. One of these serpents symbolizes the day, the other, night. The succession of day and night makes up the mysterious something, which to the mind of the untutored people, who once claimed this region as theirs is that which makes and keeps alive, or which destroys all things that live and grow or that decay and die. The trend of this part of the Elk valley is so nearly east and west, that the sun of noon on his journey from horizon to horizon is just over the spot chosen for this sacred symbol.

Everything indicates, that this has been a holy place where prehistoric worshippers would meet to their dark and solemn rites and repeat their mysterious incantations. No doubt scenes of thrilling interest transpired here on this holy ground as warriors with loudest cries implored safety in pending wars, or hunters desiring the supreme powers to grant good success in the chase essential to their very existence.

The peculiar grass that forms and makes this strange symbol, grows no where else in all this region, and must have been brought from elsewhere. How very impressive the contrast of the past and present. Once the devout and worshipful solemnly assembled about that strange symbol of mutually devouring serpents gigantic and terrible monsters, inspiring feelings of the most awful character, and in their worship chanted strange rites and forms of words.

To day however the worshipping throngs that assemble in this valley reverentially, quietly and thoughtfully gather around an open book, containing words expressive of ideas brought from Heaven by our Lord Jesus Christ, for the purpose of securing the highest good of humanity.

As a concluding reflection let it be remembered that to those who approved the services of that last Sabbath of June, and now feel more inclined than ever to have supreme regard for God's will and a mutual regard for a neighbors welfare, the services were brought with blessing otherwise a fruitless ordinance.

State Senator.

We clip the following from the Greenbrier Independent.

ED. INDEPENDENT:—It is conceded that Pocahontas county is entitled to the State Senator for the forthcoming term—Hon. M. Van Pelt, whose term of office is about to expire, retiring. Capt. Wm. L. McNeel has served this Senatorial district several terms to the satisfaction of his constituents, and we suggest that if he should consent to become a candidate for the Senatorship, he would meet with a hearty endorsement in each and all the counties composing the 8th Senatorial district.

A DEMOCRAT.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election at the next election as Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas county.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Most respectfully,
JOHN J. BEARD.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next, and, if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the dutie of said offices to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County subject the action of the Democratic Primary election. Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,
E. H. MOORE.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff. Election Nov. 4th, 1890.

Respectfully,
J. C. ARBOGAST.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate, to represent the 4th Delegate Dist., composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster, in the next Legislature of W. Va., subject to the future action of the Democratic party. If elected I pledge myself to faithfully discharge the duties of the trust to the best of my ability. Election Nov. 4th 1890.

Respectfully,
W. C. MANN.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent the Delegate District composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster in the next House of Delegate's subject to any action taken by the Democratic party to select a candidate.

Respectfully,
I. B. MOORE.

HOME NEWS

—Several persons attended Court Tuesday.

—Several new subscribers this week.

—A number of persons of our town had quite an enjoyable picnic on Island Park the 4th.

—Born to L. M. McClintic and wife, an 11 pound girl, on the 7th inst.

—Rev. L. F. Snapp will preach at Mt. Pleasant schoolhouse, next Sunday at 11 a. m.

—County Court, convened Tuesday, with Messrs. E. McBeard, G. C. Moore and S. B. Hannah, on the bench.

Hall's Hair Renewer enjoys a world wide reputation for restoring the hair to bald heads and changing gray hair to the original color of youth.

—The poorer the road, the greater the wear and tear and the consumption of time, and hence the heavier the tax travelling over it.

—We are requested to announce that the State Farmers Alliance will organize at Charleston, August 12th.

—There hasn't been any rain here to amount to anything for nearly a month, and the wells are almost dry and crops are burnt up.

—Prof. C. A. Brown, principal of the Hillsboro Male and Female Academy, was in town over night Tuesday, and made us a profitable and pleasant call.

—Cold, cough, coffin is what philosophers term "a logical sequence." One is liable to follow the other; but by curing the cold with a dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the cough will be stopped and the coffin not needed—just at present.

—The Southern Methodist pulpit, here will be filled next Sunday evening, 8 o'clock, by the Rt. Rev. Geo. Peterkin. We trust there will be a large congregation to appreciate the Bishop's presence and words.

—The inestimable value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier should be known to every wife and mother. It corrects irregularities, gives tone and strength to the vital organs, and cleanses the system of all impurities. The best family medicine.

DENTESTRY.

Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Edray, July 2nd and remain 5 days; Mill Point July 9th and remain 4 days; Huntersville July 14th, 4 days; Frost, July 18th, 4 days; Green Bank, July 23rd, 3 days, and will be prepared to attend to all Dental work. Call early and make your engagements as his time is limited to the above dates. 48 3t

Institute Notice.

The Teachers Institute for Pocahontas Co., will be held at Huntersville, beginning July 21st, at 10 a. m.

M. G. MATHEWS,
Co. Supt.

Dunmore Doings.

108 degrees in the shade.

Will Gladwell, Esq., stands behind the counter now with a smile on his face as long as a down east cow track. It's a girl.

Alex Butterbaugh has a new boarder. It's a girl.

Capt. E. A. Smith, has been appointed postmaster at Dunmore and C. B. Swecker, assistant.

Several persons will join the Farmers Alliance here on the 12th.

This hot weather is worse than love in August.

Miss M. Wakeman and J. A. Noel, have returned from an extended trip west.

Mr. Chas. Nottingham, has returned from Texas.

Miss Lillie Nottingham is quite sick at this time.

Profs. John Barnett and John Hamilton, contemplate starting a high school at Dunmore in the near future. These gentlemen are competant, and should be encouraged.

TRAVELER.

Traveler's Repose Items.

Seeing nothing from this part for sometime I will endeavor to give you a few items this week.

The hot weather and fine rains which we have had for some time past are making crops flourish, except oats which will be almost a failure, caused by an insect which injured them earlier in the season.

Mr. Van Buren Arbogast, who has been very ill of pneumonia, we are glad to say is better at this writing.

A large crowd attended the basket meeting on Brush run last Sunday. Rev. Mr. Neff, delivered excellent sermons in the morning and evening. There were two baptisms by sprinkling and one by emersion, after which several admissions into the church.

A singing school was also organized at that place.

Mrs. A. H. Shuey, of Augusta Co., is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Our picnic at this place, which was gotten up by the young ladies of this neighborhood was quite a success.

Success to THE TIMES.

JIMBO.

Green Bank News.

Mrs. H. H. Slaven and children, of Meadow Dale, Va., are visiting her parents at this place.

Mrs. Stuart Wooddell and son [illegible] A. and grand-daughter Lillian [illegible] visiting friends in [illegible] vicinity the past fortnight, will [illegible] for their home in Jackson [illegible] the 9th. They will be accompanied by Mrs. Wm. H. Hull and [illegible] Lelia as far as Beverly.

[illegible] Henry Sharp, of Douthard's [illegible] is visiting her parents near [illegible].

[illegible] understand Rev. Ballenger [illegible] on his return from Knapp's [illegible] Sunday night, by his horse falling on him.

PAULINA.

Died—Miss Bettie Hogsett.

Miss Bettie Hogsett, sister of Mr. J. T. Hogsett, near Mill Point and Mr. W. P. Hogsett, of Brown's creek died at the home of the latter brother, on last Saturday 5th inst., aged 57 years. She was born in Huntersville, and was known by every body in this vicinity, and nearly every body in the county. She had been a member of the church almost since childhood, and has lived an amiable christian life, and liked by all.

Mrs. Susan Burr.

Mrs. Susan Burr, wife of the late Wm. Burr, died at her home on Brown's mountain on the 4th inst., aged about 53 years. She was paralyzed several months ago, from which she never recovered. She was a member of the church, and a pure christian lady, a kind wife and mother, and a generous neighbor, loved by all who knew her. She leaves a little boy about 11 years old and a host of relatives and friends to mourn her loss.

Lodged in Jail.

Alfred Pritt, of Droop mountain, was lodged in jail at this place last week, charged with breaking in the dwelling house of Mr. Thos. Callison, and stealing about $9.00.

Also Thos L. Scott, of the same place was locked up for stealing $2.00 from Howard McCoy.

8th Senatorial Democratic Convention.

A Convention of the Democratic party of the 8th Senatorial District of West Virginia, is hereby called to meet at Hinton, West Virginia, on the 27th day of August, 1890, at 12 o'clock m., for the purpose of nominating a candidate to represent said district in the next State Senate of West Virginia. The Counties composing said Senatorial district, are requested to appoint delegates to said Convention in such manner and at such time as the organization of the Democratic party in each have already, or may hereafter determine upon.

By order of the 8th Senatorial Ex Committee.

M. A. MANNING, Chairman.
G. W. WARREN, Sect'y.

Farmers Alliance.

At an annual meeting held on the 5th inst., in Locust Alliance No. 162 of State of W. Va., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year, viz. Edwid L. Beard, Pres; Geo. W. Callison, Vice Pres; Henry N. Hannah, Sec'y; Wm. A. McClure, Chaplain; Wm. H. Callison, Treasurer; Jacob W. Beard, Lecturer; Mason Williams, Asst Lect.; Wese Hull, Door keeper; Jonathan Cochran, Asst. Door keeper; Thomas F. Callison Sergt. at arms; Richard Callison, Business agents.

E.

WHEAT FOR SALE.

I will have for sale in about 10 days, a lot of good wheat, which I will sell at $1.00 per bushel.

Z. GAULEY,
Sunset, W. Va.

Outrage in Fayette County.

On the 30th inst., about four o'clock, a negro entered the residence of Mr. John W. Walker, near Crickmer, Fayette county, and finding no one at home but Mrs. Walker, he asked her if she was not alone. She became alarmed, and thinking to scare him away, replied that her husband was upstairs. He immediately drew a revolver and ran upstairs, and not finding any one returned and knocked Mrs. Walker down, outraged her, and then bursted open one or two trunks in search of a large sum of money supposed to be in the house. Not finding the money he took quite a number of papers, including deeds, bonds, receipts, etc., and departed. In appearance he was about 6 feet 2 inches in height and well proportioned, and had two scars on the right cheek, also a scar on the forehead. He wore a white wool hat.—Independent.

BRIDGE LETTING.

Sealed Bids will be received until 12 M., July 8th 1890, for the following Work, for the Bridge over Knapp's Creek, near Huntersville, W. Va.

Two abutments, one on each side of Creek. To be 21 feet by 7 feet at base and 18 feet by 3 feet at top, about 16 feet high built of regular cut stone on bed, sides and ends, with chowfered joints at a declension of 12 inches in 8 feet on front and rear wall and a declension of 9 inches in 8 feet on ends, ends to be circular, Joints all well broken, layers on corners, to be not less than 15 inches nor more than 24 inches high, and not less than 2 feet broad; all stone in outside wall to be not less than 2 feet long, except to complete a layer and then the shorter stones to be used in rear walls and joints well broken, the first layer of base to be carefully beded down on the slate foundation all laid in cement up to 2 feet above high water mark, above this in lime and sand.

The Wing Walls to be laid well below the frost line, extend back 25 feet from abutment, and be laid up with large stone at a declension of 12 inches in 8 feet, well built with uncut stone, without morter, wall to be at least two feet thick, and of sufficient height. Either two or four wing walls will be built as the County Court may hereafter elect. Also for moving the bridge from its present location, and placing on the abutments aforesaid, when they are completed, with the following additional work: The roof of said bridge to be painted, and the Cords of said bridge over the joints are to be braced by an additional pieces of timber securd by four bolts (1 inch) at each joint; and all parts of the bridge must be sound and not split or damaged in anyway, when rebuilt. The land on which said bridge is to be located has been condemned and the work will be proceeded with at once after the contract is let. The Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids, and will require bond from the contractor to whom the work is let for the faithful performance of his contract.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Com'r Co. Ct.

HILLSBORO TRAINING SCHOOL.

The next session of the Hillsboro Training School will begin the first Wednesday in September, 1890.

MISS G. M. SHEARER,
Principal.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50
These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

July 10, 1890.

CAMP-FIRE STORIES.

Grant and Lee have had their first stuggle in the Wilderness, as the former seeks a new road to Richmond. Amidst dense thickets in lonely fields, along narrow highways, in the somber forests, a hundred thousand men have fought backwards and forwards, from sun to sun, and now the night has come to shift the scene. There are 8,000 men lying dead on this battle ground. There are thousands more lying wounded—parching with thirst, crying out in their agony. Lee still thirst, crying out in their agony. Lee still blocks the road, but no sooner has the sun gone down than Grant begins a movement by the left flank to pass. If you can not cross a swamp you must pass around it. My division is one left between the two armies to hide this movement. When morning comes we shall be far in rear. The ground where we rest is broken. There is forest and thicket—a narrow highway—a creek—two or three small farms with their buildings filled with wounded men. Fifty rods in front of a log house is our picket line. It skirts the cleared land and runs away into the darker woods on a straight line. The neutral ground between us and the enemy is a strip not over forty rods wide.

At ten o'clock on this night, when the confusion and turmoil have grown quiet, but while lanters flash here and there through the woods, as men search for the wounded, I am left on "post No. 7" for the coming two hours. My place is under a pine tree which stands in the cleared ground, and all along the front is the dark forest—so dark that a white horse might stand within one hundred feet of me and escape observation. It is a starlight night, but clouds are drifting across the sky and the wind comes in that gusty way which warns you that a storm is brewing at a distance.

For an hour there is no alarm. Grant is moving by the flank. Lee is moving to checkmate him. Grant has left a line to mask his movement. Lee has left a line to mask his. It has been a long, terrible day. Darkness brings a respite to all. We have virtually said to each other over the neutral ground:

"Let us alone and we won't disturb you."

At eleven o'clock a noise in the dark woods in front sends my blood leaping. It was the noise of footsteps breaking dry twigs. There are wounded horses wandering about, but this was not the footstep of a horse. Wounded men may be seeking our lines, but I listen in vain to catch a groan or a low call of distress.

"Step! Step! Step!"

The sound is on my left front. Some one is moving to get the shelter of the darker spot directly opposite. He is moving carefully, but I can follow every foot of progress.

"Step! Step! (Halt!) Step! Step!" (Silence!)

Is it a ghoul seeking out the dead and wounded to rob them? Is it a picket from the other line seeking to locate our posts and report how far away we are? Is it some human devil seeking to dabble his hands in blood after the horrors of the day? Men who had brothers or friends killed in battle by daylight sometimes swore fearful vengeance, and went out upon the bloody field at night to secure it.

"Rustle! Step! (Halt!) Step! Step!" (Coming closer!)

If I raise an alarm here it will go up and down the line and arouse a thousand men in a moment. If let this unknown approach me I may be assassinated. He can not see me in this gloom, but he is slowly approaching in a direct line.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

Deep silence.

If he was a struggler from our lines or a wounded man he would make answer.

"Step! Step!" And now I hear him sink down to the earth.

"Who goes there?"

Silence.

"Who goes there?"

Silence.

I am waiting with musket raised and finger on the trigger. I have given fair warning. Friend could ask no more, and an enemy must realize his danger. As I wait a something makes a blot on the darkness. It is only a few feet away and I fire point-blank. There is one long shrill scream of agony, and I hear a body fall to the earth, and then there is deep silence for a moment.

"What is it?" ask the corporal of the guard as he hurries up from the reserve stationed scarcely one hundred feet in the rear.

"There—I've shot some one!"

The alarm runs up and down the lines to die away after five minutes, and then we advance to the object. The corporal is there first. He reaches out to touch, it draws back in alarm, and gasps: "Great Heavens, but you have shot a woman!"

It was true. Some poor soul, crazed by the terrible sounds of battle—driven from her humble home—hiding in some thicket until darkness came. Then, dumb as the trees around her, but guided by instinct, she sought to make her way back to the house—no doubt the very hut filled with our wounded and suffering men. And she was dead at my feet—dead of my own bullet.

A man never forgives a woman for making him feel silly.

Talk never seems cheap when the one talking to you is a little dear.

Corn always comes up quickest about the time young crows bgin to fly.

Sin always has a plausible excuse for appearing in company.

Fond mother—I wonder what baby is thinking of? Fond father—He is not thinking; he is listening to hear if his first tooth is coming.

sUBSCRIBe

——FOR THE——

POCAHONTAS

TIMES,

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry. It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interst to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

TERM OF SUBSCRIPTION,

One year in advance	$1.00
If not paid within 6 months	1.25
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AND IF YOU NEED

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Drug Envelopes, Tags, Business Cards, Official Blanks, Blank Bonds, Posters, Briefs for the Court of Appeals etc.

GET THEM AT "THE TIMES,"

JOB OFFICE,

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, July 24, 1890. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 52.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

EAME'S LEGACY.

Charles Eames stepped into the office of his friend Bowles, editor of the Glenville Courant.

"How are you, Eames?" asked the editor.

"I ought to feel happy, I suppose," said the young man, a little ruefully, "for I've just received a notice of a legacy."

"Indeed, I congratulate you."

"Wait till you hear what it is."

"Well, what is it?"

"My Aunt Martha has just died, leaving fifty thousand dollars."

"To you? I congratulate you heartily."

"No, she leaves it to a public institution. She leaves me only her silver watch, which she has carried for forty years."

"How is that?"

"She didn't approve of my becoming an artist. She wished me to be a merchant. If I had consulted her wishes, I should, doubtless, have been her sole heir. This small legacy is meant more as an aggravation than any thing else."

"But you can make your own way."

"I can earn a scanty living at present. I hope to do better by and by. But you know my admiration for Mary Brooks. If I had been Aunt Martha's sole heir, I could have gained her father's consent to our marriage. Now it is hopeless."

"I am not so sure of that. This legacy may help you."

"An old watch! You are joking."

"Not if you will strictly observe my directions."

"What are they?"

"Simply this: Agree for one calendar month not to mention or convey the least idea of the nature of your aunt's bequest. I will manage the rest."

"I don't at all know what you mean, Bowles," said the young artist; "but I am in your hands."

"That is all I wish. Now remember to express surprise at nothing; but let matters take their course."

"Very well."

In the next issue of the Glenville Courant the young artist was surprised to read the following paragraph:

"We are gratified to record a piece of good luck which has just befallen our esteemed fellow-citizen the promising young artist, Charles Eames. By the will of an aunt recently deceased, he comes into possession of a piece of property which has been in the family for many years. Miss Eames is reported to have left fifty thousand dollars.

"Really," thought the young man, "anybody would naturally suppose from this paragraph that I had inherited my aunt's entire property."

He put on his hat and walked down the street. He met Ezekiel Brooks, president of the Glenville National Bank.

Mr. Brooks beamed with cordiality.

"My dear sir, permit me to congratulate you," he said.

"You have read the Courant?" said Eames.

"Yes, and I am delighted to hear of your good fortune. Can I speak to you on business a moment?"

"Certainly, Mr. Brooks."

"You'll excuse my advice, but I know you are not a business man as I am. My young man do you want to make some money?"

"Certainly; I should be glad to do so."

"James Parker has five hundred shares of the Wimbledon railway. It stands at fifty-six, a figure much below the real value. Parker is nervous and w[illegible] sell out. I want you [illegible] his entire stock."

"But Mr. Brooks—"

"I know what you would say. It may go down—but it won't. I have advices that a speedy rise is almost certain. Buy him out, and you'll make a handsome thing of it."

"But how shall I find the money?"

"Of course you haven't recieved your legacy. I know there are delays. No trouble about that. Give your note on ninety days, and I'll indorse it. You'll sell out before that time at a handsome advance."

"I will place myself in your hands, Mr. Brooks, but you must manage the buisness."

"Certainly; I shall only want your signature when the documents are made out. By the by come around and dine with us, or have you another engagement?"

Another engagement? Had Eames fifty engagements he would have broken them all for the privilege of meeting Mary Brooks. This was the first time he had been invited to the capitalist's table. The fact is, until this morning, Mr. Brooks had scarcely vouchsafed him more than a cool nod on meeting; but had changed, or appeared to, and his behavior altered with it. Such is the way of the world!

It was a very pleasant dinner. The young artist remained afterwards.

"I have an engagement, Mr. Eames," said Mr. Brooks, "a meeting of the bank directors; but you mustn't go away. Mary will entertain you."

The young man did not go away and apparently was satisfied by the entertainment he recieved. He blessed his aunt for her legacy, if only it had procured him this afternoon's interview with the young lady he had admired. But it gained him more. Every four days he recieved a similar invitation. He could not fail to see that Ezekiel Brooks looked with evident complacency on the good understanding between his daughter and himself.

"What will he say?" thought the young man, "when he finds out what sort of a legacy I have received from my aunt?"

Occasionally, too, he felt nervous about his hasty assent to the proposition to buy four hundred shares of railroad stock at fifty-six, when he hadn't fifty dollars ahead. He reckoned up one day what his purchase would amount to, and his breath was almost taken away when he found it amounted to twenty eight thousand dollars! Still, it had been in a manner forced upon him. He asked no questions, but every now and then the old gentleman said: "All going well! Stock advancing rapidly."

With that he was content. Indeed, he was so carried away by love of Mary Brooks that he gave little thought to any other subject.

One day Mr Brooks came up, his face beaming with joy.

"Wish you joy, Eames," he said. "Wimbledon's gone up [illegible] rocket to par. Give me [illegible] with and I'll sell out for you [illegible] was no one

The artist did so, [illegible] so far as what it meant till [illegible], whose body recieved a little [illegible] hours later by

DEAR EAMES [illegible] who were work[illegible] your five hundr[illegible] [illegible]orhood. The mur[illegible] [illegible] at 101. [illegible] This gi[illegible] been a deliberate [illegible] thirty-five [illegible] and feeling runs high [illegible] neighborhood.

Charles Eames read this letter three times before he could realize its meaning. Could it be that without investing a cent he had made over twenty thousand dollars? It must be a dream, he thought.

But when he called at the old gentleman's office, he found it was really true.

"Mr. Eames, how about this money? Shall I re-invest it for you?"

"Thank you sir. I wish you would. I should like a little in hand, however."

"Certainly. Will that answer?" and the old gentleman wrote a check for five hundred dollars and placed it in the young man's hand.

It was more money than he had ever before possessed at one time. This was convincing proof of the reality of his good fortune.

The next day he went to the city and ordered a handsome suit of clothes at a fashionable tailor's. The fact was his old coat was getting threadbare, and his overcoat decidedly seedy. While he was about it he bought a new coat and boots, as well as other needed articles, and still returned with money enough in his pocket to make him feel rich. He changed his boarding house, engaged a handsome room at a much nicer boarding-house.

"It seems to me you are dashing out, Eames," said his friend, the editor. "You know I've had a legacy," said Eames, laughing.

"I begin to think you have," said the editor.

When Eames appeared on the street in his new suit it was a confirmation of the news of his inheritage. His removal to fashionable boarding-house was additional confirmation. It was wonderful how he rose in the estimation of people who had before looked upon him as a shiftless artist.

All at once it occurred to him: "Why shouldn't I propose for Mary Brooks? With twenty thousand dollars I could certainly support her comfortably. There was a very pretty cottage and tasteful grounds for sale at five thousand dollars. This would make a charming home."

One morning with considerable trepidation, young Eames broached the subject to Mr. Brooks.

"No one I would like better for a son-in-law, if Mary is willing," was the prompt answer.

Mary was willing, and as there seemed no good reason for waiting, the marriage took place within a few weeks.

"Charles," said his father-in-law after the young people retur[ned] from their wedding journey, [illegible] time for me to render you [an ac]count of your money affairs [illegible] been lucky in my invest[ments] I have thirty-one thou[sand] to your cr[edit] [illegible] amount [illegible] six [illegible] ment, might be increased. So he submitted with a good grace, and is on the best of terms with his daughter's husband, who is now in Italy with his wife, pursuing a course of artistic study. He treasures carefully the old watch, which he regards as the foundation of his prosperity.—Yankee Blade.

Not Devoted Enough.

Sam Potts met Moll Dorch in the road. "W'y how is you, sister Moll?"

"I gives you thanks dat I'se well Bruder Sam. Is all yo' erfairs in de prosperous 'dition?"

"Mightly, sister, mightly. Hogs gittin' fatter an' fatter ever' day an' de cows gib so much milk we doan know what ter do 'bout it. Whiches way way you gwine under de rays o' dis yere bibly mawnin'?"

"Jes er walkin' 'round ter 'joy de fresh a'r o' de season."

"You looks like you 'joys de season, an' de season looks like it 'joys you, sister, for I 'c'lar to goodness I ain't seed such a putty lady sense I wan't mo' den er year ole."

"Go on, man, you kain't compermen' me."

"I an't tryin' ter compermen' you jes tryin' ter tell you some truf. I'se had dis yere eye on you fur some time, an' ef ole Bob ever dies, w'y I wants you mighty bad. Yere me?"

"'Cose I yeres you, but look yere, man, me an' Bob done been maird too laung ter talk datter way."

"Doan kere how laung you been maird, he must die."

"Yas, Bruder Sam, dat is de truf."

"Say, Sis. Moll, ef Bob does die woan you promise ter be my speret an de bride say come? Oh, I's coatin' de skripter on you now, an' you kain't git out f'um under dat. Yere me?"

"'Cose I yeres you, but I doan wanter promise to mair you."

"It is because you doan lub me, ain't it?"

"Oh, no, dat ain't de cause."

"What is den?"

"W'y it's dis; Ef I wuzter prom[is]e to mair you in the case Bob di[ed] you—do you know what you w[ould] do?"

"You'd pizen Bob, [illegible] you'd do."

"No, I declare [illegible] wouldn't do noth[illegible] much money [illegible] footed an' [illegible]

"Yas' [illegible]

men [illegible]

de [illegible]

[illegible] rendered [illegible] cause of [illegible]orrow, I will [illegible] DAY OF AUGUST, 1890, [at pu]blic auction, at Tra[illegible] [illegible] county, that certain [illegible] containing 215 acres, [on t]he east branch of Greenbrier, adjoining the lands of Jefmont [illegible]ouchen, A. M. V. Arbogast [illegible]ers, being the same land lately [conveyed b]y the said Burner to the said Mor[illegible]

[T]ERMS: One third of the purchase money cash in hand, and the residue in six and twelve months from the day of sale, in equal payments, bearing interest from that day, the purchaser executing bonds with good security for the deferred payment, and the title being retained as ultimate security.

CHARLES P. JONES, Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the bond required by said decree, has been duly executed.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

July 24-4t. Printer's fee, $8.40

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 3 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	5 00	8 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	8 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

July 24, 1890.

THE WEST VIRGINIA ROBBERY COMPLETE.

The Republican Committee on Elections on the 18th reported its decision in the Alderson-McGinnis case and, of course, it was that the Democrat should be unseated and the Republican given the seat.

This is plain, bold robbery and nothinge lse. It completes the piratical programme so far as West Virginia is concerned.

The proof furnished by Mr. Alderson that he was legally elected is inconstrovertible and positive. But what care Quay's and Reed's slavish and consciencless tools for that! After the sins againt the people they have already committed, one more or less matters but little. The thief has been unmasked and brought to bay and there is nothing left but to boldly fight it out on that line, casting all pretensions to the winds and relying on simple violence and further robberies to make his position good.

In our telegraphic dispatches a brief history of the case is presented. None of the facts therein can be denied for they are matters of legal record. There is more of a certainty that John D. Alderson received the majority of the legal votes cast in the Third West Virginia district, than that Reed, himself, was the choice of the honest voters of his district. The Republicans know this, and their long delay shows that the robbery was a difficult one, and could only be done by actual violence and openly. Besides, there was the necessity of "vindicating" Goff. A confession ... Alderson was the legally elected ... for Congress, would have ... confession of the other ... Goff was not elected Gov... Virginia, and the ... declared all along ... a renom... doubt be ... unsan... giv... and ...

... fused to adopt the shameless methods of the speaker of the House; and nothing but debate on that subject has yet been done.

Mr. Blaine has had to bring down the lash on the majority of the Senate, to keep it straight. He does it through an open letter to Mr. Frye. He denounces the McKinley tariff bill, and says "it will not open a market for another bushel of wheat or another barrel of pork."

In the House a bill appropriating $636,180 for an additional clerical force, numbering 636 for the Pension Bureau, was called Mr. Enloe, of Tenn., thought that before any increase of force be granted the Pension Bureau, it should be ascertained whether the charges brought against the present Commissioner were true. It had been alleged that the Pension office was corrupt from top to bottom; and he himself believed the office reeking with corruption in every department. He declared that every other department bureau was open to investigation, and was conducted on business principles. About that bureau there appeared to be something sacred, or something rotton; and in his opinion, the reason the bureau had not been investigated, was because of a desire to conceal the rottenness which was known.

Mr. Cooper, of Indiana, said that facts had come to his knowledge which substantiated the rumors which had been circulated in the newspapers respecting the Commissioner of Pensions. He was ready to prove before a competent committee that the charges were true. He expected to prove that the Commissioner of Pensions had outrageously sold out a ruling in behalf of a firm of pension attorneys in Washington. He was favorable to the appropriation made by the bill; but he believed that if the Commissioner of Pensions would devote the time for which the government paid him to discharge the duties of his bureau, instead of becoming president and chief manager of a refrigerating institution, based, possibly, on no substancial foundation, there would be no necessity for so considerable a number of clerks. "The bureau should be administered honestly, and I charge before the country that this is not the case at present, and investigation will show it.

During this discussion Mr. McKinley got in a severe slap on the hard cheek of Speaker Reed. A few days before Speaker Reed had arrogated to himself the powers of a grand jury. Mr. Cooper had made his charges against the Commissioner in the House, and was cited to appear before the Committee on Rules, to show cause why he had offered the resolution to investigate the Commissioner's office. Mr. Cooper was reluctant to go before this committee on Rules, as there was no reason why he should be expected to go before a secret committee, where he could call for neither persons or papers, and be ...ked to prove charges against ...mmissioner Raum which were a ... of newspaper notoriety. He ... was purely a device to make ... his hand. But realizing ... Speaker Reed's tac... it possible ... inquiry, af... ...sion of ... con... asked ... would ... 's

Reed's arbitrary method of dealing with public questions. A stenographer had taken down Representative Cooper's statement, and when he asked for a record thereof, he was informed that he could not have one.

Well—Mr. McKinley, on taking the floor, said that owing to serious illness his family he had not been able to attend the above mentioned meeting of the Committee on Rules. So far as any investigation of Gen. Raum was concerned if any gentleman would rise in his place and charge irregularities or corruption, or dishonestly or unfair dealing on the part of the Commissioner—that would be sufficient reason for him to give his vote for an investigation.

The bill was passed Saturday by the House, after a great discussion.

District Conventions.

The Democrats of Pocahontas County must not forget that next Saturday, July 26th, is the day appointed for the District Conventions.

The work to be done by each of these District Conventions is to appoint three delegates to each of the following Conventions, viz:

The Congressional, which meets at Hinton, Aug. 27; The State which meets at Grafton and the Joint Convention of Pocahontas and Webster Counties, which meet at Huntersville at a time yet to be fixed, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the Legislature. Of course, if any District sees propto do so it may send the same men to two or more of these Conventions. These meetings are important and no Democrat should fail to attend. "Speak now, or forever hereafter hold your peace."

Stanley says that if he could get 5000 two-gallon jugs into the heart of Africa they would buy him 10,000,000 acres of land and 500 wives.

An eastbound passenger train on the James River Divison of the C. and O. Railroad ran into a freight train at Gladstone, Va., on the 14 inst., killing two persons and injuring four.

Most people labor under the impression that Miss Winnie Davis is the only daughter of Jefferson Davis. There is another, Margaret, the elder, who is the wife of J. A. Hayes, of Colorado Springs.

About 66,000,000 is what it is estimated the census will show to be the population of the country. But if reports are half true a good many folks have been left out of what *Mr. Mantilini* would call "the demnition total."

A terrible cyclone swept over the city of St. Paul, Minn., and vicinity on the 13th. The steamer Sea Wing was capsized on Lake Pepin and about 125 passengers perished. Cottages at the summer resorts were crushed like eggshells, buildings and trees leveled, and many other persons killed and injured. It is expected that the total loss of life will reach 200.

A Sure Cure For Love.

Take twelve ounces of dislike, one pound of resolution, two grains of common sense, two ounces of experience, a large sprig of time, and three quarts of cooling water of consideration.

Set these over the gentle fire of love, sweeten with sugar of forget...ness, skim it with the spoon of ...holy, put it in the bottom of ...rt, cork it with the cork of ...ience, let it remain and ...restored to your senses ... can be had of the ... the home of Under... to reason, on ... the ... of

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of J. H. M. Beard, deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said J. H. M. Beard, to the payment of his debts. You are required to present your claims against the estate of the said J. H. M. Beard, for adjudication to C. F. Moore, Commissioner, at his office in the Said County, on or before the 23rd day of August, 1890.

Witness John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court, this 15th day of July, 1890.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

July 17-4t. *Printer's fee $5.30.*

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Plans and Specifications of Two School Houses to be built in Huntersville District.

Each House to be 24 feet long, 18 feet wide, 10 feet high in the clear on the inside, to have three sills 24 ft. long, 10x10 inches, and two sills 18 ft long 10x10 inches, to have under the sills 18 good stone pillars, each with a 12 in. face to be 2 ft. under ground, 18 inches above ground and no cobble or small stones to be used in filling the centers of said pillars) to have 4 pillars under each side sill, 4 under center sill, and 3 under each end silil, lower joists to be 36 in number, 10 feet 6 inches long 10x2 inches, to be rest on side sills and center sill and to be 16 inches from center to center, floor to be laid lengthwise of house of good flooring lumber 6 inches wide by 1½ inches thick, 16 feet long, to be ceiled with ceiling 7x½ inches or 6x½ inches, except 4 feet wide across rear end of house which must be ceiled out of lumber entirely free from knots and this shall be blacked by the contractor for use as a blackboard.

Upper joists to be 10 ft. 6 inches long, 16 inches apart from center to center 6x2 inches, plates to be good and substancial, studding to be 11 feet long 4x2 inches 16 inches apart, to be weatherboarded horizontally with lumber 7x½ inches or 6x½ inches, to contain 16 Desks 3 feet long, made according to the plan of those on Beaver creek near Huntersville and to have 2 benches 8 feet long for recitation purposes, house to contain 6 windows, 3 on each side of 12 lights each 9x14 glass, to contain one panel door 7x3 feet; boxing to be what is called railroad boxing, to be covered with good white pine shingles, either shaved or sawed, to have a good flue to extend 3 feet above comb of roof and to be well secured where pipe enters.

All lumber for weather boarding, ceiling, or other inside work shall be well seasoned, and all lumber to be nicely dressed, and all work to be done in a good and workmanlike manner.

Contractor to file seperate bids for School House and Desks each, and aggregate bids for both, and to file with the Secretary of the Board.

Bond with good security in double the amount of his bid

The house near H. M. Lockridges to be completed by Nov. 1st, 1890 and the one near Gilmer Sharp's by July 1st 1891.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Bids will be received until 10 a. m. of Saturday August 9th, 1890 by the undersigned.

By order of Board.

JAMES H. JARWICK Jr., Secretary.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

Richard M. Beard,
vs.
Nannie E. Beard, et als.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested that in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above named cause on the 17th day of June, 1890, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court, at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday the 23rd day of August, 1890, to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. An account of the Administration of the plaintiff Richard M. Beard and Nannie E. Beard upon the estate of J. H. M. Beard, dec'd.

2nd. An account of all debts due from said estate, if any.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required to be epecially stated by any party in interest.

C. F. MOORE, Com'r.

July 17-4t. *Printer's fee $6.96*

ROAD LETTING.

Pursuant to authority vested in me by virtue of an order of the County Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia entered on 11th day of July, 1890, I, as Commissioner, appointed for the purpose, will receive sealed bids until 12 o'clock m. on Thursday, July 31st, 1890, from contractors for the following work, to be done under the supervision and direction of the undersigned Commissioner, to-wit: To build and put in good condition for travel the new location of that part of the Huntersville and Dunmore road, beginning at the gate in the alley near Wagner's Hotel upon the recent location. Through the Grave Yard lot, the road-bed to be at least 12 feet wide wide and the grade at no point above 5 degrees from the top to the foot of the hill with road at least Five inches higher on the outside, or side from the bank. Through the land of William Curry the road to be 20 feet from cut to cut, and to be 2 feet above the mean level and at least 18 inches higher in the middle than at each side, with gradual slope from center to the ditches, which are to be 14 inches below the mean level, the road-way being required 16 feet wide. The same conditions will govern through the lands of Elizabeth McGlaughlin and John J. Beard. All marshy and low places must be well stoned or graveled, and all stone necessary to raise the center of said road placed thereon. A sufficient culvert will be required across the branch in the bottom and the foard on Brown's creek must be properly opened and banks graded.

Bond will be required of the Contractor in double the amount of the contract price, to comply with his agreement and to complete the work on or before September 20th 1890.

The work will be paid for by the County Court when completed and accepted.

H. S. RUCKER,
Com'r Co., Crt.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election at the next election as Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas county.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Most respectfully,
JOHN J. BEARD.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next, and, if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said offices to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County subject the action of the Democratic Primary election. Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,
E. H. MOORE.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff. Election Nov. 4th, 1890.

Respectfully,
J. C. ARBOGAST.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate, to represent the 4th Delegate Dist, composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster, in the next Legislature of W. Va., subject to the future action of the Democratic party. If elected I pledge myself to faithfully discharge the duties of the trust to the best of my ability. Election Nov. 4th 1890.

Respectfully,
W. C. MANN.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent the Delegate District composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster in the next House of Delegates, subject to any action taken by the Democratic party to select a candidate.

Respectfully,
I. B. MOORE.

To the voters of the 8th Senatorial District.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent this District in the next State Senate, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention to be held at [illegible] on the 27th day of August, 1890.

Respectfully,
J. P. MOOMAU.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, at the election to be held November 4th next, and if elected I promise to discharge the duties thereof to the best of my ability.

Very Respectfully,
J. H. PATTERSON.

HOME NEWS

—It has been quite cold for several days past.

—Mr. S. A Campbell, of Belington, is in town.

—There is a great deal of sickness in this immediate vicinity, and in fact the whole county.

—W. H. Grose, Esq., who has been very sick for several days past is about well again.

—Attorney C. F. Moore, has been quite sick for some time past, but not unable to be about.

—Dr. O. J. Campbell, of Monterey, Va., is in town this week doing dental work.

—We had a pleasant call last week from our friends Mess. Mildred and H. F. Herold, of Frost.

—Atty. Alfred Rhinestrom, of Charleston, is spending a month's vacation in our town, fishing &c.

—Words cannot express the gratitude the farmers felt for a small rain last week.

—Miss Mary Brown, of Green Bank, is attending the Institute and visiting her brother S. L. Brown, Esq., this week.

—We were pained to learn of the serious accident that befell our esteemed friend, Mr. A. W. Moore, of Knapp's creek, last week in getting his leg broken.

—Lee Moore, Esq., of Wamego, Kansas, is visiting friends and relatives in this county for a few weeks. He is on his to New York to buy goods.

—The Carpenters have begun work on the new dwelling house of Attorney L. M. McClintic.

—Mr. E. L. Beard, of Locust, made us a pleasant and paying call Tuesday.

—The evils resulting from habitual costiveness are many and serious; but the use of harsh, drastic purgative aperient, superior to all others, especially for family use.

—Presiding Elder, J. W. Lambert, of the W. Va., Conference, M. E. Churc South, Clarksburg district, has been in Huntersville, since Sunday evening. He will favor us with a sermon in the Methodist church tonight (Wednesday) at 8 o'clock, No doubt he will draw a large audience.

—The building on the corner of Church and Bridge Sts., belonging to Mr. J. T. Hogsett, of Mill Point, now occupied by J. C. Thompson's shoe shop and David Anderson, as a dwelling house, caught fire last Sunday evening and came very near burning up, but for the prompt tearing away of part of the roof.

—The Roncevert Machine and Foundry Co, is at work on a large number of their improved corn mills. We advise our friends to write them for prices and if they have any machine or Foundry work, ask quotations before going elsewhere, as they are working a large force of hands.

—Thousands have been relieved of Indigestion and loss of appetite by a single bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The use of this medicine, by giving tone and strength to the assimilative organs, has made innumerable cures of chronic dyspepsia. Price $1. Worth $5 a bottle.

—The Webster County Executive Committee concedes that the joint convention of the two Counties should be held at H[illegible]rsville, but wish the time ch[illegible] from the first Saturday in [illegible] to a later day. So far the [illegible] the question of time is left o[illegible] notice will be given when [illegible] fixed.

—In last we[illegible] there was a notice anno[illegible] Rev. D. S. Sydenstrick[illegible] a series of sermo[illegible] about the 1st of [illegible] are are autho[illegible] strick-er to say [illegible] carried over [illegible] ght, before the 4th [illegible] gust, and the Sunday [illegible] wing at 11 o'clock, also [illegible] ing at 4 o'clock at Mar[illegible] Chapel on Elk.

—In this week's issue of THE TIMES, will be found the announcement of Mr. J. H. Patterson, of Green Bank, for Clerk of the Circuit Court. Mr. Patterson, has been a resident of our county for a number of years, and is highly esteemed by all who know him, and if elected, it is safe to predict, will make a good, accommodating and obliging Clerk.

—The teachers' Institute met on Monday with G. S. Laidley, principle of the public schools at Charleston, as instructor. The Institute was organized and followed by lectures by Prof. Laidley. Tuesday's meetings were marked by a fuller attendence of teachers, and by lectures by W. S. Anderson, John M. Barnett, C. F. Moore and others, also by the close attention given to their instructions. We are sorry we cannot give the names of all the teachers in attendance as space will not permit.

Gillespie Budjet.

Mr. R. B. Kerr, is seriously ill with flux.

Amos Gillespie, Esq., is attending Teachers' Institute in Huntersville this week.

Surveyor B. M. Yeager, with his corps, have returned from a six week's job in Webster county.

Charles Lantz has lately moved into this neighborhood from Top of Allegheny.

J. E. Hannah will move his big saw mill this week to Jackson Moore's, where he will saw a large amount of cherry, ash, birch and oak.

F. B. Scott, of Elkins, was here last week on a business trip.

POCAHONTAS.

Farmer's Alliance.

ED. TIMES.

If you have a few inches of space we would like to tell the patrons of your paper about the workings of the F. A. and J. N. at this place.

Our Pleasant View union, met Saturday, 14th at 2 p. m., and had a 4 hours session, during which we transacted some business that may be of interest to the brotherhood.

We formed a joint stock company called the The Dunmore Alliance Mercantile Association.

Its object is to run a store at Dunmore, adding only such per cent to the first cost of the goods as may be necessary to pay a given per cent on the money invested and the expenses of running the store.

We propose to issue 800 or 1000 shares at $5,00 a share and stock will be on the market directly after our next meeting which will be the first Saturday in August.

W. H. Cackley, Esq., was elected business agent for our Alliance.

J. A. TAYLOR.
Sec. P. V. F. A. and J. N.

Buena Vista's Pluck.

A dispatch from Buena Vista says that the Buena Vista Company have already made arrangement to erect a new hotel on site of the recently burned building. Mr. Pettyjohn, of Lynchburg, is to be the contractor. The new building will be of brick and larger than the former one, and that in the meantime the company, is arranging to open the Colonnade Hotel, containing forty-eight rooms, which will be completed in ten days. Visitors are being accommodated by the numerous boarding houses in the town, and no one need stay away for fear of not being taken care of.

More lots were sold on the day following the fire than on any day for two weeks previously, three of them averaging $120 a front foot in price. So far from being discouraged the people of the town have only been stimulated to greater activity by their first misfortune.—Valley Virginian.

Trailed by His Blood.

Special Telegram to the Wheeling Register.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., July 14. Melville Rader, a young married man of about 30 years, was found dead last Friday in the garden of a man by the name of Buchanan, who lives in Webster county, at the mouth of Sugar creek, on the back fork of Elk river. He had a bullet wound in his left breast near the heart, and was tracked by a trail of blood from Buchanan's house into the garden, where he was found after being dead, evidently about three hours. Although the facts connected with his death are known, still there are circumstances which point strongly to a party named Bill Coe. Coe and Buchanan had married sisters, but Coe and his wife had not lived happily and Mrs. Coe left her husband to live with Buchanan. Rader, who is a married man is said to have conceived a strong affection for Mrs. Coe and to have avowed his intention of taking her from her sister unto himself. Be this as it may, he went on the fatal Friday to the house of Buchanan, where he found the two women. Later Coe came to the house and after remaining awhile was seen to leave the place in company with the two women. There was no one else about the place, so far as known, except Rader, whose body was found a few hours later by some lumbermen, who were working in the neighborhood. The murder seems to have been a deliberate and atrocious one and feeling runs high in this neighborhood.

General C. B. Fisk, Prohibition candidate for President in 1888, is dead.

Major General John C. Fremont died Suddenly at his residence in New York, on the 13th inst., of peritonitis. He was in the 78th year of his age.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term, 1890, in the cause of C. C. Barner v Wm. N. Morrow, I will on

THURSDAY, THE 21 DAY OF AUGUST, 1890,

offer for sale by public auction, at Travelers Repose in said county, that certain tract of land containing 215 acres, lying near the east branch of Greenbrier river, adjoining the lands of Jefferson Houchen, A. M. V. Arbogast and others, being the same land lately sold by the said Barner to the said Morrow.

TERMS: One third of the purchase money cash in hand, and the residue in six and twelve months from the day of sale, in equal payments, bearing interest from that day, the purchaser executing bonds with good security for the deferred payment, and the title being retained as ultimate security.

CHARLES P. JONES, Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the bond required by said decree, has been duly executed.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

July 24-4t. Printer's fee, $8.40

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville. W. Va.

July 24, 1890.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.,

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 4.—The atrocious Lodge Federal election bill has been adsolutely forced through the House by Speaker Reed, and it was the hardest job which he has yet undertaken, and which it is pretty certain that he has no desire to repeat, as willing as he usually is to force a fight or take a part in a skirmish. After all the talk about republicans voting against the Federel election bill in the House there were only two—Coleman of Louisiana' and Lehlback, of N. J.—who actually did vote against it. The others known to be opposed to it, and there were enough of them to have easily defeated the bill could not stand the presure which boss Reed brought to bear on them to swallow their opinions and vote for the bill. Several of these men have since stated that they would not have voted for the bill if they had not been ascured that it would die in the Senate.

Mr. Blaine was asked, just before he left for Bar Harbor, Maine, yesterday, what he thought of the Federal law's passing the House. He laughed and said "that's as far as it will ever get".

The excuses of republicans were well represented in a speech by Mr Houk, of Tenn. this week. He said that his advocacy of a national election law did not grow out of any supposed emergency or necessity. But he thought it inconsistent with logic to leave to the states, the control of the election of national officers. A national election law could in no possible way promote his fortunes. In his district elections were fair, and the democrats didn't want it otherwise. In the 2nd district of Tenn., any false counting or stuffing would bring the perpetrators to the penitentiary.

Mr. Coleman said that from principle and conviction he had been elected to the House as a republican; but he was opposed to the enactment of a federal election law at this time. He would heartily favor a national election law if it would assist in purifying elections; but that the supposition that such a measure would have such an effort, was based upon false impressions and upon an ignorance of the South. The memories of the reconstruction period should should not be stirred up.

After a lot of republican amendments to the bill had been offered, Mr. Lehlback, of New Jersey, presented one that was true to the point and elicited great applause from the democrats, but was coldly recieved by the republicans.

It provided that the chief supervisor of election, for each judicial district shall take such action as is required to assure such supervision in each Congressional district in the United States. He desires to have the law made uniform throughout the whole country. If it was desirable to control congressional elections by National Government, "let it be applied to every district alike."

In short the Federal Election bill is a measure intended to give another lease of life to the republican party. Mr. Blaine practically said, that if the McKinley bill passes, the party may as well write its last will and testament. He has no sympathy with the reckless audacity of his party. He boldly asserts that he won't stand it. He is willing to follow or lead his party to larger national prosperty; but when he sees it rushing headlong into irretrievable folly he refuses to share its fate. He is roundly denounced by the school boys, but the old master has determined to preserve order.

The democrats have themselves to thank for the defeat of Friday, when Mr. Lehlbacks amendment was offered. They deserted their posts and were not present when the vote was called. Mr. Carlisle thinks that the conduct of the democrats was disgraceful, and that the body acted like a drunken man unfit for business. Mr. McKinley was overcome with delight. But the whole matter ended Saturday afternoon in fillibustering by the republicans, to gain time and the republican papers here acnkowledge that fact. The South won't stand the terrors of military authority, and the administration knows it.

The House has refused to allow the Senate to increase the pay of its committee clerks from $6 a day, during the session to $1,800 per annum, although the Senate conferees made a long and stubborn fight for the amendment.

Words of Wisdom.

Guilt is always cowardly.

Actions are ideas in motion.

The man who does nothing is nothing.

A polished rascal is all the more a rascal.

What a man is, depends upon what he loves.

If the heart is pure the life will be all right.

Great haste can never overtake a lost opportunity.

The best soldier is the one who obeys orders the best.

The shortest cut to wealth is through the lane of contentment.

The grandest piano ever made had to be tuned by a tuning fork.

The way to perform a great work is to do a little toward it every day.

No man is in a condition to enjoy riches until he can be happy without them.

Statues are moulded with little touches. Characters are formed in the same way.

When all men become loveable, all will be loved, and will be loveable when they love all others.

When truth goes out to battle it never returns bootless. It is only falsehood that is overcome.

A moment is all the time it takes to die. From life to death is measured by two ticks of the clock.

The poorest soul on earth is the man who has no time or inclination to do anything but make money.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

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Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, G. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

A HAND IN THE DARK.

BY MRS. ETTA F. MARTIN.

"Lucky fellow!"

The words involuntarily passed my lips as I threw myself into the luxurious easy chair drawn up temptingly before the open grate. They applied equally to Tom and myself. Tom was a lucky fellow, certainly—the master of the grange and the husband of a charming woman—and I counted myself almost equally fortunate in my freedom from business cares for three whole weeks, and the prospect of unlimited fishing and driving.

Cousin Tom had recently inherited a fortune; I was still plodding alone in London; but for three weeks of liberty I determined to enjoy all the blessings the gods had vouchsafed me, and to imagine myself, for the nonce, as rich and happy as Tom himself.

Although it was early fall the nights were a little keen, and Constance—Tom's wife—had ordered a a fire in my room, the cheerful blaze giving to the richly furnished apartment a delightful touch of warmth and coziness.

With such a fire and such a chair, and with my favorite evening paper in my pocket, retiring was not to be thought of; so drawing to my chair a table on which stood a shaded lamp I gave myself up to the perusal of my journal.

Over the long parliamentary report I must have gone to sleep and when I awoke the lamp had burned itself out, and but a few sparks remained of the cheery fire. The room was not in total darkness, for there was a moon, hidden by clouds, to be sure but still throwing enough light at the wide windows to make things dimly visible.

On the instant awakening I felt that some one was near me, and, with that startled feeling one has on awakening suddenly from a sound sleep, I cried out:

"Whose there?"

No answer came, and the only sounds were the tapping of a tree branch against the window and the ticking of the clock over the fire place.

Still I was conscious that somebody—something—was near me, and I held my breath, straining my ears to catch some sound that should reveal the intruder, but only the tap of the tree branch and the tick of the clock broke the silence.

I remembered that there were matches on the table, and turned my chair to search for them. An exclamation of astonishment rose to my lips as I did so, for on the surface of the table was a strange luminous spot—neither lamplight firelight or moonlight.

Up to this time my feeling had been one of annoyance rather than fear, but there was something so indescribable, so supernatural, about this light that a sudden terror seized me, and I gazed as one fascinated, unable to move.

A card and pencil I had taken from my pocket lay on the table, and over this the light grew brighter, and in the midst a hand appeared—a woman's hand delicate and beautiful, but of deathly whiteness, and on the third finger gleamed a ruby, the stone held between two golden serpents' heads.

The fingers closed over the pencil, and after making several irregular marks upon the card, letters began to be formed, and as I leaned forward with breathless interest, I saw the pallid hand write with perfect distinctness:

"Search for the box in the old well."

Then the strange light grew dim, the hand gradually faded away and the moon, emrging from the clouds, threw a shaft of light into the room.

The spell that had bound me was broken, and in a moment I had found match and taper, and light in hand, was bending over the table.

The card was blank—not a word upon it—and I asked myself if I had been dreaming; but hard as I tried to convince myself that such was the case I could not; it had all been too real.

A strange experience it was surely, but after pondering over it awhile I decided to dismiss it from my mind and to retire.

In the morning the affair seemed more inexplicable than ever, and I found myself constantly thinking of the words I had seen traced by the mysterious hand. They were meaningless to me. "Search for the box in the old well." I knew of no box that had been lost and certainly I knew of no old well. The affair had a flavor of "Lady Audley's Secret" about it, and it was not hard to picture a grassgrown well concealing in its depths some ghastly secret.

If I could have laughed the matter off as a dream I should have regaled Tom and Constance with the story at breakfast, but I could not bring myself to speak of it.

"By the way, Lester," said Tom, "we are expecting another guest today—Miss Mabel Saunders. Charming girl too."

"And the Grange's rightful mistress," said Constance.

I looked up in surprise.

"I thought you bought the place, Tom, so who could be the rightful mistress but Constance?"

"Only leased it, old fellow. The owner, Lee Harcourt, Hartcourt, would not sell, though he is ashamed to show his face about here. It is my opinion he hopes to come back and marry Mabel when the feeling against him has died away."

"Tell me the story, Tom," I asked, "for that there is a story is evident.

"Easily told, Lester. Mabel Saunders is the daughter of an old army comrade of Colonel Denison, the late owner of the Grange, and when her parents died, in her infancy, Colonel Denison and his wife took the child to their home. She was not legally adopted, but as they had no children of their own Mabel was looked upon as their heiress, and the Colonel's attorney avers that he drew up a will four years ago leaving the property to her. Two years ago Colonel Denison was brought home dead from the hunting field, and his wife, who had been for years an invalid, survived the shock less than a month. When the Colonel's papers were examined no will was found, and Lee Harcourt, the next of kin, came into possession. Many of the Colonel's friends were not slow to express their belief that Harcourt had destroyed the will, as he had been visiting at the Grange at the time of the Colonel's death, but there was no proof. He wanted to marry Mabel, probably to end the gossip, but she refused his hand, and for more than a year now has been governess for Mrs. Stanton's three unruly boys. Now, those precocious youngsters are to have a vacation, so Mabel comes to us. Indeed, we would gladly give her a home, but she is too proud to accept it. There's the story, and now for our drive. Here are the horses."

A glorious gallop it was in the bracing autumnal air, and a visit to the stables followed, so that I did not see Constance till I came down to lunch. Meeting Tom in the hall, we entered the room together, to find Constance awaiting us, and by her side a tall straight girl with the sweetest face I had ever seen.

Tom greeted her warmly, and then Miss Saunders was introduced to me, extending her hand with some pleasant remark.

What she said I do not know, for on the hand that was laid in mine glistened a ruby—a ruby held between two golden serpent's heads.

I must have seemed strangely embarrased for a moment. But I saw Constance look at me oddly, and with a determined effort I put aside all speculations for the time being.

That evening in the drawing room, as Miss Saunders and I were looking over a book of engravings, I seized the opportunity to comment upon the ring, saying I had never seen the design before.

The sweet face grew sad as she answered: "It was my mother's ring. She placed it on my finger the day she died."

By her mother I understood of course that she meant Mrs. Denison, the only mother she had ever known, and I almost seemed to hear the words: "Search for the box in the old well." Could there be any connection between the missing will and my strange vision?

The days went on, every hour bringing me nearer that unhappy day when I must leave the Grange and Mabel and return to my office drudgery. I had often declaimed against sudden attachments, had often argued that love should be a growth, and here were all my theories completely shattered. At a glance from Mabel's blue eyes a flame had been kindled in my heart that grew brighter and brighter as we walked or drove together in the long, pleasant days. Still, I did not I mean to ask her to be my wife, for what had I to offer? Two or three rooms in a dingy London house perhaps. But one evening in the garden, as the moonlight fell upon her upraised face, I lost my head completely and avowed my love, to find it frankly returned. And when I told Mabel how little I had to lay at her feet, she drew such a picture of a little home in London that the two or three shabby rooms became the brightest spot on earth.

Tom and Constance were delighted, and indeed I shrewdly suspect that the whole affair was one of my cousin's wife's match making schemes.

"Ah, Lester," she said, "if that will would only turn up you might have a fortune as well as a bridge. Oh, yes," as I protested that I wanted no fortune. "I know you are disinterested, but you would still love Mabel, would you not, if she were rich?"

"By Jove," said Tom, "it is a shame about that will. Let's have another search for that box."

"The box! What box?" I cried, jumping to my feet in my excitement.

"Why, the tin box the will was in, together with the papers. Didn't I tell you the whole lot were missing?"

For a moment I lost sight of Tom and Constance, and before me I saw a pallid hand, with its gleaming ruby, and it traced the words: "Search for the box in the old well."

I turned squarely upon Tom, who was watching me somewhat curiously.

"Why don't you search the old well?" I asked abruptly.

"It was Tom's turn to jump to his feet.

"The old well! What put that into your head? But it shall be searched before the sun goes down. And, by Jove, Constance, don't you remember when we leased the Grange that Harcourt spoke about the old well as dangerous, and suggested that we have it filled up?"

There was a well, then, and I wanted to ask where; but Tom had taken it for granted that I knew all about its existence, and I did not want to tell them my strange experience on my first night at the Grange. The search might reveal nothing.

Tom would not wait a moment, but hurrying off to the stables, returned with two or three of his men, and marshaled the party to the old well, in a remote corner of the grounds.

The promise of a sovereign to the man who would make the search quickly secured a volunteer, and as he descened, the stones on the sides giving him a foothold, Tom lit a lantern to be lowered to him. The well was quite dry, and if the box was there at all a brief search would discover it.

And we had not long to wait. Soon we heard the man clambering up the well side, and when his head rose above the curb Tom seized him and fairly lifted him out. And there was the tin box protruding from his pocket.

There is little more to tell. The will was found to be uninjured. Lee Harcourt never returned to England, thereby confessing virtually that he had stolen the will, and Mabel in due time was installed as mistress of the Grange.

And I—well, I tried to be magnanimous, and told Mabel I was no match for her and that she was at liberty to break the engagement, whereupon she declared that she would give the property to an orphan asylum and be once more the dowerless girl I had loved and won.

So I became master of the Grange and among our most frequent visitors are Tom and Constance.

Only the other day Tom said, as we were enjoying our after dinner smoke, "That was a bright thought of yours, old fellow, about the well. I am sure no one else would ever have hit upon it."

I thought of the hand in the dark, but I said nothing. After our marriage I told Mabel the story, and we had agreed that it should rest a secret with us.

It was a Boston baby, and the proud mother and father listening delightedly to the praises of their old friend.

"Now, who does he look like?" remarked the visitor, meditatively; it's strange, but the resemblance is singularly striking, and yet I cannot place it distinctly."

Both the parents began to be visibly uneasy.

"Yes, certainly," exclaimed the judge, with enthusiasm, after a pause. "I know it, my dears. Why the child is the exact picture of the bust of Socrates in the Greek Library."

And the smile on the two anxious faces was that bright the rooster half a mile around thought it was daylight and began to crow.

See how a small [illegible] pay. A man, poor but enterprising, paid [illegible] for a revolver. That same evening he earned [illegible] by simply pointing his [illegible] revolver at a man who happened to have the amount specified in his inside pocket.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville. W. Va.

July 31, 1890.

The property assessment of Norfolk, Va., shows an aggregate of about $20,000,000 against $13,400,000 in 1885.

An another plug tobacco factory is in contemplation at Durham, N. C., by a company with a capital of $250,000.

It is stated that the railroad companies of the country have subscribed to date $665,000 to the stock of the World's Fair.

A diver who was working at the foundation of a railroad bridge near Boise City, Idaho, gave a signal to be hoisted quickly. When he got to the surface he held fast a 65 pound salmon that he had caught by the gills.

Walter Parish, aged twenty-five, of Milton, went into the hardware store of A. Wims, at Catleburg, and asked to see a revolver. One was handed to him, when he placed it to his head and blew his brains out.

The National Bridge property in Virginia has been sold to a Massachusetts and Virginia syndicate for $300,000. It was purchased from H. C. Parsons and Hon. James G. Blaine, who have owned it for a number of years.

The census returns from Wheeling, and vicinity are all in. The population of the city proper is $37,595. Including the suburbs, which are virtually a part of the town, and are included in what is known as "Industrial Wheeling," the increase since 1880 has been about 30 per cent.

The returns from Virginia's new assessment have been recieved from all the State except twelve counties and the cities of Richmond and Norfolk. The total increase in the counties and cities reported is about $15,000,000, and it is believed that the counties yet to send in their figures will show a considerable gain.

Two young men named Oscar Huffman and James Allen were drowned at the mouth of Wolf creek, Summer county. They were in bathing, and Huffman, who was about seventeen years old, got beyond his depth. Allen, aged about twenty-one, went to his assistance, but was caught around the neck by the lad, and both were drowned.

A negro girl about 14 years old and two white boys about 10 and 12 years old went crab fishing at Brunswick, Ga. Their bait giving out, the negro girl took a hatchet and chopped off one of the white boy's toes and used it for a bait. The boys left and came home. The girl, after fishing awhile with the toe, buried it in the sand. She was arrested and placed in jail.

TWO WONDERFUL TWINS.—There are two young artisans of Bristol, named Johnson, who are twins, and between whom the similarity is far more remarkable than in Shakespeare's two Dromios even. Not only are they of the same height and weight having the same colored hair, eyes, and complexion, identical physical measurements, and feeding, walking, running, laughing, crying, singing, and speaking alike, but they are of the same occupation, hold the same position, and have the same religious persuasion and likes and dislikes. More singular still, they have espoused very similar wives, and they have the same number of children, who are of the same sexes, three girls and three boys each.

A WELL OF HONEY.—A successful boring for honey has been made in North Tennessee. For many years swarms of bees have been noticed by boatmen at Fox Bluff, on the Cumberland river, near Franklin, Ky. The bluff is 170 feet high, and the river's channel runs directly under it. The bees have been observed about a big fissure near the center of the bluff, and the opening could not be reached from above or below without great danger of being stung to death. As the bees had never been robbed it was thought a large amount of honey was stored in the cliff. Recently a well-borer named Starks visited the bluff and was at once impressed with the idea that he could reach the wonderful honey storehouse with his drill. After some coaxing he persuaded a number of farmers to undergo the expense, and a three inch hole was bored from the top of the bluff.

At a depth of 85 feet the drill struck the honey. According to a despact, "barrels and tubs by the score were filled and carried off to neighboring farms, and the syndicate has sent to Louisvill for more receptacles.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 25.—

The Southern Senators deprecate boycotting, but decline to talk about it; some of them, for instance Gorman of Maryland and Vance of North Carolina, see nothing in it but the silly vaporings of superheated highly excited imaginations.

Senator Vance said: "I am a Christian, and therefore I do not swear; but if I were a profane man, I should call it the d——st nonsense. We ought to oppose the Force bill by every constitutional and legal means within our power.

If it be passed in spite of us, we should do as the town clerk of Ephesus did, and counsel our people to do nothing rash."

Senator Gorman was equally free in expression. The Maryland Senator is very blunt, and although that manner is liable to offend, it usually carries with it the sincerity of the speaker. He said: "Such utterances are senseless in the extreme. No public man in Washington is in sympathy with such a plan, or would encourage it for a moment. The effect of the passage of such a measure as the Lodge bill would be bad in both sections. It is having its effect already, as a result of the mere agitation of the question."

He said that several Baltimore gentleman had called upon him, who have projected large enterprises in the South. "They told me," he continued," that they would go no further in the matter until the Force bill had been finally disposed of. If the measure passes, they will drop the affair altogether, and similar action will no doubt follow in scores of cases. All talk of a boycott, however, is foolish".

Attention is directed to the Forty Third Congress and the attempt to pass the Force bill when Blaine was Speaker of the House, and B. F. Butler was chairman of the Judiciary committee, which reported the bill to the House. General Wheeler, of Alabama, recently made a great argument against the present bill, and Gen. Butler wrote to him for a copy, as worth preserving, and received an answer as follows: "Upon the question of the constitutional right of Congress, involving its right to take charge of federal elections, in cases of emergency, can, by the U. S. Statutes and constitution be only this: Sec. 4, Chapter 1:

When the State shall refuse or neglect to provide for the election of U. S. Senators and representatives the national legislature may appoint the representatives of the state. But the times, places and manner of holding elections for senators and representatives shall be prescribed in each state by the legislature thereof."

It is a notorious fact that a number of republican senators are disgusted with the Lodge bill, and would say so, but for the trouble such frankness brings. No sooner does a senator say that he deprecates such legislation than he is hounded by a lot of partisans into denying, or modifying, his published expressions. It has become as much as a republican senator's life is worth, to think aloud, contrary to the republican journals in this matter.

Every senator who is reported as being lukewarm is immediately seen; and if he does not authorize a contradiction of any little expression that escaped him, it is contradicted anyhow. It is not strange that under the circumstances senators should, for the sake of peace, keep their views to themselves.

They will not, however, be regulated or subjugated, if ever the time comes, to jump upon the neck of the Lodge bill and choke the life out of it.

Mr. Harrison must have learned something recently which caused him to think his chances of being re-nominated are improving; he has authorized a statement to be made, to the effect that his wife did not accept the cottage at Cape May Point, because he refused to allow her to do it; and that he paid for it with $10,000 of his own money. The effect of this statement would have been greater if it had been made sooner.

The House in obedience to the dictation of Speaker Reed, has passed the Original Package bill, and the National Bankruptcy bill.

The Behring Sea correspondence has been sent to Congress, and the fact is apparent that Mr. Blaine has done nothing but maintain the claims of Mr. Cleveland's administration.

During the coming year the United States will expend $167,000,000 for pension purposes. This exceeds the total amount that Great Britain annually pays out for the support of her army and navy, and is by far the largest sum that any government has ever granted for the relief of its disabled soldiers.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of J. H. M. Beard, deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said J. H. M. Beard, to the payment of his debts. You are required to present your claims against the estate of the said J. H. M. Beard, for adjudication to C. F. Moore, Commissioner, at his office in the Said County, on or before the 23rd day of August, 1890.

Witness John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court, this 15th day of July, 1890.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

July 17-4t. Printer's fee $5.20.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Plans and Specifications of Two School Houses to be built in Huntersville District.

Each House to be 24 feet long, 18 feet wide, 10 feet high in the clear on the inside, to have three sills 24 ft. long, 10x10 inches, and two sills 18 ft long 10x10 inches, to have under the sills 18 good stone pillars, each with a 12 in. face to be 2 ft. under ground, 18 inches above ground and no cobble or small stones to be used in filling the centers of said pillars) to have 4 pillars under each side sill, 4 under center sill, and 3 under each end silll, lower joists to be 26 in number, 10 feet 6 inches long 10x2 inches, to be rest on side sills and center sill and to be 16 inches from center to center, floor to be laid lengthwise of house of good flooring lumber 6 inches wide by 1¼ inches thick, 16 feet long, to be ceiled with ceiling 7x¾ inches or 6x¾ inches, except 4 feet wide across rear end of house which must be ceiled out of lumber entirely free from knots and this shall be blacked by the contractor for use as a blackboard.

Upper joists to be 10 ft. 6 inches long, 16 inches apart from center to center 6x2 inches, plates to be good and substancial, studding to be 11 feet long 4x2 inches 16 inches apart, to be weather boarded horizontally with lumber 7x¾ inches or 6x¾ inches, to contain 16 Desks 3 feet long, made according to the plan of those on Beaver creek near Huntersville and to have 2 benches 8 feet long for recitation purposes, house to contain 6 windows, 3 on each side of 12 lights each 9x14 glass, to contain one panel door 7x3 feet; boxing to be what is called railroad boxing, to be covered with good white pine shingles, either shaved or sawed, to have a good flue to extend 3 feet above comb of roof and to be well secured where pipe enters.

All lumber for weather boarding, ceiling, or other inside work shall be well seasoned, and all lumber to be nicely dressed, and all work to be done in a good and workmanlike manner.

Contractor to file seperate bids for School House and Desks each, and aggregate bids for both, and to file with the Secretary of the Board.

Bond with good security in double the amount of his bid

The house near H. M. Lockridges to be completed by Nov. 1st, 1890 and the one near Gilmer Sharp's by July 1st 1891.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Bids will be received until 10 a. m. of Saturday August 9th, 1890 by the undersigned.

By order of Board.

JAMES H. DARWICK, Jr., Secretary.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

Richard M. Beard,
vs.
Nannie E. Beard, et als.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested that in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above named cause on the 17th day of June, 1890, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court, at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday the 23rd day of August, 1890, to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. An account of the Administration of the plaintiff Richard M. Beard and Nannie E. Beard upon the estate of J. H. M. Beard, dec'd.

2nd. An account of all debts due from said estate, if any.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

C. F. MOORE, Com'r.

July 17-4t. Printer's fee $6.96

ROAD LETTING.

Pursuant to authority vested in me by virtue of an order of the County Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia entered on 11th day of July, 1890, I, as Commissioner, appointed for the purpose, will receive sealed bids until 12 o'clock m. on Thursday, July 31st, 1890, from contractors for the following work, to be done under the supervision and direction of the undersigned Commissioner, to-wit: To build and put in good condition for travel the new location of that part of the Huntersville and Dunmore road, beginning at the gate in the alley near Wagner's Hotel upon the recent location. Through the Grave Yard lot, the road-bed to be at least 12 feet wide wide and the grade at no point above 5 degrees from the top to the foot of the hill with road at least Five inches high r on the outside, or side from the bank. Through the land of William Curry the road to be 20 feet from cut to cut, and to be 2 feet above the mean level and at least 16 inches higher in the middle than at each side, with gradual slope from center to the ditches, which are to be 14 inches below the mean level, the road way being required 16 feet wide. The same conditions will govern through the lands of Elizabeth McGlaughlin and John J. Beard. All marshy and low places must be well stoned or graveled, and all stone necessary to raise the center of said road placed thereon. A sufficient culvert will be required across the branch in the bottom and the foard on Brown's creek must be properly opened and banks graded.

Bond will be required of the Contractor in double the amount of the contract price, to comply with his agreement and to complete the work on or before September 20th 1890.

The work will be paid for by the County Court when completed and accepted.

H. S. RUCKER,
Com'r Co., Crt.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election at the next election as Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas county.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Most respectfully,
JOHN J. BEARD.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next, and, if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County subject the action of the Democratic Primary election. Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,
E. H. MOORE.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff. Election Nov. 4th, 1890.

Respectfully,
J. C. ARBOGAST.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate, to represent the 4th Delegate Dist. composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster, in the next Legislature of W. Va., subject to the future action of the Democratic party. If elected I pledge myself to faithfully discharge the duties of the trust to the best of my ability. Election Nov. 4th 1890.

Respectfully,
W. C. MANN.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent the Delegate District composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster in the next House of Delegates, subject to any action taken by the Democratic party to select a candidate.

Respectfully,
I. B. MOORE.

To the voters of the 8th Senatorial District.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent this District in the next State Senate, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention to be held at Hinton on the 27th day of August, 1890. Respectfully,
J. P. MOOMAU.

To The Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, at the election to be held November 4th next, and if elected I promise to discharge the duties thereof to the best of my ability.

Very Respectfully,
J. H. PATTERSON.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

Gentlemen and fellow citizens and to the voters of Pocahontas and Webster counties; at the request of many friends in this county I hereby announce myself a Candidate for the House of Delegates for Pocahontas and Webster counties, and should I get the nomination and be elected I shall work to better the condition of our people and the counties, and asking your support, I am,

Truly Thine,
C. B. SWECKER.

HOME NEWS

—Mr. Andrew Herold, of Frost, called to see us Monday.

—Our farmers are about through with their harvesting.

—Lots of pretty girls called to see us during the Institute.

—Sheriff M. J. McNeel of Mill Point was in the city Tuesday.

—C. O. Arbogast and J. B. Riley of Greenbank are in town.

—Dr. S. P. Patterson's new dwelling has been improved by an extra coat of paint.

—Mr. Wm. T. Campbell, of this place started last Thursday for Elk [illegible] with typhoid fever.

—Attorney C. F. Moore, was up to Dunmore on Monday. We learn his grand-mother Mrs. Arbogast, is lying at the point of death.

—Dr. Campbell, of Monterey, Va., has been here for a week or more doing dental work. He is an excellent dentist and was kept quite busy.

—On account of our limited space one or two communications are crowded out, but will appear next week.

—Our little town has been quite lively for ten days because of the Teachers Institute. About 50 of the intellectual sort have been in attendance.

—We will give the names and grades of the teachers, who attended the examination at this place this week in our next issue.

—We recieved the proceedings of the Democratic Mass meetings of the County this week, held last Saturday and for want of space are crowded out this week, but will appear next.

—On last Saturday evening Mr. D. S. Alderman, left his pocket-book lying in the post office at this place containing $37.0?. Any one picking it up, not knowing whose it was, will be liberally rewarded by leaving it at THE TIMES office.

—"I was troubled with Catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsarparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me."—Jesse M. Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. C.

—Ayer's Cathartic Pills are recomended by the best physicians, because they are free from calomel and other injurious drugs, being composed of purely vegitable ingredients. While thorough in their action, they stimulate and strengthen the bowells and secretory organs.

—The 2nd Quarterly Meeting of Huntersville circuit M. E. Church, South, will be held at Sunset next Sunday and Monday Aug. 3rd and 4th.—Preaching and Sacramental service Sunday afternoon 3:30, and Preaching and Quarterly Conference, Monday morning 11 o'clock conducted by Presiding Elder S. G. Ferguson.

—In this issue will be found the announcement of Capt. C. B. Swecker of Dunmore, for House of Delegates. It is scarcely necessary for us to add more, as the Capt is well known in this county and no doubt will be well recommended to Webster.

—The Teachers Institute which convened in the court house Monday the 21st, was one of the most interesting that has been held in this county for a number of years. We noticed a great many young teachers who enrolled their names for the first time as members of a teachers' Institute and will probably teach their first term of school the coming winter.

—We are pleased to acknowledge pleasant calls from the following ladies, who were in attendance at the Institute and examination:—Misses Grace Clark, Duffie Marshall, Annette Ligon, Emma Burner, Claudia Dysard, Sadie Hamilton, Otie and Nora Riley, Lula Burner, Ida Brown, Effie Sharp, Hattie Patterson; also Alice and Lula Bock, and Ida Brown who were visiting our city.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

of the County of Pocahontas for the Year 1890.

ROAD AND BRIDGE PURPOSES.

Item	Amount
Dennis Dever, team on road	$6 00
Quincy W. Poage, broken plow	3 08
W. A. G. Sharp, road claim	5 00
J G Price, same	8 85
Joseph A Sharp, same	14 00
Jacob M Beverage, same	7 00
Jno W Sheets, same	4 50
Paul Sharp, same	6 50
S D Price, same	3 00
Jno A Young, same	4 00
Jno M Ratliff, same	5 00
Jno Waugh Jr., same	3 50
J R Poage, same	8 00
K O Wade, same	3 50
H L White, same	13 25
S H Buzzard, same	5 00
B D Rimel, same	12 87
W O Jack, same	3 00
A N Barlow, same	7 00
J R Poage, same	5 50
Same, same	8 00
R W Hill, team on road	5 00
A D W Hill, road claim	5 00
Wm H Auldridge, supt. of road	4 50
Jacob S. Moore, same	9 00
Peters & Gay plank on road	15 00
S A McCarty, road claim	3 00
Jno Waugh, plowing on road	10 50
Jno M Ratliff, same	5 00
J R Poage, same	7 50
G P Moore, plank for culvert	1 26
Wm Gibson, plowing on road	9 00
J W Malcomb road, claim	5 75
Wm H McClintic, picking ford in river	2 00
F S Cochran, work on road	1 50
S M Gay, plowing road (bal.)	2 75
W O Jack, work on turnpike	4 00
Same, on road	7 50
Wm H McGlaughlin, road claim &c	12 00
H L White, work on road	5 62
Same, plowing on road	7 50
O M Alderman, same	5 00
Barlow & Moore assig. of C. R. Eubank	8 40
A W Moore, plank and work on road	6 32
Geo M Kee, supt. road	1 00
J L Hudson, road claim	7 00
N S Duffield, building culvert	5 00
Geo W Oliver, work on road	17 25
A K Dysard, road claim	3 00
Marion Ray, work on road	6 50
J P Wooddell, road claim	29 00
E M Brown, making sign boards	5 50
W W Arbogast work on road	7 75
C C Arbogast, plank on road	10 44
J P Wooddell, building foot bridge	11 00
E N Moore, 1300 feet lumber	15 50
N W Galford, team on road	6 25
C A Lightner, same	1 50
S C Sutton, sills for bridge	1 00
N B Hudson, team &c	3 00
W F Hudson, work on road	75
C M Gum, same	1 00

ROAD CLAIMS.

Item	Amount
C B Grimes	3 15
C W Perry	3 00
Wise Herold	13 50
Geo McErvine	5 50
W H McGlaughlin	3 00
Geo W McKeever	5 50
Wm H Dilley	3 00
C C Silva	3 00
Sheldon Moore	3 00
Clayton Dilley	8 00
P M Yeager	3 00
Jeff Houchen	3 00
C M Keller	2 50
Willis McComb	6 75
Wm. H Cleek	3 00
Jos Callins	5 00
Wm A Hoover	5 50
J R Beverage	3 00
M N McCoy	3 00
D W S Alderman	13 00
J A Geiger (1889)	3 00
John A Geiger (1887)	3 00
J N Hile	1 50
Uriah Bird	3 88
Joseph B McNeel	2 50
A C L Gatewood	3 00
John A Geiger (1888	3 00
C B Swecker	4 00
Wm K Jackson	14 50
J N Barnett	4 50
Robt McGlaughlin, plank on road	5 52
C B Swecker work on Laurel run road	6 15
C R Moore repairing road	5 00
D H Hively, road claim	11 75
J C Armintrout, same	4 50
John C Galford, same	3 00
Jas D Kerr, same	13 00
John C Galford, same	3 00
H A Yeager, team on road	5 00
J W Cooper, plank on road	7 00
Sam'l Sutton, road claim	10 50
Geo Baxter, surveying road	13 00
J C Armintrout, road claim	3 00
D W Sharp, viewing road	2 00
Levi Gay, same	2 00
M D McGlaughlin, spec'l const in toll case	1 00
David Guinn, witness	1 10

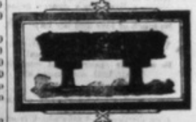
INFIRMARY AND PAUPERS ACCTS.

Item	Amount
C B Swecker, coffin for pauper	5 00
Ellis McCarty, work on poor farm	31 15
C H Hill D & B Institute	20 56
Same,	12 25
Same,	12 25
Same,	20 92
E M. Brown, coffin for pauper	5 00
L M Waugh, same	4 50
C H Hill, D & B. Institute	28 17
Mathew Corbett, keeping pauper	35 00
Barlow & Moore, sundries for pauper	7 18
Mrs E B Gay, keeping pauper	20 00
Andrew Dilley, O. poor	2 00
E I Holt, sundries	7 35
Same,	23 14
A B Smith 2 coffins for paupers	10 00
Jno B Kinnison O poor acct.	13 50
Geo P Moore 3 coffins for paupers	14 00
Zeck Cassel, keeping paupers	22 00
W H Overholt, supplies to Infirmary	5 25
Dr J A Lacue By Woods claim	22 00
Same, Lunacy	5 00
Same, D & B	3 75
Same, Ed. Stewart age	15 00
Same, J [illegible]	5 00
Same, Luther Kellison "	46 00
Dr H S Fleisher, same	29 07
Same, Holmes "	13 25
Dr W T. Cameron, ex. lunatic	5 00
" Lockridge, H Hester	8 00
" F T McClintic, med attention to poor	85,00
" Patterson " Dilley	35 00
" Austin " Staton &c	14 00
Same, Susan Hoover	4 50
Same, Carrie Hoover and Bright	24 50
Dr M Wallace med. to poor	47 45
Same, Baldwin	20 00
Same, J. Lee.	5 40
Same, H. Webster	10 00
Same, J. Weiford	20 00
Gladwell & Arbogast, supplies to pauper	6 17
Wm H Grose, ex. lunacy	5 00
Joseph H Buzzard, constable &c	3 40
Peter Sharp, witnesses	1 80
Joseph Sharp, same	1 70
Mrs W Vandevender, same	1 90
M A Dunlap 3 lunacy cases	15 00
F T McClintic, births and berths	9 00
N G Barlow, J P ex. lunatic	2 55
John A Waugh, arresting lunatic	6 85
Alice Guinn, witness in toll case	1 10
Wm F Davis, same	1 10
J W Tyler, same	2 10
Jno. Waugh Jr., same	2 30
Wm H Grose, justice, cost in toll case	3 75
C F Moore, att'y in road case	10 00
J C Loury, witness in same	1 00
M D McGlaughlin, same	1 00
H P McGlaughlin, same	1 00
John A McGlaughlin, same	1 00
Benj Herold, same	1 00
J C Arbogast, com'r on road	4 00
Geo S McNeel, same	4 00
H M Lockridge, same	4 00
S L Gibson, same	4 00
Wm H Cleek, same	4 00
J J Beard, cl'ks fees in road case	5 15
Same, damages in road case	87 50

COURT HOUSE, CLERK'S OFFICE, COUNTY OFFICES &C.

Item	Amount
J J Beard, expenses Clerk's office	26 77
S L Brown, jailor	5 00
J B Piles, wood for jail	18 12
Wm H Grose, examining clerk's office	5 00
John E. Campbell, Co. printing	45 00
Wm. H. Grose, drawing jurors	5 00
H S Rucker, assignee page ct.	3 00
Same, examining clerk's office	5 00
L M McClintic assig. page ct.	2 00
Same, for pump in ct. square	14 00
John E. Campbell, Co. printing	55 00
J J Beard, cl'k Cir. ct	100 00
Same, Cl'k Co. ct.	175 00
Same, examining land & P P books	30 00
Same, making land books	75 00
S L Brown, jailer	75 00
C O Arbogast, assessor	325 00
Same 3 per ct. on state and state school	41 49
Same, births and deaths	13 08
L M McClintic, pros. atty.	350 00
M J McNeel, sheriff	175 00
Geo P Moore com'r. ct.	30 00
C. E Beard, same	30 00
S B Hannah, same	28 00
Am't levied on roads, Bridges, Jurries &c	2687 00
Total	5875 62

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.



COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term, 1890, in the cause of C. C. Burner v Wm. N. Morrow, I will on

THURSDAY, THE 21 DAY OF AUGUST, 1890,

offer for sale by public auction, at Travelers Repose in said County, that certain tract of land containing 915 acres, lying near the east branch of Greenbrier river, adjoining the lands of Jefferson Houchen, A. M. V. Arbogast and others, being the same land lately sold by the said Burner to the said Morrow.

TERMS: One third of the purchase money cash in hand, and the residue in six and twelve months from the day of sale, in equal payments, bearing interest from that day, the purchaser executing bonds with good security for the deferred payment, and the title being retained as ultimate security.

CHARLES P. JONES, Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the bond required by said decree, has been duly executed.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

July 24-4t Printer's fee, $8.40

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	8 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

July 31, 1890.

To The Memory of Rev. J. E. Moore. Died at Mill Point.

We publish the following by request.

Oh father, dear, what power was that which claimed thy fleeting breath?
What made thy frame so cold, thy pulse so still? A whisper answers "Death."
Yes, thou art dead: thy sturdy form now sleeps beneath the sod;
An angel from the throne came down to waft thy spirit back to God,

'Twas in the March of '90, on the twenty-second day,
Just as the sun was kissing noon his spirit fled away.
The frosts of age were thickening fast, his hair was hoary white,
When unto him the Master saith, "Receive thy sparkling crown of light

And tho' we knew that all was well, that Jordan's waves were still,
Yet, oft our grief in tears are shed for him who rests upon the hill.
Oh, what a weight of sorrow came to fill our hearts with gloom,
As we gently laid him down to rest whithin the silent tomb.

Ah, why should I now care to longer live? Joy's dearest gems are gone;
So much of love and life have fled, yet we must still live on.
Yes, we must drink life's bitter cup; the "wormwood and the gall;"
Be with our cheerless lot content till Death hath summoned all.

Gird up thine armor, O, my stricken soul; stretch forth thy quickened power;
E'en yet thy hand may pluck from joys complete a diadem of flowers,
For sympathetic words still come, like balms of Gilead rare,
And twine their tendrills round the heart and shed there sweetest there.

When at last our names are called we'll lay life's armour by,
Like other mournful relics of the past, and dwell with Christ on high.
And when we've joined that heavenly choir, this solace sweet we'll sing:
"O, grave where is thy victory? O, Death, where is thy sting?"

W. B. H. MOORE,

Freeport, Kan., May 5, 1890.

FOUND HIM AT LAST.

We were sitting on the veranda of a hotel at Niagara Falls, when I noticed the man on my right looking sharply at the man on my left, says the New York Sun, and presently he got up in an excited way and walked about. After a bit he halted before the other man and asked:

"Isn't your name Graham?"

"Yes sir," was the prompt reply.

"Didn't you used to teach school at Elmira?"

"Yes, sir."

"In 1863?"

"Yes sir."

"Do you remember a boy named Godkin?"

"Very distinctly sir."

"Do you remember that he put a package of fire crackers under his seat and touched them off?"

"As if it happened only yesterday."

"And you basted him for it?"

"I did. I licked him until he could hardly stand, and I've always been glad of it."

"You have, eh?" said the other, breathing fast and hard. "Do you know that that boy swore a terrible oath?"

"I presume he did, for he was a a thorough young villian."

"He swore that he would grow up and hunt for you and pound you within an inch of your life."

"But I havn't heard from him yet."

"You hear from him now. He stands before you! I am that boy!"

"Well?"

"Prepare to be licked! My time has come at last!"

He made a dive at the old pedagogue, but the latter evaded him, made a half turn and hit him on the jaw, and Godkin went over a chair in a heap. Then the whilom school teacher piled on to him and licked him until he cried "Enough!" and it didn't take him over three minutes to do it. Then he retired to get on another collar and replace some buttons, and I helped Godkin up and observed:

"You didn't wait long enough, I guess."

"Say! That's where I made a miscue!" he replied. "I see now that I ought to have held off until he got to be a 150 years old. He is all of 70 now, but he licked me right off the reel, and I'll never have the sand to stand us to him again. Here's twenty years of waiting for vengeance knocked into a cocked hat in three minutes.

Servant—"Two gentlemen at the door want to see you, ma'am. They didn't come together; just happened to arrive at the same time."

Mistress—"How do they behave?"

"One of 'em is very polite, and begs the honor of a few minutes' conversation."

"I don't want to see him; he's doubtless got something to sell."

"The other is stiff as a ramrod, and don't waste no words."

"He must have a bill. Tell them both I'm not at home."

Briggs—"I did not see you at church last Sunday." Braggs—"No; I didn't get in until you had gone to sleep.

"Always pay cash as you go. That's my principle," said Seedle. "Hump! That accounts for your slowness, I presume," remarked a friend.

Professor—"What is the difference between knowledge and conceit?" Student—"Knowledge is what we ourselves know; conceit is what the other fellows think they know."

Boy (at grindstone) Pap, have you read anything about the labor movement that they are agitating?

Old Man—Well, you git more labor movement in yer elbow and less in yer head. We'll git these axes done sooner.

Wife—My dear that horrid man next door has killed the dog.

Husband—Well, never mind, my dear; I'll get you another one some time.

Wife—But it wasn't my Fido that he killed; it was your hunting dog.

Husband (wildly)—Where's my gun?

sUBSCRIBe

—FOR THE—

POCAHONTAS TIMES,

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interst to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

TERM OF SUBSCRIPTION,

One year in advance	$1.00
If not paid within 6 months	1.25
And at the end of the year	1.50

AND IF YOU NEED

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Drug Envelopes, Tags, Business Cards, Official Blanks, Blank Bonds. Posters, Briefs for the Court of Appeals etc.

GET THEM AT "THE TIMES"

JOB OFFICE,

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VIII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, August 7, 1890. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 2

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. (C E. Beard, S B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.

The following is a list of the questions given at the teacher's examination held at this place, Monday and Tuesday of last week:

ARITHMETIC.

1. Define fraction, discount, square root, specific and advalorum duties.

2. What is the difference between the G. C. D and the L. C. M?

3. A man sold two horses; one for $150, the other for $75. He gained 50 per cent. on the $75 horse and lost 25 per cent. on the $150 horse. How much did he gain or lose by the transaction?

4. A crib is 18 feet long, 8 feet high; how wide must it be to contain 840 bushels?

5. What will the lumber cost to ceil a room 16 ft. wide, 20 ft. long and 8 ft high, at $12.50 per M?

6. Multiply the sum of five hundred millionth and three thousand six hundred and twenty-five hundredths, by five hundred million and five tenths.

7. I wish to obtain from bank $1000 for 120 days; for what sum must I give my note at 16 per cent. discount?

8. How many acres in a field in the form of a triangle, the base 880 yards and the perpendicular 1320 feet?

9. It is 12 m. at Constantinople 30° E., what is the time at Philadelphia 75° W.?

10. I send my agent $2550 to invest in sugar at $6.50 per bbl.; how many bbls. will I get, allowing 2½ per cent commission.

GRAMMAR.

1. How is the passive voice formed give example?

2. Tell what you know about Prosidy.

3. Write sentences containing "what" and "as" as relative pronouns.

4. What is the difference between the infinitive and personal pronoun.

5. Give a synopsis of the verb sing in the pteontial mood.

Analyze

He who does as he lists without regard to the wishes of others will soon cease to do well.

Parse the words italicized: Multitudes of little floating clouds, *ere we, who saw,* of change, were conscious *pierced* though *their* etherial texture, *had become rigid* as fire.

HISTORY.

1. What nations participated in the discovery and colonization of America and to what section did they direct their efforts?

2. From what nations were each of the following purchased; and for what sum: Louisiana, Florida, the Gadsden purchase and Alaska.

3. Contrast the life of Alexander Hamilton and Thos. Jefferson.

4. Name at least four provisions of the Omnibus bill, and give its author.

5. What was remarkable about the Mexican war and give the result of the war.

6. Name five prominent inventors and tell of what importance their inventions have been to the public.

7. Give the aim and substance of the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution.

8. Give an account of the capture of Vicksburg and and its result on the war.

9. Name the presidents and vice presidents since 1800, and tell which ones died in office.

10. Name the important events of Harrison's administration [illegible] [illegible]

GEOGRAPHY.

1. Name four principal islands and four groups of Ocianica.

2. Under what form of Government are each of the following nations: Prussia, Switzerland, Chili, Portugal and Italy.

3. Name the six great plateaus of Asia.

4. What and where are the following: Mallstroom, Etna, Manitoba, Anticosta, Titicaca and Khartoom.

5 Explain as you would to a class why it is colder near the poles than at the equator.

6. What is the difference in the products of the New England states and France? Explain the reason of the difference.

7. Name the three principa mountain systems in each of the five different Grand Divisions.

8. Give the principal seaports of the following countries: Texas, Va. Austria, Chili and Hindoostan.

9. Name the straits and peninsulas of Europe.

10. Name the states west of the Miss. river and give their Capitals.

PHYSIOLOGY.

1. How many bones in the body and of what are they composed.

2. How many cavities has the heart, and which has the thickest walls?

3. Why is more food required in cold than in warm weather.

4. What is the office of the muscles; and what effect has alcohol on them?

5. Give the duties of the arteries and veins.

6. What effect has chewing tobacco and smoking cigarrets on the system?

7. How many teeth and how can they be preserved?

8. Give the effect of alcohol on the stomach, liver and on the brain.

ORTHOGRAPHY.

1. What objects should the teacher endeavor to accomplish in teaching orthography.

2. Explain the difference between the name and power of a letter.

3. Which sylable of a word is the penult and which the antepenult.

4. Give the discritical marks and explain the necessity for them.

5. What is the base of a sylable; and what is a unite.

GRADES AND PER CENT.

The following are the names, grades and per cent. of the teachers examined on the above branches:

87 PER CENT. FOR NO. 1, 77 FOR NO. 2 AND 67 FOR NO. 3.

LADIES.

A. K. Ligon, 1, 88
Lena C. Hill, 1, 89
Lena Kennison, 2, 77
Carrie E Thomas, 1, 91
Hattie Patterson, 3, 75
Emma Burner, 2, 82
Mary M Brown, 2, 80
Doda Sharp, 3, 72
Vesta Kerr, 1, 87
Nora E. Riley, 3, 75
Sula Burner, 3, 72
Effie Sharp, 3, 73
Sadie Cackley, 3, 73
Lillie M Price, 1, 90
[illegible] Hill, 1, 87
[illegible], 1, 80
Ella Kerr, 2, 81
[illegible] Marshall, 1, 92
Jennie Clark, 1, 88
Alice McLaughlin, 2, 83
Lena McLaughlin, 2, 85
L. Sue Beard, 1, 89
Claude Dysard, [illegible]
[illegible] Hamilton, [illegible]
Addie Williams, [illegible]
Nora E. Noblett, [illegible]

GENTLEMEN.

J. W. Hamilton, [illegible]
Geo. E. Moore, [illegible]
J. W. Price, Jr., 1, 92
Andrew Price, 1, 90
J. A. McGlaughlin, 2, 83
A. S. Gillispie, 1, 93
P. D. Arbogast, 1, 93
Thomas McCoy, 2, 79
C. A. Brown, 1, 93
Davis Barlow, 1, 88
L. J. R. Dysard, 2, 82
Seward Workman, 2, 80

Bob McGee's Scalp.

Robt. McGee, of Easton, Kan., is but thirty-nine years old, yet he has gone twenty-six years without a scalp, with a bullet in his ribs and the scars of several awful wounds by Indian arrows. It adds not a little to the interest of his case to learn that he was shot and scalped by the once noted Little Turtle, and the ball now lodged between two of his ribs was put there by Little Turtle, with the identical pistol which President Lincoln had not long before presented to the "noble red man."

Senator Plumb of Kansas, has introduced a bill in Congress to pay McGee $5,000 out of the general or Indian fund and presents in support of it abundant evidence to prove the following facts: In 1864 Robert McGee, thirteen years old, was left an orphan and without means, but being quite tall for his age he tried to enlist at Fort Leavenworth. He was rejected but employed as a teamster, and started with a small train to Fort Union, N. M. On the 11th of July, near where the city of Great Bend now stands, Little Turtle's band of Sioux warriors attacked the train. The whites fought long and well, but were overpowered, and every one killed except young McGee.

It seems that the Indians at first intended to spare him for some reason, but after compelling him to witness the torture of others not quite dead they decided to kill him also. The chief shot him with the elegant pistol he carried as a souvenir, and three spears were run into his back as he lay upon the ground. Little Turtle then tore off his scalp and struck him twice with a tomahawk, fracturing the skull at each blow. The savage departed, and in a few hours a party of soldiers arrived on their way to Fort Larned. Sorrowfully they gathered the corpses for burial but perceiving signs of life in McGee they bound up his wounds and took him to the fort.

The surgeons exhausted their skill upon him; the struggle was long and terrible, but he lived—as remarkable a recovery as any related in history. The details were laid before President Lincoln, who sent for the boy, and was deeply affected by his account. The Western generals were directed to favor him in employment. Many years after McGee's uncle acquired wealth in the West and tried to recover the scalp from Little Turtle, but unsuccessfully. McGee is now apparently in robust health, but of course terribly disfigured.

The Hour Hand.

"Come, come, you won't get around this week if you don't hurry up!" said the Minute Hand to the Hour Hand, and he winked at figure One as he [illegible] along. "Here come [illegible] Hour Hand," he said to figure Two. [illegible] he doesn't run over you [illegible] he cried, five minutes [illegible] "Why short [illegible] will be around after I've made about [illegible] more trips. Oh, he's [illegible]! Ah Four! Don't stop me for goodness' sake! [illegible] Hour Hand is after me."

And so the Minute Hand went round putting them up to poke fun at his slow friend. The figures laughed and called out to one another that the Minute Hand was too smart a chap for the Hour Hand to travel with. The Pendulum down below knew what was going on, and laughed softly as it rocked to and fro. Even the pale face of the clock seemed about to break out into a smile at the general hilarity.

Meanwhile the poor Hour Hand crept laboriously on.

"Ah, Shorty!" cried the Minute Hand close behind him, "been taking a nap? Come, I'll bet I can go around the ring twelve times to your once; look out now! I'll soon pass you."

The little bell struck sharply, "one, two!"

"Hello, he's got as far as Two!" The figures said, and they all laughed loudly.

"Oh, dear, dear!" sighed the Hand, "I can't go any faster to save my life. How I wish I was as smart as the Minute Hand. I'm the butt of all his jokes, and the others laugh at me, too. I haven't a friend on the face of the clock. I can't endure it any longer. I won't go on. I'll just stop right here."

"Where's our moderate friend?" asked the figure of the Minute Hand an hour or two later.

"O, he stopped back there," was the answer. "He started to race with me, but I guess he got out of wind."

After awhile the owner of the clock came into the room. "Hello!" said he "clock stopped? No," he continued, "but I might as well be for all the good I do without the Hour Hand." Then he gently touched the Hour Hand, seized the Minute Hand and shoved him round and round the circle, waited to see that they were going properly and went away.

"Whew!" exclaimed the Minute Hand, dizzy and breathless: "How he did shove me!" and he was mightily crestfallen because the figures had seen him so roughly used. But the Hour Hand traveled on with a happy face and the figures looked upon him with great respect.

The moral of this tale is that the smartest people are not always the most useful.

They Parted Forever.

"See that young lady," queried a young man on a ferryboat yesterday of his companion.

"Yes."

"I was engaged to her once."

"You don't say."

"See that poodle dog?"

"Yes."

"Well, he broke our engagement."

"No! What's the story?"

"It was on this very boat." We had come down for an evening ride. We sat right over there, and after a bit I got up to get her a drink of water. While I was gone her poodle got into my chair, and when I returned I sat down upon him."

"But if the girl really and truly loved you——"

"Oh, she did that."

"But——"

"But she loved the poodle more. I smashed him as flat as a sheet of fly-paper. She picked him up, squeezed him back into shape, and then said that we must part forever. We have been strangers since."

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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Huntersville, W. Va.

August [illegible], 1890.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 1.—Senator Hoar is a remarkable product even for the republican party. He has done many absurd things in his life, but the climax was reached when in his advocacy of the Federal Election bill before the republican caucus he used the following language, which should drive him from public life for the rest of his natural life: "While I favor passing the tariff bill, sooner than that this Congress should not pass the Federal Election bill, I would prefer to see every manufacturing establishment in Massachusetts burned to ashes and the people of that State required to labor in callings in which they could not make more than 50 cents per day and that they be required to live on codfish." It is a great pity that this ranting demagogue could not be required to live on codfish and 50 cents per day.

The Senate now meets at 10 o'clock daily for the consideration of the tariff bill.

The Lodge bill still lies in a state of coma, in care of the committee on Privileges and Elections.

The Behring Sea troubles occupy a great deal of the time and attention of the House and Senate at present. Whether or not legislation will be enacted on the subject, this session, cannot be determined.

Senator Sherman has introduced a bill to incorporate the American National Association of The Red Cross, with Clara Barton, George Kennan, J. B. Hubbard, M. D. and others as its incorporators. After the passage of the bill, it will be unlawful for any other association to display the symbol of the Red Cross, in this country.

Senator Evarts has introduced a bill for the benefit of Dr. Mary Walker. It calls for $10,000. It is considered as a reimbursement to her for her services and sufferings as an assistant physician during the war. This bill for her relief has been reported favorbly by the House comittee on military affairs four times before.

The tariff question will not probably be settled for a month yet, Senator Morrill, of Vermont, is the prominent republican champion in the Senate, on this subject. But all his arguments seem to be delivered more for the purpose of displaying his talents than convincing any one of the sincerity of his remarks.

The Sundry civil bill is, also occupying the attention of the Senate. Mr. Cummings has just finished a severe attack on the Geological Survey. It was in respect to the irrigation of the Great American Desert. He ridiculed the work of the bureau in the preparation of topographical maps. These maps reminded him of a little incident. A Jerseyman merchant failed, and went into bankruptcy. While recounting his misfortunes to a friend he was approached by a peddler, and asked to buy a map of California. "Great Heavens" queried the bankrupt, "What does a man in my condition want of a map of California"? Should not the United States with a deficiency of $100,000,000 staring it in the face exclaim with the Jerseyman "Great Heavens! What do I want of a geological map, costing more than $15,000,000?"

There is a lot of fresh talk about Blaine's resigning, and the fact that Mr. Harrison has sent Mr. Blaine word to meet him at Cape May Point whither he has gone has caused many people to think that there is something in it. There is certainly the biggest kind of a family row among the republican leaders, and it would not be surprising if it resulted in somebody's resignation.

A family figure in Washington hotel lobbies will be removed when "Judge" W. G. Riley "an old Virginia gentlemen, by gad, sir" is confirmed by the Senate as Consul. to some place in Venezuela, to which he has been nominated. He is the original of the familiar "Judge" in the cartoon of the "Judge and the Major" and has always professed to be an authority on the duelling code. He was never known to refuse a drink, nor was he ever seen intoxicated, and it is thought that the administration made a mistake in not sending him to Mexico. If any American can stand "Pueque" he is the man.

Democratic Conventions.

At a meeting of the Democrats of Huntersville District, held in the Court house, on Saturday, July 26th, 1890.

On motion, L. M. McClintic was elected Chairman and James W. Warwick, Secretary.

On motion, it was decided to select delegates to the State, Congressional, Senatorial and Delegate District Conventions by election.

On motion, the following delegates were elected to the different conventions:

State convention—Dr. J. B. Lockridge, M. F. Herold and James H. Doyle.

Congressional—L. M. McClintic, Wm. L. Harper and C. F. Moore.

Senatorial—L. M. McClintic, Wm. L. Harper and C. F. Moore.

District Delegates—Charles L. Moore, L. W. Herold and M. D. McGlaughlin.

On motion, it was ordered that a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be furnished the POCAHONTAS TIMES, with request that they be published.

On motion the meeting adjourned sine die.

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Ch'n,
JAMES W. WARWICK, Jr., Sec'y.

Pursuant to a call of the District Executive Committee, the voters of Pocahontas county assembled at Academy, Saturday, July 26th, for the purpose of electing delegates to the State, Congressional and Senatorial conventions.

The meeting was called to order by Dr. C. W. Eskridge. On motion, Isaac McNeel was made chairman and E. I Holt, secretary, after which the following delegates were elected:

State convention—W. H. Overholt, E. I. Holt and R. W. Hill.

Congressional—E. I. Holt, G. S. McNeel and Dr. F. T. McClintic.

Senatorial—Dr. J. A. Larue, M. A. Dunlap and R. W. Hill.

Dr. F. T. McClintic, Dr. M. Wallace and G. E. Curry, were also appointed delegates to Huntersville to confer with delegates from Webster county, for the purpose of nominating a candidate to represent the delegate district, composed of Webster and Pocahontas counties, in the next Legislature.

Mr. R. K. Burns, a gentleman, who has affiliated in the past with the Republican party joined the meeting, came out squarely for Democracy, and was made an alternate to each of the above named conventions.

Resolutions endorsing the course of Hon. J. D. Alderson, the present encumbent from this Congressional District, commending him to the voters of said district and pledging him a hearty support for a renomination were passed.

Also resolutions heartily endorsing Capt. W. L. McNeel, as a candidate for the State Senate were passed.

On motion it was ordered that a copy of the proceedings of the meeting be sent to the Greenbrier Independent and POCAHONTAS TIMES for publication.

ISAAC MCNEEL, Ch'n,
E. I. HOLT, Sec'y.

In pursuance of a call by the Pocahontas county Executive committee, the Democrats of district No. 2, met at Edray, the 26th day of July, 1890. The meeting was called to order by Wm. M. Sharp. Levi Gay was made temporary chairman, and Chas. Cook temporary secretary.

On motion the temporary organization was made permanent.

On motion of J. Woods Price—J. C. Price, Wm. C. Aull, A. M. McGlaughlin, Q. M. Poage and Geo. W. McCollam, were appointed delegates to the Congressional convention, and were instructed to cast one and a-half (1½) votes for ex Gov. E. W. Wilson and one half (½) vote for Hon. John D. Alderson.

On motion of J. R. Apperson the same delegates were appointed to the Senatorial convention, and were instructed to cast their votes for Capt. Wm. L. McNeel for State Senator.

On motion, the same delegates were appointed to attend the State convention, and were instructed to cast their votes for D. B. Lucas for Supreme Court Judge.

On motion, Withrow McClintic, Philip Kramer, Wm. M Sharp, Jacob S. Moore and John W. Malcomb, were appointed delegates to the Delegate District Convention to be held at Huntersville on the — day of August, 1890.

On motion the Chairman and Secretary were added to each of the foregoing committees.

On motion, the proceedings of this meeting were ordered to be published in the POCAHONTAS TIMES and the Greenbrier Independent.

LEVI GAY, Ch'n,
CHAS. COOK, Sec'y.

Pursuant to a call of the County Executive Committee, the Democratic voters of Green Bank district assembled at Green Bank, on the 26th inst.

G. W. Siple called the house to order and explained the object of the meeting.

On motion, H. A. Yeager was elected chairman and J. P. Wooddell, secretary.

G. W. Siple moved that the delegates to the several conventions be selected by ballot, and that each delegate be voted for separately which was unanimously adopted.

The meeting then proceeded to the election of the following delegates to the several conventions.

District Delegate convention—J. W. Riley, J. C. Arbogast and J. C. Lakin. Alternates—J. L. Hudson, W. H. Collins and Hugh McGlaughlin.

Senatorial convention—Dr. C. L. Austin, C. O. Arbogast and C. A. Lightner. Alternates—J. A. Taylor, J. W. Riley and W. W. Arbogast.

Congressional convention—J. C. Arbogast, H. A. Yeager and B. F. McElwee. Alternates—Geo. D. Oliver, B. F. E. Wooddell and J. C. Lakin.

State convention—C. B. Swecker, S. B Hannah and B. M. Yeager.

S. B Hannah offered the following resolution which was adopted.

Be it resolved. That it is the desire of this meeting that in the Delegate district convention, each district should have representation in proportion to the democratic vote polled at the last Presidential election, and, and that our delegates to said convention be instructed to claim their votes upon said basis.

On motion, the secretary was requested to furnish proceedings to the ED. of TIMES with request that he publish same.

H. A. YEAGER, Ch'n,
J. P. WOODDELL, Sec'y.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Plans and Specifications of Two School Houses to be built in Huntersville District.

Each House to be 24 feet long, 18 feet wide, 10 feet high in the clear on the inside, to have three sills 24 ft. long, 10x10 inches, and two sills 18 ft long 10x10 inches, to have under the sills 18 good stone pillars, each with a 12 in. face to be 2 ft. under ground, 18 inches above ground and no cobble or small stones to be used in filling the centers of said pillars) to have 4 pillars under each side sill, 4 under center sill, and 3 under each end silll, lower joists to be 26 in number, 10 feet 6 inches long 10x2 inches, to be rest on side sills and center sill and to be 16 inches from center to center, floor to be laid lengthwise of house of good flooring lumber 6 inches wide by 1¼ inches thick, 16 feet long, to be ceiled with ceiling 7x1 inches or 6x1 inches, except 4 feet wide across rear end of house which must be ceiled out of lumber entirely free from knots and this shall be blacked by the contractor for use as a blackboard.

Upper joists to be 10 ft. 6 inches long, 16 inches apart from center to center 6x2 inches, plates to be good and substancial, studding to be 11 feet long 4x2 inches 16 inches apart, to be weather boarded horizontally with lumber 7x1 inches or 6x1 inches, to contain 16 Desks 8 feet long, made according to the plan of those on Beaver creek near Huntersville and to have 2 benches 8 feet long for recitation purposes, house to contain 6 windows, 3 on each side of 12 lights each 9x14 glass, to contain one panel door 7x3 feet; boxing to be what is called railroad boxing, to be covered with good white pine shingles, either shaved or sawed, to have a good flue to extend 3 feet above comb of roof and to be well secured where pipe enters.

All lumber for weather boarding, ceiling, or other inside work shall be well seasoned, and all lumber to be nicely dressed, and all work to be done in a good and workmanlike manner.

Contractor to file seperate bids for School House and Desks each, and aggregate bids for both, and to file with the Secretary of the Board.

Bond with good security in double the amount of his bid

The house near H. M. Lockridges to be completed by Nov. 1st, 1890 and the one near Gilmer Sharp's by July 1st 1891.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Bids will be received until 10 a. m. of Saturday August 9th, 1890 by the undersigned.

By order of Board.
JAMES H. WARWICK, Jr., Secretary.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

Richard M. Beard,
vs
Nannie E. Beard, et als.

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested that in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above named cause on the 17th day of June, 1890, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court, at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday the 23rd day of August, 1890, to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. An account of the Administration of the plaintiff Richard M. Beard and Nannie E. Beard upon the estate of J. H. M. Beard, dec'd.

2nd. An account of all debts due from said estate, if any.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

C. F. MOORE, Com'r.
July 17-4t. Printer's fee $6.00

ROAD LETTING.

Pursuant to authority vested in me by virtue of an order of the County Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia entered on 11th day of July, 1890, I, as Commissioner, appointed for the purpose, will receive sealed bids until 12 o'clock m. on Thursday, July 31st, 1890, from contractors for the following work, to be done under the supervision and direction of the undersigned Commissioner, to-wit: To build and put in good condition for travel the new location of that part of the Huntersville and Dunmore road, beginning at the gate in the alley near Wagner's Hotel upon the recent location. Through the Grave Yard lot, the road-bed to be at least 12 feet wide wide and the grade at no point above 5 degrees from the top to the foot of the hill with road at least Five inches higher on the outside, or side from the bank. Through the land of William Curry the road to be 2? feet from cut to cut, and to be 2 feet above the mean level and at least 16 inches higher in the middle than at each side, with gradual slope from center to the ditches, which are to be 14 inches below the mean level, the road-way being required 16 feet wide. The same conditions will govern through the lands of Elizabeth McGlaughlin and John J. Beard. All marshy and low places must be well stoned or graveled; and all stone necessary to raise the center of said road placed thereon. A sufficient culvert will be required across the branch in the bottom and the ford on Brown's creek must be properly opened and banks graded.

Bond will be required of the Contractor in double the amount of the contract price, to comply with his agreement and to complete the work on or before September 20th 1890.

The work will be paid for by the County Court when completed and accepted.

H. S. RUCKER,
Com'r Co., Crt.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election at the next election as Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas county.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Most respectfully,
JOHN J. BEARD.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next, and, if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said offices to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.
Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County subject the action of the Democratic Primary election. Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,
E. H. MOORE.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff. Election Nov. 4th, 1890.

Respectfully,
J. C. ARBOGAST.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate, to represent the 4th Delegate Dist. composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster, in the next Legislature of W. Va., subject to the future action of the Democratic party. If elected I pledge myself to faithfully discharge the duties of the trust to the best of my ability. Election Nov. 4th 1890.

Respectfully,
W. C. MANN.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent the Delegate District composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster in the next House of Delegates subject to any action taken by the Democratic party to select a candidate.

Respectfully,
I. B. MOORE.

To the voters of the 8th Senatorial District.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent this District in the next State Senate, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention to be held at Hinton on the 27th day of August, 1890. Respectfully,
J. P. MOOMAU.

To The Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, at the election to be held November 4th next, and if elected I promise to discharge the duties thereof to the best of my ability.

Very Respectfully,
J. H. PATTERSON.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County

Gentlemen and fellow citizens and to the voters of Pocahontas and Webster counties: at the request of many friends in this county I hereby announce myself a Candidate for the House of Delegates for Pocahontas and Webster counties, and should I get the nomination and be elected I shall work to better the condition of our people and the counties, and asking your support, &c. Truly Thine,
C. B. SWECKER.

HOME NEWS

—Quite a refreshing rain Tuesday evening.

—I. B. Moore, of Knapp's creek, was in town Tuesday.

—Mess. E. I. Holt, of Academy and Fred Wallace, of Mill Point, were in the City Tuesday.

—Attorney C. F. Moore, attended Court at Addison, Webster county, last week.

—Rev. L. F. Snapp will preach at Mt. Pleasant next Sunday at 11 a. m. and Huntersville 4 p. m.

—Attorney L. M. McClintic spent the first of this week fishing on Williams river.

—Ammonia is the best suggested remedy for bee stings, as it neutralizes the acid injected by the sting.

—The St. Lawrence Boom & M'f'g Co. are making arrangements to build a lumber camp a short way above town. They will cut the Huggett timber this fall and winter.

—Isaac Wolf, living on Potts creek, Alleghany county, Va., was killed by an officer while resisting arrest last week.

—Typhoid fever broke out some time ago at Elkins, Randolph county, and since that time, we have been reliably informed, persons are dying almost daily.

—The Editor has been suffering for the past three weeks from rheumatism. THE TIMES will not appear next week, on account of his illness.

—Attorney H. S. Rucker and family and Sam. Scott, Esq., left this morning (Wednesday) for an extended visit to relatives at Lewisburg and near Lynchburg, Va.

—We are very sorry to learn that Mr. H. M. Lockridge, who was very low with rheumatism for several months last winter, is again suffering from the same affliction.

—On the first page will be found the questions given at the teachers' examination at this place Monday and Tuesday of last week, also the names of the teachers, their grades and per cent.

WANTED—A good white, study girl to cook, wash and iron. Wages, $8.00 per month, with good fire and bed. Address F. P. Staley, Ronceverte, W. Va.

—Baldness is catching says a scientist. It's catching flies in summer time. Use Hall's Hair Renewer and cover the bald place with healthy hair and flies won't trouble.

—That distention of the stomach which many people feel after eating, may be due to improper mastication of the food; but, in most cases, it indicates a weakness of the digestive organs, the best remedy for which is one of Ayer's Pills, to be taken after dinner.

—The road advertised in THE TIMES, to and from where the bridge is to be rebuilt, through Mr. Wm. Curry's and Mrs. Betsy McGlaughlin's farms was let to Harry Thompson, Esq., of Mill Point, for the sum of $338.50. We understand he will begin work on it the first of next week.

—This has been a poor fruit year all along and now we are told that apples—the great stand-by of the good housekeeper to add relish to lunches, desserts, and suppers—are going to be very scarce and dear. The threatened scarcity of peaches is bad enough, but apples—how are we going to live without them!

—The Baltimore American relates that a couple from this county, who went to Cumberland, Md., to be married, were delayed thirty-six hours in having the ceremony performed, because the groom was not old enough by that number of hours to get a license.

—We cordially advance our congratulations to Prof. C. A. Brown, Principal of Hillsboro Academy and Miss Lillie Overholt. We understand that this (Wednesday) is the happy evening when "they twain" will be made "one," passing into the blest state of matrimony.

—The vicissitudes of climate are trying to most constitutions, especially to people having impure blood. For all such (and they constitute the majority), the best safeguard is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the use of which cleanses the blood and strengthens and invigorates the system.

—Rev. S. G. Ferguson, Presiding Elder Lewisburg District, M. E. Church south, preached two excellent sermons at Sunset, on Sunday and Monday. He also favored Huntersville congregation Monday evening. He is a man of considerable prepossession and pulpit power. His preaching is clear-cut, definite and practical; and his style is peculiar to himself.

SEED WHEAT.

We have for sale at our granary about 130 bushels of Fultzcaster wheat at $1.30 per bushel. All parties wanting good seed wheat will do well to call on us at once, as it will soon be disposed of.

H. M. & J. B. LOCKRIDGE.

Dunmore Doings.

Miss Ottie Cackley, is attending the wedding of Miss Lillie Overholt at Academy this week.

Mr. W. H. Cackley and wife and Mrs. Capt. C. B. Swecker, are spending a week or two at Ronceverte.

Miss Lou E. Pritchard, is visiting at Clear creek.

Prof. Bowman, spent a few days with his best girl here. He may return and teach a high school at Dunmore this winter.

S. H. Ralston, Esq., is in our town putting up spouting and tin roofing. He is a first-class workman. He will start a tin shop here in the near future.

Our Farmers' Alliance will meet at Dunmore on Saturday the 9th inst. at 2 p. m. A full attendance is desired as there is important business to be transacted. We wish at once to start a Farmers' Alliance store, and all members interested should come out.

Several of our boys will go to the lumber camp this week.

Mr. B. F. McElwee, caught 20 fine bass last week.

Mr. Sherman will move his saw mill to Elk next week.

S. P. Sheets, of this county and Miss S. G. Gum, of Highland county, were married on the 31st July.

TRAVELER.

STATE TEACHERS' EXAMINATION.—The State Board of Examiners will meet at the following times and places to examine persons desiring to apply for Teachers' State Certificates, the present year:

Charleston, August 7, 8; Parkersburg, 12, 13; Henton, 29, 30; Keyser, 28, 29, 30; Huntington, Sept. 1, 2.

In addition to the branches required in the county examination, the State examination will include Algebra, Physics, Rhetoric and Physiology.

J. W. HINKLE,
Examiner for 3rd Congressional district.

Resolutions.

The following are the resolution of the teachers at the Teachers' institute held at this place week be last:

Resolved. That it is the opinion of this Institute that no change of text books of the Free School of the State, should be made at the next session of the Legislature.

Resolved. That the teachers of Pocahontas county, respectfully request the next Legislature to make the minimum salary of grade No. 1 $30.00 instead of $25.00 and to raise the minimum salary of the other grades in the same ratio, new branches having been added to the Free School curiculum and the standard of education having been elevated sufficiently to demand the increase.

Resolved. That it is the opinion of this Institute that teachers who have held four years certificates and who have taught on the same during that time, should be allowed by law immediately upon the expiration of said certificate to enter the examination for the purpose of receiving another four years certificate.

Resolved. That our thanks are due and are tendered Prof. G. S. Laidly for the pleasant and efficient manner in which he has conducted the Institute.

Resolved. That the thanks of the Institute are tendered to M. G. Mathews, Co. Supt. for his supervision during the time.

Resolved. That the thanks of this Institute are extended to Att'y C. F. Moore, Rev. L. F. Snapp and others for the valuable information imparted on several topics discussed by the Institute.

Resolved. That we appreciate the kindness of the owners of the organ in allowing us its use during the Institute.

Resolved. That our Co. Supt. is hereby requested to furnish copies of the first three of these resolutions to our Delegate to the next Legislature, to the State Senator from this Senatorial district and to the State Supt. of Free Schools.

Resolved. That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the POCAHONTAS TIMES, with the request that they be published.

Respectfully submitted.

MISS L. SUE BEARD,
MISS DUFFIE MARSHALL,
AMOS GILLISPIE,
P. D. ARBOGAST,
W. S. ANDERSON. } Com.

CHINESE MEDICAL PRACTICE.—In China a physician attends only to the inner man, and the surgeon to the outer. And the Chicago Tribune tells this story to show how strictly the code of medical ethics is observed in that country: "An English tourist was riding a bycicle in Hong Kong when he fell from his bycicle with such violence that one of the iron spokes was run into his shoulder, where it broke off and stuck fast. The man was removed to a house and a surgeon summoned. The surgeon first demanded his fee. After pocketing his money he broke off the protruding point of the spoke, leaving the other fragment imbedded in the sufferers body. He then went away. The tourist was in intense agony, but the surgeon would not help him. Medical etiquette forbade. "The case is for the physician," he said, "as the wire is inside the body."

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term, 1890, in the cause of C. C. Burner v Wm. N. Morrow, I will on

THURSDAY, THE 21 DAY OF AUGUST, 1890,

offer for sale by public auction, at Travelers Repose in said County, that certain tract of land containing 915 acres, lying near the east branch of Greenbrier river, adjoining the lands of Jefferson Houchen, A. M. V. Arbogast and others, being the same land lately sold by the said Burner to the said Morrow.

TERMS: One third of the purchase money cash in hand, and the residue in six and twelve months from the day of sale, in equal payments, bearing interest from that day, the purchaser executing bonds with good security for the deferred payment, and the title being retained as ultimate security.

CHARLES P. JONES, Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the bond required by said decree, has been duly executed.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

July 24-4t. Printer's fee, $8.40

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of J. H. M. Beard, deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said J. H. M. Beard, to the payment of his debts. You are required to present your claims against the estate of the said J. H. M. Beard, for adjudication to C. F. Moore, Commissioner, at his office in the Said County, on or before the 23rd day of August, 1890.

Witness John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court, this 15th day of July, 1890.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

July 17-4t. Printer's fee $5.30.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

August 7, 1890.

The Snake Charmer.

Lulu La Toska is the name of the snake charmer who handles the reptiles at Barnum's show. She is a Russian by birth, and has had control over snakes from her babyhood.

"How do you account for your power over snakes?" was asked by a Chicago Globe reporter at the close of a performance in which she had hung 450 pounds of live coils around her neck and body.

"It is a charm I have possessed since my birth. I was born to govern them, and the mark of a snake encircles me. Since two years old I have played with them. They have bitten me twice, but I am still alive, as you see."

"Where do you get the snakes?"

"They come from India. I am going to get thirty new ones in a few days. I lost one of the old ones I had had for fourteen years, in St. Louis. The stage fell on him and crushed him to death. Another one tried to bite me, and struck herself. She was deadly poison and died. They cost lots of money, from $150 to $600, and it's a big misfortune to have one die."

"How often do they eat?"

"Every three weeks usually, but the mean one that bit itself to death had not fasted anything for a year and a half. Did you notice me tickle one of them under the chin? That's Emma. She likes it too, and just lays her head back to enjoy it. She eats two chickens every week now. They are cross and don't eat when they are blind, which they are every six weeks. Then I have to touch them lightly so they will know when I am coming. If they turn their heads to look at me I pick them up, but if they stretch their heads away I let them alone, for they are ugly. We have to humor them like children."

"Is their bite poisonous?" asked the reporter.

"Yes; I handle an Indian bwarpythod, one of the most poisonous snakes in the world. I also play with the black natter without any trouble."

London.

It had 4,788,657 inhabitants at the last census. It has now over 5,000,000.

Of its adult population, according to census returns, more than one third were born in the country.

A birth takes place on an average every three minutes.

A death takes place on an average of every five minutes.

About 247 persons every day are added to its population, or 1,729 every week.

Last year 86 miles 384 yards of houses were added to its streets.

It contains upwards of a million of habitual neglecters of public worship.

It has 60 miles of shops open every Sunday.

It has a foreign population roughly estimated at 271,000.

There are 11,128 public houses.

"Josiah," said Mrs. Chugwater to the head of the family, "I believe our Johnny is turning over a new leaf and is going to be a better boy. He asked me a little while ago if he could take the family Bible up to his room for an hour or two."

About the same time a boy of Johnny's size was seen to enter a cigarstore in the vicinity open a big book and lay it on the counter.

"Do you see this entry!" he demanded, addressing the proprietor in thunder tones. "You said I wasnt sixteen. Look at this: 'John, born May 5, 1874.' Gimme five boxes of cigarettes, and be quick about it. Blame yer gizzard!"

Remember.

That labor disgraces no man, while man disgraces labor.

That silence is always better than truth spoken without charity.

That life is too short to be spent in minding other people's business.

That one good act done to-day is worth a thousand in contemplation for some future time.

That a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures where there is no love.

That the bee, though it finds every rose has a thorn, comes back loaded with honey from his rambles, and why should not other tourist do the same?"

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Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interst to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VIII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, August 14, 1890. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. No. 3

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, N. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct., C. T. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

District.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent this District in the next State Senate, subject to the action of the [illegible] Convention to be held at [illegible] on the 20th day of August, 1890. Respectfully,
J. P. MOORE.

To The Voters of Pocahontas County:
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, the election to be held November next, and if elected I promise to discharge the duties thereof to the best of my ability.
Very Respectfully,
J. R. PATTERSON.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County:
Gentlemen and fellow citizens and the voters of Pocahontas and Webster counties; at the request of many friends in this county I hereby announce myself a Candidate for the House of Delegates [illegible] Pocahontas and Webster [illegible]

A PATCHWORK QUILT.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Have you anywhere about your house, amidst your counterpanes and comfortables which you looked at five minutes before buying, perhaps, one of those old-fashioned patchwork quilts made of the tiniest pieces, arranged in the most intricate patterns, over which at least one pair of eyes were strained for days and weeks before quilting time came, and all those puffy little diamonds were marked out, amidst chat and laughter, by half-a-dozen ladies? Did you ever, in childhood, sit upon the bed and hear the history of the various pieces of chintz?

That's a piece of your first colored dress; that I had when I was a girl; that was your grandmother's morning-gown; that is a piece Miss S—— gave me. I have heard such a history many a time, and little pictures used to pass before my eyes with the words. I could see just how grandma looked in the morning-gown. I could see myself a baby, taking toddling steps in the blue frock. It seemed so funny to have been a baby—when I was an important person of five years. It doesn't seem half so funny now, for I have begun to doubt whether I shall ever be anything else, and to know just how many big babies there are in this world.

Dear old patchwork quilts! We've lost something in losing them, I think, and probably Mrs. Mumford thought so, too, for whenever any of her children were found sitting with those idle hands, for which Dr. Watts declares that Satan always finds some mischief, she invariably remarked: "You'd better get your patchwork."

They always obeyed, those three little girls, Lucy, Ruth and Olive, and there were piles of quilts in the upstairs room where spare bedding was stored—quilts of many colors, quilts of only two, quilts with large, square blocks, and quilts with intricate patterns, like a Chinese puzzle, quilts that had been made by people in their nineties, and quilts that had been made by people who could not yet say: "I am nine years old." Piecing a quilt was the first work and the last of the members of the Mumford family. I think an ancestor made some patchwork on board of the Mayflower. At least, it was said so.

When a young person married, a dowry of quilts had always been provided—always would be while Mrs. Mumford lived. When Olive was fifteen she had been told that the white and Turkey red quilt which her great-grandmother had made was to be among her share, as the oldest daughter of the house. She laughed then, and said:

"I shall always stay at home with you, mamma; I shall be the old maid daughter."

A year afterward she did not think this, whatever she might have said, for the year had made her feel that she was no longer a child, and she had met Harry Martin, who had put an engagement ring on Olive's finger, and, if all went well, her seventeenth birthday would find her a mother.

Nothing like seeing your children settled before you are broken down yourself," said the mother; and [illegible] began to teach Olive the the higher mysteries of pastry. [illegible] making every girl of that family quite understood.

A lover always takes great interest in his lady's handiwork. Harry [illegible] all the little pieces of sewing which passed through Olive's hands with immense admiration, and the homely patchwork was just as fine in his eyes as anything else; and there was often much talk about the pieces, and, once or twice, he had cut them out, after the card board patterns, loving to meddle with anything, that she was busy with, in old true lover's fashion.

One evening, when he went in, he found the girl looking, as an artist might look at a rare old master, at a long breadth of old-fashioned, flowered chintz.

"Mother has just given me this, Harry," she said. "It is like a gown of old Aunt Hepsiba's. It shimmers like silk, and see how fine it is. But fancy wearing such large patterns. Look! a butterfly on a bough, and a rose, and a butterfly on a bough again, and then another rose, like wall paper. The difficulty will be," said Olive, pausing to consider, "how to get the pattern into a patch without spoiling it."

"I'll help you," said Harry; and to work he went, and for a pleasant hour or two he kept cutting patches. A bud and a butterfly on one a rose on the other, bud and butterfly, and rose again.

"And he has not spoiled one, mamma," said Olive, in a tone of pride. "I'm sure I should have cut a dozen butterflies' heads off, if I had tried."

So the young things laughed over their exploits, and then slipped merrily away to have their lovers' chat where nobody could listen.

It was the last. The next day Harry Martin was missing, and with him a large sum of money from his employers' safe. The news spread through the country town like wild fire. Harry was an orphan, and the son of an old friend of the head of the firm. It was understood that they would be merciful, but his character was blighted forever.

No one doubted his guilt but Olive. She steadfastly declared him innocent.

Weeks passed on, and then was no news of him—at least, none that reached the Mumford's ears; but one night, when Mrs. Mumford went out to the cow house to see that Crummie was safe for the night, some one came out of the darkness, and called her.

"Who is that?" cried the lady, her heart giving one great throb.

"It's I—Harry," said a well known voice. "Oh! Mrs. Mumford, let me see Olive."

"Harry Martin!" said Mrs. Mumford. "Oh! Harry Martin, you've made a sad house of mine!" And she broke into tears.

"And you all believed it at once!" said Harry, sadly. "I didn't think you would."

"Oh, Harry," said Mrs. Mumford, "Satan tempts us all. I'm sorry for you, but you can't see Olive. It's better for her. You shouldn't. She was very fond of you, Harry."

"And she has turned against me, too, then?" said the young man.

You don't blame her, poor lamb," said Mrs. Mumford. "A girl like that can't have anything to do with one that has disgraced himself."

"Love is more steadfast," said Harry. "Evil reports would not have won me from Olive."

Then, without another word, he went away—and such a hold have homely things upon our memory sometimes, that, as he went, he saw the pretty household picture he had last seen beneath the roof that now refused to welcome him, as plainly as we see things in dreams; his love with her dark curls about her face and the needle in her hands, and the skein of thread about her neck; a bright lamp burning upon the table, and on the other side, himself cutting out pieces for patchwork from a pasteboard pattern, and laying in a little brilliant pile, squares and triangles, on which were a rose and a butterfly upon a flowering branch, a butterfly on a flowering branch, and a full blown rose alternately.

A Western editor speaks of a wind that "just sat up on its hind legs and howled." Such a wind it must have been that was howling through the bleak Maine country twenty years from the night on which Harry Martin turned from the Mumfords' door and went his way alone.

The inn or tavern or hotel, which ever it was, which bore the name of T. Jolliver upon its signboard, was not expecting any guests that night, but, nevertheless, one came to its doors—came late, too, as the clocks were striking ten, and people generally thinking of bed.

The guest was a man of forty, with a sad sort of face—a face with a story in it. But he was well dressed, and evidently no poor traveler. He had supper in the best parlor, and, meanwhile, a fire was made in the best bedroom, in which, when he made his way thither, he found a buxom, youngish woman spreading an extra counterpane up on the bed.

"Good evening, sir," she said, turning toward him with a manner that bespoke the landlady. "I thought I'd see that you were comfortable myself. I never leave everything to chambermaids. When I married a hotel-keeper, I made up my mind to help him, and there's no such way of making guests feel discouraged as turning them over to help. And I've given you my prettiest quilt, too," said she, with a laugh. "There's an honor."

The gentleman looked toward the bed. The quilt was patchwork. It had a wide striped border, but in the center the blocks were all the same—bright chintz alternated with white—a butterfly on a branch, a rose, a butterfly on a branch, and a rose again.

The man took a fold of it up in his hand, and looked at it as men do not often look at patchwork quilts. The woman babbled on.

"We're great for patchwork in our family. Such a pile as we had of these quilts at home. Sister Ruth had twenty when she was married, but I had fifty. My other sister gave me her share, seeing that I married a hotel-keeper, and she thinks she'll never marry. Oh, dear! There's a story in a good many quilts, if you but knew it; and there is a story in this. It's the last one Olive ever made. But I'm boring you, sir."

"No, go on," said the gentleman. "Go on, please."

"She was engaged," said the landlady, "and she was sixteen. One afternoon, she and her sweetheart cut out those [illegible] the next they parted. He was accused of a crime—of robbery, I should say it—and she never saw him again. She knew [illegible] was innocent. She said [illegible] gels in heaven [illegible] doubt it, but [illegible] with her until a [illegible] and then an old [illegible] who was friends [illegible] ing caught in [illegible] my sister's [illegible] sweetheart [illegible] The story he [illegible] ployers of being knocked down in the streets of New York, where he went that holiday afternoon, and being thought drunk, and put into a station house, and being ashamed to give his name next morning, and too sick to come home next day, was doubt true. His employers advertised for him, but in vain. And mother owned to sending him away from the door when he came to see Olive. It is a sad story. Olive can't seem to like any one else, and the poor fellow was so fond of her. So that's the story of the quilt."

The woman stopped and gave a little cry, for the guest had flung himself upon his knees, and was kissing that patchwork quilt as lovers kiss their sweetheart's lips.

She gave another little cry in a moment, and knelt down beside him, and put her hand upon his shoulder.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she sobbed, crying hard herself. "Oh, dear! I do believe it is Harry Martin."

And it was Harry Martin, who had been to the far ends of the earth and had found gold, but not happiness, believing himself robbed forever of love and of fair repute, and who had returned to find both awaiting him, through the means of that patchwork quilt, with its butterflies and flowering boughs and roses.

"Lucy," said Olive to her sister, a few months afterward, "now that we are going to housekeeping, I want you to give me one thing."

"Anything on earth that I can," said Mrs. Jolliver. "I was thinking of a silver service."

"Oh, Lucy, dear," said Olive, beginning to cry for very happiness, "it's only the butterfly quilt that I want. The dear old quilt. Harry says we can't keep house without it, we both love it so."

"I've rolled it up for you already," said Mrs. Jolliver. "It seems to belong to you, Olive."

And so to-day Olive's last baby sits upon the brilliant quilt, and tries, with his chubby fingers, to pull the [illegible] butterflies and roses.

THE 31 [illegible]

The two men [illegible] had been sitting together in the [illegible] near the door of the car became engaged in an animated controversy, and their loud voices attracted the attention of all the other passengers. Finally one of them rose up and said.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you to decide a disputed point. My friend here insists that not more than three persons out of five believe they have souls. I take a more cheerful view of humanity than that. Will all of you who believe you have souls raise your right hands?

Every right hand in the car went up.

"Thank you," he said, with a smile. "Keep them up just a moment. Now, will all of you who believe in a hereafter please raise your left hand also?"

Every left hand in the car went up.

"Thank you, again," he said. "Now, while all of you have your hands raised," he continued, drawing a pair of revolvers, and leveling them, "my friend here will go down the aisle and relieve you of whatever valuables you may happen to have. Lively, now, Jim."

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
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Huntersville, W. Va.

August 41, 1890.

Henry H. Byram, editor of the Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph is dead.

At Waynesboro, Augusta County, Va., John Kibler accidentally shot and killed his brother, Wm. Kibler.

Over $70,000 worth of lots were sold at private sales in Basic City, Va., one day last week.

Isaac Murphy, the negro, who rode Salvator to win in his great race receives $15,000 a year salary.

—Take good care of your beard and keep it clear of gray hairs so as to retain your young looks by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

The cholera is spreading throughout Egypt and 155 deaths are reported in one day. There are grave fears that the scourge will be carried into Europe by fleeing pilgrims.

In the city of New York women who are wives and mothers work in shops for thirty cents per day, and girls between thirteen and seventeen years of age work on articles for as low as five cents per day.

An effort is being made in Richmond, Va., to raise a gurantee fund of $10,000 in order to secure a state fair this fall. So far about $5,000 has been subscribed.

Hang a title to the long hair of an ex-brigand from Italy or a barber from Germany and in a month he will be in the arms of an American heiress [illegible] in the steerage o[illegible] [illegible]ndon [illegible]the way.

Abra[illegible] [illegible] clerk of the court [illegible] of Tucker county, who died [illegible] a few days ago, was born without legs over fifty years ago. He took a prominent part in political and civil life and during the war, served in the Confederate cavalry, attended to his horse and required no assistance in mounting, having no superior as an active soldier. He was elected clerk and served seven years.

The sales of leaf tobacco in Danville, Va., for July was 1,472,700 pounds, only about half the amount sold in July of last year. The sales for the first ten months of the fiscal year were 22,800,000 pounds, near 3,000,000 less than during the same period last year. Stock is very scarce. It is believed that the sales for this tobacco year will not exceed 35,000,000 pounds.

The 22nd of August will be a red letter day with the Farmers' Alliance Cooperative Manufacturing Co., at Iron Gate. At that date they expect to complete and put in operation their extensive shops, and there is to be a grand excursion on the occasion, favorable rates having been gotten from all the railroad companies. It will be an interesting occasion. Hundreds will be there.

[illegible] Idaho, the new state admitted by the republicans for political purposes has fewer than 30,000 inhabitants, but will have as many United States Senators as has New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, or any other great state. Republicans have no more regard for constitutional rights or political decency than had Antonio Rosconi, the beastly Italian who outraged a five year old girl had for purity and helpless innocence.—Ex.

Advice to Mothers.

[illegible]

Mrs. J. Pettibont who was so brutally murdered by her husband in Columbus, Ind., July 4th, for a long time desired a divorce, fearing that her life would be taken by the brute to whom a marriage ceremony had allotted her for her experiments and gratifications. Every day wives who had better be divorced are murdered and every moment of time some women is abused and driven toward death and humiliation by drunken, beastly husbands. And yet girls give themselves away to almost any one who asks them.—Ex.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 8.—Mr. Harrison will to-morrow leave for Boston where he hopes to make himself solid with the G. A. R., at its annual encampment. But perhaps a gentleman named Alger may have something to say about that. Several mem[illegible] of the Cabinet will go along to help their chief.

The River and Harbor bill, by previous agreement, displaced the Tariff bill in the Senate to-day.

Speaker Reed will have many things to account for in the general day of reckoning, which comes to all men; but if he persists in his efforts to prevent an appropriation being made to erect a new Government printing office, and an accident occurs, and it is liable any time, in the present death trap resulting in the loss of many precious lives, that will be the most terrible of all. The old building now used has been pronounced dangerous to health and life by every competent architect who has examined it, and there have been a number of them its [illegible] settle as much as three inches [illegible] heavily loaded, as they are al[illegible] constantly; its walls have [illegible]cks in them big enough to put [illegible] balls into, and the whole structure shakes and shivers at every [illegible] of the machinery, and more than 2,000 men and women engaged in working for this [illegible] and wealthy Government [illegible] to take their lives in [illegible] by working daily in this [illegible]. The Senate passed an [illegible] to an appropriation bill [illegible] for a new building; but [illegible] of Speaker Reed the [illegible] to concur.

[illegible] of most interest between house of Congress at [illegible] of Rules, for the government [illegible] that body.

[illegible] of Mr. Breckinridge to [illegible] caused quite a [illegible] the House, not only for what [illegible], but by his ability to attract ones attention. He said that friction between the Speaker and the members of the House had been predicted when the new code of Rules was adopted. He was not now surprised when the Speaker's partiality was called in question. But the true judgment of the country would be, that however well the Rules might produce political legislation, they had failed as to that great domain of legislation which lay outside of the fierce contest of party. They might carry through a jug-handled Tariff bill, but they did not carry through the general appropriation bills, necessary for the sustenance of the government. The majority, under these Rules, might put upon the statute books a force bill, iniquitous in its provisions and infamous in its object; but it could not obtain the commendation of the people for its action on the general legislation of the government. The force bill could not escape the fierce criticism of the people; for on account of the absence of discussion of all matters of general importance in Congress there was necessity for discussion elsewhere in the press, at the fireside and the assemblages of the people. Of the bills which had passed under the Rules of the House few had become laws, and few of those which had, would, in his opinion, remain long upon the statute books.

There was great laughter in the House when he contracted the difference of the rulings by Speaker Reed and those of Mr. Carlisle and Randall.

He said that he had no criticism to make upon the Speaker. If the gentlemen, on the other side were satisfied with that officer "Heaven forbid" that he should remove that satisfaction. If they were willing to accept the Speaker as a fair type of their party he would enter no dissent. The Speaker had won his supremacy. He had exercised that supremacy. He had been the republican leader on the floor. The republicans had made him their leader in the chair, and he had exercised that leader-ship.

Mr. Peters, also protested against disturbing old issues and bringing, and creating a state of irritation in that deliberative body. Amongst other things this republican Representative said: "Why stir up these ammosities! Why bring up these unpleasant questions that divide parties and separate the north from the south?" (as if the democrats did it.) He was followed by Mr. Boutelle, in an effort to fawn like a hound before the speaker, and pretend to defend him, but every thing he said was too sickly, too be-scattered, too tiresome to write about, and was even too weakly delivered to listen to.

It is said that the Star-eyed Goddess looks seventeen years younger than she did before Secretary Blaine wrote his reciprocity letter.

Mr. McKinley's heart is swollen and sore, and his epiglottis sinks known with a pop, when he sees Mr. Blaine coming. The handwriting is on the wall in Kansas, in letters six yards high, and not higher than they are thick, and it has been observed by Senator Plumb after the people of that State took him by the nose and turned his eyes to the direction of the awful inscription.

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.

J. C. MARQUIS.
Monumental Architect
Staunton, Va.
G. C. COOPER, Agent,
Green Bank, W. Va.
Headstones and Cemetery work done at short notice and at lowest prices.

AN AWFUL AFFAIR.

The First Execution by Electricity Was Not a Success—Kemmler Was Burned to Death.

The trial of a new means for taking human life at Auburn, N. Y. Wednesday morning, while prompted by humane motives, has resulted in a sickening spectacle presented by a poisoned wretch at whose vital center was kept pounding for some moments an alternating current of electricity which, though it ultimately destroyed his life, subjected the criminal to a torture of which no living being has knowledge, and which none can describe. Imperfect registry of the current's pressure or faulty contact of the electrodes prevented instantaneous death. The layman may gain some conception of the process of this killing when the statement is made that a person whose body should be shaken into fragments could not have suffered such pain as did Wm. Kemmler, whose nerve cells and tissues were disintegrated not in a flash, as designed, but by the relatively slow strokes of the electric hammers upon them. Whether the blood yet retains its normal consistency or whether it is partially or wholly fluidized by divorce of oxygen from the blood corpuscles can only be determined by the autopsy which was about to be commenced. Kemmler's nerve was something wonderful. He never faltered. He directed the adjustment of himself in the chair and counseled the warden to moderation, to secure perfect safety. The shock was given at 6:43½ and was continued about eighteen seconds. Two minutes after the current was cut off there was evidence of respiration. As soon as possible the current was returned, then cut off, again and again respiration was evident after a few minutes. Saliva came fr[illegible] the mouth, the chest heaved the[illegible] was a wheezing in the throat. Th[illegible] shock was again put to the prisoner, who, the doctors remarked, was unconscious from the moment of the first shock. After a short time smoke appeared at the back. The flesh was burning. The spectacle was most trying. The man, the doctors said, suffered no pain, however. The warden says the voltage at first shock was at 1,800 volts, which run down to a point not named. After the third contact o[illegible] four minutes the man was declared dead. The warden's certificate o[illegible] death was signed by all presen[illegible] and the party broke up at 7:30 t[illegible] meet at 8:15, when the body would be ready for the autopsy. When the mask was taken off Kemmler's face, his eyes were found half open and his expression, while not normal or placid, was not horrifying to see.

Coughing,

Is Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

"Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure."—Mrs. L. L. Brown, Denmark, Miss.

"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected."—Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. [illegible]

OHIO UNIVERSITY

ATHENS, OHIO.
ELEMENTARY AND ADVANCED COURSE FOR TEACHERS.
[illegible]

Many Persons
Are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, [illegible]

LAM & O'FARRELL,

8 Miles east of Huntersville, at the foot of the Alleghany Mountain,

DEALERS IN

First class brands of Kentucky Bourbon and Va. Whiskies, Wines, Brandies, &c., also Groceries, Tobacco and Cigars.

We can furnish your liquors cheaper than can be purchased this side of Staunton.
Quick sales and small profits is our motto.
Give us a trial; we guarantee satisfaction.
All orders by mail receive prompt attention.
P. O. Address, Mountain Grove, Va.

J. M. McCLINTIC & Co.
(Successors to [illegible])
Mt. Grove, Va.
DEALERS IN
All brands of

LIQUORS,

At from $2.00 to $3.50 per gallon. Orders filled promptly.
Also a full line of general Merchandise.
Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election at the next election as Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas county.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Most respectfully,
JOHN J. BEARD.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next, and, if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election. Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,
E. H. MOORE.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff. Election Nov. 4th, 1890.

Respectfully,
J. C. ARBOGAST.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate to represent the 4th Delegate District composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster, in the next Legislature of W. Va., subject to the future action of the Democratic party. If elected I pledge myself to faithfully discharge the duties of the trust to the best of my ability. Election Nov. 4th 1890.

Respectfully,
W. C. MANN.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent the Delegate District composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster in the next House of Delegates, subject to any action taken by the Democratic party to select a candidate.

Respectfully,
J. R. MOORE.

To the voters of the 8th Senatorial District.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent this District in the next State Senate, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention to be held at [illegible] on the 26th day of August, 1890.

Respectfully,
J. P. MOOMAU.

To The Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, at the election to be held November 4th 1890, and if elected I promise to discharge the duties thereof to the best of my ability.

Very Respectfully,
J. H. PATTERSON.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County

Gentlemen and fellow citizens and to the voters of Pocahontas and Webster counties: At the request of many friends in this county I hereby announce myself a Candidate for the House of Delegates for Pocahontas and Webster counties, and should I get the nomination and be elected I shall work to better the condition of our people and the [illegible], and asking your support, &c.,

Truly Thine,
G. B. SWECKER.

HOME NEWS

—Several drummers in town today.

—Mr. Jas. W. Warwick, is visiting some of the booming towns in Va.

—Mr. H. M. Lockridge, who has been suffering from rheumatism for several days, is better.

—Attorney L. M. McClintic was down at the Levels the first of this week on business.

—Attorney C. F. Moore and wife have been visiting relatives at Dunmore for a few days past.

—Mess. J. and [illegible] of Lewisburg, and [illegible] of Lexington, Va., are guests at Huntersville Hotel.

—There are now about 1,200 guests at the Greenbrier White Sulphur, and yet the height of the season has not been reached.

—Rev. L. F. Swapp, started this morning (Wednesday) for the Beverly Ridge camp meeting.

—The Bellevue District Fair, to be held in Staunton, Va., will commence September 25th and continue four days.

—Mess. Jno. Clark, and Harry Thompson have commenced the new road to and from where the bridge is to be rebuilt.

—Mr. Henry Dansonville, the contractor to build the abutments for the bridge near this place, has come, with a force of hands, ready to commence work.

—Look out! watch your chicken houses. There is a chicken thief around. Mr. S. L. Brown's chicken house has been visited three times and three carried away each time, in the last few nights.

—Salt sprinkled on any substance burning on a stove will stop the smoke and smell. Salt thrown upon coals blazing from the fat of chops or ham will cause the blaze to subside.

—We announced last week that there wouldn't be any paper issued from this office this week owing to our rheumatic affliction, but since, have gotten better and THE TIMES appears "on time."

—Much injury is done by the use of irritating, griping compounds taken as purgatives. In Ayer's Pills, the patient has a mild but effective cathartic, that can be confidently recommended alike for the most delicate patients as well as the most robust.

—There will be a meeting of the Huntersville Farmers' Alliance at the Court house, Saturday, August 23rd, at 2 o'clock p. m., at which time it will be necessary for all members to be present, as there is important business to be transacted. By order of the president.

—No medicine in the world is in better repute or more widely known than Ayer's Sarsaparilla. As a safe and certain remedy for all manner of blood disorders, leading physicians and druggists everywhere recommend it in preference to any other.

—Twelve street cars, made by the St. Louis car company, passed through here this week for service in Staunton. They were beauties. The "city of the hills" is coming! She needs, and must have, a daily paper, and that soon. It has long been a wonder to us that she has delayed thus long in this matter.—Clifton Forge and Iron Gate Review.

—A new dog law in Wisconsin declares that if any dog shall attack or run out and bark at any person or horse attached to a carriage traveling in a highway, complaint may be made to a justice of the peace, who on proof that the charge is true shall order the owner or possessor of such dog to kill him immediately. Such should be a law in W. Va.

—The Greenbrier County Primary election was held Saturday, August 2nd. Result: R. D. Erwin and Jas. F. Clark, for House of Delegates; S. H. Nickell, for County Commissioner; Jonathan Mayse for Clerk Circuit Court and Charles B. Beeler for Clerk County Court. G. W. Wilson received a small majority for Congress. Capt. W. L. McNeel received 1,333 votes and J. P. Moomau received 111 votes for States Senate. Greenbrier being entitled to 21 votes in the Congressional Convention at Hinton on the 26th inst, will be cast as follows: E. W. Wilson 11 votes and J. D. Alderson 10 for Congress. B. B. [illegible], will receive 21 votes for Court of Appeals. In the Senatorial Convention, Wm. L. McNeel will receive 19½ votes and J. P. Moomau 1½ votes.

—WANTED—A good white, steady girl to cook, wash and iron. Wages, $8.00 per month, with good fare and bed. Address F. P. Staley, Ronceverte, W. Va.

—[illegible] county is to have a legal hanging. [illegible] Martin will be hanged on the 3rd of October next, provided there is no hitch in carrying out the mandate of the court.

Preaching Announcements.

Sacramental meeting at Dunmore the fourth Sabbath of August (24th). Preparatory services Friday and Saturday nights before.

Preaching at Moore's school house on Elk, Saturday night August 30th.

Mary Gibson Chapel, Sabbath morning, August 31st. At Edray, Sabbath night, same day. The foregoing services to be conducted by Wm. T. Price.

The appointment at Sunset for the fourth Sabbath of August is recalled.

Delegate District Democratic Convention

A convention of the Democratic delegates of the Delegate District composed of the counties of Webster and Pocahontas is hereby called to meet at Huntersville in Pocahontas county on the 10th day of September, 1890, at 12 o'clock m. for the purpose of nominating a candidate to represent said district in the next Legislature of West Va.

By order of Committee.

W. L. MCNEEL, Ch'n.

Lewisburg District Conference.

Time—August 27-29. Place—Marvin Grove camp ground Monroe Co., W. Va. Railroad station—Lowell, Chesapeake and Ohio.

Aug. 27, 9 a. m—Organization, 11 a. m.—Opening sermon by S. V. Hildebrand. 3 p. m.—Revivals conditions of success by Rev. L. Bott. Aug. 28, 10 a. m.—Christian Liberality by Rev. C. M. Bragg. 7:30 p. m. Family religion by Rev. J. L. Shipley. Aug. 29, 10:30 a. m.—Missions by Rev. J. O. Knott. 3 p m.—Christian education, Rev. D. F. Eulster.

Recording Stewards will please have their books present.

The Camp meeting Committee will entertain the members of the Conference on the Camp Ground during the continuance of the Conference who may wish to remain and attend the Camp Meeting services after the Conference has closed, can get board at reasonable rates on the Camp Ground.

S. F. FERGUSON, P. E.

Dunmore Doings.

The threshing machine is heard in our neighborhood.

A W. Va. Central R. R. man was in town last night. He says the chances for the R. R. are as good as ever.

Miss Annie Wakeman will be home this week from Warren, Va., where she has been for more than a year.

Quite a number of drummers have been in our town lately.

Mess. W. M. Siple, E. H. Jackson, Wash Oliver and Henry McDowell, were at home from Smith's camp a few days last week.

The candidates must all be blackberrying, as we see but few of them.

Attorney C. F. Moore, and wife are spending a few days in town.

Anyone finding a glove in the road between Dunmore and Huntersville will be reward by leaving it with or sending it to C. B. Swecker.

Ice froze at Travelers' Repose last night.

TOM SAWYER.

Wayside Notes.

During an interesting excursion the last days of July, it was the writer's pleasure to visit the Laurel Run settlement, nine or ten miles north of Marlinton. Messrs. Geo. White, Shearer, McClure, Taylor, Childers, Dilley and others are building up nice homes, and it looks as if this would be one of the prosperous sections of our grand county in a few years.

Those living here are the first to hear the booming of dynamite, announcing the advent of a railroad, the R R's [illegible] excursions to hear the miners setting off their blasts, as your correspondent was informed.

Capt. Peters and Col. Clay are operating an excellent steam saw mill on the lands of Adam McNeel, Esq. The crew consisting of Auburn Friel, Adam Young, Barnes and Kirkpatrick, seem to be one the best, capable and willing. It is marvellous to see how soon an immense tree can be changed into commercial lumber when manipulated by these stalwart young men. The mill is located a few rods from the famous centennial cherry tree, whence Col. Clay procurred the block that attracted so much attention at the Philadelphia exposition in 1876, and prepared the way for bringing the Pocahontas lumber into such prominent notice.

The remains of this historic tree were pointed out to the writer by his kind and obliging friend Mr. Geo. White.

The number, coolness and excellence of the springs found in this region, is phenomenal and some day this will be a health resort. There is something in the atmosphere that makes it specially pleasant and invigorating to inhale, owing possibly to the presence of these springs and the dense forest of pine and cherry and birch.

Some pleasant hours were spent in the former home of the late Capt. Wm. Cochran near the head of Stoney creek.

The writer's feelings were deeply touched by a view of the neatly cared for grave, where the Captain rests from his busy life of seventy years or more. He was a cheerful jovial man, and always had a kind word for his young friend "Billy" and hoped he would try to make a good man of himself.

His noble form would quiver with emotion as he recalled the years he had lived in sin; but afterwards his eye would beam with rapture, when speaking of the Redeemer, that sought him when a stranger.

Perhaps no one in this region ever repeated with more unction or more frequently these words than the writers kindly cherished friend, Capt. Wm. Cochran:

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

W. T. P.

FERTILIZERS.

We call your attention to our brands of Fertilizers now for sale and ready to deliver for fall wheat:

GREENBRIER DRESSED MEAT CO'S

PREPARATION FOR WHEAT AND GRASS.

Analysis.

Ammonia, 1 to 2 per cent. Available Phosphoric Acid, 10 to 12 per cent. Potash, 1 to 2 per cent.

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'S

DISSOLVED SOUTH CAROLINA BONE.

Analysis.

Bone Phosphate of Lime and Flesh, 28 to 33 per cent. Available Phosphoric Acid, 14 to 16 per cent.

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'S.

ACID PHOSPHATE.

Analysis.

Bone Phosphate of Lime, 20 to 25 per cent. Available Phosphoric Acid, 10 to 12 per cent.

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'S

FLESH BLOOD AND BONE, FOR CORN.

GREENBRIER D. M. CO'S

PURE GROUND BONE MEAL.

Ground Bone as a permanent improver for land it is useless for us to recommend you. It is ground by ourselves, and is free from all adulterations. We guarantee the purity of every sack.

Liverpool and Kanawha Salt, Lime and Glow Plasters.

We are determined to sell these goods at the lowest possible margin, and will be glad to have farmers call and get our CASH prices. They will be as low as the lowest.

GREENBRIER DRESSED MEAT CO,
Ronceverte W. Va.

☞ Sample sent on application.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term, 1890, in the cause of C. C. Burner v Wm. N. Morrow, I will on

THURSDAY, THE 21 DAY OF AUGUST, 1890,

offer for sale by public auction, at Travelers Repose in said County, that certain tract of land containing 915 acres, lying near the east branch of Greenbrier river, adjoining the lands of Jefferson Houchens, A. M. V. Arbogast and others, being the same land lately sold by the said Burner to the said Morrow.

TERMS: One third of the purchase money cash in hand, and the residue in six and twelve months from the day of sale, in equal payments, bearing interest from that day, the purchaser executing bonds with good security for the deferred payment, and the title being retained as ultimate security.

CHARLES P. JONES, Comr.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the bond required by said decree, has been duly executed.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

July 24-4t Printer's fee, $8.40

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To the creditors of J. H. M. Beard, deceased.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said J. H. M. Beard, to the payment of his debts. You are required to present your claims against the estate of the said J. H. M. Beard, for adjudication to C. F. Moore, Commissioner, at his office in the said County, on or before the 23rd day of August, 1890.

Witness John J. Beard, Clerk of the said Court, this 18th day of July, 1890.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

July 17-4t. Printer's fee $5.50.

SEED WHEAT.

We have for sale at our granery about 150 bushels of Fultzcaster wheat at $1.00 per bushel. All parties wanting good seed wheat will do well to call on us at once, as it will soon be disposed of.

H. M. & J. B. LOCKRIDGE.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second-class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Three in.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	10 00
¼ column	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	17 00
Half col'n	[illegible]	13 00	20 00	[illegible]
One col'n	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50.

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

August 41, 1890.

Not a Beggar.

"Gentlemen," he began, in a [illegible] voice, "I'm dead broke, but no beggar. I want to raise about ten shillings, but I shall do it in a legitimate manner. Now, then, let me ask you to inspect this."

He took from his pocket a piece of iron chain, as large as his thumb, and containing six links. He passed it round and, after it had been carefully inspected by each of the party, he continued:

"I want to bet my overcoat, which is worth two pounds, against ten shillings in cash, that none of you can separate one link from the others."

The piece of chain was passed round again to be more closely scrutinized, and finally one of the party, who was a machinist, returned it with the remark,—

"And I want to stake that sum against your overcoat that you can't do it yourself."

"Done!" said the stranger, as he pulled off his coat.

Coat and cash were put in the hands of a stake-holder, and the stranger asked the group to follow him. He walked across the street and into a blacksmith's shop, and, picking up a hammer and chisel, he deliberately cut a link.

The onlookers stood like so many bumpkins at a country fair, but when the stranger held up the link and claimed the stakes, the machinist recovered his wits sufficiently to exclaim,—

"Sold by a professional swindler! The money is yours; but in exactly thirty seconds after you receive it I shall begin to kick and you had better be twenty yards off."

"Thanks—glad to have met you—good-day," replied the stranger, and he was out of sight in seven seconds.

Oklahoma Courtship.

Buckskin Pete—Sal, I've seen yer for about three days now, an' I likes yer real well. What der yer say, let's dubble up an' get spliced; an' we'll start er ranch on our own hook?

Sal (the belle of Dead Man's creek)—I don't know, Pete. I likes yer purty well; but I can't say as I'm ded stuck on yer. Look hyar, what's that story I heern 'bout you runnin' 'way from a tenderfoot 'cause he had a shooter?

Pete—'Tain't so, Sal. I killed the varmint plumb ded.

Sal—Good! Got some style, ain't ye? But then I hears you played poker with Bill Santers and let him cheat without poppin' him off. What's the matter? he too much for yer? 'F he is, he's the one I wants.

Pete—Couldn't help that, Sally dear. Bill he got the drop on me and kicked me outer the game.

Sal—All right. 'Nother thing. 'D you ever steal any horses?

Pete—Yep. Four, six months ago, while old Sam Wolf was over ter Kansas.

Sal—Git ketched?

Pete—Nope; wouldn't be here now 'f I had.

Sal—Good boy. You're a dandy. Only one thing more, Pety. Jane Rawlins says you drink that 'Pollinaris water, what the tenderfeets from the East drink. That so?

Pete—'Ts a lie. I drink plain whiskey.

Sal—All right. I don't want no man what kan't take a drink 'o whiskey now an' then, so I want you to understand that.

Pete—Is it a go, Sal?

Sal—Well, I don't know as I've got eny more objections, 'cept that you ought ter wait some night fer Bill Santers an' pick him off. Howsomever, I'm yours, Pety, old man. So come kiss your little wifey; an' then go out and ask the old man while he sez. If he don't agree, we'll cut out afore he comes home and skip down to the settlement and have the parson do the thing up squar. Whoop la! Go 'long now, Jim, you soft fool, you.

There has recently been planted in one of the sections of Australia 20,000 acres of land to raisin grapes, which is capable of producing 10,000,000 boxes of raisins.

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Vol. VIII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, August 21 1890. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. No. 4.

ELOISE.

How the Cruel Flood Revealed to Her True Love.

They had parted coldly.

Richard Holmes had walked rapidly up the street to his boarding place with a white face, sternly set lips, his hands clasped tightly behind him, and his whole frame quivering with wounded pride and keen disappointment.

Eloise Ellison had turned her pretty face homeward with a proud little toss, and a look of something like triumph in her coquettish dark eyes.

That she was a spoiled and petted beauty, every one in the village knew; and that she was as willful and capricious and exacting, as she was bright and pretty and bewitching, every one knew as well. The only child of the wealthy mill-owner, from her very infancy indulged in her every wish and fawned upon by admiring friends, it was no wonder that she was, when she chose to be, a most tyrannical specimen of young womanhood.

She had chosen to be such the afternoon she met Richard Holmes, her father's book-keeper, on the street, and allowed him to turn and walk beside her. It was raining, and she graciously closed her own elegant little umbrella to share the larger one he carried.

They had gone on together enjoying the rain, laughing and chatting gayly, gossiping in their light way about this and that happening in the social life of the village.

Perhaps he had chosen an inauspicious moment to declare his love and offer her his hand, but, inauspicious or not, he had spoken and received his answer.

They had exchanged a few hot words and then parted in a sudden frigidity which seized them both. She had added such scorn and disdain to her refusal that it was more than he could bear in silence. She had even insinuated to him that it was not herself he loved, but her father's wealth. She had wounded him cruelly and intentionally, and he had left her suddenly with a cold adieu.

Eloise raised her own umbrella with a defiant little laugh, and a glance at the retreating figure, and then turned homeward humming a fragment of the latest opera.

Her father's bookkeeper! Presume to offer her his hand! It was absurd!

Thus she communed with herself as she went on up the street to her home. She tried to be angry at the presumption of the man, but in spite of herself she could not. She had always admired him—yes, in a way she had quite liked him, and it was pleasing to her vanity to know he loved her—but, marriage—that was another thing, indeed, and quite out of the question!

For days and days it rained. It grew monotonous and wearisome.

Eloise, wandering aimlessly about the drawing room, looking over a book abstractedly; striking a few chords on the piano; going from window to window to look out at the falling rain and the dismal landscape, was [illegible] lonesome and ill at ease.

Why did not some one come! [illegible] Richard Holmes would be a welcome caller, if only to quarrel with. He used to drop in so often [illegible] a game of chess or [illegible] her [illegible]. She wished she had not treated him quite so badly the other day. Why could she not have said, as other girls would have said, that she would be a sister to him? It had never occurred to her to say that. She wished that she had been less unkind that day—wished that she had held him off a little longer at least—it used to be so pleasant to have him drop in for an hour or two.

The day was closing in dark and stormy. Eloise from the window looked at the swollen river, and the pools that stood here and there on the lawn.

Suddenly she stood erect and looked eagerly at a well known figure coming toward the house. It was Richard Holmes.

The girl stood watching his progress eagerly, as he picked his way among the pools of water, her lips parted, her pretty head thrown back, her dark eyes glad and bright.

"I am glad he is coming," she said, softly to herself, as she stood surrounded by the creamy draperies of the window waiting for him.

She heard his firm step on the piazza. She heard him ring the bell and then speak a few words to the maid who opened the door.

Suddenly a great roar filled all the air, drowning the voices in the hall, drowning the silvery chime of the little French clock, drowning every thing, swallowing up every thing in its awful volume of sound. There was a terror in it unlike the heaviest crash of thunder—a strange and terrible menace in the sound, swelling and gathering and growing louder every moment.

Eloise stood paralyzed with fear. She was powerless to cry out, to move herself; she could only stand and listen to that awful, all-pervading roar.

She did not think what it might mean. She had heard vague rumors of fears for the great dam above, but had not heeded.

In a moment it was all over; the sound had come upon her in all its awfulness. She fell back, overpowered with terror, and became unconscious.

A violent blow on her head roused her to herself. She found herself floating on the strong current, borne along at a sickening speed, upheld by the strength and fury of the roaring waters.

Near her she saw the great elm-tree that had stood before the house ever since she was a child. It must have been a branch of that which struck her and brought her back to life.

With great, dark eyes dilated with horror, and a face white and ghastly as the faces of the dead, the girl flew along. She had caught hold of the branches of the great tree, and was clinging with a grasp like death itself. Life was sweet—too sweet to lose. In her first moment of consciousness, she had thought of Richard Holmes. Where could he be? Drowned? O, God forbid—not drowned—the thought was dreadful to her. In a flash she was revealed to herself. She loved him—loved him with her whole heart—had loved him all the time without knowing it. What had he come to the door for that night? It seemed ages ago to her now—to bring a message of warning? Her father—was he safe? O, heaven, that appalling darkness—that dreadful roar of rushing waters!

She raised her voice and called, "Richard!" It was lost in the roar of the flood. She tried again, summoning all her strength, and sending her clear voice out over the waters—"Richard! Richard!"

She thought she heard a human voice, faint and far away—could it be his? He was near her when the flood struck the house; he might be somewhere near her now.

She raised her voice again, and called his name with a desperation born of fear and love. A dark object was floating near her, tossing up and down on the resistless current. She could see that it was a man, clinging to a mass of boards. The face was turned from her, but the head looked familiar. She called again, and the man turned and looked at her.

"Is it you, Eloise?" he screamed; and then she barely heard him—"you, Eloise! Thank God!"

She breathed a sigh of relief. She felt safe now—safe, even on the bosom of this rushing ocean of fierce waters and crashing debris—if he were near.

She saw that he was trying to get to her, but could not; that he dared not loose his hold on the boards and trust himself one instant in that mighty current. She could see his face, white and agonized, turned to her—always turned to her. Something had struck him and cut a gash in his head, and the blood was trickling down his pallid cheek; she could see it from where she clung in the branches of the elm-tree.

She did not know that one beautiful, white arm was bare to the shoulder and bleeding from a cruel blow she had received—she did not realize the pain in her head where the tree had struck her—such things were trivial now. Life was the only thing to be thought of—life—and death—if death should come.

A house came reeling down and struck the mass of boards to which Richard clung. The shock loosened his hold and tossed him far out into the water. The horrible undercurrent sucked him in and he sank from sight. The next moment his white face showed above the water. Such horror and despair Eloise had never seen as she saw there. One last appealing look at her, one cry from her white lips, and he was gone again. Eloise prayed—prayed as she had never dreamed of praying before; crying aloud for help and pity in this time of need.

Richard came to the surface again—near her this time. Could she reach him? Only a little nearer—he was half unconscious and could not help himself. She leaned far out over the dark torrent, holding to the tree firmly with one arm and touched him with her hand—caught him by his collar, and held his head above the water as they were borne along. She called to him wildly. He heard and understood, made one great effort to seize the branches of the tree, and at last, with an almost superhuman strength, drew himself up into the sheltering arms of the old elm.

There he clung with what frail strength was left him; but he was too weak for words. It was no time for speech. The scene was more terrible than any of the imaginings of Dante. Great masses of timbers, that ten minutes before had been houses and homes, came rushing by with shrieking women clinging to them, and little children borne along upon them. Strong men were tossing like egg-shells on the waters, and horses and cattle were plunging madly for life among the ruins of great homes that came crashing by. Now and then, some wild shriek or unearthly moan would mean the death-cry of a human being going down to eternal sleep under the roaring waters.

A great mass of timbers came tearing along down the highway of death; with one blow it sent the elm tree spinning far ahead on the waters. Eloise and Richard were hurled into the air and fell together clinging to whatever they could find—a door, a fence—any thing to keep afloat. At last they climbed to the ridge-pole of a house and clung there. All night they floated, bruised and cut by heavy objects striking them, almost losing their hold many times, but never quite—tossing, plunging, flying with a speed that was terrible.

In the first gray dawn of morning they were rescued. Friendly hands drew them from their perilous position and bore them to a place of safety. There they lay for days unconscious. The shock had been too great—human endurance had been too sorely tried.

The physicians who dressed their wounds and the nurses who cared for them shook their heads gravely over the young strangers given so mercifully into their hands.

Richard woke to consciousness first, but lay with closed eyes, resting and trying to think why he was there and what had happened.

All at once he heard a voice he knew and loved. It was Eloise, delirious with fever. "Richard," she was saying, "I love you now, I loved you all the time, but I did not know it. Richard, did the horrible waters drown you? O, my darling!"

He opened his eyes and looked across the room toward the weak voice dying away into silence. What he saw was Eloise lying on the snowy cot with closed eyes and flushed cheeks—Eloise pitifully thin and changed, but Eloise still, despite the streaks of silver in her dark hair, and the lines of pain on her white brow, left there by the agony of that fatal night.

Richard looking at her [illegible] loved her all the better for the [illegible] of sorrow; they made [illegible] dearer to him; their [illegible] had welded together [illegible] forever.

It was a very [illegible] ceremony that made [illegible] wife. It was no [illegible] making and rejoicing [illegible] poverty were every[illegible] ther was among [illegible] vants were [illegible] friends were gone [illegible] forever. Every [illegible] ther's wealth had [illegible] She was penniless [illegible] home was entirely [illegible] ing that had been [illegible]

Nothing she had [illegible] days was left [illegible] thank God, her [illegible] brave Richard. [illegible] gether through [illegible] their paths [illegible] lay side by side [illegible]

Eloise was a [illegible] woman. What had been [illegible] become good. [illegible] had been vain and foolish, [illegible] beautiful and pure. Her whole nature was changed—her heart ennobled and uplifted, made sweet and womanly and good.

It is no wonder that her husband, tenderly stroking the dark hair with the streaks of silver, smiles and is thankful for her, rejoicing in her as the gift of the flood, which desolated so many hearts—glad and proud that she is in his home and at his fireside.—Harriet F. Crocker, in N. Y. Ledger.

"The wife of an [illegible] is a [illegible], isn't she?" asked [illegible].

"Yes," replied [illegible].

"Well, isn't the wife of a [illegible] a [illegible]?"

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

August 21, 1890.

The population of Huntington, by the new census is 10,091, making it the second city in the State.

W. S. Williams, of Cherokee County, Ala., is the father of 28 children, the eldest of which is 49 years old and the youngest 6.

A young child ten years of age, named Fults, while visiting near Charleston, had her ears pierced. They became inflamed and finally rotted off. Blood poisoning set in and caused the child's death.

The Kansas farmers in convention at Topeka refused to put a plank in their platform endorsing Prohibition. They are taking their politics straight.

Mr. Porter sticks stubbornly to his estimate of 64,000,000 as the present population of the United States, in spite of all protests. The father of the census law, the Hon. S. S. Cox, thought the total would be from 62,000,000 to 64,000,000; Edward Atkinson estimated it at 64,500,000, and Mr. Henry Elliott, Actuary of the Treasury, also suggested 64,000,000 as about the outcome of the census.

Last Saturday morning a B. & O. train passed through Grafton which carried $13,000,000 worth of silver. The train was composed of four express cars and one passenger coach. The coach contained no one but armed officers. The precious metal was being shipped from the Treasury at Washington to the sub-Treasury at New Orleans.—Grafton Eagle.

WHERE NOT TO BE DURING AN ELECTRIC STORM.—At a window, at an open window especially, in a severe electrical storm, you can get a reserved seat for danger, or for fatal shock, usually. If you want a safe place in a severe thunderstorm, shut the window down and then keep away from it. When you can count ten between the flash and the roll it is somewhat safer to look out through the glass at the superb spectacle. An electric storm is a fine show when you can enjoy it with safety, but when it is crackling directly overhead neither a tree nor an open window are good places for the sight.

Killed in Bed by a Snake.

Jasper Keith, a farmer, living in Winston county, Ala., awoke and found his wife and 8 months old babe dead in bed by his side. Their bodies were badly swollen, and coiled in one corner of the bed was a moccasin snake, whose bite is as fatal as that of the rattlesnake. During the night the snake had crawled into the bed and had bitten Mrs. Keith and the child. Keith was so overcome with grief and horror that he fell prostrate across the dead bodies of his wife and babe.

This aroused the snake and it struck at Keith, but its fangs caught in the sleeves of his nightshirt and he escaped the fatal sting. Realizing his peril, Keith caught the snake in his hand and hurled it to the floor before it could strike again.

THE ANNUAL BABY CROP.—"It has been computed," says the St. Louis Republican, "that between [illegible] and [illegible] babies are born each year. The rate of production is, therefore, about [illegible] per minute—more than one for every beat of the clock. With the one-a-minute calculation every newspaper reader is familiar, but it is not every one who stops to calculate what this means when it comes to a year's supply. It will, therefore, probably startle a good many persons to find on the authority of a well-known hospital writer that, could the infants of a year be ranged in a line in cradles, the cradles would be overflowing and at the same time extend around the globe. The same writer looks at the matter in a still more picturesque light. He imagines the babies being carried past a given point in their mothers' arms, one by one, and the procession being kept up night and day until the last corner in the twelfth month had passed by. A sufficiently liberal rate is allowed, but even in going past at the rate of twenty a minute, the reviewer at his post would only have seen the sixth part of this infantile host after they had been passing him at the rate of 1,200 an hour during the entire year. In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the tramp began would be able to walk when but a mere fraction of its comrades had reached the reviewer's post, and when the year's supply of babies was drawing to a close there would be a rear guard, not of infants, but of romping six-year-old boys and girls."

COWBOYS AND THEIR BRIDES.

Unusual Scenes at a Double Wedding in the Wild West.

PHOENIX, A. T., August 14.—Charley Meadows, Jack Brown and George Nelton, three representative cowboys of the Tonto cattle range, have arrived from Payson.

They give details of a unique double wedding that occurred in Payson last Friday, between Thomas Beach and Maggie Meadows and Charles Cole and Julia Hale.

About noon on Friday 250 guests assembled on the main street of Payson. All were mounted, and when everything was ready the two couples rode up on spirited bronchos to the center of the gathering. The brides wore riding habits and the grooms were in regular cowboy regalia. Justice of the Peace Birch was awaiting them, and with the briefest of legal ceremonies tied the knot as fast as the law allowed.

After congratulations had been extended to the happy couples, presents were announced. The present from Charlie Meadows was as many head of his cattle as the married pairs could find and brand between then and sundown. The chase was at once begun, the young women, who are expert riders, carrying branding irons and assisting in tying down the cattle. Each married pair secured 18 head.

A Judge With a Body-Guard.

Judge Lilly, surrounded by two companies of militia, while a third patrolled the streets, opened the Pineville, Ky., court, last week, and with some difficulty impaneled a grand jury. The court is being held in a hut, and 400 armed outlaws, representing the French-Eversole faction, are camped about the place, and a battle is iminent at any time. In his charge to the jury the Judge declared the condition of affairs in Perry county a disgrace to Christendom. In the entire history of the county but one man had ever been convicted of murder, and his punishment was a brief term in prison, and yet over 500 murders had been committed in the county, over 300 in the past twenty years, and only nine arrests, all told, had been made. Besides this, scores of dwellings had been robbed and burned. Even the court house had with valuable records, been destroyed, and not an arrest made. No taxes had been collected for two years.

The outlaws are entrenching themselves about the place, and little is needed to precipitate a mountain war. There is not a church or school in the county, and not a religious service has been held for two years. Judge Lilly sleeps with soldiers in his room and on guard. He has made his will and admits that he hardly expects to get out alive. All food is tested before being eaten, and no man is allowed to enter the town until he is searched. A single spark will kindle a war that will speedily engage a thousand men and cost scores of lives.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 15.—Senator Gorman has proven that the democrats made no mistake in putting him in charge of party interests during the tariff debate. By his adroitness, with the able assistance of his democratic colleagues, in showing up the absurdities and general injustice of the tariff bill towards the masses, particularly the tillers of the soil, he has driven the republicans into such a state of consternation that their leader, Senator Quay, has offered a resolution which postpones the Federal Election bill until next winter in order to try and stop the damaging debate on the tariff bill. The resolution provides for a vote to be taken on the tariff bill on the 30 inst. Its introduction has set the republicans in Congress nearer wild than they were before, if that could be possible; but Mr Quay had no choice; he was compelled by the Manufacturers who furnished him the money to win with in 1888 and upon whom he relies for the money for the '92 campaign to do it; they fear the effect of the exposure of the whole sale robbery of the people of this country for their benefit which is daily going on in the Senate chamber, (Mr. Vance has just shown that it is proposed to rob the people, through a tax on their tin cups, pans, and pails, of $75,000,000 for the sole benefit of the newly formed Pittsburgh tin plate trust) and the attempt is made to secure democratic votes for the resolution to vote on the tariff bill by making the same resolution postpone the Federal Election bill, and it is even stated in some quarters that the resolution is the result of a bargain made by Mr. Quay with Senator Gorman.

No such bargain has been made, although it is an open secret that it might have been made long ago, and whether the resolution, if it is reported by the committee on Rules to which it was referred, will receive the support of the democrats will depend entirely upon circumstances. The democrats have their eyes wide open and are greatly enjoying the republican ro[w] now going on and may be depended upon to do their part in keeping it a going, and to take advantage of anything that turns up. The republicans are to hold a caucus to-night, and a regular circus is expected.

Speaker Reed has been the maddest man in town ever since Mr. Quay offered his resolution, and he swears that the Senate shall act upon the Federal Election bill at this session or he will not allow the House to act upon the Senate amendments to the tariff bill. Mr. Reed charges it all to Secretary Blaine, who has been from the start open and active in his opposition to the Federal Election bill.

Secretary Blaine's policy towards the Central American Nations, if persisted in, will undoubtedly prove a very bad one for this country. In setting himself up as the mediator—he wants to be dictator—in the constantly occurring quarrels between the petty so called republics of that country he is going against all the precedents of the State department, except the action which he himself took while Garfield was lying on his death bed and which Mr. Arthur's Secretary of State repudiated as soon as he succeeded Mr. Blaine. This country has no business meddling with the internal affairs of other countries; but then Mr. Blaine like Mr. Quay, is probably controlled in this matter by capitalists with whom his relations have been too close for him to refuse their requests.

The anti-lottery bill will come up in the House Saturday if a quorum can be kept together. The same bill has been favorably reported to the Senate.

Speaker Reed has been unable even to count a quorum except at rare intervals during this week. The G. A. R. encampment at Boston was the magnet which drew the members off. "Corporal" Tanner was there in the interest of his pension business and Mr. Harrison was there hoping to gain some friends for '92, but these two eminent republicans did not go together, nor did they meet while there.

The House committee on Territories has made a favorable report on the bill appropriating for the use of needy settlers in Oklahoma the unexpended balance of the money appropriated for the Mississippi flood sufferers—about $45,000.

Senator Carlisle for the first time took part in the tariff debate this week; he did not make a set speech—he will do this later on—but merely stated some facts showing that certain figure's relating to the tin plate industry, which had been several times referred to by republican speakers, were misleading and not to be relied upon.

At the request of several of the democratic members of the House committee on Territories further consideration of the bill to admit New Mexico has been postponed until after the new Constitutional convention is held.

HILLSBORO TRAINING SCHOOL.

The next session of the Hillsboro Training School will begin the first Wednesday in September, 1890.

MISS G. M. SHEARER,
Principal.

NOTICE.

A. J. Shinabery, is a personal enemy of mine, and is circulating through the County, to injure me that I stole a suit of clothes from his store, while he kept at Edray, which is a base falsehood.

L. M. WAUGH.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the will of Sallie Gum, dec'd, I will proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the premises of the said Sallie Gum, dec'd on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17th, 1890,

the following personal and real estate, viz:

1 Horse, 1 Cow, 2 Stacks of Hay, about 50 Bushels Buckwheat and a small quantity of oats.

Also all the lands of which the said Sallie Gum died seized and possessed with, all the opportenances thereto belonging.

TERMS OF SALE:

All purchases of personal property will be required to pay cash all sums of $5.00 or less; and for amounts above $5.00 will be allowed six months time purchaser giving bond with approved personal security, with interest from date. The purchaser of the real estate will be required to pay $50 cash and for the residue will be allowed 6, 12 and 18 months credit, upon executing bonds with approved personal security, with interest from date. A lien will also be retained on the land as ultimate security.

M. J. McNEEL, Adm'r c. t. a.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election at the next election as Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Pocahontas county.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am,

Most respectfully
JOHN J. [illegible]

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next, and, if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,
S. L. [illegible]

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election. Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,
E. H. [illegible]

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff. Election Nov. 4th, 1890.

Respectfully,
J. C. ARBOGAST.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate, to represent the 4th Delegate Dist., composed of the Counties' Pocahontas and Webster, in the next Legislature of W. Va., subject to the future action of the Democratic party. If elected I pledge myself to faithfully discharge the duties of the trust to the best of my ability. Election N. 4th 1890.

Respectfully
W. C. [illegible]

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent the Delegate District composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster in the next House of Delegate's; subject to any action taken by the Democratic party to select a candidate.

Respectfully,
L. B. [illegible]

To the voters of the 8th Senorial District.

I hereby announce myself a candidate to represent this District in the next State Senate, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention to be held at Hinton on the 27th day August, 1890.

Respectfully
J. P. MAY.

To The Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of Circuit Court of Pocahontas Co., at the election to be held Nover 4th next, and if elected I promise discharge the duties thereof to the best of my ability.

Very Respectfully
J. H. PATTON.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County

Gentlemen and fellow-citizens to the voters of Pocahontas and sister counties: at the request of my friends in this county I hereby announce myself a Candidate for the House of Delegates for Pocahontas and Webster counties, and should I get the nomination and be elected I shall work better the condition of our people the counties, and asking your support, I am

Truly Thine,
C. B. [illegible]

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself candidate for Commissioner of County Court, subject to Primary action. Your support is kindly solicited.

Yours Respectfully
GEO. H. MCGLAUGHLIN.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself candidate for the office of Sheriff [illegible]. Wm. H. Cackley will be my deputy.

Respectfully
R. V. HILL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

[illegible]

SEED WHEAT.

[illegible]

HOME NEWS.

—L. W. Herold, Esq., of Frost, was in to see us Monday.

—D. G. Ruckman, Esq., of Mill Gap, Va., was in town Monday.

—Mr. C. W. McCormick, of Buckhannon was in the city Monday.

—Mr. J. T. Hogsett, of Mill Point, was in town Tuesday.

—Everybody send us 15cts, and take THE TIMES from now until after the election.

—Mr. Henry White, of Douthard's Creek has been on the sick list for some time.

—Mr. Andrew Campbell, father of Hon. A. N. Campbell, Judge of our circuit Court, died at his home near Pickaway, Monroe County on the 12th inst.

—We are requested to say that Rev. W. T. Price will preach the funeral sermon of Newton Barkley on next Sunday evening, 26th, at 8 o'clock, p. m.

—John Wanamaker is daily expected at Huntersville to look after the Post Office. There is some difficulty in keeping the Office supplied with deputies.

—Quite an enjoyable Sunday School picnic was held near the Sulphur Spring on Beaver Creek last Saturday, under the control of the Protestant Methodist Church.

—Mr. Henry Breinfoerder and wife and Miss Ada, of Cincinnati, were in town over Sunday. They were going to Traveler's Repose, where they spend several weeks every summer.

—Mr. Geo. H. McGlaughlin's announcement, appears this week for Commissioner of the County Court. Mr. McGlaughlin is a whole soul man and believes in expending money where it is most needed and in an economical way.

—In this issue will be found the announcement of Mr. R. V. Hill, of Academy, for Sheriff, and if elected, Mr. W. H. Cackley, of Dunmore will be his deputy. These gentlemen are well known in our County and it is scarcely necessary for us to say they are very popular and will doubtless poll a strong vote.

—We are informed by one of our cattle men of Knapp's Creek that the Texas cattle fly, known as the "horn fly" has made its appearance there. It is a small black fly, a little smaller than the ordinary house fly, with long sharp wings and is very annoying to cattle. We would be glad if anyone acquainted with the habits of these insects would communicate with us, for the benefit of our cattle men.

—When we were furnished the names and grades of the teachers who attended the examination at this place a few weeks ago, by mistake a few names were left out,—though not by any fault of ours, which we give below: Miss Allie Clark, grade No. 1, average per cent 90; Delia Payne No. 2, 85; Mr. John Sydenstricker No. 1, 88.

—On Wednesday before the County Conventions, which were held on July 26th, we received a communication from Dr. J. A. Larue, of Academy, announcing Capt. W. L. McNeel, a candidate for State Senate which, (as Wednesday is the day we go to press) came too late for publication, and before the next weeks issue we were ordered to leave it out altogether. What we want to say, is, that it was for no motive whatever of ours that it was left out that week. Capt. McNeel as well as Dr. Larue, we believed then, as we do yet, are as good friends as we have in the County, both being patrons of THE TIMES, and we would not, knowingly do anything against the nomination or elections of Capt. McNeel for State Senate, as seems to be the impression some of his friends have.

—A new Post-Office has been established at the Lockridge ford, called "Driscol," with D. B. McElwee, Esq., P. M.

—Dr. S. P. Patterson was called to Mountain Grove this week to see Wm. McCormick, Esq., who is quite sick.

—Candidates will please send in their orders for tickets for the primary election. We can print them cheaper than anybody else in the County or out of it.

—Attorney Geo. W. McClintic, of Charleston is visiting his brother L. M. McClintic, Esq., at this place.

—The American Eagle must be a gay old bird—he is bald. If you don't want to be bald, use Hall's Hair Renewer, and you won't be. Try it.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by purifying and enriching the blood, improves the appetite, aids the assimilative process, strengthens the nerves, and invigorates the system. It is, therefore, the best and most thoroughly reliable alterative that can be found for old and young.

—License to marry were issued last Saturday to Mr. Morgan Collins and Miss L. M. Grogg, near Green Bank, and Mr. Wm. Baxter and Miss Wilson, of near Edray.

—Ayer's Hair Vigor restores color and vitality to weak and gray hair. Through its healing and cleansing qualities, it prevent the accumulation of dandruff and cures all scalp diseases. The best hair-dressing ever made, and by far the most economical.

—The tale will soon be told. Next week the Convention to nominate a Congressman and State Senator will be held in Hinton; the primary for this County comes the 9th of September, and on September the 10th a candidate for the Legislature will be put in the field.

—The new road across the bottom at the lower end of Mr. Curry's place is nearing completion; but is useless until the bridge is built, unless some one establishes a ferry across the creek. This makes the second road built for the special benefit of the bridge, but still no bridge.

—From the present appearance it looks as though we wouldn't have any bridge across Knapp's creek at this place for some time to come. Mr. Dassonville, the abutment contractor, came on last week with a force of hands, and spent a day or two looking for stone. He found some, but, concluded they were a little farther to haul than he expected, and if the Court didn't allow him extra pay, he would "throw up" the job, and sent his men home. He is now working on the foundation of Attorney L. M. McClintic's house, where he will be pleased to meet the Court should it wish to come to his terms. Otherwise ta. ta. We would suggest, that, should the Court wish to re-let the contract, that bond be required when bid was received.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of transfers of real estate for the month of July:

A deed from S. B. Moore and wife to Chas. Cook for land near Edray.

From Chas. Cook and wife to Wm. M. Sharp, for land near Edray.

From Otho W. Ruckman, Jr., W. W. Ruckman and Mattie E. Ruckman to M. F. Ruckman for their interests in 133 acres known as the Jos. W. Ruckman estate.

From Alvin Clarke and wife and others to B. F. McClure for land on Droop Mountain.

From L. W. Hickman, and wife to H. A. Yeager for House and lot in Green Bank.

From J. W. Marshall, of Randolph Co., to Wm. A. Schwecker for a certain parcel of land on the waters of Dry Branch.

Edray Items.

The Farmers Alliance is in a flourishing condition, having now 145 members.

W. C. Hall & Son, are running their store in the interest of the Alliance.

Blackberries are plentiful and the gatherers, are numerous.

The whistle of the steam thresher which is being run by Wash Beverage and Son, is heard in this vicinity. Crops are making a fair yied.

Mrs. Geo. H. McGlaughlin showed us a fine redish, which measured 16 inches in circumferance and weighed 6¼ lbs.

Miss Kittie Lakin is visiting friends in our town at present.

Our farmers are about done making hay. The hay crop is very good.

Lots of drummers have been in our town the past few days.

Madame rumor reports a wedding in our neighborhood in the near future.

Success to THE TIMES.

LOOKOUT.

Hillsboro Happenings.

The picnic, given a few days ago by the Sons of Temperance and the Band of Hope and which was also joined by the Methodist Sunday School, was a success. At ten o'clock the Band of Hope marched to the grove with bright banners waving in the air. They presented a pleasant sight to those already assembled in the grove. The organ at the Methodist church was taken out to the picnic grounds and the songs and recitations By the Band of Hope were very good indeed. At one o'clock the well filled baskets were opened, and a good dinner was enjoyed by all. In the afternoon Rev. C. Sydenstricker's speech on Temperance was excellent.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Moffett, who have been visiting relatives and friends here, will leave for their home in Nebraska, Thursday.

Mrs. J. C. Thrasher and children, who have been been visiting relatives here, will leave for their home, Tuesday.

Messrs. S. J. Payne, J. H. Clarke and Lacy Sydenstricker, were off to Cranberry a day or two fishing. Mr. Alvin Barr joined them at Cranberry, and the party caught over four hundred trout. It is worth a trip to Cranberry to catch those delicious speckled beauties.

The question of the day, is, who will get the most blackberries. Wagons go out to Cranberry, every day and there is a demand in town for berries which can be supplied. Come on with your berries.

CECIL.

Marlinton Movements.

The recent rains have greatly improved the prospects of corn, buckwheat and fall pasture.

Quite a number of parties have been to Laurel Run and Elk in quest of blackberries. Knapps creek and the Little Levels, sent representatives. Some would gather others would fill the "air tights." On their return with their ruddy toothsome freight, there would be songs and jokes, notwithstanding torn clothes, scratched fingers and backaches.

From the last announcement of the Fishburne Military school at Waynesboro, the writer learns that Mr. George A. Warwick, was one of the distinguished cadets. He received a certificate of distinction in commercial law, and was an officer in the cadet corps, so there is another Pocahontas student to be proud of.

Mr. Fred Wallace, of Mill Point, visited Marlinton this week. He won enviable distinction year before last at Hampden Sydney, by bearing away one of the medals. He has taken a high stand in his studies in that famous college.

Mr. Howard Arbuckle, near Lewisburg and his friend Robbins, of Texas, fellow students of Henry McGlaughlin, paid him a visit the same time. Mr. Arbuckle, has made a fine record in his college course, and will teach in Mississippi, the coming year.

It is reported that the vacant home of Richard Knapp, was burned a few weeks since, thus the mystery deepens around the question "what has become of Knapp?"

Numbers of very fine fish, suckers, bass and catfish, have been noticed floating down stream, either dead or dying. Have they had too much dynamite in theirs!

J. K. S.

[...]mes.
[...]BELL,
Poc[...]PRIETOR.

[...]ost office at Hunters[...] second class matter.

[ADVER]TISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
[...]	$1.00	$2.00	$3.00	$5.00
[...]in.	2.00	4.00	6.00	10.00
[...]olumn	3.00	6.00	10.00	17.00
[...]lf col'n	6.00	12.00	20.00	30.00
[O]ne col'n	10.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.
August 21, 1890.

Tastes of Clerks.

She was tall, tough, sharp-edged, hollow-cheeked, sunken-chested and saucer-eyed, with shoulder blades that projected like rudders. She hadn't teeth enough to go around and her hair matched a reddish complexion that was more suggestive of sand paper than water. Her nose was long and sagacious and gilded hoops tested the elasticity of her ears. Her vowels escaped through her nose and her diphthongs were brought out with feline intensity.

She was at the silk counter, and had selected for a dress pattern seventeen yards of dark blue India silk, well flowered with ripe cherries.

"What name, please?" asked the urbane sales man, dating a check.

"Baker."

"Initials, please?"

"M. A. Baker."

"Address?"

"No. 2[...]1 West ——— street."

"Thank you," said the clerk, carefully tearing the leaf from the stub and placing it between the folds of the goods.

"Now, Mrs. Baker, isn't there something else this morning?"

A radiant smile flashed across the long, red face, the high shoulders squared themselves, and there was a perceptible straightening of her whole being as she said:

"I guess not."

The shrewd clerk took his cue, talked bargains, waning season and good service, brought specials from remote shelves and remnants from under the counter, and in less than five minutes the bony spinster was in a bewilderment of short lengths. The man seized every opportunity to call her "Mrs," and when she left he had sold a blue check of ten yards for a house dress, three two yard lengths for sofa cushions, and two and three-eighths yards of plain black gros grain for waist trimming.

"How did I know she was married? I was dead certain that she wasn't. That's why I called her 'Mrs.' It takes a very small amount of diligence to master a woman. If she is not married it pleases her immensely to be taken for a wife—that is, after she is past the [...] period. If she is married it flatters her to be taken for a girl.

"I rarely make a mistake. There is a prim coquetry and a disappointed look about the unwooed woman that is as self evident as her features. A married woman gives herself away by her apathy. If she is tired she looks it and if she is discontented she shows that.

"The staid, stately customer I never meddle with. She always knows what she wants. Argument is useless, but if it becomes necessary to use an address, madame is the word.

"The epithet I generally use most with 'Lady.' If a woman comes to the counter and shows a hand with big rings and neglected nails all I have to do is to spread out my goods, lower my voice to a confidential point, ring in the 'Lady' and if she has the money she will buy."

He—"Smart as you think me, here I am literally and metaphorically at your feet."

She (longing for an osculatory evidence of affection)—"Yes but you ought to be smart enough to go up head."

Young Doctor to Old Doctor—Doctor, I have told you how I'm treating that patient. Do you think I should change the course of treatment any?

"Has he got any money?"

"No, but his life is insured."

"Well, just continue your present treatment."

Teacher—John, of what are your boots made?

Boy—Of leather, sir.

Teacher—Where does leather come from?

Boy—From the hide of the ox.

Teacher—What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and shoes and gives you meat to eat?

Boy—My father.

She—Well, you men have a grand advantage over women, for if nature gives you a mean or ugly mouth, she also gives you a mustache to cover it, while we go through life with mouth uncovered.

He—But the old law of compensation steps right in and evens things up; if a fellow's got bow legs, now—

She—Mr. Slapjacks!

Wife (from the window)—Well, I declare! John, I wouldn't spend time sprinkling the dust in our neighbors' back yard—especially when they are people who talk about us the way they do.

Husband—That's all right, my dear; their pet poodle was washed this morning—now he's out here rolling in the mud. Trust your husband, my sweet, for thoughtfulness.

Mr. Crampus (in Redhot, Arizona)—It's rum, sir, that causes all the crime in this town.

Colonel Winchester—Mebbe you're right. Only last Sunday Poker Bill shot at Swede Pete——'

Mr. Crampus—There it is! If he hadn't been drunk he wouldn't have shot at him.

Colonel Winchester—And if he hadn't been drunk he wouldn't have missed him.

That country editors are sometimes very busy men is evidenced by the following editorial paragraph from a recent issue of the Waitsburg (Wash.) Times: "When we returned from dinner on Tuesday we found a piece of paper sticking into the keyhole of our office door, on which was written these words: 'Been here twice to subscribe for the Times, but failed to find you in. Send it to me and I will hand you $2 the next time I am in town.' We very much regret being absent when the writer called, but Great Scott we can't take money all the time. We've got to take time to eat."

During one of the fairs in Paris some years ago Baron James de Rothschild was a patron. Chancing to pass a stand where some pretty young ladies were installed he asked, says the London Tid-Bits, in a bantering tone:

"Well, my dears, what can I do for you?"

"Ah, Baron," said one, "you can give us your autograph."

"With pleasure," responded the gallant old Baron, "if you will preface it with an agreeable sentiment."

So the young lady, without much ado, wrote on a dainty slip of paper: "I hereby give to ——— charity ten thousand francs," and the Baron immediately signed his name in full and smilingly paid the amount (£2000) to the enterprising Parisian.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VIII. [illegible] Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, ~~August 28~~ Sept 4 1890. [illegible] No. 5

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

[illegible]

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and [illegible] Monday in October. County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

HER CAT AND HIS CHICKENS.

BY MARGARET [illegible].

I dare say 'twould have come around, any'how in the course of time, but law sakes alive! her cat and his chickens did hurry matters up the liveliest and quickest I ever seen in the bad of my born days. You see, we'd lived in Owltown nigh on to sixteen years. There wasn't another house in sight when we built our little cottage there. Jennie Wren (we named her Jennie first and tacked on the Wren after, 'cause she proved to be the cheeriest, chirpiest little blessing that ever brightened the airth) was 2 years old when we moved into it, and her 18th birthday was due the 30th of that June.

She'd been away since the foregoin' September, a-stayin' with her Aunt Janet in Boston and a-finishin' off at a good school there, and I tell you every month she was gone 'peared like a year to her father and me. But we knowed from her letters, that come reg'lar twice a week, that our darlin', our only darlin', for we'd never had another child, hadn't changed a bit.

We'd been a leetle, just a leetle, feared at the goin' off that city air and 'influences 'might change her some 'but we'd got over that fear altogether and was awaitin' to welcome her home with the lovingest of hearts when the trouble began at the cottage next door. It had been nigh on to a year empty when, the very day after Jennie started for her aunt's, the Rosemarys moved in. There was only three of 'em —the Widow Rosemary, her father and her son. The son was a good, good lookin' young fellow of about five and twenty. He'd come to Owltown to be overseer in the big carpet factory, and when he wasn't in the factory he was a-putterin' around his garden, and he hadn't been here more'n a week when he put up a hen house in the back part of it plumb agin our fence.

Well, things went on agreeably 'tween the two families, though we never become what you might call really acquainted with each other, the widow bein' in deep mournin' and 'seemin' to want to live very much to herself until this June. Then one mornin' I heard angry voices in the next garden and, steppin' to my kitchen winder, I ketched the words: "Two more chickens gone, and it's that cat takes 'em—I'll swear to it."

"Yes, no doubt of it," says old Mr. Rosemary. "I've chased him away myself several times. He ort to be pisoned—that's what he ort to be."

Sorry me! my heart stood still, 'cause there wasn't no cat but our Frisky in the neighborhood, and he was Jennie Wren's cat, and she thought the world of him. His birthday and her's come on the same day of the same month, though his'n was ten years later, and she never writ a letter to us that she didn't send her love to him.

I never knowed him to trouble our chickens and I didn't believe that he'd took their'n. So I throwed on my sun-bonnet and marched out into the back yard and mounted on the [illegible] that stood there, and [illegible] my head over the fence, I [illegible]:

"If you['re] talkin' about our cat, Mr. Rosemary, I'll make bold to say you're mistaken."

With that the old man speaks [up] and says: "Well, I've seen him prowlin' 'round here and drove him away several times."

"And did he have a chicken with [any] of them times?" says I.

"Well, no ma'am; I can't say he did," says he. "But they've disappearin' day after day, and where can they go?"

"Rats," says I, gettin' down from the chair; and I can't imagine, though I've tried and tried, what made young Mr. Rosemary be'st out a-laughin'.

But that very afternoon, as I was a-settin' on the back porch a-sewin', over the fence come Frisky with a chicken a-hangin' in his mouth.

Lands! I was taken aback. I dropped my work and flew down the steep 'bout as fast as he'd come over the fence, and I ketched him and made him let go the chicken, and then I slipped off my slipper and giv' him a good whippin', which bein' his first so frightened and astonished him that he howled perfectly awful. Then shut him up in the cellar and left him there, supplyin' him with food and drink, of course, for two days and nights. Well, the 30th June come at last and with it our precious Jennie Wren, and after she'd hugged and kissed her father and me 'until we was all[most] out of breath, she sat down in her favorite rockin'-chair and asked, "Where's Frisky?" I went and opened the cellar door and called him; but it was some time 'fore he'd come, and when he did come he didn't do credit to his name, for he just crept along and looked as though he expected to see that slipper a-hoverin' over him in the air.

"Why, what's the matter with him?" says Jennie. So I told her all about it. And, if you'll believe me, that girl took Frisky's part right straight through. "Of course he don't know strange chickens," says she. "The folks that used to live [here] didn't keep any, and there isn't another house nearer than a block. He thought they was birds, and he's never been whipped for catchin' birds. And I'd just like to see Mr. Jack Rosemary pison him. Poor old Frisky!"

But Frisky hid under the sofa and refused to come out and be comforted, and pretty soon what with Jennie Wren a-tellin' and us a-listenin' to lots of city news, we entirely forgot him. That is, we forgot him till tea time, and then, father and me and Jennie was a-drinkin' our tea, we heard quite a commotion in the next garden. "Dear me," says I, almost droppin' my cup, which I wouldn't a-done for a good deal, it being one of my blue chiney set, "Frisky's out and at it agin." And sure enough. I'd no sooner got the words out of my mouth than over the fence flew Frisky with another chicken, and Jack Rosemary calls out as mad as can be:

"I'll git my pistol and shoot him. I ain't a-goin' to stand this no longer."

"Oh! dear," says I, and I jumps up and was a-goin' out, when Jennie says: "Let me go, mother," and in a minute she was on the old chair, and the young man, leaving her, began:— "There, ma'am, I hope you'll acknowledge it now that I've seen it with my eyes, and unless that———." But just as he gits so far as this Jennie's pretty fluffy, golden head pops up above the fence, and she says in a voice as sweet as honey: "I beg your pardon, sir, but was you a-speakin' to me?"

"Oh! no, certainly not," says he, a-[illegible] at a great rate. "I thought you was your mother—I mean—I was simply sayin'—That is, I hope my chickens are not annoyin' your cat in any way."

I don't know how Jennie Wren ever kept her face, but she did, long enough, anyhow, to say slowly and gravely: "But they do annoy him sir. They disagree with him very much indeed." Then she slid from the chair on to the grass and laughed and laughed till I thought she never would stop. The very next day the widow called on us a-sayin': "She'd been very remiss in not being more friendly, but she hoped we'd overlook it, and she'd try to be a better neighbor in future."

Then we returned her call, and then the old man and Jack paid us a visit, and it wasn't long before the young fellow was in here on some excuse or other every day. And I declare to man three weeks hadn't gone by since the day he threatened to shoot Frisky when I overheard Jennie Wren a-sayin': "Really and truly my cat never did molest our chickens," and that Jack makes answer. "Well, I'm perfectly willin', just to protect the poor things, to have my chickens become our chickens as soon as possible. It only remains for you to consent."

"Why, what do you mean, Jack Rosemary?" says Jennie.

"Can't you guess, Jennie Wren?" says Jack, and he takes her in his arms and kisses her.

And I vow that cat never did touch one of them chickens after they was married.

Presidential Tips.

The biggest railway official in the country that I know of told me the other night that "the porters of special cars pick up big money. Whenever a special car is used the best porter who is handy is assigned to it. This man expects and usually receives a handsome gratuity. Those who travel in special cars can afford to be liberal to the one who, for the time being, becomes a valet, or personal servant, and generally are. When Gen. Grant went anywhere the porter of the special car always got $50. He never gave less, whether the time was a day or a week, and never gave more. It was invariably a fifty dollar bill. President Arthur always gave the porter two twenty dollar notes or two twenty dollar gold pieces. He was also liberal to other minor railway officials. President Hayes used a special car pretty often. He tipped the porter $5. When Garfield traveled special the porter got only $2, and considered himself lucky to get that. Garfield was always very close about money matters. He saved money while in congress on a salary that few others were barely able to live upon."

Customer—How much is this wine?

Clerk—That wine, mum, is a prime article, and I know you'll like it; everybody does. Is that your little boy? Fine looking little lad; anybody could see that he was your son. Here, Charley, don't you want a cookey? This wine, mum, is worth $150 a gross. Have it sent, of course?

Customer—Oh, I only wanted a quarter of a pint.

Clerk—Quarter of a pint? You'll find the homeopathic dispensary on the next street. Will you pay for that cookey, or will you have it charged?

Wife—"Why, husband, I thought you had more sense than to buy a monkey. You know the fellow next door worries so nearly to death with his."

Husband—"Calm yourself, my dear. That's the one I bought."

"Call no man happy," says Solon, "till he is dead." "Call no man unhappy," Socrates added, "till he is married."

If your religion were destroyed by reason it would be restored by emotion.

We more frequently think people beautiful because we love them than love them because we think them beautiful. The heart is not critical.

We can sometimes forget without forgiving, and owe a grudge though we cannot remember why.

It is foolish to give our affections to children, for others may forsake us, but they must.

When woman according to M. Paul Bourget, has lost every rag of character, she still clings fondly to an unfinished [illegible].

"Is this a healthy locality?"

"Healthy! Do you see that woman in the doorway of the house opposite?"

"Yes."

"Well, when she came here six months ago she was so weak she could not stand alone. Last Monday she had a little disagreement with her husband, and the doctor says the old man will be laid up for six weeks."

A young couple on their honeymoon are dallying languidly with the grapes at dessert.

She (archly)—And you don't find it tiresome all alone with me? You are quite sure you don't want to go back to your bachelor life again?

He (earnestly)—Quite, my darling. Do you know if you were to die to-night I'd get married again to-morrow morning!

They were talking of the vanity of women and one of the few ladies present undertook a defense.

"Of course," she continued, "I admit that all women are vain. The men are not. But, by the way," she suddenly broke off, "the necktie of the handsomest man in this room is up under his ear."

She has worked it. Every man present put up his hand to his neck.

Wagg.—Hello, Wallace, you're quite a stranger. Been away on a long trip West, I understand?

Wallace.—Yes, my boy, I've had quite a journey. I've been out to Seattle.

Wagg.—You don't say so. And was Allie glad to see you, old man?

Hirsh[illegible]—I'd vat may be the price of this watch?

Jeweler—Ten dollars.

Hirsh[illegible] (aside, [illegible])—He asks ten; he means eight; he'll take six; it's worth four; I'll offer two.

Mrs. Cumso—Why did you discharge all your white servants and employ negroes, Mrs. Fangle?

Mrs. Fangle—My husband's sister died last week and I'm in mourning now.

Wee Wife—Love you? Of course I do. You dear, blessed old peach crop.

Big Husband (letting her look here)—Great Scott! Why [illegible] now title?

W. W.—Because you are such a perpetual failure.

Wife—Henry, how does this card happen to be in your drawer?

Husband (sharply)—I was merely making arrangements to get you a new seal skin sacque, my dear.

Charles—What have you laid up for a rainy day?

Fred—A mackintosh, an [illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

September 4, 1890.

THE PRIMARY ELECTION.

The democratic Primary Election or Pocahontas County will be held on Tuesday, September 9th. On that day the polls will be open at the regular places of voting and at the regular hours from sun-rise till sun set. We would like to impress on the people the importance of coming out and casting their votes. The object of the primary is to get the sense of the people, which cannot be had fully unless their wishes are expressed at the poles. Some persons are in the habit of remaining away from all conventions and primary elections and then complain of what is done.

If you are interested in the result it is your privilege and your duty to have a voice in the decision. Come out, one and all, and let this primary be an expression of the will of the people.

Mr. Alderson, the Nominee.

The Democratic Congressional Convention, for this District, met at Hinton on Tuesday, the 26th August, and was largely attended. Col. W. A. McCorkle, of Charleston, presided. There was no contest before the Convention, and everything passed off quitely and in perfect order. When the counties were being called for nominations and Kanawha county reached, Hon. Henry S. Walker arose and, in a neat and very appropriate speech, which was loudly applauded, withdrew the name of Gov. Wilson, and then a motion was made to nominate Mr. Alderson by acclamation, which was carried unanimously and the chairman declared him the nominee of the Convention.

Mr. Alderson and Gov. Wilson were called for and both responded in brief, but excellent speeches. Speeches were also made by Col. St. Clair, W. R. Thompson and others, after which the Convention adjourned.

Mr. Alderson having thus been fairly nominated, has a right to expect and should, of course, receive the hearty support of every Democrat in the District. This is no time for lukewarmness or indifference. The District is close, and to secure success it is necessary that we stand up bravely for our nominee and use our utmost efforts to secure his election. Let us remember that his fight is our fight and that if he be defeated it will be the defeat of the party in this District.

When we consider the record made by the Republican party in the present Congress; its forcible ejectment of Democrats from seats to which the people had elected them; its arbitrary change of the rules of the House purely for partisan purposes; its waste of the public revenues in pension, subsidies, &c., and its increase rather than decrease of tariff taxes, we are at a loss to see how any one, even a Republican, can hesitate when asked to cast his vote against this party.

Let us, then, rally, with one accord, to the support of the candidate our party has given us, and let it not be said that there was one Democrat, in the entire District, who refused to vote *for* and to work for our nominee.—Independent.

Senator St. Clair.

The Democratic Senatorial Convention for this, the 8th district met at Hinton 27 August. There were two candidates from this county—Capt. Wm. L. McNeel and Dr. J. F. Mooman. Prior to the assembling of the Convention, delegates from other counties requested the Pocahontas delegation to name its man and they would nominate him; but the Pocahontas delegation, it seems, could not agree. The friends of McNeel and Mooman were not willing that either should be withdrawn, so when the Convention met, Col. J. W. St. Clair of Fayette was put forward by W. R. Thompson, Esq., of Summers, and was unanimously nominated by acclamation.

The nomination is a strong one and will doubtless be heartily ratified by the party. Col. St. Clair deserves well of his party, for no man has worked harder for its success. He will make an active, vigorous canvass, and will be a power of strength to the party in the campaign this fall.

Nearly all Provided For.

It was thought that all the members of the Harrison tribe and their personal retainers were given good places at the public trough, but it seems that one has been overlooked for a long time. He is Mr. Curtus Miller, of Deansville, Oneida county New York, the President's partner's brother. However, he was provided for the other day. He was appointed deputy collector of Internal Revenue at Utica, and his appointment was due principally to the fact that Mr. Curtis Miller is the brother of the President's law partner, William Henry Harrison Miller, whom the President appointed Attorney General.

The list of the Harrison family now drawing pay from the United States Treasury, by virtue of Benjamin Harrison's appointment, may thus be extended as follows:

1. The President's brother.
2. The President's brother-in-law.
3. The President's sister-in-law
4. The President's father-in-law.
5. The President's son's father-in law.
6. The President's wife's cousin.
7. The President's son's wife's cousin.
8. The President's nephew.
9. The President's daughter's brother in-law.
10. The President's brother's son-in-law.
11. The President's wife's niece's husband.
12. The President's son's father in law's niece's husband.
13. The President's brother in-law, number two.
14. The President's secretary's brother in-law.
15. The Prisident's partner's brother.

It is a pity that so imposing a family group must be preserved for posterity only in the inexpressive and hard lines of type. Such a gathering has never before been witnessed in our history and probably never will be again. The resources of the "art preservative" are unequal to this occasion, and the man with the camera should be called in. The family should be assembled at the Cape May gift cottage and photograped and the picture labelled "Public Office is a Family Trust."—Register.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 29.—Blackguardism and pugilism were the twinisms put upon exhibition in the House this week by the republicans. More disgraceful scenes were never witnessed, and the active participants were all members of the republican party, which claims to represent all that is good and moral in the politics of the country—claims, mind you.

Representative Cannon, one of Speaker Reeds most submissive lieutenants, began the trouble by assuming the authority to publicly reprimand in a resolution forty four members of the House by name, because they did not meekly sit in their seats in order to be counted to make up a quorum. Ten of the gentlemen named were republicans. The subject before the House was the compound lard bill which Mr. Cannon is anxious to have passed, and to which there is bitter opposition in both parties. The gentlemen whom Mr. Cannon wanted to reprimand, very naturally protested against any such proceeding. Mr. Vaux, the venerable successor to Mr. Randall, his gray locks fairly bristling with indignation, said: "Have you a right to impute motives? That is not the preliamentary power of the majority in this House until the empire comes." This was greeted with applause from the democrats.

There was more of the same sort, and it so angered Mr. Cannon that he completely lost his head and made use of language which no respectable newspaper can print. That fired up Mr. Mason, a republican opponent of the bill whose family were in the gallery, and going over to where Mr. Cannon was he roundly abused him in the choicest Chicago billingsgate; but he had the good taste to do it in a tone too low to be heard by the ladies in the galleries. Meanwhile the House was in a terrible up-roar.

The lie was passed between Representatives Mason, of Illinois, and Walker of Massachusetts, both republicans, and had it not been for the interference of members they would have engaged in fisticuffs.

It would seem that nothing more disgraceful could occur; but the end was not yet. Representatives Wilson, of Washington, and Beckwith, of New Jersey, two more republicans, got into an altercation over the Cannon resolution, and Mr. Wilson called Mr. Beckwith a blankety blank liar, whereupon the Jersyman disgraced himself and his constituents by applying the most disgraceful epithet in the English language to the Representative of the State which bears the honored name of the father of his country. The result was an immediate slugging match which required the combined efforts of the Sergeant-at Arms and a number of members to stop. These be the men who are asking the voters of the country to continue them in power.

The agreement to begin voting upon the tariff bill September 8th. has been unanimously ratified by the Senate. Senator Gorman says the bill will be sufficiently exposed by that time to show the people of the country what an outrage the republicans are foisting upon them. The sugar lobby is again gathering here in force in order to get in their work when the sugar clause of the bill is reached, which will probably be next week.

Senator Gorman is chuckling over a joke which he very innocently played upon the representatives of several enterprising news papers several days ago. He entertained at his house a number of his Maryland friends and by the merest accident one of the correspondents saw the party enter the house. The result was that full particulars were sent off by telegraph of a caucus of democratic Senators. Mr. Gorman laughs heartily every time any one says anything about it. There has been no caucus of democratic Senators, nor is there any probability that there will be one. They are acting as a unit and there is no occasion to caucus.

By accident I have stumbled upon the republican programme by which the leaders of that party expect to hoodwink the voters once more. There is to be no further appropriation of money at this session than is absolutely necessary to keep the wheels of government moving. They will then go before the country posing as economists and ask the suffrages of the voters. If they can persuade Mr. Harrison to call an extra session to meet not later than November 10, or 15, it will be done; if not at the regular session which meets in December the mask is to be dropped and the spoliation of the Treasury is to begin in earnest. Campaign contributions are being solicited from all parties interested in any of the hundreds of measures carrying liberal appropriations, now pending, and they are all promised that the bills shall be pushed through at the next session, and the statement is made that forty-three republican Senators have agreed to adopt a gag rule for the Senate in order to push these bills through the faster. By this means the leaders of the party hope to raise a corruption fund large enough to buy up the doubtful districts and retain control of the next house.

A desperate affray occurred at Cross Keys, Southampton county, Va., John Doyle and John Scott became involved in a quarrel, and the former grew so enraged that he procured a shotgun and discharged both barrels into the body of Scott, killing him almost instantly. Doyle was arrested and taken to the jail at Courtland. A woman was at the bottom of the quarrel.

Mr. John F. Allen, of the firm of Allen & Ginter, cigarette manufacturers, Richmond, died in that city on the 23d inst., in the 75th year of his age. He was a prominent, wealthy and useful citizen, and universally esteemed for his kindness, business integrity and broad views of public duty.

The body of a young woman, who is supposed to have been murdered, was found under a high cliff of perpendicular rocks on East river, Mercer county, a few days since, by a party of loggers. A black valise, well worn, filled with clothing and other articles and $1.76 in cash was found with the body.

The most valuable metal in the world is said to be gallium, which is worth $3,250 an ounce. Calcium brings $1,800 a pound and cerium $1,920 per pound. Gold is worth $240 a pound.

There is to be a Confederate reunion at Franklin, Pendleton county, Sept. 5, Senator Faulkner, Congressman W. L. Wilson and ex-Senator Camden are expected to be present and make addresses.

HILLSBORO TRAINING SCHOOL.

The next session of the Hillsboro Training School will begin the first Wednesday in September, 1890.

MISS G. M. SHEARER, Principal.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Of Valuable Lands.

Pursuant to, and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va., rendered at its June term, 1890, in the cause of

J. H. Arbogast, Adm'r.

vs.

J. H. Arbogast's Heirs &c.,

I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder on the premises near Traveler's Repose, Pocahontas County, W. Va., on SATURDAY, 27TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1890.

all the lands yet belonging to the Estate of Jacob H. Arbogast, dec'd, composed of a tract of 45 acres; part of a tract 122 acres part of a tract of 309 acres, all adjoining each other and containing in the aggregate about 377 acres, lying in the forks of Greenbrier River on the S. & P. Turnpike. About 65 acres of these lands are in cultivation, with a good dwelling and other buildings and orchard &c. The ballance affords a good outlet for young stock, especially sheep, and has some good Hemlock, Spruce, and Oak timber upon it.

TERMS OF SALE:

10 per cent. of the purchase money cash in hand, the balance in equal payments, falling due in 9, 18 and 27 months from day of sale, with interest from that day. The purchaser to execute bonds with good security for the deferred payments, a lein will be retained until a future order of the Court.

The aforesaid land will be started at the upset bid of J. L. Arbogast for $1,40[illegible].

B. M. YEAGER, Sec'l Com'r.

Sept 4-4t. Printer's fee $10.96.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the will of Sallie Gum, dec'd, I will proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the premises of the said Sallie Gum, dec'd on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th, 1890,

the following personal and real estate, viz:

1 Horse, 1 Cow, 3 Stacks of Hay, about 50 Bushels Buckwheat and a small quantity of oats.

Also all the lands of which the said Sallie Gum died seized and possessed with, all the appurtenances thereto belonging.

TERMS OF SALE:

All purchases of personal property will be required to pay cash all sums of $5.00 or less; and for amounts above $5.00 will be allowed six months time purchaser giving bond with approved personal security, with interest from date. The purchaser of the real estate will be required to pay $50 cash and for the residue will be allowed 6, 12 and 18 months credit, upon executing bonds with approved personal security, with interest from date. A lien will also be retained on the land as ultimate security.

M. J. McNEEL, Adm'r c. t. a.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election [illegible] Clerk of the [illegible] and County Courts of Pocahontas County.

Feeling very grateful for past favors, and soliciting your support at the next election, I am [illegible] respectfully,

John J. Beard.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County at the election to be held on the 4th day of November next, and, if elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Your support is solicited.

Respectfully,

S. L. Brown.

To the voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas county, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election. Your patronage is kindly solicited.

Very truly yours,

E. H. Moore.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the action of the Primary election to be held Sept. 9th, 1890. If elected Geo. W. Callison will be my Deputy.

Respectfully,

J. C. Arbogast.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate to represent the 4th Delegate Dist. composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster, in the next Legislature of W. Va., subject to the future action of the Democratic party. If elected I pledge myself to faithfully discharge the duties of the trust to the best of my ability. Election Nov. 4th 1890.

Respectfully,

W. [illegible] Mann.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent the Delegate District composed of the Counties of Pocahontas and Webster in the next House of Delegates, subject to any action taken by the Democratic party to select a candidate.

Respectfully,

L. M. Moore.

To the voters of the 8th Senatorial District.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate to represent this District in the next State Senate, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention to be held at Hinton on the 27th day of August, 1890. Respectfully,

J. P. Moomau.

To The Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, at the election to be held November 4th next, and if elected I promise to discharge the duties thereof to the best of my ability.

Very Respectfully,

J. H. Patterson.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County

[illegible] fellow citizens and to the voters of Pocahontas and Webster [illegible] at the request of many friends in the county I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Delegates for Pocahontas and Webster counties, and should I get the nomination and be elected I shall work to better the condition of our people and the Counties, and asking your support, [illegible] Truly Thine,

C. B. Swecker.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Commissioner of the County Court, subject to Primary election. Your support is kindly solicited.

Yours Respectfully,

Geo. H. [illegible]

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election. If elected Wm. H. Oakley will be my Deputy.

Respectfully,

R. W. Hill.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

As Huntersville district is entitled to the next Commissioner of the County Court, I have consented to become a candidate for that office, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election, and if elected I pledge myself to use my best endeavors to promote the general good to the greatest number of the citizens of Pocahontas county.

Respectfully,

M. A. [illegible]

To The Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Commissioner of the County Court, subject to the Primary election.

Respectfully,

Jas. W. Warwick.

To The Voters of Pocahontas County.

We are authorized to announce Geo. F. Moore for re-election for Commissioner of the County Court, subject to Primary election.

To The Voters of Pocahontas County.

We are authorized to announce G. M. Kee, of Marlinton as a candidate for Commissioner of the County Court subject to the Primary. Mr. Kee is well known to have faithfully discharged any public services that has been his duty to perform and after much solicitation has agreed to accept the office should he be elected to it.

HOME NEWS

—We failed to change the date this week on the first side from August 28th, to Sept 4th, which mistake our readers will please look over this time.

—Mr. Geo. S. McNeel, of Academy was in town Monday.

—Mr. C. E. Beard, of Mill Point, was in the city Monday.

—Several persons in town Monday attending a justice's trial.

—Mr. L. W. Herold, and wife of Frost, were in town Tuesday.

—Mr. J. R. S. Sterrett, of Austin, Texas, was in town Tuesday.

—Daniel Brown, of Brownburg, Va., was in the city Tuesday.

—R. W. Hill, Esq., of Academy made us a pleasant call Tuesday.

—Mr. G. C. Cooper, of Green Bank was in town Tuesday.

—The new dwelling of Attorney McClintic's is going up rapidly.

—Old Huntersville is improving slowly, but surely.

—Everybody come out at the Primary Election next Tuesday.

—When you come to the Primary election next Tuesday call and see us.

—Mr. Clarence Moore, of Charleston has been in our town for several days.

—Attorney L. M. McClintic returned Sunday from the Conventions at Hinton.

—Rev. Q. M. Campbell, of the Episcopalian church of St. Albans, preached an interesting sermon in the Methodist church at this place last Sunday night. He called to see us Monday.

—Cattle and sheep have been passing through for eastern markets lately. Mr. Withrow McClintic took a fine lot of sheep to Philadelphia, and Giles Sharp, Esq., cattle.

—The announcement of Mr. Geo M. Kee, for Commissioner of the County Court, appears in this issue. Mr. Kee if elected will no doubt make an able and efficient Court.

—The Brushy Ridge Camp-meeting closed last Friday morning. This meeting was a success. There were about 20 conversions. The Association voted unanimously for another Camp-meeting next August.

—Read the announcement of Mr. Jas. W. Warwick elsewhere in The Times this week for Commissioner of the County Court. Mr. Warwick is well known in the County and it is scarcely necessary for us to say he is very popular, and if elected would no doubt make an excellent Commissioner.

—Mr. Jas. Barker, insurance agent, of Wheeling is spending a few days in our city, and is doing a nice little business. Everybody should have their property insured, as we know not when it may be our misfortunes to have our houses go down in ashes and without the wherewith to replace them, would be in a "bad fix."

—This week we announce Mr. Geo. F. Moore for re-election for Commissioner of the County Court. Mr. Moore has held this office to the universal satisfaction of the public generally, and discharged the duties of said office as well, no doubt, as any man in the County could have done.

—I will hold my second teachers' examination at Academy, Sept. 12th and 13th, beginning at 8 o'clock, a. m.

M. G. Mathews, Co. Supt.

—Geo. M. Kee, Esq., of Marlinton, called to see us Tuesday.

Died—At St. Albans, W. Va., Aug. 20th 1890, Georgia, beloved wife of Mr. Newton Beard, aged 28 years. After a few months only of wedded life, she was called by the Master to her heavenly home, and died with her trust fixed firmly on Him. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

C.

Dunmore Doing.

Fine weather.

Frost done some damage to corn and tobacco, though the corn will be very good.

Our farmers are done threshing. Wheat and oats fell short of an average crop.

Miss Alice McGlaughlin of Bath Co., has been visiting here, also Mr. Henry McGlaughlin, of Marlinton gave us a call.

Mr. E. H. Jackson and Mrs. O. M. Noel are on a visit to Rockingham Co., Va.

Mrs. C. F. and C. R. Swecker and Miss Pinkney and Rev. J. H. Rexroad, all of Highland Co., Va., paid us a visit. Rev. Rexroad preached some very excellent sermons for us.

Rev. J. A. Taylor will preach at Glade Hill on Sunday 7th.

Miss Mollie Smith is home again from a visit to Knapp's creek.

Capt. Smith is at home.

Mess. B. F. McElwee and H. A. Yeager have returned from Hinton.

Hurrah for Alderson and St. Clair. They will get there eli this time.

Huntersville is sure of a R. R. if the bridge is completed across Knapp's creek so it can be hauled over.

If we had good roads our County would be more prosperous.

Our Farmers Alliance will meet at Dunmore Saturday the 6th inst. Important business is to be transacted, and a full attendance is desired.

Singing at X roads on Sunday the 14th.

There is talk of a Sunday school picnic near Dunmore.

Let every body turn out at the Primary and select your man. We have good men in the field, and some one ought to be elected.

Miss Kittie Lakin spent Sunday at home and returned to Edray.

Traveler.

Extention of Time.

The time for receiving bids on the school houses heretofore advertised in The Times to be located, one near the Lockridge ford and the other near Frost, has been extended until Sept 10th.

By order of Board

Jas. W. Warwick, Jr., Sec.

Two Deaths in a Duel.

A desperate duel to the death took place at Rowland, Ky., the junction of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad with the Kentucky Central, at nine o'clock the other morning.

Robert Ferguson, a fireman on the Louisville and Nashville road was recently married to a pretty young woman, and "Boss" Hamilton, another fireman, was reported to have told tales about her.

The trains of the two men met at Rowland. Ferguson walked up to Hamilton and in an excited manner exclaimed:—"You have been talking about my wife, so I understand."

"No I haven't," says Hamilton, "and the man who says so tells a lie."

"I say so," replied Ferguson, and at the same instant both men drew pistols.

They fired almost simultaneously, and in less than fifteen seconds each man had fired four times. Then both reeled and fell, their heads almost touching as they dropped. The train men rushed to them, only to find both dead. Each had three bullet holes in his body.

An eye witness said it was the gamest fight he ever saw. Neither man flinched nor uttered a sound after the shooting commenced.

Actors Attacked by a Mob.

There was a very serious riot on the floating theatre at Ceredo, Wayne county. The audience drove the performers from the stage into the river, and there stoned them in a most inhuman manner. Several of the troupe as well as the citizens and police who went to the rescue were badly wounded. The "Sunny South," variety troupe were at the theatre, which had all along been disorderly, made an open attack on one of the performers. Two members of the company went to his aid, but were overpowered and terribly beaten. The whole troup then went to the rescue, while the two police of the town deputized half a dozen citizens, and tried to quell the riot. The lights were put out, and police, citizens, performers, and audience became mixed up in a confused mass.

The audience drove the police and performers back through the stage and all were crowded into the river, while crowds on the bank began to stone the half drowned and helpless wretches. Finally the police got ashore and began shooting into the crowd. Jim Fry was badly wounded. While this was going on the company got ashore, when they were again attacked, and four or five were knocked senseless with clubs or stones. Finally all were rescued by citizens but the company is badly used up.

$100 REWARD $100.

The readers of The Times will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Halls Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A large boiler and machine works giving employment to eight hundred men is to be removed from Columbus, Ohio, to Buena Vista, Va., the contract having been signed.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held for the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, in the State of West Virginia, at the Clerks office of said Court on the First Monday in September, 1890.

James L. Sheets,

vs.

Wm. N. Moore.

The object of this suit is to enforce a vendor's lien retained in a certain deed executed by Andrew C. Wooddell and others to Wm. N. Moore, and to subject the land therein conveyed to the payment of the unpaid purchase money due on said land. And it appearing, by affidavit, that diligence has been used on behalf of the plaintiff to ascertain in what County the defendant, Wm. N. Moore is, without effect, it is ordered that he appear here within one month from the date of the first publication hereof and do what is necessary to protect his interests in said suit.

Teste:

John J. Beard, Clerk.

C. F. Moore, sol.

Sept. 4-4t. Printer's fee $6.50

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the 18th day of June, 1890, in the chancery cause of Mary E. Pi[illegible], plaintiff, against George C. McGlaughlin, defendant, the undersigned special commissioner in said suit will proceed on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 2nd, 1890,

to sell to the highest bidder at public auction in front of the Court House of said County a tract of about

175 ACRES OF LAND

south of and near the village of Green Bank, adjoining lands of Geo. Kerr and others and the same land conveyed to George C. McGlaughlin by deed from J. C. Arbogast and wife recorded at page 3 of Deed Book No. 14 in the Clerk's office of the County Court of said County.

TERMS: Cash in hand sufficient to pay costs of suit and expenses of sale, and the residue of the purchase money to be paid in two equal installments at 6 and 12 months respectively from day of sale with interest thereon from said day, the purchaser to execute bonds with good personal security for deferred payments and the title to be retained as ultimate security for said payments.

H. S. Rucker, Sec'l Com'r.

Bond and security has been given by the above named commissioner as required by law.

John J. Beard, Cl'k Cir. Ct.

Sept. 4-4t. Printer's fee $9.50

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	5 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

August 28, 1890.

DROP A NICKLE IN THE SLOT.

BY LILLIAN T. ROBERTS.

Clark Hall was a clever city boy and, being a minister's son, had always received the best of home training. As he grew into his teens his mother often felt anxious lest he yield to the many temptations which city life afforded. So far he seemed to be a manly, wide-awake boy, fond of out-of door sports, but choosing only such associates as his mother approved.

New devices are constantly springing up to beguile pennies from the passers by, and the beautiful city in which Clark lived was not in this respect behind any of her sisters. It seemed as though at every street corner there were machines doing wonderful things for a small sum. If one was thirsty, he had only to slip a cent into a slot, and forth would come a glass of cool water: or his handkerchief would be perfumed for a penny, or, for a small sum he could learn his exact weight; or have his life insured for the day; or listen to a musical engine; or be the happy possessor of chewing gum or candy—indeed it would take a whole page to tell the marvellous performances of these money catching machines. Clark had tested the merits of many of these, but, like most boys, he had a sweet tooth, and the chocolate machine made his money fly. He had only to drop a ten-cent piece into the slot, and two packages—supposedly of Huyler's best—would come sliding out, one of solid chocolate, the other with a delicious creamy interior.

One day, as he was passing the corner where the chocolate machine was dealing out its tempting contents to a crowd of boys, he felt in his pockets for the dime, but on taking it out it proved to be a three cent piece. It was exactly the size of the dime. Quick as a flash the thought popped into his head: "Why wouldn't three cents do? I wonder if the man would notice it? Wouldn't it be a joke to fool him?"

"Wouldn't it be cheating?" whispered a small voice.

Clark looked around. Nobody was speaking.

"What nonsense!" he said to himself. "It is only for a joke, and, if the man isn't sharp enough to find out, it isn't my affair; so here goes!"

As the little coin chinked into its place, Clark wondered if the machine would work, but out slid the packages as usual. Clark seized them and hurried off, laughing at the thought of outwitting the man, but somehow the chocolate had a bitter taste.

The next day he tried it again. If his conscience pricked him, it was only a pin-prick, and how good the chocolate did taste! As he argued the matter to himself, it was foolish to spend ten cents when three cents would do and no one would be the wiser. If discovered he had only to say that it was a mistake. So he treated himself to chocolate once, and sometimes twice, a day, providing himself with three penny pieces for that purpose.

But one day as he dropped in the coin, a rough hand seized his collar.

"I have caught you at it, young thief!" shouted a harsh voice, with good sprinkling of oaths. "Getting ten cents' worth of chocolate for three cents!"

It takes only a little to draw a crowd in a city, and soon a throng had gathered at the corner.

"What's the matter?" they asked.

"Oh, this young chap has been passing off three cent pieces for a dime. He didn't think I'd find him out, but I've been suspecting him for several days, and now I've caught him. I reckon he'll have to pay for it!" emphasizing this announcement with a volley of oaths and an angry shake

How Clark felt! His cheeks were on fire, and he held his head down low lest somebody should recognize him.

"Why, how is this, Clark?" asked a familiar voice.

The boy looked up to see his father before him. The man explained how he had caught him.

"Is this true, Clark?" said Mr. Hall.

"Oh, father!" Clark sobbed—breaking quite down, and unable to go on.

"Will five dollars make the matter right?" asked Mr. Hall, turning to the man, whose wrath at the sight of the money cooled down amazingly, and who now burst into a torrent of excuse for the boy, to none of which Mr. Hall listened, but walked off with his son toward home. It was a silent walk. Clark stole a glance at his father's face. What a sorrowful look it had, as though it had received a great blow!

Mr. Hall opened the front door, and led the way to his study.

"Now, by boy," he said gently, though from the shake of his voice it was evident that he was laboring under some strong emotion, "tell me about it from the very beginning."

And, amid sobs, Clark told the whole story.

"O father, I am truly sorry! I will never, never cheat again! Do forgive me."

For a reply his father opened his arms and drew his boy to him.

"Clark," he said earnestly, "stealing is stealing. A man ought to be as honest in little things as in great ones. It seemed a cute thing to pass off three cents for ten, but you were as dishonest as though you had each time pilfered seven cents from a drawer. There are more ways than one of committing a theft. There are plenty of men who ride twice on a railroad ticket, and think they are really doing something praiseworthy if they cheat a rich corporation. I have heard people, when shopping chuckle over the fact that they had received more change than was their due; and there are many who slip a three cent piece into the church box, hoping to cheat their neighbors, and perhaps the Lord, into the belief that it was a dime. I would far rather, my son, that you would be an honest poor man than a dishonest rich man; but I know it is possible to be both rich and honest."

It was no unusual thing for Mr. Hall to pray with his son; so now they knelt while the father, in solemn, tender words, besought the Father of all to make his boy honest in thought as well as deed, truthful in spirit as well as in speech. It was a lesson in honesty which Clark never forgot. For a long time he avoided passing that dreaded corner where the chocolate machine still plied its lucrative trade, and not until the five dollars were repaid did he drop another nickle in the slot.

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Vol. VIII. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, September 18, 1890. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 8.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C E. Beard. S B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

Leaves From the Note Book OF AN OLD DETECTIVE.

Murder will out," said Mr. Price Brindle as he lit a cigar and puffed at it vigorously, at the same time gazing keenly at me through the cloud of smoke he had raised.

"Do you think so?" I queried.

"I know so," was his emphatic rejoinder. "There's no such thing as a man having committed a crime, escaping entirely. He may run scot free for a month or a year, but sooner or later he is bound to be found out. Now, in the case of old Mr. Jordan. One would hardly think to look for his murderer in his son in law, who seemed to love the old man as his own father."

"There seems to be no doubt of the young man's guilt?"

"Not the least. An incautious word gave him away, and he is now in prison waiting trial. I am sorry for his poor wife; but what could she expect marrying such a man as Jack Ferguson?"

"Such a man as Jack Ferguson!"

"Yes. He was a reformed gambler if the truth has been told, and Madeline Jordan took her ducks to a poor market when she became the wife of Ferguson. I came over at her request, however, to see you Mr. Deering. The poor young thing seems all broken up over the affair, and I don't wonder."

"You think it necessary for a detective to look into this affair, Mr. Brindle?"

I regarded the junior partner of the firm of Jordan & Brindle questioningly.

"No, I don't think there's the least use," returned he. "I am of the opinion that Ferguson will confess, or at any rate can be made to do so, if the case is worked up properly. That may be worth your time, captain."

"I will come over," said I. "The inquest has not been held, I understand?"

"No. At my request it has been stayed till you looked into the affair. I saw that the murderer was put in a safe place, however, pending an examination."

Price Brindle rose to his feet and bowed himself out, leaving me to my reflections. He was a man of influence in the little city of Dorington, a member of a lumber-dealing firm, that was supposed to be wealthy.

The sudden death of the senior member of the firm had startled the community, and when it was found that a murder had been committed, the wrath of Dorington was deep indeed.

I had not been long located in the place, and was somewhat surprised at recieving a call from Mr. Brindle on the afternoon of the day of the murder. He explained that his partner had been found dead on the floor of his office adjoining his dwelling, with a knife in his heart. The old man's son-in law had quarrelled with Jordan on the previous day, and had been heard to utter threats. Moreover, the knife, a clasp affair, with a long, wicked blade, belonged to young Ferguson and this fact, coupled with one that Ferguson had admitted quarrelling with Jordan, led to his being arrested for murder.

Soon after the departure of Price Brindle, I repaired to the scene of the crime. I was admitted by Mrs. Ferguson, a bright, pretty woman of less than twenty, whose face was pallid and stained with tears.

"Oh sir; Jack never did it, and you must safe 'him'!" cried the young wife, a look of earnest entreaty in her brown eyes. I was touched at her grief, and promised to do what I could.

I entered the office, a small room, adjoining the one in which the real-estate dealer slept, he being a widower, his daughter acting as housekeeper. The body of the dead lay on a bed in a room off from the office.

Madeline did not accompany me to the place, but Mr. Brindle did.

"He was found right here," explained brindle. pointing to the floor near a table, "where he had fallen out of his chair when the assassin plunged a knife to his heart."

I glanced keenly about, at the floor, the chair, and the immediate surroundings. Under the table was a cuspidore in which lay the stump of a half burned cigar, and on the table sat a bottle of wine.

The land dealer had evidently been enjoying himself at the time he met his fate at the hand of an assassin.

From the office I passed into the bedroom and examined the dead. The knife wound was plain to be seen. I soon made an important discovery.

There was no blood on the clothing of the murdered man, and I had noticed none in the office. Surely this was a little singular.

As I passed back into the front room, I saw Price Brindle just removing the cuspidore from under the table.

"Leave that where it is," I said sharply.

"Eh! What sir!"

The gentleman seemed astonished.

"Leave that cuspidore where it is, Mr. Brindle," I said, "nothing must be disturbed till the inquest. You ought to know the custom in cases of this kind. Nothing must be disturbed in this room for the present."

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Brindle appologetically. "I have assumed charge since my partner's death, and supposed it would be all right to clean up the room a little, but I realize that you are right, Mr. Deering. I see that you understand your business, and Madeline did right in suggesting you as the proper person to look into this affair."

We left the room in company. I interviewed the officer in charge, and then went to Mrs. Freguson.

"Have you made any discoveries?" she questioned at once.

"I think so," said I.

"Tell me—"

"Not yet. You must tell me all you know about this sad affair. Mrs. Farguson.

I then began questioning the young wife closely. She admitted that her father and her husband had quarreled. Mr. Jordan was a man of violent temper, and often had hot words with those of his employ.

On the previous evening the two, Jordan and Ferguson, had still a late hour, smoking and chatting in the office.

"Had they quarreled last night?"

"None that I am aware of; in fact, I am sure the meeting was a pleasant one," assured the woman. "When Jack was leaving, a stranger called at the office and my husband left the two together."

"Indeed! Did you see the stranger?"

"Yes, I saw him go down the walk in the moonlight. I had a bad toothache, and could not sleep, and was up tending to it. Jack was snoring then, and I know he did not leave our room till morning."

"Who discovered the tragedy?"

"One of the servants?"

"And then your husband was arrested?"

"Yes he was arrested. I think Mr. Brindle pointed him out to the officers.,

"What sort of a man is this Brindle?',

"A gentleman, sir; but he is mistaken when he accuses Jack."

"Perhaps. Did the stranger, whom you saw leave the office at a late hour last night, resemble Mr. Brindle?"

"Not in the least. Jack says he had a heavy beard. Oh, no, sir, Mr. Brindle is a gentleman, and would not wrong anybody intentionally."

"Perhaps not."

I questioned her minutely about her father's relations with different men. She could give no information about her fathers visitor; but requested me to see Jack, who had seen him in the full glare of the office lamp.

Once more I returned to the office and made it a point to secure two things, the cuspidore and the bottle of wine. I had a theory which I was determined to carry out immediately.

The bottle of wine and cuspidore I secreted in a paper, and carried them both to a chemist who was a personal friend. Leaving those with him, I turned my steps toward the city prison.

I found Jack Ferguson a young man of good address, and frank face, yet deeply distressed over his unfortunate position. He had little to offer save that he was innocent. The knife found in his employer's heart was his, but it had been stolen from him a long time before the tragic night. As to the stranger, he had never seen him before, and even Mr. Jordan seemed not to know him.

"He was very chatty, however, and offered cigars to both Mr. Jordan and myself."

"Did you accept one?"

"Yes."

"And smoked it?"

"No; I was just going out, and put the cigar in my pocket."

"Where is it now?"

"In my coat at home."

"Very g od."

A little later I left him and repaired to the chemist.

"What luck, Will?"

"The wine is all right."

"And the cuspidore?"

"I'll tell you," and my friend bent forward and whispered a word in my ear.

"I thought so," I said with a start.

The chemist was curious, and I had to enlighten him as to my latest case. I had everything in readiness for the inquest, which was held the next morning. I made myself solid with the coroner at the outset, and had learned from Mrs Ferguson her whole family history, and such other things as I deemed necessary.

The first witness called was young Ferguson, who gave an account of that last evening with his employer. Since the young man was under arrest, his testimony was taken with a degree of allowance on the part of the jury. He told of the coming of the stranger a man with an immense beard who professed to know Mr. Jordan, and who seemed a good-natured fellow indeed, since he offered cigars at once. Next on the stand was Madeline. She corroborated that part of the story her husband told relating to the stranger, and I could see that this had an influence on the jury.

I took it upon myself to ask a good many questions. The most important witness was yet to come, however, in the person of the murdered man's partner.

He was cool and collected enough when he took the witness stand. After the coroner had brought out the fact that it was Ferguson's knife found in the heart of the murdered man I took the witness.

"How long have you been in partnership with Mr. Jordan?"

My first question was one easily answered, which led to others of a preliminary nature.

"Now, Mr. Brindle, is it your opinion that your partner came to his death from the knife wound?"

"Of course. How else could it be?" said he quickly.

We will get at that soon," I said. "Now, sir, if the knife caused Jordon's death, what became of the blood? I found none on the floor, nor any in or about the murdered man's clothing."

I regarded the witness keenly.

"He must have bled internally," was Brindles reply.

"Would it be possible to stab a man to the heart and not draw a drop of blood to the outside?"

"I do not know, sir."

"But I know. It would be impossible," I said sharply.

"Well it may be. I cannot judge," returned the witness. "I am sure the knife was found in Mr. Jordan's heart, and, as it belongs to Jack Ferguson that is evidence to me that he is the murderer."

"Now don't jump at conclusions, Mr. Brindle. We do not care for your opinion in the case just now. You will simply answer questions put to you," I said curtly.

"I am ready to answer, sir."

"Very well, sir. An expert surgeon has held a post-mortem on the remains, and he asserts that Mr. Jordan was stabbed after life was extinct!"

I bent and regarded Brindle keenly. I saw his face blanch, and believed he trembled.

"What is this to me?" he said finally.

"You will soon discover."

"I did not come here to be insulted."

The man was getting on his dignity, and it pleased me.

"You shall not be insulted," I said. "We only seek the truth, and so are sifting matters. Now, Mr. Brindle, tell the jury who the strange man was who visited Mr. Jordan on the night of the murder."

"I know nothing about him."

"Are you sure?"

"I am not in the habit of being doubted, Mr. Deering," snapped the witness angrily.

The man was losing his temper, a fact that pleased me not a little. I would soon have him at a good advantage.

"I suppose not," I returned, "but I beg to differ with you as regards this stranger. However, let him drop now. Do you recognize this?"

I suddenly presented a morroco cigar case to the gaze of the witness. He glared a moment and then put out his hand.

"It is mine," he said.

"Exactly."

I now turned to the jury, and said,—

"Gentlemen, this cigar case was found in Price Brindle's pocket, the pocket of a coat worn on the night of the murder. It has been ascertained that Mr. Jordan died before

(Continued on [illegible] page.)

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

September 18, 1890.

Democratic Ticket.

For Congress—Third District,
JOHN D. ALDERSON,
Of Nicholas County.

For State Senator—8th Senatorial District,
J. W. ST. CLAIR,
Of Fayette County.

For Judge Supreme Court,
DAN'L B. LUCAS,
Of Jefferson County.

For House of Delegates,
I. B. MOORE.

For County Commissioner,
G. M. KEE.

For Clerk Circuit Court,
J. H. PATTERSON.

For Clerk County Court,
S. L. BROWN.

For Sheriff
J. C. ARBOGAST.

The assessed valuation of all the railroads in West Virginia is $17,293,768.

The earth is nearest the sun on the second day of each year, on which day she is only 90,822,000 miles from his solar majesty.

"Should every dog of every breed in America be killed to-morrow," says a St. Louis statistician, "the real loss to the country would not be $100 On the contrary, the gain would be at least $30,000,000 per year. Nations famed for their thrift and economy do not take to dogs."

Mr. Johnson Declines.

The card of Mr. J. M. Johnson, Sr., declining the Republican nomination for the State Senate in this District, appears in today's paper, and makes a definite settlement of the matter. Mr. Johnson is not the sort of a man to allow himself to be made a tool of by the Force bill politicians.

It now looks as if Col. St. Clair will have a walk-over, without republican opposition.—Monroe Watchman.

How They Equalize.

The title of the Tariff bill now under discussion in the Senate is "to reduce the revenue and equalize duties on imports and for other purposes." How it equalizes duties a few citations will show.

On the ordinary cotton or flax laces used by the trim millions of our pretty girls who have more good looks than money the duty is increased from 30 to 40 per cent., whereas silk laces, which only Miss Flora McFlimsey can afford, are raised but 10 per cent.

The $300 shotgun with which Miss Flora's brother bowls over a woodcock pays from 30 to 45 per cent. duty, while the cheap German gun, "sold to farmer boys who cannot afford to buy a high-priced gun," pays from 78 to 100 per cent.

An ordinary dress goods for women and children, as, say, a black brilliantine, pays 92½ per cent., while silks and satins are put at 68. The Sultan of Turkey makes his subjects pay only 18 per cent. on the brilliantine, but our Republican Congress charges 97½ and then wants to gag the Democratic Senators who expose and inveigh against the wrong.

In linins, the belle's gassamer handkerchief remains at 35 per cent., but the farmer's brown drill, used for summer clothing, is screwed up from 35 to 63, and his crash towel from 35 to 70. Our friends will not even let him wipe the sweat from his brow short of 100 per cent. Is it strange that there is a Republican revolt at the West against this form of "equalization ?"

Hon. John E. Kenna delivered a strong speech in the U. S. Senate on Monday August 31st, upon the McKinley tariff bill. Mr. Kenna's speech is pronounced one of the ablest that has been delivered on the tariff, and was listened to with marked attention. In closing he used the following:

"The laborer, forming the great mass of consumers, has been the first to tax and last to relieve. The tax on lawyers and doctors and merchants and bankers was repealed! But the tax on pilots and engineers was retained for years. The tax on deeds and bank checks was repealed! But the tax on hats and boots was retained at war rates. The tax on incomes was wiped from the face of the earth! But the coat and the shirt, the breeches and the blanket, the dress and the cloak and the shawl, the plow and the spade, the pick and the shovel the chisel and the plane, the plate that holds the hard earned meal and the fork that carries it to the hungry lip, the blanket that shields the wasting form and the sheet that shrouds it cold in death—go on—like Tennyson's brook—go on forever—levying silent tribute from the weary and heavy laden that colossal fortunes may tower to the skies while "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 11.—To see the jollification in which the republicans are indulging over having re elected Speaker Reed from a district where there was no organized democratic opposition, one would suppose that they had elected a majority of the next House and secured a mortgage on the Presidential chair for four years from March 4th, 1893. Let them remember that "he who laughs last laughs best."

The adulation which Mr. Reed is now receiving here from members of his party is absolutely sickening. He is naturally vain and self conceited, but since his return he is worse than ever: he struts around with his head thrown back and his chest expanded looking exactly like a barn yard turkey gobbler among a lot of hen turkeys: He regards his re-election as not only an endorsement of his unspeakable record as Speaker, but, also as an endorsement of his presidential aspirations, and the turning down of a certain gentleman who has for many years been supposed to carry the vote of the State of Maine around in his vest pocket—James G. Blaine. By the way, it is noticeable that among all the telegrams of congratulation received by Mr. Reed there was not a word from Mr. Blaine.

Representative Cooper proved that Lemon, the pension attorney, who endorsed Commissioner Raum's notes for $12,000 the day after Raum made a ruling that put more than $200,000 in Lemon's pocket, had committed a forgery more than twenty years ago in this city and had been therefor disbarred from practice before a Government department, and that the patent upon which the Refrigerator company of which Raum is president and Representative Snyser, to whom has been delegated the task of electing Representative McKinley, is a large stock holder, was a worthless fraud before the republicans of the whitewashing committee got their heads together and decided not to investigate the private business affairs of Raum. The majority of the committee may whitewash until doom-day, but it will not change the verdict of "guilty as indicted," which the unprejudiced public has found against the Commissioner of Pensions, and Mr. Harrison will retain him in office at the peril of his party. It is stated quietly by republicans that Mr. Harrison would have demanded the resignation of Raum before this if the Congressional elections were not so near, and that after Raum gets his coat of whitewash and the elections are over he will be compelled to resign.

Has Mr. Harrison the backbone to carry out the threat he made of vetoing the River and Harbor bill if the $5,000,000 of Senate amendments were agreed to? We shall soon know, the Senate amendments were agreed to, and the bill is now in his hands.

The democratic Senators like most members of the party believe in the principle of reciprocity and would be glad to see it extended to every country which buys our products or sells us theirs, but they want none of the so called reciprocity which is contained in the Aldrich amendment to the tariff bill which puts it in the power of the President to close our ports against friendly nations whenever it may be his pleasure so to do, and that makes it possible for combinations of unscrupulous speculators to manipulate our tariff for their own benefit at the expense of the consumers.

That isn't the democratic idea of reciprocity, therefore it was not surprising that the solid democratic vote was cast against it. Two republicans—Messrs Evarts and Edmunds—also voted against it, and another republican—Senator Hoar—had the astonishing effrontery to state in substance in his closing speech that he only supported it because he regarded it as make believe reciprocity. He told the truth; the object of the republicans in adopting the so called reciprocity amendment is to catch votes for the party. They recognized the popularity of the idea and have attempted to take advantage of it.

The democrats of the House have this week been engaged in justifiable filibustering to prevent the seating of two negro contestants whom the majority of the committee on Elections have unjustly decided were entitled to seats held by democrats. If the republicans will persist in their dirty political work let them keep a quorum of their own members present to do it.

Senator Gibson says the sugar schedule of the new tariff bill will rob the sugar planters of Louisiana of more than a million dollars a year, which will go into the pockets of the members of the sugar trust.

If the conference committee to which the tariff bill has now gone allows October 1, to remain as the date for the new tariff bill to go into effect, and it throws the country into a financial panic, as the bankers of New York say it will, owing to the unusual demand on the part of importers for money to get their imported goods out of the bonded ware houses before that date, the responsibility will be with the republican party. They have been warned, and if trouble ensues the people of the country will know where to place the blame for it.

The population of West Virginia is now about 775,000. In 1880 the population was 618,450, an increase during the decade of 156,550.

Rev. Sam. Jones commenced a series of sermons at Lynchburg, Va., last Saturday.

COMMISSIONERS SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term 1890 in the cause of Samuel Jody vs. Henry C. Massey I will on Monday the 20th day of October 1890, offer for sale by public auction in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County, that certain tract of land containing 34 acres and 70 poles of land the property of the defendant Henry C. Massey, situate on the waters of Knapp's creek adjoining the lands of W. A. Friel and others. This is a valuable tract of land and has tract of land and has on it considerable improvements, including dwelling house.

TERMS OF SALE.

Sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of this suit and expenses of sale, and the residue in six months from the day of sale, bearing interest from that day, the purchaser to execute bond with good personal security for the deferred payment, and the title to be retained as ultimate security.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do certify that the Commissioner above has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. 18-4t. Printer's fee $8.83

COMMISSIONER S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June Term 189 in the cause of William Gibbs vs. C. A. Yeager and others, I will on, Monday the 20th day of October, 1890, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County that Certain tract of land containing 150 acres the property of the defendant C. A. Yeager lying on the East branch of Greenbrier River adjoining the lands of P. D. Yeager M. Yeager, and others, said land is fertile, well improved and has a comfortable dwelling house and out building upon it.

TERMS OF SALE:

Enough cash in hand to pay the costs of this suit and expenses of sale and the residue in Six Twelve and Eighteen months from the day of sale, in Equal payments bearing interest from that day the purchaser executing bond with good personal security for the deferred payments and the title being retained as ultimate security.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. 18 4t. Printer's fee $8.75

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF

Valuable Land in Pocahontas County.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered at the June term, 1890, in the chancery cause of Geo. A. Rivercomb, Special Receiver &c. vs. A. G. Bonner. We the undersigned Commissioners, will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court house of Pocahontas County on the 20th day of October 1890. A tract of one hundred acres of land belonging to A. G. Bonner, situated on the South East side of Middle Mountain in Pocahontas County, W. Va., near the Big Spring. This one of the most valuable tracts of land in the County and is in a high state of cultivation.

TERMS OF SALE:

Sufficient cash in hand to pay cost of suit and expense of sale and the residue in three equal payments, payable in six, twelve and eighteen months respectively the purchaser to execute bond with approved security for the defered payments, bearing interest from day of sale, and the title to the land as ultimate security.

GEO. A. REVERCOMB, }
C. P. JONES, } Com'rs.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do certify that the bond required by the decree in said cause has been duly executed.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. 18-4t Printer's fee $9.98

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Of Valuable Lands.

Pursuant to, and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va., rendered at its June term, 1889, in the cause of

J. H. Arbogast, Adm'r,
vs.
J. H. Arbogast's Heirs &c.,

I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder on the premises near Traveler's Repose, Pocahontas County, W. Va., on SATURDAY, 27TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1890.

all the lands yet belonging to the Estate of Jacob H. Arbogast, dec'd, composed of a tract of 45 acres: part of a tract 123 acres part of a tract of 509 acres, all adjoining each other and containing in the aggregate about 577 acres, lying in the forks of Greenbrier River on the S. & P. Turnpike: About 45 acres of these lands are in cultivation, with a good dwelling and other buildings and orchard &c. The ballance affords a good outlet for young stock, especially sheep, and has some good Hemlock, Spruce, and Oak timber upon it.

TERMS OF SALE:

10 per cent of the purchase money cash in hand, the balance in equal payments, falling due in 9,18 and 27 months from day of sale, with interest from that day. The purchaser to execute bonds with good security for the deferred payments, a lein will be retained until a future order of the Court.

The aforesaid land will be started at the upset bid of J. L. Arbogast for $1,400.

B. M. YEAGER, Sp'l Com'r.

Sept 4-4t. Printer's fee $10.96.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I announce myself an Independent candidate for House of Delegates. If it should be your pleasure on the 4th day of November next, to elect me to represent you in the next Legislature, I pledge myself to use my utmost efforts to secure such legislation as will be favorable especially to the farming and laboring class, and to represent my constituents without partisan bias.

Respectfully,
H. B. SHARP.

HOME NEWS

—At last—a new fence is being built around the court house square.

—For all kinds of job printing, call at THE TIMES office.

—Mr. R. H. Moore, of Academy, was in town the first of this week.

—Jno. W. Warwick, Esq., of near Edray, called to see us Monday.

—For beautiful wedding invitations THE TIMES job office is head quarters.

—Several wagons from around this place were at Millboro Depot last week.

—Attorney Shelton Reger and wife, of Philippi are guest, at Huntersville Hotel.

—Jacob Boner, Esq., left last Friday morning for Baltimore to buy his fall and winter goods.

—Mr. Robt. Skeen and daughter Miss Kate of Covington, Va., are the guests of Mr. Wm. Curry's of this place.

—Attorney Geo. W. Revercomb of Warm Springs, Va., was in town the first of the week and called to see us.

—The Alderson Fair Co., will accept our thanks for complimentary ticket. We are sorry we cannot attend.

—Mrs. C. A. Dameron and family, of Alleghany Station, Va., are visiting her parents Mr. J. C. Loury's at this place.

—Mr. J. C. Loury, Jr., who has been traveling for a few weeks in the interest of his parcel handler, has returned home, and reports success.

—J. F. Hull, Esq., of the firm of W. C. Hull & Son, of Edray, called to see us Tuesday. He was on his way to attend the Healing Springs for his health.

—In this issue will be found the announcement of H. B. Sharp, Esq., of Split Rock, as an Independent Candidate for House of Delegates.

—Attorney H. S. Rucker and family, who have been away on a six week's vacation visiting relatives at Lewisburg, Lynchburg and other places have returned home.

—We have just received a large supply of all kinds of stationary [illegible] the latest [illegible] and will [illegible] as can be bought in any city.

—[illegible] by [illegible] the Democratic [illegible] of Mr. J. C. Arbogast [illegible] and our readers will kindly accept.

—We are requested by Mr. S. B. Moore, of Edray, to suggest through THE TIMES where the most suitable place would be to hold a singing convention this fall. We would suggest [illegible] a good place.

—We are requested to announce that the Rev. S. L. Wilson, [illegible], of Greenbrier Presbytery, will hold a meeting at [illegible] commencing Friday night the [illegible] and continuing over Sunday.

—There will be a [illegible] meeting at Mt. Vernon the [illegible] of the month. Preaching at [illegible]. Preaching at Mt. Vernon Sabbath morning 11 a. m. and at night. There will be no [illegible] on the grounds as heretofore.

—The quarterly meeting for Lewisburg district, M. E. Church South, will meet at this place Oct. 11, 12; Green Bank 18, 19.

—Greenbrier Presbytery at Alderson, Sept. 10, Rev. R. A. Pendleton, Moderator, and Revs. D. M. Layton and R. L. Telford, clerks. Revs. D. S. Sydenstricker and W. T. Price and elder A. M. McGlaughlin of this County were present at the opening.

—Notice of the sale of the late Mrs. Susan Burr, is sticking in manuscript on the store door of Mr. A. Barlow, and as nobody reads the numerous notices that are stuck around in manuscript, we are requested to say by an interested party that the sale will take place next Tuesday the 23rd.

—Mrs. S. A. Campbell, and family who have been visiting her parents, Mr. J. C. Loury's at this place for some time, except their daughter Miss Gracie, who will attend school at this place this winter, left for their home at Belington, Monday.

—Andrew Hughs, Esq., mail carrier from this place to Dunmore, rides 30 miles a day six times a week, and receives as compensation, for same $4.00 per month and says he has been trying to get $1.50 but so far has failed. We would like to ask the contractor, who is a high tariff man if this is the high wages promised by his party before the last election.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Plenty of rain.

Mr. M. G. Mathews our worthy Supt., was in town holding the examination Friday and Saturday.

Miss Bertha Sharp is visiting at her sisters Mrs. Henry Overholt.

Mr. W. H. Overholt, is putting up a fine Office and ware-house which will add much to the beauty of our town.

Misses Lillie Hull, and Laura Sharp of Edray, have enrolled as pupils of the S. & F. Academy.

Mr. Tom Edgar, of Renicks Valley spent a few days last week with his brother Capt. Edgar.

Miss Lou McNeel has returned home from Lewisburg, accompanied by her niece Miss Mary McNeel.

Mr. Wm. Cackley, passed through town Saturday.

Mrs. Watts and Son and Mrs. Belinea Williams of the Highlands were visiting at Mr. R. W. Hills last week.

Rev. D. S. Sydenstricker and son John have returned home from attending Presbytery at Alderson.

"PUNCH & JUDY."

The "Sinks" Locals.

As this is a portion of our county seldom heard of I will send you a few items.

—As fine a lot of fat cattle are now grazing on Rich Mountain as can be found in any Co. in the State. This is given us to be the finest grass portion of the Co., and your correspondent has seen haystacks cut and put up right out of the pasture where over a hundred fat cattle were running.

Mr. J. E. Brock, of New Market, Va., who spent three weeks at the home of Mr. Waybright for his health has returned home.

Messrs David Gragg and Lee Simmons of Highland Co., Va., are visiting at this place.

A couple of things badly needed in Rich Mtn are a new school house and a preacher.

Mrs. Anne Turner of Green Co. is visiting her brother Mr. Benj. F. Turner.

A. M. Hedrick of Washington City was around in the Mtns about Franklin looking after the interest of the [illegible] and [illegible] to this Mtn last week [illegible] no trace of them here.

It certainly makes the hunters [illegible] to see the deer [illegible] over these hills and [illegible] sounds.

ed.

The far famed Sinks are just four miles below here in the edge of Randolph Co., Gander Creek sinks beneath the Mt'ns and runs under it for ¾ of a mile cutting numerous beautiful chambers, figures almost equalling as I am told, the Luray caverns of Va., your correspondent has visited the lower mouth and hopes to go through them soon.

Rich Mtn., can boast of a girl 13 years old Miss Ina Waybright who is six feet tall.

County Court Proceedings.

The following are the proceedings of a special term of the County Court held Sept. 10th:

J. C. Price, S. B. Hannah, and A. K. Dysard are appointed commissioners to let to contract the unfinished part of the Stony Bottom and Dillington's creek road, known as the Snake Dam road.

The contract for building the abutments and wing walls for the bridge across Knapp's creek near Huntersville was awarded to John Gragg at $0.25 per cubic yard according to specifications heretofore published, except that each end of the abutments are to be connected by dowell pins 4 in long; and the wing walls at $6.00 per cubic yard according to said specifications. All work to be done under the supervision of Geo. P. Moore, Amos Barlow and H. S. Rucker, and to be paid for as the work progresses at the rate of 50 per ct. of its value and the Court approves the bond of the said Gragg given for the faithful performance of his contract. The work to be completed on or before the 20th day of December 1890.

Ordered that upon request in writing of H. S. Rucker Com'r on the newly established road through the lands of Wm. Curry and others the Clerk issued a draft on the Sheriff in favor of Frank Thompson for $200 being part of contract price for making said road as contractor.

$100 REWARD $100.

The readers of THE TIMES will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Halls Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

—The Baldwins District Fair, to be held in Staunton on September 30th and October 1st 2d and 3d, will be one of the finest exhibitions ever held [illegible]. The premium list is a very liberal one. The amusements will be of a rare order, and the aquatic exhibitions on the lake under the direction of the incomparable Paul Boynton, the famous swimmer, are expected to draw an immense concourse of witnesses.

Farmer: "How much be them pants anyway?" Clerk: "Three seventy five." "Yes, same old price. Taters worth half what they useter be, corn 'way down to nothing, oats down, butter down, eggs down—I'd like to know, by gol! what keeps pants way up, hah." "Suspenders, perhaps."

If Mr. Farmer will write down to [illegible] at Washington, D. C., perhaps they can tell him of other things besides suspenders that keeps pants up.—Kanawha Democrat.

A fire in [illegible] Sunday morning [illegible] Fredericksburg [illegible] store and the postoffice, causing a total loss of about $[illegible]. The fire was caused by the explosion of a lamp in [illegible].

A Lumber Camp.

Though lumbering has been the chief industry of our county for a number of years, it was our privilege for the first time last Sunday to visit one of their camps, which was one of the camps of the St. Lawrence Co., situate about two miles from this place.

Even now as we sit in our office, we can hear the sound of the woodman's axe and the roar of falling pine trees on the distant hills.

We were entertained and shown around by the young chief foreman J. C. Kinports, Esq., who is a son of Mr. Porter Kinports of Grant, Pa., a member of the Company. Clide, as he is called by his intimate friends is a young man of rare business qualities and who thoroughly understands his business, and one among many who would resume the responsibilities of as large a business as this.

First, we were shown the stables which would make the average farmer of the age envy, and their horses though handled roughly are well taken care of are the finest.

After being shown around for some time, and admiring the wonderful conveniences and luxuries of the woodsmen, the dinner bell rang, and we were ushered into a large dining room, where everything is as bright as a new pin, and partook of a dinner, served by Mr. O. Guay, the French cook, only equaled by an occasion of the "stepping off" of the daughter of our farmers who are far famed for having good things to eat, and as we sat there filling our lank inner man, with the good things that surrounded us, and which was for the first time in a good while, as being an editor, we were so pleased that we almost forgot the light table and dull monotony that awaited us at home, but it was wasn't long before the terrible truth dawned upon which can only be felt by one of the profession. How grand it would be to bid adieu to shears, paste pot and pencil and take up our abode in the lumber woods, but for the wo-work.

After dinner we talked awhile with Mr. Wm. McDowe, who a short time ago had the misfortune of getting his leg broken, and then with no little reluctance, at, not leaving the camp, specially, but but the the good things to eat.

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY.

The Fall term will begin on the second Wednesday (10th) of September. New students will report for examination on Tuesday the 9th. Courses of study are offered in the Arts, Sciences, Engineering and Law. Also preparatory department. For information and catalogues apply to E. M. Turner, Morgantown, W. Va.

SALE OF SCHOOL LANDS.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term for 1890, the undersigned Commissioner of School Lands, will sell at public auction, in front of the Court House Door of said County, on the 20th day of October, 1890 for cash, the following tracts of land to-wit:

1st. 1056 acres, part of an undivided tract of 2112 acres lying on the head waters of Thorney Creek, forfeited in the name of Reuben Buzzard.

2nd. 432 acres, part of said undivided tract of 2112 acres, forfeited in the name of James Waudless.

3rd. 10[illegible] acres, part of said undivided tract of 2112 acres, forfeited in the name of Wm. B. Grimes.

4. A tract of 99 acres lying on the waters of Stillingtons Creek, adjoining the lands of Harvey Nottingham and others forfeited in the name of Rachel C. McNeel.

5th. A tract of 21 acres of waste and unappropriated land lying on the Lime Stone Run, adjoining the lands of A. J. Sharp and others.

6th. A tract of 3 acres of waste and unappropriated land lying on the waters of Knapp's creek, adjoining the lands of F. H. Loury and others.

The 99 acre tract and the 3 acre tract have on them fine banks of Iron Ore.

JOHN W. WARWICK,
Com'r of School Lands.

Sept 19-4t. Printer's fee [illegible]

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held for the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, in the State of West Virginia, at the Clerks office of said Court on the First Monday in September, 1890,

James L. Sheets,

vs.

Wm. N. Moore.

The object of this suit is to enforce a vendor's lien retained in a certain deed executed by Andrew C. Wooddell and others to Wm. N. Moore, and to subject the land therein conveyed to the payment of the unpaid purchase money due on said land. And it appearing, by affidavit, that diligence has been used on behalf of the plaintiff to ascertain in what County the defendant, Wm. N. Moore is, without effect, it is ordered that he appear here within one month from the date of the first publication hereof and do what is necessary to protect his interests in said suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

C. F. MOORE, sol.
Sept. 4 4t. Printer's fee $7.[illegible]

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the 16th day of June, 1890, in the chancery cause of Mary E. Piles, plaintiff, against George C. McGlaughlin, defendant, the undersigned special commissioner in said suit will proceed on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 20th, 1890.

to sell to the highest bidder at public auction in front of the Court House of said County a tract of about

175 ACRES OF LAND

south of and near the village of Green Bank, adjoining lands of Geo. Kerr and others and the same land conveyed to George C. McGlaughlin by deed from J. C. Arbogast and wife recorded at page 5 of deed Book, No. 14 in the Clerk's office of the County County Court of said County.

TERMS: Cash in hand sufficient to pay costs of suit and expenses of sale, and the residue of the purchase money to be paid in two equal installments at 6 and 12 months respectively from day of sale with interest thereon from said day, the purchaser to execute bonds with good personal security for deferred payments and the title to be retained as ultimate security for said payments.

H. S. RUCKER, Sp'l Com'r.

Bond and security has been given by the above named commissioner as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k Cir. Ct.

Sept. 4-4t. Printer's fee $9.20

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the will of Sallie Gum, dec'd, I will proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the premises of the said Sallie Gum, dec'd on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th, 1890,

the following personal and real estate, viz:

1 Horse, 1 Cow, 3 Stacks of Hay, about [illegible] Bushels Buckwheat and a small quantity of oats.

Also all the lands of which the said Sallie Gum died seized and possessed with, all the appurtenances thereto belonging.

TERMS OF SALE:

All purchases of personal property will be required to pay cash all sums of $5.00 or less; and for amounts above $5.00 will be allowed six months time purchaser giving bond with approved personal security, with interest from date. The purchaser of the real estate will be required to pay 1/3 cash and for the residue will be allowed 6, 12 and 18 months credit, upon executing bonds with approved personal security, with interest from date. A lien will also be retained on the land as ultimate security.

M. J. McNeel, Adm'r [illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

September 18, 1890.

Continued from 1st page.

he was stabbed, and the stub of a cigar found in the cuspador in Jordan's office being analized, is found to contain a most subtle poison.

"The stranger who visited Jordan on that fatal night passed cigars, and one of them Jack Ferguson took, but did not smoke. That, too, has been analized. It contained the same subtle drug. It is evident that a double murder was contemplated."

Profound silence reigned while I made this announcement.

The face of Mr. Price Brindle was very white. At lenghth he said,—

"What is this to me? I can't see that this helps Jack Ferguson."

"I'll tell you," I cried, turning upon him with a piercing look. "The plot to remove both Mr. Jordan and Jack Ferguson has failed. The poisoned cigar that the former smoked came out of this morocco case. The cigars remaining here contain the same deadly drug, and you acknowledge the case and cigars to be yours, Price Brindle!"

White as a ghost, the witness gasped,—

"The case is mine, but not the cigars. It is a plot to ruin me."

"Oh, no, it is not," I said, suddenly producing a huge false beard. "This you wore on the night of the murder, Mr. Brindle. The evidence is complete. You are the murderer!"

His white lips parted, but no sound came forth. With a gasp he slipped from his chair in a dead faint.

Price Brindle confessed the crime soon after. His motive was twofold. His partner's daughter had refused him, and married Jack Ferguson, and he (Brindle) was an embezzler, having robbed the firm for some time, and fearing detection, he planned the murder. Failing to kill Ferguson, an afterthought caused him to attempt fixing the crime on the young man. Brindle died in prison soon after the confession.

Grandma's Schoolmistress.

"No, grandma," said Jennie, decidedly, "you are quite wrong. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was not published first in book form; it appeared as a serial."

"Well, well," said grandma, with a sigh, "perhaps you are right. I make a good many blunders now-a-days."

In half an hour, however, she had recovered her spirits, and began to tell a visitor how she saw General Washington in Portsmouth after the revolutionary war.

"Why, grandma," interrupted Jennie. "It wasn't Washington. It was Lafayette. You always told me so."

"Perhaps it was," said grandma, "perhaps it was. My memory is going fast. I begin to notice it as I never did before."

Then mamma, who had all the [illegible] been [illegible] Jennie [illegible] signals with eyes and brows, asked her to go to her room for a moment. There she followed her, and gave her, as Jennie afterward said, "such a talking to," as she had never received in her life, not even when she painted a monogram on the baby's arm.

"You seem to have taken upon yourself the office of grandma's schoolmistress," she concluded. "You have been both impertinent and cruel."

"Perhaps I ought to have said, 'I beg your pardon,' when I corrected her," said Jennie, between her sobs, "but I was in a hurry to speak."

"You should not have spoken at all. You are very kind to grandma. You pick up her stitches, thread her needle, and do her errands patiently, but still it is through you that she is every day reminded of her age and weakness. You correct her when she makes a mistake, you express your surprise when she forgets."

"But I can't bear to have her make mistakes before people!" cried poor Jennie.

"The record of a long and honorable life is not to be injured by a few lapses of memory at its close," said her mother, still indignantly. "Little daughter, learn to be humble as well as kindly in your treatment of the old."

Jennie dearly loved her grandmother, and she was broken hearted at the thought of having failed in tenderness towards her. The lesson did not need to be repeated and one day grandma said to her lovingly, "My little girl, you grow pleasanter to live with every day. You are like the little girls I used to know when I was a child, loving yet respectful and childlike."

He sat and looked at the busy editor for about 15 minutes steadily. Fnally he yawned sleepily and remarked:

"There are some things in this world that go without saying."

"I know it," snapped the editor, "but there are too darned many things that say a good deal without going."

I beg pardon for intruding upon your time," said the polite, smiling man with the small valise in his hand. "A pedlar is a nuisance. I know it as well as anybody. But there are various kinds of pedlars, and all of us must live. It isn't our fault that we are here. Those of us that earn our living honestly have to share the odium that belongs to the calling. I'm not complaining of this, gentlemen. It is a part of the curse' that came in the original package to Adam. If there is any one of you that has a spot of grease on his coat, vest or pants—trousers he added, opening his valise and taking out a small cake of soap and a sponge' "I shall be happy to remove it without charging a cent and without asking anybody to buy my soap. It's my way of advertising. My dear sir, allow me. There is a little spot on your vest."

He rubbed the spot with a piece of soap, deftly applied the sponge, made a few passes over the cloth with a piece of cotton and said:

"There sir, that spot is gone. You will never see it again. And probably you will never see me again, either, as I travel but once through a community. My goods will be found at the stores. I take it for granted that nobody wishes to buy a cake of my soap. I wish you good morning, gentlemen."

After the polite, smiling visitor had gone away the gentleman whose garment had been operated upon upon had occasion to consult his watch.

I wasn't there.

It had disappeared with the spot

Strike with a hand of fire, oh wierd musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair! Fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft touches of the organ's keys! Blow, bugle blow, until thy silvery notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves that charm the lovers wandering over hills vine clad! Yet know ye that your music is all discord compared to the laugh of a child—that laugh that marks the boundary line between beasts and men, and every wave of which doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O, Laughter, rose-lipped daughter of joy, there are enough dimples in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES,

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry. It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interest to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

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JOHN E. CAMPBELL, Editor and Proprietor. | TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: $1.00 Per Year, in Advance.

VOL. VIII. | HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1890. | NO. 10.

The Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* has come to the conclusion that hypnotism is nothing more or less than the old mesmeric craze revived.

The *Drovers' Journal* figures that the daily mileage made in cities of the United States by cars supplied with electric motors is now more than one hundred thousand miles and is growing rapidly.

Professor Simonson says that there are now from 1,000,000 to 5,000,000 students of Volapuk in the world, of whom 1,000,000 are competent to use it; 1200 business houses where it is employed, and 1200 Volapuk text and reading books, as well as thirty well regulated Volapuk journals.

The Chicago *Herald* says that "Florida and California are each making a strong bid for winter visitors by sending out cars filled with tropical and semi-tropical fruits attractively displayed. There is a car of this kind known as 'Florida on Wheels,' which made the tour of the Eastern resorts and did good missionary work during the summer months. A train of cars known as 'California on Wheels' and containing a superb exhibit of fruits, is now en route for the East for the purpose of booming Southern California as a winter resort, and will undoubtedly influence many people to cross the continent the coming winter."

One of the curious facts which workingmen and mechanics detailed to undertake work in different towns notice, remarks the Chicago *News*, is that the small country places are frequently ahead of the metropolitan cities in the way of scientific improvements. Many a rural village of 5000 or 10,000 inhabitants quickly avails itself of the opportunities which the city inventors and scientists have been discovering for years. Thus it happens that little towns of a few thousand population which have grown up within the last four or five years have electric lights, electric railways, cable lines, and water works more perfect than the big cities have.

Several California papers recently contained a matrimonial appeal, signed by "a young and beautiful Hungarian maiden, an orphan without means, but well educated and with domestic tendencies, who seeks a companion for life." The answers were to be directed to Paris, where the young lady was employed as a nurse. Incredible as it may appear a dozen offers from marriageable young 'Friscoians came over the sea. A lively correspondence ensued, and finally each of the wooers received an exquisite photograph and an affirmative answer from the beautiful Hungarian maiden, with a request that the lover should send the necessary cash for a transatlantic ticket. The swindler or the syndicate of swindlers netted 6000 marks in all by the trick. And now the prospective bridegrooms, among whom are some well-known names, dare not whisper their misery.

The experiments in the cultivation of plants under the electrical light, recently made by the botanical department of the Cornell University, at Ithaca, N. Y., have given some curious and interesting results, and results which are in some respects confirmatory of somewhat similar experiments not long ago reported from Russia. The first and most noticeable effect of the treatment is an enormously increased rate of growth. The plants which are lighted seem to work day and night and to "run very much to leaf." Vegetables shoot up very quickly, and peas in a few weeks are two or three times as tall as those planted at the same time in daylight. In the case of seeds and fruit of any kind, however, the results are entirely different, and the plants which had grown slowly and by daylight were ahead. It was observed that in every instance the reproductive powers of the plant were strongly affected, being sacrificed to mere foliage and rapidity of increase in general size.

TO A LITTLE BROOK.

You're not so big as you were then,
  O little brook!
I mean those hazy summers when
We boys roamed, full of awe, beside
Your noisy, foaming, tumbling tide,
And wondered if it could be true
That there were bigger brooks than you,
  O mighty brook, O peerless brook!

All up and down this reedy place
  Where lives the brook,
We angled for the furtive dace;
The redwing-blackbird did his best
To make us think he'd built his nest
Hard by the stream, when like as not,
He'd hung it in a secret spot
  Far from the brook, the telltale brook!

And often, when the noontime heat
  Parboiled the brook,
We'd draw our boots and swing our feet
Upon the waves that, in their play,
Would tag us last and scoot away;
And mother never seemed to know
What burnt our legs and chapped them so—
  But father guessed it was the brook!

And Fido—how he loved to swim
  The cooling brook,
Whenever we'd throw sticks for him;
And how we boys did wish that we
Could only swim as good as he—
Why, Daniel Webster never was
Recipient of such great applause
  As Fido, battling with the brook!

But once—O most unhappy day
  For you, my brook—
Come Cousin Sam along that way;
And, having lived a spell out west,
Where creeks aren't counted much at best,
He neither waded, swam, nor leap,
But, with superb indifference, stept
  Across that brook—our mighty brook!

Why do you scamper on your way,
  You little brook,
When I come back to you to-day?
Is it because you flee the grass
That lunges at you as you pass,
As if, in playful mood, it would
Tickle the truant if it could,
  You chuckling brook—you saucy brook!

Or is it you no longer know—
  You fickle brook—
The honest friend of long ago?
The years that kept us twain apart
Have changed my face but not my heart—
Many and sore those years, and yet
I fancied you could not forget
  That happy time, my playmate brook!

Oh, sing again in artless glee,
  My little brook,
The song you used to sing for me—
The song that's lingered in my ears
So soothingly these many years;
My grief shall be forgotten when
I hear your tranquil voice again
  And that sweet song, dear little brook!

—*Eugene Field, in Chicago News.*

A LAST CHORD.

Madame Langelot, a comely, smiling woman of thirty-six, was humming merrily as she went to and fro in her dining-room, and giving the last glance, the careful housewife's glance, to the family table. Whatever the season might be, there was always a bunch of flowers to enliven the board and testify to the delicate touch of woman.

Suddenly Madame Langelot stopped, as she recognized her husband's step, and he had hardly entered the room when she exclaimed;

"What is the matter! You look upset."

"I have reason to be, darling," he replied, "when a man hears at the same moment of the failure and the death of his only brother——"

"You brother, oh, my poor dear!" cried Madame.

"His marriage, as you know, was an unfortunate one," continued the husband, "he was an artist in heart and soul, and forgot everything in his love for an Italian lady, who had a madonna-like face and wonderful musical talent. Her dark eyes bewitched him, and in spite of my entreaties, and our father's opposition, he married her. He was utterly incapable of managing his business, and was made reckless by the death of his adored wife. Yesterday, in despair, he took his own life, and on me devolves the task of settling his affairs in an honorable manner. I must do this dear, for he was a Langelot."

"Of course," was the reply, "it is your duty."

"There is something else," said Monsieur Langelot slowly, and his wife, startled by his hesitation, exclaimed anxiously:

"What do you mean?"

"My brother has left a son. he is twelve years old, but delicate and deformed, and will never be able to provide for himself."

"And you think it is our duty to adopt him?"

"My dear——"

"You are perfectly right," cried the young woman, kissing her husband fondly, "how good you are, dear! Bring the poor boy home, and he shall be our Clairette's elder brother."

And thus the orphan's fate was settled by these two simple loving souls.

Monsieur and Madame Langelot, who had been married twelve years, idolized their only child. Clairette was three years old, a frail, delicate little creature, highly nervous, treated like a queen, and somewhat despotic, as spoiled children usually are.

In a few days Lucien Langelot arrived at his uncle's home. He was painfully deformed, pale and delicate, and of his mother's radiant beauty had inherited nothing except the large dark eyes, which illumined his thin face with their brilliant flashes. Close against his breast he pressed a violin, his dearest treasure.

At sight of this stranger the little Clairette began to cry and sob convulsively. Her cousin looked timidly at the fair-haired and gaily dressed little creature for a minute, then raising his instrument, said softly,

"Listen, the violin will sing to you—do not cry."

And beneath his young fingers the artist's bow moved wondrously, the sound of a gay yet tender air burst forth, and the improvisation like a caress suddenly soothed the child's fears, and she was silent.

"More, more! Sing again, pretty music!" cried Clairette when the player stopped, and she clapped her little hands in glee.

So the wonderful violin played on, seeming to speak words of enchantment, and showing plainly what the poor hunchback had received as his maternal inheritance. From that day a tender affection united the two children, and the years passed on.

Lucien has become a man, and is associated with his uncle in business. He is a most valuable assistant, being gifted with extraordinary intelligence. He has not neglected his musical talent, and has had the best instruction.

"Do you know, my boy," said his uncle, "that you will some day be a great composer, our pride and glory?"

"My only glory," replied Lucien, softly, "is in knowing that Clairette is pleased with me."

He speaks the truth, poor fellow; his whole happiness in life depends upon his cousin's smile.

She too, the petted sensitive child, is now grown up, and has become a lovely woman. She loves her cousin with frank sincere affection, and prefers to all other music the air he played for her when first they met, so that in the family the melody is always called "Clairette's Song." It is a composition worthy of a master-musician, and since drying the child's tears, has become the souvenir of her earliest joys.

What happened next was inevitable. One day Lucien acknowledged to himself that he loved Clairette, and called himself a fool for daring to raise his eyes to the daughter of his benefactor. True, she was his cousin, but how could he, the poor hunch-back, hope to marry the beautiful blooming girl? He concealed his grief within his heart, and the violin, his only confidant, wept and sobbed for his hopeless love.

Claire Langelot, a gentle, affectionate girl, treated Lucien as her dearest friend and counselor, confiding to him her inmost thoughts. One day she artlessly told him of her love for Raoul Darbos, and then in a sudden burst of happiness, exclaimed:

"Here, Lucien, take your violin and play Clairette's Song for me!"

Ah, what bitter irony that was! The instrument was forced to sing her happy love, under his martyred fingers!

A little later, Raoul and Claire were married. Lucien played the wedding march. It was his own composition, and all through the music a mystic strain was interwoven by the master's skill, and filled the vaulted edifice with its tender melody.

The bride started when she recognized her favorite air.

"Poor dear cousin," she thought, "it is all for me that he is playing."

At the wedding breakfast they awaited the musician, impatient to congratulate him on his new composition, but he did not appear.

"An artist's caprice," said Uncle Langelot. "I'll wager that he is busy writing out his latest improvisation."

Claire was grieved at Lucien's absence, but that evening she and her husband set out for Fontainebleau, which was the first stopping place of their wedding tour.

On arriving at the hotel near the grand old forest, the young bride sat looking out of the window to enjoy the view and the sound of the [illegible] trees.

Night fell, calm and quiet, the trees were rustled by the caresses of the breeze, a sweet perfume came from the forest, and the only sound was a soft indefinable murmur that seemed like the breathing of nature.

Claire turned to Raoul, saying:

"Do you know, I am anxious about Lucien. He may be ill. I did not see him, even to say good-bye."

Raoul clasped her in his arms as he replied with love's jealousy:

"Forget him and every one, my wife, all your thoughts now belong to me," and beneath the blue sky where the golden stars were sparkling, she forgot all else in the embrace of him to whom she had given her heart.

Suddenly there arose on the still night air a soft strain of music that sounded like a sigh, a lamentation, and Claire, roused from her ecstacy of love exclaimed:

"Hark! That is Clairette's Song. Dear Lucien! I know that he has come to celebrate my happiness, to play for me on my wedding-night. But, ah, how sad the music sounds."

"You are dreaming my love," said Raoul, as he closed the window, "I did not hear any music."

She listened again, but the silence was unbroken and once more she forgot everything but her love.

At dawn the next day, in a pathway near the hotel there was found lying across his broken violin, the dead body of Lucien Langelot. The brief lament of unspoken hopeless love had floated up for a moment to the young bride's ear, but the last chord from Lucien's violin had awakened only the birds of the forest.—*The Epoch.*

Why the Dayaks Hunt Heads.

Many Dayak tribes of Australia are still addicted to head-hunting, a practice which has made their name notorious, and which but lately threatened the destruction of the whole race. It is essentially a religious practice—so much so that no important act in their lives seems sanctioned unless accompanied by the offering of one or more heads. The child is born under adverse influences unless the father has presented a head or two to the mother before its birth. The young man can not become a man and arm himself with the mandau, or war-club, until he has beheaded at least one victim. The wooer is rejected by the maiden of his choice unless he can produce one head to adorn their new house. The chief fails to secure recognition until he can exhibit to his subjects a head secured by his own hand. No dying person can enter the kingdom beyond the grave with honor unless he is accompanied by one or more headless companions. Every rajah owes to his rank a tribute of a numerous escort after death. —*Popular Science Monthly.*

An Electrical Riding School.

It is said that an electrical riding school is shortly to be equipped in Paris. This intention is doubtless attributable to the success which attended the opening of the electrical riding school in Nice last year. Here, it will be remembered, wooden horses were used, and propelled round the ring by the power of electric motors. There was a series of rings, on which an equal start was made, but the relative speed of the horses depended on the radii of the respective rings, those inside, of smaller circumference, being patronized by the steady-going and older individuals, while the delights of rapid locomotion were secured to the riders on the outer circles. At the same time the rider could reduce the speed or stop instantly by means of a controling arrangement. This refinement of the primitive merry-go-round created quite a furore in Nice, and it seems not improbable that before long it will find its way to this country.—*Times-Democrat.*

The Broom-Corn District.

Coles and Douglas Counties, in Illinois, produce half of the broom-corn grown in the United States. The soil of these counties, which is strong, quick, and rich, is well adapted for the culture of the brush. Fifty years ago the territory embraced by the two counties was a great swamp, full of large ponds and was called "sockum" land. Just what "sockum" means in this connection nobody seems to know. In later years the swamps and ponds were drained by means of large open ditches and miles of drain tile. This drainage left an almost inexhaustible soil. Broom-corn is supposed to exhaust soil more than any vegetable that grows in that climate, but there is a field near Rushton, in Coles County, owned by I. W. Sain, that this season produced its forty-sixth consecutive crop of broom-corn.—*Chicago News.*

"KNEE DEEP! KNEE DEEP!"

"Knee deep! knee deep!" I am a child again!
I hear the cowbells tinkling down the lane,
  The plaintive whippoorwills, the distant call
  Of quails beyond the hill where nighthawks fall
From lambent skies to fields of golden grain.
I hear the milkmaid's song, the clanking chain
Of plowman homeward bound, the lumbering wain,
And, down the darkling vale 'mid rushes tall,
  "Knee deep! knee deep!"

We're all at home—John, Wesley, little Jane—
Dead long ago!—and the boy-soldiers twain
  That sleep by purling stream or old stone wall
  In some far-off and unknown grave—we're all
At home with mother!—heartache gone and pain!
  "Knee deep! knee deep!"

—*Henry J. Stockard, in the Cosmopolitan.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Goes into tea without being asked—Milk.

Society leaders are in the swim everywhere but at the seaside.—*Puck.*

Arbitration gives two parties the halves of a pretty stale and bitter loaf.—*Puck.*

Ladies' change—that found in the pockets of husbands at night.—*Boston Courier.*

It may be said of a man who invests in a quarry that his lot is a hard one.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Some men stand on principles, others trample on them. The latter, naturally, make the most noise.

Silver is sold in France by the "kilo." In this country it comes in quartz.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

A man must necessarily have a sharp eye in order to cast a piercing glance.—*Binghamton Republican.*

"A good lathering is the first requisite of a good shave." "It is also the best thing for a bad shaver."—*New York Herald.*

"Do you dictate to your typewriter?" "I used to do so, but I married her and now she dictates to me."—*Boston Courier.*

There is reason in all things. Few never call their wives "old hens" until they became broilers.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Dedhed—"Say, doctor, what kind of medicine will cure my cold?" Doctor Smart—"The kind I prescribe."—*Yankee Blade.*

An uptown man recently left his family and has not since been found, although his nose turned up.—*Philadelphia Times.*

If money could be borrowed as easily as trouble, the world would be full of round-shouldered people.—*Indianapolis Ram's Horn.*

Waggin' Their Tongues.—"Did you ever know that a wagon spoke?" "Yes, I heard one complain about being tired." *The Bostonian.*

"You'll be a President, perhaps,
  If well you run life's race."
"I'd rather be," the boy replied,
  "The man who plays first base."
—*Washington Post.*

"The new assessor is a very honest man." "You don't say so! What has he been doing?" "Why, he told me he often taxed his own memory."—*West Shore.*

"Judge," said the prisoner, who had robbed an art store, in a pleading tone, "there ain't any law to prevent a man's taking photographs, is there?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Brown—"Hello, Smith, have you change for a V?" Smith—"Yes; here you are." Brown—"Thanks. I'll bring the five-dollar bill next week."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Groom—"A ring around the moon is the sign of rain." Bride (sweetly)—"And a ring around a woman's finger is the sign of——" Groom (sadly)—"Reign."—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

Miss Amy—"Now I'll sing you 'Only a Lock of Her Hair.'" Young Dolley (after she has made several false starts)—"You don't seem to have the right key for that lock."—*Lippincott's.*

Susan (reciting)—"Half a league, half a league, half a league onward—" Father—"There, Susan, that'll do. We don't want any of that baseball nonsense in this house."—*Boston Transcript.*

If progress, now so fresh and fleet,
  Keeps on, it's just as like as not
We'll take our baths, and shave, and eat
  By putting nickles in the slot.
—*Washington Post.*

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$1 00	$2 00	$3 00	$5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	36 00	50 00

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Huntersville, W. Va.

October 2, 1890.

Democratic Ticket.

For Congress—Third District,
JOHN D. ALDERSON,
Of Nicholas County.

For State Senator—8th Senatorial District,
J. W. ST. CLAIR,
Of Fayette County.

For Judge Supreme Court,
DAN'L B. LUCAS,
Of Jefferson County.

For House of Delegates,
I. B. MOORE.

For County Commissioner,
G. M. KEE.

For Clerk Circuit Court,
J. H. PATTERSON.

For Clerk County Court,
S. L. BROWN.

For Sheriff
J. C. ARBOGAST.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Senator Chas. J. Faulkner will address the citizens of Pocahontas County on the political issues of the day at Huntersville, on Saturday Oct. 11, 1890, at 2 o'clock p. m. Let everybody come out to hear him.

The democratic party of South Carolina is splitting apart on the line of intelligence. One wing has glued the seat of its pants down to dead issues that fatten only usurpers, speculators and office holders, while the other is moving on toward schoolhouses, daylight and the encouragement of industry by caring for the industrious, including the farmers. One portion of the party is anxious only for party supremacy, while the other is seeking general prosperity.

Never let rubbish accumulate in or about a house. That for which there seems no particular use in a family should be given away if it will be of any use to others, or destroyed. Many good people refrain from offering to others things they have no further use for, not from stinginess, but from fear of wounding sensitiveness, or pride of another; thus many a generous thought is strangled at its birth. This is because that it is not generally known that the thought behind the act is what others feel, and influences the manner in which a gift is received.

Be generous in thought. Cease to pity the unfortunate, and extend the hand to help them cheerily, as, where two who are friends are walking along the same road, one stumbles and the other helps to raise him. Help is better than pity. This spirit governing the act allows benefits to be received without any sense of mortal pride having play, and without that excessive gratitude which betrays loss of self respect. Who knows, in the ups and downs of life, how soon the one receiving favors may be the one returning them!

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

The partnership heretofore existing under the name of Lam & O'Farrell is desolved by mutual consent to take effect October 31st, 1890. We earnestly request all persons indebted to us to come forward and settle their accounts as we want to close our books by that time. The business heretofore conducted by Lam & O'Farrell will be carried on at the same place. The party taking charge will make his announcement through THE TIMES in due time.

Respectfully,
LAM & O'FARRELL.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 26.—"Might makes right" has always been the motto of the republican party. But it has never so openly lived up to the brigandish theory as during this session of Congress and the action of the majority of the House this week has been more revolutionary than ever before. When, after a three weeks struggle the republicans succeeded in mustering a quorum of their own, it was of course expected that they would seat the negro contestant Langston, whose case had been pending for more than two weeks; but that they would attempt to seat negro number two, without having given any previous notice of any intention to call up the case, and without allowing one word of argument, no one outside of those in the plot had the remotest idea. Well, that is exactly what was done. The Speaker ordered the South Carolina contested case of Miller vs Elliott to be called up, and in exactly thirteen minutes the House had unseated Col. Elliott and given his seat to the negro Miller. Several republicans, notably Representative Kerr, of Iowa, tried to persuade the Speaker to allow both sides to be heard before taking a vote, but the republicans hooted them down and proceeded to consummate the legislative disgrace. Privately, republicans apologizing for their unseemly haste, say that they feared they would not hold the quorum for any length of time.

The tariff bill has been reported from conference and while in some respects it is better than it was as passed by the Senate it is on the whole, the most atrocious piece of tariff legislation ever conceived by the republican party, and that is saying a great deal. It was only by the use of the party whip that an agreement was reached in conference, and about one fourth of the republicans privately curse the bill, which they say robs their constituents, but when a vote is taken every one of these men will be found smilingly voting for the bill as reported from the conference. There has been considerable talk about the democrats in the Senate taking advantage of the rules of that body to debate the report on the tariff bill until the first week in November in order to prevent the calling of an extra session for the purpose of passing the Force bill, but no such programme has yet been agreed upon, although in certain contingencies it may be done. Anything would be excusable and allowable to beat the Force bill.

Mr. Morton, the gentleman who presides over the Senate when he has nothing more pressing to do, seems to be a little slow in keeping up with the news procession. In spite of the fact that nine-tenths of the papers in the United States, aside from the cringing republican organs, last winter printed something about the bar-room in Mr. Mortons new hotel here, then just opened, and that the W. C. T. U. in national convention assembled passed a resolution censuring him for selling liquor by the drink he this week naively announced that he had just discovered that drinks were sold in his hotel, and at the same time he announced that he had at once ordered the sale stopped. If it were not for the honorable position he holds I should be inclined to call Mr. Morton a hypocrite.

The Senate has amended and passed the bill intended to make the United States Courts a part of the machinery of the republican party, although ostensibly its object is to define and regulate the jurisdiction of the United States Courts.

There are now three negroes sitting as members of the House of Representatives, two of them in stolen seats.

The season for booming summer resorts being about over, and that for winter resorts being not yet open, Mr. Harrison and his family returned to Washington.

It has been decided by the House committee on the Judiciary to make a favorable report on the bill, which has already passed the Senate, forfeiting the property of the Mormon church.

There is a screw loose in the Raum vindication, and one of the republican members of the committee is said to be opposed to the proposed white-washing. He is being "argued" with; hence the delay in making the report.

The House has voted without a division to expunge the speech wherein Mr. Kennedy called Senator Quay a modern Judas Iscariot and a felon, from the *Record*, and Mr. Kennedy made another speech stating that he was glad he made the first one, and that he still stood by his original language. Mr. Quay has been so busy trying to save his nominee for the governship of Pennsylvania from defeat that he hasn't had time to give the public his opinion.

Representative Flower doesn't seem to be worrying over the adverse criticisms of his management of the democratic Congressional campaign. He says wait until the returns are in and see the results of the committee's work.

WRIT OF ELECTION.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CHARLESTON, W. VA.
September 24, 1890.

THE STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA:

To the Commissioners of Election in the several Counties of the State:

A VACANCY having occurred in the office of Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals of this State, caused by the death of Hon. T. C. Green, of Jefferson county, one of the judges of said court, who was elected for the term beginning on the first day of January, 1881, and ending on the 31st day of December, 1892, you are hereby commanded, in the name of the State of West Virvinia, to cause a poll to be opened and an election to be held at the several places of voting in your respective counties, at the next general election to be held on Tuesday, the 4th day of November, 1890, for the purpose of electing a Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals to fill the the vacancy in said office for said unexpired term.

In Witness Whereof, I, A. B. Fleming, Governor of said State have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the said State to be affixed, at the Capitol, in the city of Charleston, this 24th day of September, in the year 1890, and of the State the twenty-eighth.

[L. S.]

By the Governor: A. B. FLEMING.
WM. A. OHLEY,
Secretary of State.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term 1890 in the cause of Samuel Judy vs. Henry C. Massey I will on Monday the 27th day of October 1890, offer for sale by public auction in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County, that certain tract of land containing 85 acres and 70 poles of land the property of the defendant Henry C. Massey, situate on the waters of Knapp's creek adjoining the lands of M. A. Friel and others. This is a valuable tract of land and has tract of land and has on it considerable improvements, including dwelling house.

TERMS OF SALE.

Sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of this suit and expenses of sale, and the residue in six months from the day of sale, bearing interest from that day, the purchaser to execute bond with good personal security for the deferred payment, and the title to be retained as ultimate security.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do certify that the Commissioner above has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. 18-4t. Printer's fee $8.88

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June Term 1890 in the cause of William Gibbs vs. C. A. Yeager and others, I will on, Monday the 20th day of October, 1890, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County that Certain tract of land containing 150 acres the property of the defendant C. A. Yeager lying on the East branch of Greenbrier River adjoining the lands of P. D. Yeager M. Yeager, and others, said land is fertile, well improved and has a comfortable dwelling house and outbuilding upon it.

TERMS OF SALE:

Enough cash in hand to pay the costs of this suit and expenses of sale and the residue in Six Twelve and Eighteen months from the day of sale, in Equal payments bearing interest from that day the purchaser executing bond with good personal security for the deferred payments and the title being retained as ultimate security.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. 18-4t. Printer's fee $8.75

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF Valuable Land in Pocahontas County.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered at the June term, 1890, in the chancery cause of Geo. A. Revercomb, Special Receiver &c. vs. A. O. Bonner. We the undersigned Commissioners, will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court house of Pocahontas County on the 20th day of October 1890. A tract of one hundred acres of land belonging to A. O. Bonner, situated on the South East side of Middle Mountain in Pocahontas County, W. Va., near the Big Spring. This one of the most valuable tracts of land in the County and is in a high state of cultivation.

TERMS OF SALE:

Sufficient cash in hand to pay cost of suit and expense of sale and the residue in three equal payments, payable in six, twelve and eighteen months respectively the purchaser to execute bond with approved security for the deferred payments, bearing interest from day of sale, and the title to the land as ultimate security.

GEO. A. REVERCOMB,
C. P. JONES. Com'rs.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do certify that the bond required by the decree in said cause has been duly executed.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. 18-4 Printer's fee $9.95

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF Valuable Hotel Property.

Pursuant to decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County entered at the October term 1889 and the June term, 1890 in the Chancery Cause of Peter Beverage and others vs. J. R. Apperson and others, and R. S. Turk, Trustee vs. Jennie B. Skiles and others, I will, as Special commissioner, appointed for the purpose sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County, W. Va., on

MONDAY, OCT 20th 1890

A certain tract of land containing one acre, on which is a large and commodious dwelling house and suitable out building's: situate at Varlinton, in Pocahontas county, being the same property formerly occupied by T. M. Skiles. This is a most desirable property suitable for hotel purposes or summer resort and located in a good neighborhood convenient to churches and schools.

TERMS OF SALE.

Sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale: the balance in two equal installments, falling due in 9 and 18 monts from day of sale. The purchaser to execute bonds with approved personal security bearing interests from date for the deferred payments; a lien will be retained on said property as ultimate security.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Special Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, clerk of the circuit court of Pocahontas county, certify that the above commissioner has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, cl'k cir. ct.

September 25-4w. Printer's fee $10.28.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C E. Beard. S B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I announce myself an Independent candidate for House of Delegates. If it should be your pleasure on the 4th day of November next, to elect me to represent you in the next Legislature, I pledge myself to use my utmost efforts to secure such legislation as will be favorable especially to the farming and laboring class, and to represent my constituents without partisan bias.

Respectfully,
H. B. SHARP.

HOME NEWS

—The contractors for removing the bridge at this place are in town.

—Deputy sheriff L. W. Herold, of Frost, called to see us Tuesday.

—J. F. Hull, Esq., of the firm of W. C. Hull & Son, of Edray, was in the city Tuesday and colled to see us.

—The workmen on the abutments for the bridge at this place are progressing finely.

—Mr. Price McComb, and son Beckly, Esq., of this place and several parties of this vicinity are attending the Staunton fair this week.

—Mr. M. W. Beard, of Beaver creek and Miss Arnett, of Monroe County, were married a few days ago. THE TIMES extends congratulations.

—Miss Fannie Wakeman, a charming young belle, of Dunmore, has been the guest of Miss Minnie McElwee, on Knapp's creek for a few days past.

—Witherow McClintic, Esq., passed through town Tuesday with a fine lot of sheep and cattle for eastern market.

—Any person desiring to obtain wintering for cattle on first-class hay will do well to apply to Harry M. Moore, of Dunmore, who has a considerable quantity of choice feed to dispose of.

—Attorney C. F. Moore in the interest of the Adm'r, attended the sale of the real ond personal estate of Sally Gum, dec'd, which took place near Green Bank, last Saturday. E. O. Moore purchased the land at $165.00.

—The marriage license business is quite brisk at this time. That's right young men marry while you're young, for when you get old it's not always you can.

—We received a communication from Geo. S. Moore, saying it is reported that the reasion he and his wife parted was because he abused her, which he wishes to say is false.

—Wesley Brown, (col.) passed through town to day with a carload of fine three year-old cattle belonging to C. B. Moore, Esq., of this place. We understand they were on their way to Philedelphia.

—The County Alliance, will convene here at 10 o'clock on Friday, Oct. 3rd. Change of hour by order of the President.

C. B. MOORE, Sec'y.

—Evangelist S. L. Wilson of the Greenbrier Presbytery, traveling in the interest of the Home Missions, preached last evening in the Presbyterian Church the final of a series of most excellent sermons. He is a fine preacher, clear expounder and undoubtedly the right man in the right place.

—We received an invitation to attend the marriage of Miss Maggie Plunkett and Mr. J. W. Higginbotham, in Staunton, Va., Oct. 1st, which occasion we very much regret are unable to attend. We extend our congratulations to this happy couple and best wishes for their future happiness and prosperity.

—Misses Isa McCutchen, Nelia Pritchard and Mary Cackley, of Dunmore accompanied by C. A. Pritchard, Esq., passed through town Tuesday on their way to attend a select school of young ladies at Mr. John Warwick's, near Edray, taught by his daughter Miss Emma, who is a very accomplished teacher.

—THE TIMES job office is over run with job printing at this time, but hope to get caught up in a few days.

—The time has come when forberance has ceased to be a vistue, and the good citizens of Huntersville will have to take prompt and vigorous action to put a stop to the disgraceful conduct of a few boys on our streets and at our Churches. When people lose all respect for themselves and others, and misbehave at Church and on the public streets as some have been doing the last few nights, it is high time for law abiding citizens to take the matter in hand. The law affords protection and could be vigorously applied.

—Miss Mary V. Beard and Mr. Sam'l E. McNeel both of near Academy, were married in the church at that place, Tuesday. The bride is a beautiful and an accomplished lady, while the groom is one among the most worthy young men of our County. Also license were issued Tuesday to Mr. J. T. Auldridge and Miss Lena McCoy, of near same place, and M. O. W. Ruchman and Miss Ollie Sutton, of near Green Bank, were married to-day (Wednesday. We extend to these happy young couples our congratulations and best wishes for long, happy and prosperous lives.

Gillispie Budget.

We can boast of fine fall pasture fat sheep, fat cattle and plenty of rain.

Capt. George Steel and C. O. Arbogast, Esq., have their hay bailer at Mr. Charles Burner's bailing hay. Mr. Arbogast has the contract for furnishing hay and beef to the Winchester lumber camp and he is delivering 40 ton of hay, and butchers two beeves a week for the camp.

Mr. B. B. Kerr, has sold and delivered 50,000 feet of plank during the last month. Robert is a hustler.

Mr. Adam Hevener died on the 18th of Sept aged 75 yr., 2 mo. and 26 days. Mr. Hevener was a good citizen; a consistent member of the Dunkard church, and acknowledged by all to be a christian. He leaves a widow, three sons and a daughter to mourn his loss. They have our sympathy.

Jacob Sheets has finished his job of logging here, and has undertaken to log a million feet at A. J. Moore's for Samuel Cooper of Green Bank.

The Jacob H. Arbogast farm was sold last Saturday by Com'r B. M. Yeager to J. L. Arbogast for $1755.

Mr. G. B. Slaven has just completed a very snug dwelling house, which adds very much to the beauty of our village.

POCAHONTAS.

Edray Items.

John Gay, Esq., of Marlinton is now very ill, he is not expected to live, he had been apparently improving in health for a few days, but last night (the 28th) he had another stroke of parlysis and seems to be nearing the "swellings of Jordan."

Wm. Gibson and wife, and son James and grand-daughter Levie Gibson, started on a visit to Indiana, a few days ago.

Corn crop is fine in this section, all well matured. Buckwheat failed to turn out well. Fall pastures are fine.

Mr. J. C. Gay, of Elk, has received by telegraph the sad news of the death of his son Charles L. at Spokane Falls, Washington. No particulars have been received yet.

Xx.

Farmers as a class have more need for legislation, more reason to ask it, more cause to demand it than any other one class. They have been robbed, ridiculed and ignored without mercy, and that, too, by the very men and their agents whom their votes have placed in office. They have kept on voting for just what they have received.

VILLAGE CAMP.

The Village Camp and Dedication of the Southern Methodist Church at Huntersville, commencing next Wednesday evening 7 o'clock in the M. E. Church South, this place, will be conducted services called a "Village Camp."

It is really no camp but custom has so designated it; there is no camping except in regular dwelling houses; and the services will be in the church and regulated to suit the occasion. There will be preaching at least every morning and evening so long as the meeting shall last.

According to present expectations Rev C. Sydenstricker, of Hillsboro will open the services by preaching Wednesday evening 7 o'clock, followed by Rev. W. H. Ballengee Thursday morning 11 o'clock.

This meeting is for the benefit of all who can attend; and all are invited.

DEDICATION.

On Sunday morning 11 o'clock, Oct. 12th, the dedicatory sermon setting apart the new church for the worship of God will be preached by Presiding Elder S. G. Ferguson.

The men who fail to protect their own rights have no good reason to expect others to protect them in their stead. Why farmers and laboring men come to the front as men of brains, organized and united, and demand their rights, they will receive them. Unorganized, no matter how large their numbers, they are weak and futile. Organized for political action, their strength is invulnerable.

Dunmore Doings.

Nice rains and big meetings.

Mis Cora Jones, the famous organist, has arrived at Dunmore and will teach in Capt. Smith's family. She was accompanied by her brother Arby.

B. L. Nottingham, Esq., and wife are attending the Staunton fair this week.

Auctioneer Swecker, will start next week to Beverly to commence large sale of stock and real estate and from there to Pendleton Co.

Mrs. Betsy Yeager died at the home of her son at Traveler's Repose, on the 29th Sept., aged about 80 years.

Mrs. Hulda Conrad is not expected to live at this writing.

TRAVELER.

SALE OF SCHOOL LANDS.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term for 1890, the undersigned Commissioner of School Lands, will sell at public auction, in front of the Court House Door of said County, on the 20th day of October, 1890 for cash, the following tracts of land to-wit:

1st. 1656 acres, part of an undivided tract of 2112 acres lying on the head waters of Thorney Creek, forfeited in the name of Reuben Buzzard.

2nd. 428 acres, part of said undevided tract of 2112 acres, forfeited in the name of James Wanless.

3rd. 100 acres, part of said undivided tract of 2112 acres, forfeited in the name of Wm. S. Grimes.

4. A tract of 89 acres lying on the waters of Sulingtons Creek, adjoining the lands of Harvey Nottingham and others forfeited in the name of Rachel C. McNeel.

5th. A tract of 21 acres of waste and unappropriated land lying on the Lime-Stone Run, adjoining the lands of A. S. Sharp and others.

6th. A tract of 2 acres of waste and unappropriated land lying on the waters of Knapp's creek, adjoining the lands of P. H. Leury and others.

The 89 acre tract and the 2 acre tract have on them fine banks of Iron Ore.

JOHN W. WARWICK,
Com'r of School Lands.

Sept 18-4t. Printer's fee $9.74

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF

Real Estate in Pocahontas County.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pendleton County, rendered on the 14th day of June, 1890, in the chancery cause therein, pending, in which John McCoy Adm'r of the estate of Pendleton McCoy dec'd is plaintiff and Pendleton McCoy's heirs et al, are defendants, I will as special Commissioner at the Court House of Pendleton County, on Thursday October 16th, 1890, proceed to sell the interest of Pendleton McCoy (being the undivided one half thereof) in a tract of land containing about 1629 acres more or less, situate in the county of Pocahontas and State of West Va., on the Rich Mountain and both sides of Greenbrier River about 8 miles north of Traveler's Repose.

This tract of land contains a large quanity of valuable timber, most of which is accessible to the Greenbrier River, the land is valuable for grazing purposes, a portion of it is improved, and has on it a comfortable dwelling house and some outbuildings.

Terms—Ten per cent of the purchase money cash in hand on day of sale, and the residue in three equal annual payments from day of sale, with interest from day of sale, the purchaser or purchasers to give bond with good personal security for the deferred payments and the title to the land sold to be retained until the further order of the Court.

M. K. BOGGS,
Spec'l Commissioner.

The Commissioner in the above named cause of P. McCoy's Adm'r vs Pendleton McCoy's heirs et al. has given bond with security as required, which has been approved by me.

J. F. BOGGS,
Clerk Circuit Court Pendleton County.

Sept 25-4t. Printer's fee $[illegible]

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY.

The Fall term will begin on the second Wednesday (10th) of September. New students will report for examination on Tuesday the 9th. Courses of study are offered in the Arts, Sciences, Engineering and Law. Also preparatory department. For information and catalogues apply to E. M. Turner, Morgantown, W. Va.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Dubious Forebodings—She Saw too Much—The Trouble—A Brutal Retort, Etc., Etc.

ONE SIDE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

"What do you like best about school, George?"

"Not gettin' caught whisperin'."

LOST TRACK OF THE PRICE.

New Boarder—What is the price of good, fresh butter?

Landlady—Really, I couldn't tell. It's been so long since I made any inquiries about it.

A CONDENSED QUART.

"What's this?"

"That's your condensed milk."

"But I ordered a quart—that's no quart."

"Yes, it is. It's a condensed quart."—[Bazar.

THE NEXT THING.

Mrs. Larkin (reading)—Mrs. McGill of Salt Lake City found a $5 gold piece in a crop of a chicken she was dressing for dinner.

Larkin—Now look out for an English syndicate to buy up all the chickens in the country.—[New York Sun.

A BRUTAL RETORT.

"A Portuguese proverb asserts that a contented ass enjoys long life."

"You ought to be able to get good insurance rates on that principle."—[Epoch.

SHREWD FLATTERY.

Agent—That child is very much like you, Madam.

"It is not my child, Sir."

"One would know that, Madam, for it is a very homely little thing."

A SUGGESTION.

"I don't know whether to make the incision from the left hankipanki over to the booriaboolaga, three inches, or to achieve the same results by cutting from the parallax straight through to the rutabaga," said the surgeon to his assistant.

"Take the short cut and you'll get there quicker, doctor," suggested the patient.—[New York Sun.

AN INTELLIGENT ANIMAL.

Cautious Dame—Are you sure this horse is suitable for a lady to drive?

Livery Man—Yes'm. He's a very intelligent hoss, mum, and won't let you run him into anything.

A SHOCK TO HIS FAITH.

"Now, Tommy," said that young man's mother, after a heated encounter in which he had come out second best, "say your prayers right away and get into bed."

"I already said 'em, maw," answered Tommy, "as soon as I found out you meant to gimme a lickin', but it didn't work."—[Terre Haute Express.

THE STOVE WENT OUT.

Mistress (during a heated term)—Get dinner to-day on the gasoline stove, Bridget.

Bridget—Plase, mum, I did thry, but th' stove wint out.

Mistress—Try again, then.

Bridget—Yis, mum, but it's not come back yit. It wint out t'rough th' roof.—[New York Weekly.

LOVE'S TIE DOESN'T BIND THE DOG.

Oh, love's a chain of wondrous might,
We find it so on we jog;
'Twill tie up hearts exceeding tight—
But will not tie the dog.
—[Washington Post.

STRUCK BY A TRAMP.

"What do you mean?" said a gentleman, jumping aside as a tramp drew back his hand as if to strike him.

"Nothing at all, sir," replied the tramp meekly. "I wouldn't strike you for $50, sir. No, sir," he continued hurriedly; "no, sir, I wouldn't. But if you will permit me I'd like to strike you for a quarter."

NOTHIN'.

"My dorg kin lick your dorg, Tommy Botkins."

"He can't do no such thing, Patsey McIntyre; I 'ain't got no dorg."

"Well, my pa kin lick yours."

"Can't neither; 'aint got no pa."

"Well, my ma kin lick yours."

"Bet she can't; ain't got no ma."

"What hev yer got, anyhow?"

"Nothin'."

"Well, jes yer come over here, an' I'll take that out o' yer."—[Harper's Bazar.

CHARGES SUSTAINED.

Immigrant Inspector—We have information that you came over here on contract... [illegible]

A TECHNICALITY.

Susie—Papa, isn't it murder to kill a hog?

Papa (who is a lawyer)—Not exactly. Murder is assaulting with intent to kill, the other is killing with intent to salt.—[Harper's Bazar.

EASILY SPOTTED.

Whene'er you meet a man whose face
Is very sadly patched,
As though he'd fallen through a hedge
And had it fiercely scratched,
Oh, do not dare to ask of him
The source of all his woe.
He's one of those who thinks that he
Can shave himself, you know.
—[Chicago Evening Post.

DUBIOUS FOREBODINGS.

Miss Columbia—Are you sure you really love me and are not marrying me on account of my wealth?

Lord Anglo—And are you sure you love me and are not marrying me on account of my title?—[San Francisco Wasp.

SHE SAW TOO MUCH.

She (after marriage)—You told me that I was your first love, but I have found a whole trunkful of letters from all sorts of girls, just bursting with tenderness.

He—I—I said you were the first I ever loved. I didn't say you were the only one who ever loved me. See!—[New York Weekly.

UNDECEIVED AT LAST.

Barber—Your head is full of dandruff, sir.

Customer—I'm glad you told me. I was under the impression that it was brains.—[Life.

THE TROUBLE.

"They say the sun never sets on the British Empire."

"Too many bayonets, I suppose."

A FAMILIAR CUSTOMER.

New Boy (at news stand)—That man has been standing there an hour reading all the latest weeklies and magazines.

News Man—Have patience. He'll buy a penny paper when he gets through.—[Good News.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

When night has let her curtains down,
with low and plaintive hum
Mosquitoes thirsting for our blood around
our pillows come.

We watch, we wait with bated breath
while strikes the midnight chime,
And hit our cheeks a stinging slap and
miss 'em every time.
—[Boston Courier.

THE MERCENARY GIRL.

Miss Gotham—What kind of scent do you prefer?

Miss Bullion—Cent per cent.—[New York Herald.

DIDN'T WANT ANY CONSCIENCE IN HIS.

"Can you recommend me to an artist who can make a picture of my hotel?"

"Yes. Try Smithkins. He's a straightforward, conscientious fellow."

"Then he won't do. The hotel is on a side street. I want a picture of it facing the square, with four-horse omnibuses and barouches passing up and down."—[New York Sun.

IMPRACTICABLE ADVICE.

Husband—Dr. Knowall says people should change their clothing with the weather.

Wife—Huh! And I haven't but ten dresses to my name, and only one waiting-maid.

PARTICULARS NEEDED.

Easterner (in far Western store)—Got any neckties?

Proprietor (mystified)—Um—er—what sort—silk, calico or hemp?—[Good News.

A POSER.

"They have one law for the poor and one for the rich."

"Oh, come! That's all cant."

"All cant, is it? Show me the time when Cornelius Vanderbilt or Mr. Astor has been sent up for vagrancy."

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

"Lives of rich men all remind us
We can make our own sublime,"
And by liberal advertising
To the highest summit climb.
—[Drug, Oil and Paint Reporter.

SLEEP IN THE WOODS.

They say that pines conduce to somnolence,
And leave the weary man both spa[n]
and spick.
To put a tramp to sleep, who gives offence,
There's nothing like a solid chestnut
stick.
—[Epoch.

HE LOVED PRECISION IN SPEECH.

A citizen who was stopped by a tramp on Michigan avenue the other day replied to his request by saying:

"No, sir—no, sir—not a penny! Yes..." [illegible]

IF YOU SWEAR

You May Be Interested to Know What Your Cuss Words Mean.

"You need not have looked severe because I said that I didn't care a dam," said a gruff old Senator. "That is not swearing. The expression has a very different meaning from what is popularly supposed, and was originated by the Duke of Wellington. A dam in India is the smallest piece of money known, and not to care that much means simply that one is very indifferent. That was all the phrase was intended to signify. The word 'damn' from the Latin verb meaning 'to condemn,' is a very different thing. Curiously enough it seems almost invariably to be the first word in our language acquired by foreigners, and it has always been such a favorite with the English that in the last century the French always referred to them as the 'Goddams.' A distinguished Gallic writer of that epoch said that English was a beautiful tongue and that 'Goddam' was the basis of it. 'People of that nation,' he remarked, 'have a few other words which they use in conversation, but the principal one is Goddam. You can go anywhere in England if you know that.'

"A funny misapprehension also exists as to the expression 'Go to the deuce.' People generally suppose that 'deuce' means 'devil,' whereas, as a matter of fact, it is derived directly from the Latin 'Deus'—'God.' So, when any one is telling you to go to the deuce he is unconsciously uttering the best of good wishes for your welfare.

"Speaking of Latin reminds me that among the ancient Romans it was considered the thing for each man to have some particular god to habitually swear by. Some swore by Jupiter, others by Mars, others still by Minerva, and so on. The demi-gods, like Hercules, Castor and Pollux, were also made use of in the way of oaths. Castor and Pollux were usually appealed to as the 'Twins'—'By Gemini!'—the phrase whence we get our exclamation 'By Jiminy.' It was not thought very proper for Roman ladies to swear by the male gods, but they were permitted to take the names of the Twins in vain, and also especially that of Venus. In moments of great aggravation they might go so far as to cry 'Mecastor!'—'By Castor!' The Greeks swore by the cabbage, which was the most prized of vegetables, and even to this day the same oath is often heard in Italy, while in France a lover is being intensely affectionate when he calls the lady of his heart 'petit chou,' or 'little cabbage.' 'By Jingo' is from 'Jincoa,' the Basque name for God. Barbarous tribes have been accustomed to swear by the head of their ruler. Queen Elizabeth was said to have been a very hard swearer, as ladies were very apt to be in her day. Louis IX of France forbade the use by his courtiers of such oaths as 'Pardieu,' 'Cordieu,' 'Tete-dieu,' and so on. There chanced to belong to one of the ladies of the court a small pet dog named 'Bleu.' The courtiers made up their minds to swear by the dog instead of the deity, and hence came the parbleus and corbleus of later times. Pythagorus had a favorite oath, which most people would consider not sufficiently forcible to be satisfactory. He swore by the number four, which the Greeks regarded as symbolizing perfection."

LIFE, says a Southern poet, is a battle. This fact may account for the innumerable majors and colonels in that delightful portion of our great and glorious land.

THE real giant is the man who overcomes himself.

If brevity is the sole of wit, levity is the upper.

"Miss Passéthal goes around a good deal." "Yes. She's a regular spinster."

Fly-time—When a mad dog is after you.

A great composer—Morphine.

Ice is very high in Switzerland. Some of it on Mount Blanc is over 16,000 feet above the sea level.

"Look out!" cried the pebble to the clam shell; "there's a cold wave coming."

People who say sharp things often get the reputation of being blunt.

That man is lucky who can partake of meals that his cook also relishes.

Fenderson always speaks of his son's allowance as the fresh heir fund.

The hen is not a cheerful fowl. She broods a great deal.

A title will often sell a book and always buy an American girl.

B N U 38

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, Editor and Proprietor. | TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: $1.00 Per Year, in Advance.

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TO THE "OPTIMISTS."

A white-winged bark went slowly
Away o'er the sunny sea;
Within a sweet child caroled
At the wave's low melody.
'Twas but a fair-day shallop,
With pinions all fine and light;
And soon the crested billows
Awoke in their reckless might.

* * * * *

In vain the anxious gazing
From the silent, weed-flecked strand;
The hat with ribbons briny,
On the foam-decked, glistening sand,
Is all that tells the story
Why the land-clasped bay is now
Empty, where in the morning
Lay rocking the milk-white prow.

How often men, like children,
Sail over life's sunny waves,
Recking nought of the dangers
That have made a thousand graves,
Seeing only the sunshine
On the sapphire sea asleep,
Until their gilded shallops
Are gulfed in the angry deep.

Better the watchful scanning
Of an ever-changing sky;
Better the careful furling
Of sails when the storm is nigh.
—*Clara J. Denton, in the Household.*

ONE GOWN FOR TWO.

Mrs. Hawes had returned to her work of looking over old coats and trousers with a view to making them into rugs. She remarked to herself, and to the cat, that it "wa'n't no manner of use to waste her breath callin' when folks didn't want to hear."

She stood tearing off a strip from an old-time Sunday coat belonging to her husband, when the door opened quickly, and a girl about sixteen years old walked in with an air as if she had been running.

"Here I am, mother!" she said. "What is it you want?"

Mrs. Hawes glanced up. "'Twas Marthy Jane I was callin'," she said.

"I'm Marthy Jane. O mother, when will you know me?"

The girl threw her head back and laughed. Mrs. Hawes dropped the coat-skirt, gazed a moment, and then laughed, too, but with a vexed air.

"That comes of havin' twins to contend with," she remarked. "I thought by the way you broke into the room 'twas Jane Marthy. She's liable to come through a door 's if she had ben shot out of a gun. Where've you both ben?"

"Down t' the brook. The wind blew so 't we didn't hear you when you first called. Did you want anything particular?"

The girl tried to speak patiently, though she was longing to go back and resume making a swing between the two cider apple-trees.

"Miss Lawler's just ben here," Mrs. Hawes announced.

"Oh, has she?"

Martha Jane clasped her hands as she put this question. Her face flushed and her eyes sparkled with interest. Her mother partially ripped a sleeve before she spoke again. Then she continued:

"She's decided to have that music party—musikarl, she calls it—next Wednesday evenin'. That German, Herr Rickerstruther or somethin' can come then—sooner'n she expected. She invited both you girls. She said it would be finer'n than anything you'd ever heard. Miss Dalrymple from Boston's goin' to sing. I thought you'd like to know right off. That's why I called, though I knew you was havin' a good time at the brook."

Martha Jane turned and walked to the window. From there she asked, "You said we were both invited?"

"To be sure. I'm afraid you'll have a hard time decidin'," the mother answered, anxiously.

"There's nothing to decide," said Martha Jane. "It's Jenny's turn. I went to the church fair last month, you know."

She came from the window and stood before her mother. She flung out her hands with a quick gesture as she exclaimed, passionately, "I do wish we had more than one dress! It does seem sometimes as if I couldn't bear it!"

"You don't wish so any more'n I do," said Mrs. Hawes. "You know just how 'tis. We keep havin' doctor's bills to pay for any sick spells, 'n' now it don't look 's if we could ever afford for you each to have a new gown. I s'pose we ought to be thankful you 's 'n have one, 'n' so swap 'round 'bout goin' to places, bein' just of a size 'n' like 's two peas, anyway. I wish 'twa'n't so, but I can't help it."

She sighed as she ran her knife across the stitches.

Martha Jane was moving restlessly about the room.

"P'raps Jane Marthy'd let you have her chance," suggested Mrs. Hawes, more to see what this daughter would say than for any other reason.

"I shouldn't wonder," was the response. "She's twice as good as I am, but she wants to hear that music as much as I do. She loves it just as well. No, it's her turn. She must go, and I must stay at home and envy her. It's horrid, horrid, to be so poor!"

The girl tried to keep the tears that rushed to her eyes from falling on her cheek. She saw her mother's lips tremble.

"I'll be good about it after a little," Martha Jane said, in an unsteady voice. "Only give me time to think it over and get the upper hand of myself."

She hurried out of the room, and up the steep stairs to the chamber under the roof which she shared with her sister. She sat down on the bed, crying out in a whisper, "I'd rather hear Miss Dalrymple sing than anything else in the world!"

Then justice compelled her to add, "So would Jenny, and it's her turn."

In ten minutes she came down the stairs. She opened the door and tried to speak with brave cheerfulness:

"All right, mother! I don't mean to be a mean wretch this time."

She ran at the top of her speed down to the brook, where her sister was now trying the new swing, dreamily "letting the old cat die" in the soft, sweet air.

Mrs. Hawes left her work and watched the young figure as it bounded along. "They couldn't either of 'em be mean wretches to save their lives," she said aloud, with a kind of sorrowful pride.

But Martha Jane had not yet fully got "the upper hand of herself." When she told Jane Martha of the invitation and said, "It's your turn, you know," she felt rather bitter. It seemed to her that her sister's turn always came to the best things.

There was silence for a moment. Then Jenny said, as if speaking to herself, "Only to think of hearing Miss Dalrymple sing!"

These twin girls were gifted not only with the musical temperament, but with rarely sweet singing voices. Not to be able to improve these gifts under competent instruction had been one of the great trials of their poverty.

Martha did not speak. She felt very hard and disagreeable. She recalled the resolves just made in the little chamber, but the recollection did not do her much good. She knew she was yielding to evil. She felt her eyes burn and snap.

The two girls sat in the broad seat of the swing, which barely moved. A red-shouldered blackbird came into one of the apple-trees over them, and sang out his delicious melody. At the first note Jenny turned toward her sister. She knew instantly all that Martha was feeling. She had a moment's fight with herself; then she said:

"You shall take my turn, and I'll have the next two turns at our gown. That'll be fair, won't it?"

Martha had spoken truth when she said that Jenny was better than she was. She knew in her heart that she had often taken advantage of that self-sacrificing spirit, and she had many a "crying fit" of remorse because she had done so. Now she was tempted again, and almost ready to yield.

She shrugged up her shoulders violently. "No," she said, with emphasis, "it wouldn't be fair. You know as well as I do that this chance is worth all we may have in a year." She made a great effort, and added: "And I won't take your turn, so there!"

She kept bravely to her resolve all through the three days which followed. It was Jenny, the lucky one, who went about her work in a perturbed state of mind. She kept looking forlornly at her sister.

It was only on the morning of the Wednesday that she appeared to cheer up somewhat. She had a private consultation with her mother, who constantly interrupted her with the exclamation: "The land's sake! It'll never do! It's just a crazy idea!" but she laughed as she uttered these interjections, and finally said: "Well, p'raps there's no harm in it, but don't ask me to help you, 'n' if you get into any trouble, don't blame nobody but yourselves."

"There's no trouble to get into," responded Jane Martha, confidently. "Nobody'll ever know anything about it, anyway. I'll go up to the village now and call at Mrs. Hardy's. I know she'll be willing."

It was not half an hour later when Mrs. Hardy, who lived just across the street from the tall, verandahed house which was Miss Lawler's home, opened her front door to find one of the Hawes twins waiting.

"Come in," she said, cordially. "Of course I don't know which 'tis, but you're welcome all the same."

"It's Jane Martha," replied the girl, stepping into the cool hall.

When she was seated by the kitchen table, whereon Mrs. Hardy was rolling pie-crust, she hesitated and blushed a good deal before she really announced her errand. When she had done so, however, she went on easily enough, and laughed with the good-natured lady who listened to her.

"Mother finally told me I might," she said, "if you were entirely willing."

"Just as willing 's I can be," was the answer. "There'll be a great time at the Lawlers' to-night. Very select, too. Only musical people going. I suppose Miss Lawler thought you and Martha Jane are musical, and so you are."

When, at a quarter before eight that evening, Jane Martha timidly went up the path leading to the great Lawler house, she saw through the windows how brilliant the rooms looked, and how lovely were the flowers in them. She felt very small, but still very eager.

Miss Lawler herself, a tall lady in thin, shimmering silk, was coming through the hall when the servant let in the twin. She smiled on the shrinking child, and Jane Martha collected her wits.

The first thing the lady said was what everybody said when Martha or Jane was met alone. "Which is it?" and when the girl had told her, "I'm sorry you could not both come. I'll put you in a good place where you can see and hear."

Jane, in the pretty light-colored cashmere which belonged to her and her sister, was placed in a chair near the door where she could see the piano and every one who played or sang. She looked at the open door and breathed a sigh of relief. Then she gave herself up to enjoyment.

The German Herr, as she called him, played. She had not known that a piano could sound like that, but still she waited for the singer. She knew that the slender girl in white, who had at her throat a cluster of carnation pinks, must be the one.

Yes, it was she; and at last she sang. It was only in dreams that Jane had ever heard such tones, but she had dreamed of them often, and now it had all come true. The notes penetrated and thrilled Jane's heart until she could bear no more. She had unconsciously pressed her hands to her bosom, and as the last high notes soared in pure sweetness, Jane, still not knowing what she did, rose from her seat and leaned forward.

Miss Dalrymple, turning when her song was done, saw the figure and met the vivid glance of the eyes.

Hardly noticing the applause, she turned to her hostess and said, "That child can sing?"

Miss Lawler looked at Jane, who was now shrinking back.

"Indeed, she can. You shall hear her. She loves music so well, I think she will not even be afraid to sing now."

"Let me ask her."

The next moment Jane Martha felt a hand on her shoulder. She looked up adoringly into Miss Dalrymple's face, and that lady felt that she had never given more pleasure.

"Will you sing for me?" she asked.

"Now?" whispered Jane.

"Presently. You shall stand close by me, and I will play for you. You shall sing what you please. Are you willing?"

"Oh, yes; for you!" answered the girl.

Miss Dalrymple smiled down upon her and took a small, cold hand in both her own.

So it happened that Jane's fresh, unsullied soprano voice, full of suggestions of power, was heard at Miss Lawler's musicale.

Miss Dalrymple listened in admiration. She rose from the piano and said, so that every one could hear, "I could not do nearly as well as that when I was of the age of this child. It would be a shame if such a talent should be lost."

Then there was the bustle of movement and compliment, and "the Herr" was going to play again.

Jane went back to her seat quite dazed by what she had done, and by what Miss Dalrymple had said. No one noticed her now, and she could listen undisturbed.

It was not until nearly an hour later, after cake and coffee and ices had been handed among the guests, that Miss Dalrymple again remembered the girl. There she was in her corner. She was eating an ice. The lady walked toward her.

"I want you to sing once more," she said. "I have a plan in my mind. Perhaps I can give you a couple of hours a week for the next few months. I shall live here with my friend until the winter."

The girl clasped her hands and began to tremble. She seemed bewildered.

"What, you are not afraid this time, are you? It was really a treat to hear you before, or I would not ask you when so many are present."

"Yes, I am afraid," said the girl, "but since you want me to try, I must."

Miss Dalrymple was sorry for the child when she had placed her by the piano again. The small face was white and the lips almost stiff.

"Take heart," whispered the lady. "You did so well before. What shall it be?"

When, at last, the song was selected, Miss Dalrymple looked at her companion in surprise.

"Do you know in what key that is written?" she asked.

"Yes."

"But can you sing as low as that?"

"Oh, yes."

The other stood in amazement, with the sheet of music in her hand.

"I don't understand it," she said.

The girl gazed pleadingly at her, but was silent.

In a blind way the accompaniment was begun; but when an untutored but rich contralto voice commenced the song, there was a sudden discord among the keys of the piano, and Miss Dalrymple wheeled round and stared at the girl beside her, who trembled so that she could hardly stand.

There was entire silence among the people present.

"What does it mean?" cried Miss Dalrympe, looking about her in wonderment. "It cannot be possible that this child has two distinct singing voices, one very high and the other very low. She is a phenomenon."

Judge Lawlor, in the door-way, began to chuckle audibly. He had seen a slight figure steal out and soon return, and now he thought he understood.

The girl, at whom everybody was looking, tried twice to speak before she could say a word. Then she burst out shrilly:

"Oh, if you please I am the other twin!"

"That explains," cried the Judge, and he began to roar with laughter. All the company joined in, and the "other twin" stood in the midst, blushing, and finally laughing, too.

"You are not the one who sang first?" she was asked.

"No, ma'am. That was my sister Jenny. It was my turn with the dress——"

Martha Jane stammered, then was silent, growing more painfully red than ever.

She had waited across the way at Mrs. Hardy's for her sister to leave the party. Then the two had changed frocks so that both should have a share of the music. This had been Jenny's little plot. In the hurry of changing she had not told that she had been obliged to sing.

"No matter about the dress now," said Miss Dalrymple, with ready tact. "Let us finish the song."

The distressed young face appealed to her deeply.

Afterward, sitting by the child, she heard why the twins were obliged to "take turns at everything nice," as Martha Jane expressed it. "But," said the girl, "it did seem as if we could not both give up hearing you. It was Jenny who thought up the plan."

The next morning Miss Dalrymple returned to Boston. As she left the phaeton in which Miss Lawlor had driven her to the station, she saw two girls in plain gingham gowns and broad hats hurrying down the road. They were the twins, and they brought two lavish bunches of roses, which they shyly offered.

It was Martha Jane who spoke for both. But all she was able to say was, "Miss Dalrymple, we could not help coming to see you off—and to thank you."

The singer kissed each young face as she took the flowers. She thought she had never received homage so sweet as that she saw in their eyes.

The train was coming. "I shall remember the lessons I am to give you," she said.—*Youth's Companion.*

London Purple.

The powder known as London purple is called a by-product, obtained in the manufacture of aniline dyes. The crude coal oil is first distilled to produce benzole, which is then mixed with nitric acid, and forms nitro-benzole. Iron filings are then used to produce nascent hydrogen, with an excess of nitric acid in the benzole. When distilled, aniline results; to this are added arsenic acid, to give an atom of oxygen, which produces rose aniline, and quicklime, to absorb the arsenic. The residuum, obtained by filtration, is known as London purple, after having been dried, pulverized, and passed through fine sieves or bolting cloth. It is composed of lime, carbonaceous matter, and arsenic acid, the latter being the active poisonous principle, as in Paris green.—*New York Sun.*

London swells are gradually going back to the close cut, tight trousers.

SMITHY SONG.

When I am half a-dreaming
And only half asleep,
When daylight's grayest gleaming
Glints through the blinds to peep,
Oh, then I hear the dinging
Of the smithy hammers ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

At eve when I'm returning
From labors of the day,
Their forges yet are burning,
And still their hammers play,
And oft the smiths are singing
To that measured, merry ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

Often with rhythmic bending
Of bodies to and fro,
They toil in couples, sending
The sparks out, blow on blow.
One hammer always swinging
The while the other's ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

Oh merry anvils sounding
All day till set of sun!
It is by steady pounding
That noblest tasks are done.
By sturdy blows and swinging,
That keep the world a-ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.
—*George Horton, in Chicago Herald.*

PITH AND POINT.

The man who dies without glory will never have his ghost shiver at the sight of its statue adorned with a Roman toga and an eighteenth-century wig.—*Puck.*

Maddox—"Look here, Simeral, don't you know it is dangerous to go into the water after a hearty meal?" Simeral—"I'm not going in after a meal. It's a bath I'm after."—*Bucket.*

Dumley—"My doeskin trousers are very much like the bills my tailor has sent in for them." Chumley—"In what regard?" Dumley—"Both need reseating."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

Man, irreverent, trifling man, should abstain from sneers at womankind till he has learned to hold a plate of ice cream on his lap without tocing in.—*Elmira Gazette.*

Dr. Brown-Sequard has a paper in the August *Forum* entitled, "Have We Two Brains or One?" Some months ago the public was curious to know if the good doctor had one brain or none.—*Fort Worth Gazette.*

An Economical Wife.—"I want an egg plant," said a young married woman to the grocer. "I'm sorry, but I haven't one in the store just now." "Well, I must get one somewhere and raise my own eggs, for I'm resolved not to pay such high prices for them."—*New York Sun.*

Poet—"I don't see how you have the cheek to charge $75 for that suit." Tailor—"My name is worth something, sir." Poet (drawing his check)—"Well, I'll take it." Tailor—"But this check is for $40 only." Poet—"I know it—but my name is worth something."—*New York Sun.*

"It was a brave act, young man," said the grateful father with deep feeling. "At the peril of your life you rushed into the burning building and saved my daughter. How can I ever repay you?" "Would a couple of dollars be too much?" suggested the brave rescuer.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The sun has settled 'neath the hill,
The dew has settled on the grass,
The birds that circle o'er the mill
All pause and settle ere they pass.
The miser's settled at his till,
The moth has settled in the flame,
And I alone, with that small bill,
Am ever constant—still the same.
—*Washington Post.*

Kangaroos for America.

We are assured on what seems good authority that the project of importing kangaroos into this country is seriously entertained by several enthusiastic and wealthy sportsmen of the west. The animals have been successfully acclimated in England and France, and we are assured that there is no reason why they should not thrive here. The practical extinction of the buffalo has left the plains without any big game of importance, and experienced sportsmen declare that hunting the kangaroo, as practiced in Australia, is second in excitement and in interest only to killing the buffalo. The scheme is not without commercial importance. Kangaroo leather is a very valuable product, and the animals breed rapidly. The promoters hope to be privileged to introduce the new game at the beginning of the warm season in the Yellowstone Park, and to insure them for a few years Government protection and immunity from [illegible] sportsmen.—*Helena (Montana) Independent.*

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

October 9, 1890.

Democratic Ticket.

For Congress—Third District,
JOHN D. ALDERSON,
Of Nicholas County.

For State Senator—8th Senatorial District,
J. W. ST. CLAIR,
Of Fayette County.

For Judge Supreme Court,
DAN'L B. LUCAS,
Of Jefferson County.

For House of Delegates,
L. B. MOORE.

For County Commissioner,
G. M. KEE.

For Clerk Circuit Court,
J. H. PATTERSON.

For Clerk County Court.
S. L. BROWN.

For Sheriff
J. C. ARBOGAST.

The democrats ask nothing better to go before the people with than the record of the majority of the Fifty first Congress. If the people can endure that record there is small hope for a continuation of the republic.

Shall the House of Representatives be a legislative body, as it will be if controlled by democrats, or shall it be the tool of one man and its duties be simply to record his will, as it is under Speaker Reed, and as it will continue to be as long as controlled by the republicans? These are questions for every intelligent voter to consider.

Andrew Carnegie, the Pennsylvania iron baron, is so happy over the passage of the tariff bill, which he knows will put millions in his pockets at the expense of the "dear people," that he had to unburden his mind to a New York republican paper of some of its superfluous elation. It would have been in much better taste had he unburdened his pockets, by raising the wages of his workmen, of some of the consumers cash which the new law presents him with.

"The art of being happy lies in the power of extracting happiness from very common things. If we pitch our expectations high, if we are arrogant in our pretensions, if will not be happy except when our self-love is gratified, our pride stimulated, our vanity fed, or a fierce excitement kindled, then we shall have but little satisfaction out of this life.

The republican Senate so loved the workingmen of the county that it refused to pass the bills endorsed by organized Labor. Speaker Reed probably knew that such would be the case when he allowed the bills to go through the House. In fact there is reason to believe that a bargain was made by which the republicans of the House could ask for the votes of the working men on the ground of having passed their bills, knowing the republicans of the Senate would prevent the bills ever becoming laws.

A bad wreck occurred early Sunday morning Sept. 28th, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad near Zanesville, Ohio, in which eight Railroad employees were killed and $100,000 worth of property was damaged. Two freight trains collided.

A beet sugar factory in Nebraska has started with good prospects of success, and if they prove to be what they seem, the new industry will open a new field for the farmers of that State. They need not then raise corn and use it as fuel, because the cost of shipping it to market is as much as it will bring.

Three thousand new enterprises have been established in the South during the last year.

The New Sugar Trust.

Thrifty housewives will thank Congress for free brown sugar and a lower duty on refined sugar, and will hope for a continuance of that boon. It is a good thing too that the policy of encouraging home production by bounties instead of by tariff protection has been inaugurated. Under that system the tax payer will see just how much he is paying and to whom he is paying it.

It is pleasant to know that the Treasury printing presses at Washington have been set running on an order for $9,000,000 in $10 notes —something badly needed now in current business through-out the country. It will, of course, take some time to complete these, but they will be set afloat at once as soon as ready, and batches of $5s and $20s will then be printed. Meantime the big fellows—the $1,000s, and $5,000s and 10,000s— will continue to be of some use in paying Clearing House balances, if not otherwise.

A short wheat crop having raised the price of that cereal the republicans straightway claimed that the increase in price was due to republican legislation. This is the sort of argument the republicans are using to catch votes with. Somebody seems to have forgotten the universal laugh which greeted a statement made on the stump some years ago by that shining light of the republican party, John Sherman, of Ohio to the effect that the unusually good crops of that year were the results of a republican administration.

Representative McAdoo, of New Jersey, who has been defeated for a renomination, in answering some injudicious friends who tendered him a nomination as an independent candidate, used words which are commended to every democrat disposed, for any reason, to be dissatisfied. He said "I cannot entertain this proposition. I am a democrat and I can not afford to compromise my position on the great questions which divide the two political parties. I shall remain true to the principles of the democratic party." Remember that you cannot support an independent candidate and still truthfully claim to be true to the principles of the democratic party.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

The partnership heretofore existing under the name of Lam & O'Farrell is desolved by mutual consent to take effect October 31st, 1890. We earnestly request all persons indebted to us to come forward and settle their accounts as we want to close our books by that time. The business heretofore conducted by Lam & O'Farrell will be carried on at the same place. The party taking charge will make his announcement through THE TIMES in due time.

Respectfully,
LAM & O'FARRELL.

WRIT OF ELECTION.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CHARLESTON, W. VA.
September 24, 1890.

THE STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA:

To the Commissioners of Election in the several Counties of the State:

A VACANCY having occurred in the office of Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals of this State, caused by the death of Hon. T. C. Green, of Jefferson county, one of the judges of said court, who was elected for the term beginning on the first day of January, 1881, and ending on the first day of December, 1892, you are hereby commanded, in the name of the State of West Virginia, to cause a poll to be opened and an election to be held at the several places of voting in your respective counties, at the next general election to be held on Tuesday, the 4th day of November, 1890, for the purpose of electing a Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals to fill the the vacancy in saip office for said unexpired term.

In Witness Whereof, I, A. B. Fleming, Governor of said State have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the said [G. S.] State to be affixed, at the Capitol, in the city of Charleston, this 24th day of September, in the year 1890, and of the State the twenty-eighth.

By the Governor: A. B. FLEMING.
WM. A. OHLEY,
Secretary of State.

NOTICE.

Pursuant to an order of the County Court J. C. Price, Asbarry Dysard and S. B. Hannah, are appointed Commissioners to let to contract that part of Dunmore and Stony Bottom road known as the Snake Dam on Greenbaier river, on Oct. 18th at 10 a. m. Contractor to give bond and security. Specifications made known on day of letting. Com'rs reserving the privilege of rejecting any or all bids.

COMMISSIONERS SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term 1890 in the cause of Jamuel Judy vs. Henry C. Massey I will on Monday the 27th day of October 1890, offer for sale by public auction in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County, that certain tract of land containing 55 acres and 70 poles of land the property of the defendant Henry C. Massey, situate on the waters of Knapp's creek adjoining the lands of M. A. Friel and others. This is a valuable tract of land and has tract of land and has on it considrable impravements, including dwelling house.

TERMS OF SALE.

Sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of this suit and expenses of sale, and the residue in six months from the day of sale, bearing interest from that day, the purchaser to execute bond with good personal security for the deferred payment, and the title to be retained as ultimate security.

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Com'r

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do certify that the Commissioner above has given bond as required by law.
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. 18-4t. Printer's fee $8.88

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June Term 1890 in the cause of William Gibbs vs. C. A. Yeager and others, I will on, Monday the 20th day of October, 1890, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County that Certain tract of land containing 120 acres the property of the defendant C. A. Yeager lying on the East branch of Greenbrier River adjoining the lands of P. D. Yeager M. Yeager, and others, said land is fertile, well improved and has a comfortable dwelling house and outbuilding upon it.

TERMS OF SALE:

Enough cash in hand to pay the costs of this suit and expenses of sale and the residue in Six Twelve and Eighteen months from the day of sale, in Equal payments bearing interest from that day the purchaser executing bond with good personal security for the deferred payments and the title being retained as ultimate security.

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Com'r

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has given bond as required by law.
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. 18-4t. Printer's fee $8.75

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF

Valuable Land in Pocahontas County.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered at the June term, 1890, in the chancery cause of Geo. A. Rivercomb, Special Receiver &c. vs. A. G. Bonner. We the undersigned Commissioners, will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court house of Pocahontas County on the 30th day of October 1890. A tract of one hundred acres of land belonging to A. G. Bonner, situated on the South East side of Middle Mountain in Pocahontas County, W. Va., near the Big Spring. This one of the most valuable tracts of land in the County and is in a high state of cultivation.

TERMS OF SALE:

Sufficient cash in hand to pay cost of suit and expense of sale and the residue in three equal payments, payable in six, twelve and eighteen months respectively the purchaser to execute bond with approved security for the defered payments, bearing interest from day of sale, and the title to the land as ultimate security.

GEO. A. REVERCOMB,
C. P. JONES, } Com'rs.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do certify that the bond required by the decree in said cause has been duly executed.

JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sept. 18-4 Printer's fee $9.95

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF

Valuable Hotel Property.

Pursuant to decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County entered at the October term 1889 and the June term, 1890 in the Chancery Cause of Peter Beverage and others vs. J. R. Apperson and others, and R. S. Turk, Trustee vs. Jennie B. Skiles and others, I will, as Special Commissioner, appointed for the purpose, sel at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County, W. Va., on

MONDAY, OCT 30th 1890

A certain tract of land containing one acre, on which is a large and commodious dwelling house and suitable out building's; situate at Marlinton, in Pocahontas county, being the same property formerly occupied by T. H. Skiles. This is a most desirable property suitable for hotel purposes or summer resort and located in a good neighborhood convenient to churches and schools.

TERMS OF SALE.

Sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale; the balance in two equal installments, falling due in 9 and 18 months from day of sale. The purchaser to execute bonds with approved personal security bearing interests from date for the deferred payments; a lien will be retained on said property as ultimate security.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Special Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, clerk of the circuit court of Pocahontas county, certify that the above Commissioner has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, cl'k cir, ct.

September 25-4w. Printer's fee $10.38.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in he Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pacahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,
Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will Practice in the Circuit Court o Pocahontas county.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.
Our Hotel is new, large and comfortable, and no paines will be spared to keep a first-class house in every respect.
Horses well provided for.
Chagges reasonable.
G. W. WAGNER, Proprietor.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I announce myself an Independent candidate for House of Delegates. If it should be your pleasure on the 4th day of November next, to elect me to represent you in the next Legislature, I pledge myself to use my utmost efforts to secure such legislation as will be favorable especially to the farming and laboring class, and to represent my constituents without partisan bias.

Respectfully,
H. B. SHARP.

HOME NEWS

—County Court Tuesday.

—Several persons attended Court Tuesday.

—Capt. C. B. Swecker, was in to see us last Friday.

—The farmer's alliance met here last Friday.

—Hon. Chas. J. Faulkner will speak in Huntersville Saturday.

—Attorney C. F. Moore started Monday morning to the various booming towns of Va.

—Don't forget to come to town Saturday and hear Senator Faulkner speak.

—The new expanded iron fence is finished around the Methodist Church lot.

—Mr. John G. Beard, of Academy, called to see us last Friday, while in the city.

—Mess. B. E. Fleisher and R. B. Campbell, of Monterey, Va., were in town on the 2nd.

—Dedication of the Methodist church South next Sunday 11 o'clock a. m.

—Mrs. Maomie Dilley near Dilley's Mill has been quite ill for some time.

—The new expanded iron fence around the Court House square is completed and adds greatly to its appearance.

—The new dwelling house of Attorney L. M. McClintic under the supervision of contractor Albert Sharp is rapidly nearing completion.

—The bridge which now spans Knapp's creek below the jail is being taken down to be removed to the new abutments a few hundred yards up the creek.

—In a case of a Webster county justice one of the lawyers made fun of the other's grammar. The court at once arose and said: "Mr. P. ff you air one of them what thinks grammar runs this court you're barking up the wrong tree. If I hear any more sich remarks I 'fine you $10."

—Mess. G. R. Curry, and Wm. M. Burns, of Academy, C. B. Swecker, B. F. McElwee and Harry Moore of Dunmore; D. B. McElwee, and H. Lee White of Drisol, E. L. Beard, of Locust and M. J. McNeel, of Mill Point, were in the city last Friday.

—The following gentlemen were in attendance at County Court Tuesday: Messrs. A. M. Barlow and Geo. P. Moore, of Edray; J. C. Price, of Clover Lick; Mathew Wallace, C. E. Beard, M. J. McNeel, of Mill Point; Jno. A. McNeel, of Sunset; C. L. Austin and S. B. Hannah, of Green Bank; A. K. Dysard, and Jno. A. Geiger, of Driftwood; A. M. McGlaughlin, of Marlinton and H. H. McClintic of Buckeye.

—Matrimony is getting to be quite popular now among the colored people here. Last evening when Titis Carter witnessed the secure hitching together of Rachael Dickason and his son Bill, he said to the preacher "If I'd a know'd you was heah boss I'd a brung down "Jim Jerd" and my darter "Lize," they's gwine ter get married too boss."

—The 3rd Quarterly meeting for Huntersville Circuit M. E. C. S. will be held at Bethel next Sunday and Monday 12 and 13 after preaching Sunday afternoon 3 o'clock the Presiding Elder will administer the sacrament of the Lords Supper. Preaching Monday morning 11 o'clock after which the Quarterly Conference will be held.

—The village camp will commence at this place in the Methodist church to-night. Preaching to-night by Rev. C. Sydenstricker of Academy and to-morrow at 11 o'clock, A. M. by Rev. W. H. Ballengee, of Green Bank.

—Some employments may be better than others; but there is no employment so bad as the having none at all. The mind will contract a rust and an unfitness for everything, and a man must either fill up his time with good or at least innocent business, or it will run to the worst sort of waste—to sin and vice.

—The celebrated Parisian chemist, Mark Avalon carried the science of chemistry to such an extent, that enveloped in a cloud of fumigations rising from chemics mixed by his own hand, is said to have transformed from the polished gentleman that he was into a snaggle fanged, blear eyed, bloody knif red bloused demon. *It was his art.* This does not explain how the proprietor of the C. F. Moore law office, full bearded and waxing as he appeared to be somewhat into middle life, shut himself up and again appeared ten or twenty years younger—a *strange youth* almost unknown. Did he unsleep as long as Rip Van Winkle slept? Did he dip in the fountain of perpetual youth? No, *it was a razor.*

Big Springs Items.

The lumbermen parade which left Big Spring and Mingo on the 17th Sept. consisted of thirty-three teams which hauled 38,000 feet of fine cherry lumber. F. W. Brown offered a prize of $5.00 to the four horse team that hauled the largest load and $3.00 to the two horse team. He also gave a free dinner. The largest load hauled by the four horse team weighed 8,800 pounds, 21,000 feet. The two horse load weighed 5,100 lbs. Mr. Brown has been shipping about 30,000 feet every week for several weeks.

One immense cherry log cut on Col. Gatewood's place furteen feet long contained 1,400 feet of lumber.

Mr. Uriah Bird hauled 50,000 feet of merchantable lumber from this place last week, all cherry.

Col. Gatewood and wife are visiting Mrs. Gatewood's father, Judge J. W. Warwick, of Warm Springs, Va.

A fatal accident happened to Mr. Henry Thomas near here Friday evening, Sept. 26th while out logging. Just as they were quitting work, that evening there was one log off that Mr. Thomas thought he would put into the shoot. He stuck his cant hook into the log and started it down, he running with it, the log was going very fast and struck a small stump with great force, throwing him violently against the handle of the cant hook which struck him in the stomach. He was carried to the house, and all that medical aid could do was done but without avail. He died at 12 o'clock Saturday night.

WILSON.

Sad Result of a Fist-Fight.

On Thursday evening last, W. T. Taliaferro, a student at the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, from Gloucester county, Va., aged about sixteen years, and Frank W. McConnico, of Texas, aged about twenty, concluded to settle a difference between them about drill duty by a regular fist-fight. Each choose his friends and they repaired to a room on the premises to determine the difficulty by an old fashioned set-to. They fought fifteen rounds and both were severely punished—yound Taliaferro the most. He was taken to his room, and after being washed and put to bed, went to sleep, from which he never awoke. McConnico was prostrated from the effects of the blows received in the fight, and was overcome with grief when he learned of the death of his antagonist.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of the transfers of real estate for the month of September:

A deed from Jno. T. Wooddell Alice Wooddell, Andrew C. Wooddell and Francis Wooddell to H. A. Yeager for land on west side of the Alleghany mountain.

From Andrew O'Bryan and wife to Alfred Rheinstrom, of Charleston 140 acres of land on Monday Lick run on Buckley Mt.

From H. F. Clark and wife and John Kellison and wife to Alfred Rheinstrom, for 685 acres, on east side of Greenbrier river.

From Jos. Cline and wife to Alfred Rheinstrom for land on Beaver Lick creek.

From J. B. Piles and wife and others to Alfred Rheinstrom for land on Beaver Lick creek.

From B. H. Waugh and wife to M. M. J. Childers and heirs for land in Little Levels.

From Geo. A. McNeel and wife and others to Alfred Rheinstrom for land in Buckley mountain.

From Andrew McGlaughlin and wife to Alfred Rheinstrom for land on Buckley mountain.

From Wm. L. McNeel and wife and others to Alfred Rheinstrom for land on Buckley mountain.

From Alfred Rheinstrom to W. H. McClintic for land on Buckley mountain.

From Alfred Rheinstrom to A. F. Rice, of Wheeling for land on Buckley mountain.

From G. C. McGlaughlin to H. A. Yeager for land near Green Bank.

From Jas. Cooper and wife of Baltimore to Sam'l Cooper for a one half interest in land on west side of Greenbrier river adjoining the lands of Uriah Hevener and others.

From Sam'l Cooper and wife to the St. Lawrence Boom & Mf'g Co., for land on Greenbrier river.

From Otho Gum and wife to Mary A. Wade for land on Anthony's creek.

From Mary A. Wade and husband to Margaret Ann Wade for land on Anthony's creek.

A bold and successful train robbery occurred, on the Cincinnati Sandusky and Cleveland railroad, on the 2nd inst. The robbers secured about $1,000.

SALE OF SCOOL LANDS.

Pursuant to decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June term 1890, the undersigned Commissioner of School Lands, will sell at public auction, in front of the Court House door of said County, on the 20th day October, 1890 for cash, the following tracts of land to-wit:

1st. 1656 acre part of an undivided tract of 2112 ac lying on the head waters of Thorn Creek, forfeited in the name of Ben Buzzard.

2nd. 428 acre part of said undevided tract of 2112 acres, forfeited in the name of James unless.

3rd. 107 acre part of said undivided tract of 2112 ac forfeited in the name of Wm. S. Grim

4. A tract of acres lying on the waters of Sitlingss Creek, adjoining the lands of Henry Nottingham and others forfeited the name of Rachel C. McNeel.

5th. A tract of acres of waste and unappropriated ld lying on the Lime Stone Run, adjoing the lands of A. B. Sharp and others.

6th. A tract of acres of waste and unappropriated ld lying on the waters of Knapp creek, adjoining the lands of P. H. Ley and others.

The 89 acre tract and the 2 acre tract have on them Streaks of Iron Ore.

JOHN . WARWICK,
Com of School lands.

Sept 18 4t. Printer's fee $9.34

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF

Real Estate in Pocahontas County.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pendleton County, rendered on the 14th day of June, 1890, in the chancery cause therein, pending, in which John McCoy Adm'r of the estate of Pendleton McCoy dec'd is plaintiff and Pendleton McCoy's heirs et al, are defendants, I will as special Commissioner at the Courthouse of Pendleton County, on Thursday October 16th, 1890 proceed to sell the interest of Pendleton McCoy (being the undivided one half thereof) in a tract of land containing about 1629 acres more or less, situate in the county of Pocahontas and State of West Va., on the Rich Mountain and both sides of Greenbrier River about 8 miles north of Traveler's Repose.

This tract of land contains a large quanity of valuable timber, most of which is accessible to the Greenbrier River, the land is valuable for grazing purposes, a portion of it is improved and has on it a comfortable dwelling house and some outbuildings.

Terms—Ten per cent of the purchase money cash in hand on day of sale, the residue in three equal annual payments from day of sale, with interest from day of sale, the purchaser or purchasers to give bond with good personal security for the deferred payments and the title to the land to be retained until the further order of the Court.

M. K. Be...
Spec'l Com...

The Commissioner in the ... ed cause of P. McCoy's Adm ... dleton McCoy's heirs et al. ... bond with security as requ... has been approved by me.

J. ...

Clerk Circuit Court ...
Sept 25-4t

WEST VIRG...

The Fa... second ... tember ... for ... 9th. ... in th... and ... pa...

A TERRIBLE PRISON.

THE LOATHSOME TORTURE HOUSE OF MACEDONIA.

Pitiable Aspect of the Unfortunate Captives—Chained to Pillar and Tortured by Bugs and Ants—A Charnel House.

[illegible]

Hands and feet are bound together and the man is placed at a pillar to which his head is fastened. The victim is thus absolutely unable to move. The preparations completed, the torture begins. There is always a stock of large ants kept ready in little boxes, and of these about fifty are placed upon the body of the poor wretch. The tortures he endures from the bites of these insects seldom fail to make him confess, no matter whether guilty or innocent. Upon others the same effect is produced by chaining them to the pavement of the courtyard and exposing them for a whole day to the scorching rays of the sun without the power of moving a limb. Never in my life had I so fully appreciated the privilege of breathing fresh air as when I turned my back upon the prisons of Uskub, which, moreover, are but a specimen of what may be seen in every city of Macedonia."

A SHAVED COUNTRY.

Curious Appearance Old Mexico Takes on During the Dry Season.

The City of Mexico is 7,500 feet above sea level. During the day the temperature fluctuates between 70 and 90 degrees, but at night it never gets above the sixties, so the year around you cannot sleep without a cover. The rainy season lasts about three months during the summer. Then the country is verdant, the pampas grass flourishes on the great ranges and rich foliage covers mountain and valley along the rivers with mantles of green.

The dry season lasts about nine months, and before it ends things are pretty well burned up. But bounteous crops are harvested during the summer months and garnered for the dry season. After the rainy season the grass on the ranges is cured on the ground by the sun, the same as hay is cured by being mowed, and thus it furnishes food for the cattle. Before the dry season is ended, however, the grass is nibbled close to the sod, and then the whole face of the country looks as though it had been shaved. In some places the forests are heavy, but in others not a tree can be seen.

Mahogany, rosewood and pine flourish in abundance along the Monterey & Gulf Railroad, and for miles the trees are of mahogany. The gold and silver mines are but indifferently developed. Surface mining is about the only kind done. Prospectors expect to find coined dollars on the ground, and when they are disappointed they leave in disgust. Last year enough wheat was raised in Sonora to supply five other States. The people did not know what to do with it.

With their old-fashioned habits they did not know how to take advantage of their prosperity, and so lost much, but a great deal of it was shipped to New York and Europe. Every year the Mexican merchants visit Germany, France and England, and purchase a season's stock of merchandise, which is shipped to them in clipper ships by way of Cape Horn. This they do because the tariff of the United States prevents Mexico from making cheap purchases in the States.

Cheap Labor in Mexico.

The erect, military figure of D. W. Grubb, ex-Mayor of Indianapolis, was a prominent feature of the Palmer House rotunda in Chicago the other day. Mr. Grubb has been in Mexico for seven years, having conducted a bank in the mining district of Paral, Chihuahua, during that time. He had something interesting to say about immigration. "Mexico has always encouraged immigration," remarked Colonel Grubb, "but in the case of the proposed negro exodus from the United States the Mexican press has opposed it at every point. The country has enough cheap labor, it contends, and does not want any more. Capital will be welcome, but of negroes the country has enough.

"You see, even colored men and women from the South cannot compete with peon labor. If I had my papers here I could show you a letter from a representative Mexican, in which he contends that peons are paid enough when they get eighteen cents a day. The writer observes that all they want is six cents for beans, three cents for corn, three cents for candles and six cents for clothing and the support of their families. This letter was written by the owner of one of the largest haciendas, or plantations, and was intended in good faith."—[San Francisco Chronicle.

Queer Place for a Tree.

"One of the most unique things I have ever seen on my travels," said Arthur Thomas, of New York, "is the old Court-House in Greencastle, Ind. I was in the town the other day, and my attention was called to a full-grown tree. Now, the curious thing about this tree was that it didn't grow on terra firma but on the tower of the Court-House. The tree sprouted years ago from a crevice in the bricks of the tower, and it developed year after year until now it is a foot or more in circumference at the trunk. It is one of the most curious tree growths I have seen anywhere. It will have to go soon, however, for the county is going to construct a new Court-House. It seems a pity that it cannot be preserved, for it is a fine specimen of erratic tree growth."—[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

IN ANOTHER LIGHT.

Fond Young Mother—What a pity that babies can't talk!

Husband—I think it's a great blessing.

"Why, Harry, how can you talk so?"

"Well, if babies could talk I think they'd do a lot of swearing when half a dozen women got at them and teased them for hours at a time."—[Lewiston American.

Bashful Jerry.

"O, mother," cried little Jerry, running into the house one June day, "Sarah Munn says that Nan Scott is a-going to have a party next Friday! It's her birthday, and she's a-going to ask all the little girls and boys on this street."

"Then I suppose you'll be invited, Jerry," said his mother with a smile.

"Do you really s'pose I shall?" asked Jerry, earnestly. "Oh! oh! I never went to a party in all my life!"

This was Tuesday, and every day until Friday Jerry heard something more from Sarah Munn about that wonderful party. Jerry was the most bashful little boy in all the world, but Sarah was willing to do all the talking, so she would tell him all the new things she saw and heard connected with the party, and Jerry would scamper home and repeat it to his mother.

"Nan's having a new white dress made on very purpose for the party, Sarah says, with pink sash and pink bows on the sleeves, and she's a-going to wear pink ribbons on her hair and pink strings in her slippers. Don't you think pink shoe-strings would look well for me," asked Jerry, looking down at his old shoes, "to wear with my white stockings and checkered trousers, you know?"

His mother smiled. "You're not invited yet, Jerry, and if you are, I think black shoe-strings look better than pink on a big boy."

Jerry liked to be called big, if he wasn't but 6 years old.

Another day Sarah described the cakes. "Such lots and lots of sugar cookies in hearts and rounds, and frosted cup-cakes, and two great sheets of sponge-cake, and the beautifullest birthday-cake you ever did see, with six tiny bit dollies stuck up in the frosting, looking just as if they were wading in snow."

"Oh," said Jerry, "don't you think I shall be invited, mother?"

His mother wasn't sure, but on Friday morning the invitation came. "Come at three o'clock," it said.

"What shall I wear?" asked Jerry, and long before noon he had all of his meeting clothes laid on the bed ready to put on, and all the while he talked about the supper and the plays.

By three o'clock he was washed and brushed and dressed ready to go. "Slick as a trout," grandma said. And then he began to dread going.

"Go with Sarah Munn," said his mother.

"Oh, no," cried Jerry, "I'd rather not."

"Then go with Ernie Jones or Don Powers or Harry Hart."

But Jerry still made excuses. For two hours that bashful boy hung around, while his mother urged him to go. Finally he poked out on to the sidewalk, and there he could see the children at play in Nan's yard.

"I guess I'll go now, if you will just go with me," he said to his mother at the open window.

So she put down her sewing, put on her hat, and went out. As soon as they started Jerry began to hang back again.

"I shall come home just as soon as I eat my supper," he said.

"You may if you want to," replied his mother.

"Well, I can't bear to go anyhow," said Jerry, stopping short.

"Come back home, then," said his mother, so back home they went. And that was the end of Jerry's first party.—Youth's Companion.

"With all her faults I love her still," said the man who paid court to the widow with large possessions in whisky interests.

If brevity is the sole of wit, levity is the upper.

"Miss Passeful goes around a good deal." "Yes. She's a regular spinster."

Fly-time—When a mad dog is after you.

A great composer—Morphine.

Ice is very high in Switzerland. Some of it on Mount Blanc is over 15,000 feet above the sea level.

"Look out!" cried the pebble to the clam shell; "there's a cold wave coming."

People who say sharp things often get the reputation of being blunt.

That man is lucky who can partake of meals that his cook also relishes.

Fenderson always speaks of his son's allowance as the fresh heir fund.

The hen is not a cheerful fowl. She broods a great deal.

A title will often sell a book and always buy an American girl.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: $1.00 Per Year, in Advance.

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Forgotten Friends.

Forgotten friends, you who have flown;
Though unremembered, not unknown—
Like cherished blossoms, faded, dead,
Which still the sweetest perfume spread;
Or faintest echoes softly blown—

You have not left me quite alone,
Though we have very strangely grown,
Yet memory holds a golden thread
Forgotten friends.

Within my breast I still enthrone
The light that from your presence shone.
Your sun is set, but from the red
Of mem'ry's sky a glow is shed;
Names, faces, gone; yet all my own
Forgotten friends.
—[Chicago Post.

A WILD RIDE.

BY MARY C. PRESTON.

In the low little cabin Mattie Dallas stood alone, her face set and white, her brown hands clenched together.

She could hear the unsteady footfalls that grew more and more distant with each moment, and knew that her father was gone back to report what had passed between them to Gil Jones, the brutal, black-browed liquor-seller of the settlement.

What had passed between father and daughter had stirred up all the evil in the man's nature, all the force in the girl's; and as she faced him, defiant, fearless, white of face and steady of eye, Jason Dallas had lifted his rough right hand and struck her brutally.

"You will say yes, now, curse you," he had shouted.

But she, faint, reeling from the blow, still met his blazing eyes as before.

"I will never marry Gil Jones," she told him, in a low, hoarse, determined voice. "He may do what he will with you; if you owe him money you shall pay it in some other way—not with my young life! He is a brute and a coward, a gambler and a drunkard. I know what my mother bore; I will not follow in her footsteps. Strike me again if you will—you struck her the day before she died—but I tell you I will not marry Gil Jones—no, not to save you from the gallows."

Curses deep and deadly had bubbled over the bearded lips of the half-intoxicated man; but something—was it mention of the dead mother?—made him hold his hand.

"And I say you shall!" he cried. "We've sent to Dent's Peak for the justice, and he'll be here by daylight. Willing or unwilling, you'll be Gil Jones' wife before the sun is three hours high. Do you hear, you wildcat? He's a fool to want you, but he shall have you!"

Finishing with a terrible oath, he had staggered out of the cabin, and left Mattie alone to face the future as she should.

"I will die first—I will die any death first!" she said, through her pretty teeth, knotting the brown hands that writhed on her bosom, with a touch of madness in the gesture. I will try to escape, but if I cannot, I will die! Oh, Jack, Jack, if I can but reach you!"

On the walls of the cabin hung a rifle, revolver and a great wide-bladed knife. The miners hunted often, and their wives and daughters knew how to use firearms as well as the men.

Mattie took down the revolver and the knife. One she had loaded that morning, the other ground to razor-like keenness. She fastened a broad leather belt about her waist, and thrust both into it; then, with a step as light as a panther's she glided out from the cabin, leaving the candle alight within.

There was starlight in the world outside. Later the moon would rise, but as the girl darted out she breathed a thanksgiving for the imperfect light.

In the settlement she knew that there was one who would befriend her. Jake Gaines, the old hunter, whom she nursed once through severe illness, lived alone in his hut—not exactly alone, either, for in one corner of it, with but a low, rough partition between them, he kept his black horse, Eagle, dear to him as the apple of his eye, fleet as a bird, gentle as a tamed fawn.

Mattie was tapping at Jake's door in a few moments. He called gruffly for her to enter, and she burst in impetuously.

"You have said I saved your life!" she cried, ringingly. "If I did, save you mine tonight! I am in danger!"

The strong old weather-beaten man sprang up and caught his rifle.

"What's the danger?" he asked, quickly. "I'll defend ye, child, from anything."

"Give me Eagle," she panted. "Don't ask why. I will be missed, and then it will be too late. My father and Gil Jones would sacrifice me. Jack Valroy—my Jack!—is in Hunter's Point, twenty miles away. I must reach him, or—or I am lost! Give me Eagle, and if I live, he shall be sent back to you!"

Jack lost no time. He seemed fully to understand her need, and silently and swiftly flung his rude saddle across Eagle's back, buckled the girth rapidly, drew the bridle over the dark head of the horse, and led him out of the hut.

"Let me lift ye," he said to Mattie, softly. "My brave little girl! may God see ye safe at Hunter's Point before they miss ye! Don't spare Eagle; he can fly like a bird, and is as sure-footed as a cat. Heaven bless ye, child!"

He lifted her to Eagle's back, and as he did so, she leaned forward and touched her lips to his cheek; then with a sob she shook out the rein, and felt the black horse bound forward.

On like the wind! She was too young to be prudent, and the galloping horse thundered through the settlement, bringing many to their doors; bringing Gil Jones to his just as, in the light that streamed out, she flashed by.

With a cry of rage he dashed back to where his own horse stood hitched to a neighboring fence.

With an oath he sprang to its back, and in a moment was following the girl.

Such a chase has rarely been as that which took place there in the wild mining country that spring night.

She heard the hoofs behind and set her teeth hard as Eagle leaped lightly and easily onward.

"I can shoot back," she thought, fiercely—for the lawlessness of the settlement had been about her from early infancy, and to protect life or property by a bullet sent straight to the heart of the would-be robber was a right with the miners—"but it may be my father who is following me," she cried aloud. "He shall not take me back—he shall not."

She leaned forward and struck with her bare hand on the black neck of Eagle.

And with a snort, Eagle increased his speed.

The moon rose slowly, sailed up, up, higher and higher. Pursued and pursuer were dashing through a wild, broken track, and Gil Jones' horse was not allowing Eagle to gain on him.

A deep, dark canyon was before them. Ere the black horse reached it Gil Jones raised himself in his saddle and took aim.

"Halt, or I'll shoot!" he shouted.

The threat reached Mattie, but she only urged Eagle on.

Three miles ahead now, and she would see the lights of Hunter's Point—four, and she would be in safety, in the strong arms of her lover, Jack Valroy!

A rifle ball whizzed past, but, thank God, neither she nor Eagle was grazed by it!

The next instant she was flying through the darkness of the canyon.

"My poor Eagle—I cannot kill you!" she faltered, drawing him in a little.

But when the hoof-beats following echoed hollowly and thunderously from the canyon's sides, she urged him on again.

He was flecked with foam, and his nostrils were distended, red as blood. His breath came laboriously, and he was quivering through all his lithe, great body. But Eagle never slackened speed, until, as she left the canyon and rode out into the open country once more, she heard no following hoof-beats.

Then she drew rein and allowed the gallant, jaded animal to go forward at a walk.

It was midnight when she reached Hunter's Point, and just as she drew Eagle in at the small cottage Jack Valroy had built for his mother, Jack, who had been unable to rest, he knew not why, emerged from it.

In the clear light he recognized his pretty, sun-browned love, and gave a cry of surprise.

"Mattie, what brings you here at such an hour alone?"

"Oh, Jack!" was all she could say.

For she was growing blind and sick, and falling—falling.

He caught her in his arms, and carried her into the cottage, where his mother soon revived her; and then she told her story.

Jack, when she had finished, bent over her very tenderly, and drew her brown head to his heart.

"We have a clergyman in Hunter's Point, my dearest," he said, softly. "I will call him up, and he shall make you my wife at once. Then we can defy your father, should he come for you."

So it was done, and Mattie's ride was followed by a bridal.

Her father, however, never troubled the young couple.

Gil Jones was found in the canyon, crushed under his horse, which lay prone and dead, having stumbled and pitched forward in such a way as to break its neck.

Gil was not dead, but injured so much that he would never again ride after a bride, willing or unwilling.

Eagle was sent back to his master, none the worse for his flight with Mattie; and Jake returned him, as a wedding gift, to her. — [Saturday Night.

A Peculiar Business.

As an illustration of a peculiar business activity I have obtained the following facts: Last Friday an aged lady died in Harlem, a notice of her death appearing in but one morning paper of the following day. The funeral took place on Sunday, and yet before breakfast on Monday the postman brought a letter containing a heavy black card about three by six inches. This card bore on its embroidered face her full name, age and date of her demise in gilt letters. At its top was a couplet from one of Watts' hymns, while at its bottom was a verse of doggerel that, it is said, rather distressed than cheered the afflicted family. Gummed to the back of the card was a printed slip (giving a price list per dozen or gross), asking its return if not needed, and showing the address of the parties mailing it.

The brief time between the appearance in the one daily newspaper Saturday and the receipt of the card by the first delivery Monday morning, would seem to indicate that these cardmakers carried on their business in this city. But such is not the case. Their address was that graveyard of a city, Philadelphia, whose citizens seem to revel in mortuary notices, good, bad and indifferent.—[New York Star.

Sleeveless jackets grow in favor.

The Famous Taylor Madstone.

The famous Taylor madstone, which for almost fifty years has been in the possession of Mrs. Mary J. Taylor of Terre Haute, Ind., has passed to another generation. The stone has been applied to many hundreds of persons who were suffering from the bites of rabid animals, and has relieved the minds of many anxious persons. It has been in Mrs. Taylor's family for many generations, and is now in the care of Mrs. William Peiper, a married daughter of Mrs. Taylor. The latter, who is now visiting her son in Chicago, was so affected by handling the stone that her health was impaired and she was forced to turn over the stone to her daughter. For the past few years a record of the patients treated has been kept, and in all the number not one failure to effect a cure has been reported. Patients have come from all parts of the country to test the merits of the bit of curious stone.

The stone is about two inches in circumference and a quarter of an inch thick. It is porous and when viewed through a strong glass the formation has the appearance of petrified vegetation. The Evening Post correspondent witn[illegible] an application of the stone. [illegible] subject was a little girl broug[illegible] from Edgar County, Illinois. The skin was scraped by a knife until the blood came and the stone was then bound on the spot. If there is a particle of poison in the system the stone adheres until the venom becomes absorbed, when the stone is removed and soaked in sweet milk until clean, when it is again applied. This is continued until the stone refuses to adhere of its own accord.—[Chicago Post.

Tallest Man in the World.

J. W. Patterson, the tallest man known in the world excepting the Chinese giant Chang, will make Oklahoma City his home. Mr. Patterson stands seven feet seven inches in his stocking feet and is twenty-seven years old. He has traveled with a number of the best shows in the country for the past eight or ten years and is well fixed in this world's goods. About a year ago he married and has decided to settle down and take life easy. He owns considerable property in this city and as soon as he returns from the East will begin the erection of a fine residence. A couple of months ago his wife presented him with a pair of strapping boys, of which Mr. Patterson is immensely boastful. Mrs. Hatterson is larger than the average woman, being nearly six feet high and weighing over two hundred pounds.—[Oklahoma City Chief.

Under Water Forty Years.

Some Hungarian prisoners of war were thrown in 1849 into a deep pool near Hermannstadt, from which the bodies, after an immersion of forty-one years were lately brought up. Their physiological condition has been made the subject of a careful investigation by Dr. Konig. The bodies were perfectly preserved, and their organs remained unchanged in shape and mostly unaltered in color and consistence. The most remarkable feature was the presence of crystals of common salt, clearly showing that, in the water, particles held in solution may pass through the skin and muscles and find their way into the most deeply-seated organs. This is considered confirmatory proof that mineral baths exert in this way their specific action on the internal economy of bathers.

Popular, but "No Go."

Daughter—Mamma, what is a fad?

Mother—Something that is extremely popular; something that is all the go.

Daughter—Then Charley Sanders isn't a fad when he calls on sister Edith, is he?

Diamond Cutting.

The cutting of diamonds is done principally at Antwerp and Amsterdam. One cause of the low esteem in which the ancients held the diamond, as compared with other stones, was due to their inability to cut and polish it, an operation that has always increased thd value of the stone. The East Indians are said to have understood the art, and it was known in Europe at an early day. Formerly the English monopolized the trade, but subsequently it went to Holland. It is generally done there by hand, partly by rubbing one stone against another, and partly by a wheel and diamond powder. Where flaws cause large pieces to be removed, they are cut by iron wires armed with diamond powder, or are split with hammer and chisel in the direction of the cleavage. The latter process is liable, however, to ruin the stone.

Great skill, time and labor are necessary for the work. It formerly required seven months to cut a stone of twenty-four to thirty carats, and the cutting of the celebrated "Pitt" diamond required two years. Modern machinery has shortened the time, but it is still a delicate and difficult task, which reduces the stone more than half, yet increases its value one-third. About four-fifths of the diamonds mined are defective, and four styles of cutting have been adopted: the brilliant, which gives the best effect and reduces the stone less; the rose, used on stones not deep enough for brilliants, and in which the whole upper curved surface is covered with equilateral triangles; the table, used for broad stones of small depth, and the star, which causes less loss of weight.

A Story of Josh Billings.

A few years ago, riding up town in a Madison avenue car, I was seated opposite the gentleman who is best remembered as Josh Billings. The rear platform was somewhat crowded, and in the course of our ride one of the passengers stepped off and on several times, in order to assist the lady passengers. Finally, when the car was just comfortably filled, and the courteous gentleman had taken his seat inside, Josh Billings, seeing an opportunity for a joke, beckoned to the conductor, and pointing to the stranger, said,

"Don't you charge for every ride on this car?"

"Yes, sir," answered he.

"Well, I've seen that fellow get on this car six times, and you have collected only one fare from him."—[Harper's Magazine.

A Tree Growing in Mid-Air.

There is to be seen a few miles from the outskirts of Richmond, Texas, a natural curiosity, the like of which is perhaps to be found nowhere else in the world. It is an enormous oak tree literally suspended in the air. It stands in the midst of a dense grove known as Bentley's Wood, and is made quite a show of. The mystery of its suspension is that numerous hunting parties having camped beneath it during a period of many years, their fires have gradually burned the trunk entirely away for a distance of six feet, but its large and spreading branches are so closely entwined in those of the trees growing closely about it, that it is supported by them. Just how its huge bulk is nourished is a mystery, but that it is well nourished is evident, for it is green and flourishing.

He Was an Exception.

"The youthful King of Spain one day recently was served for lunch with the breast of a chicken cut in small pieces. He at once began to help himself without the aid of either spoon or fork. "Sire," said his attendant gravely, "kings never eat with their fingers."

"This King does," responded His Majesty, continuing his meal.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. S. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. Mcneel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. [illegible]
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. L. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I announce myself an Independent candidate for House of Delegates. If it should be your pleasure on the 4th day of November next, to elect me to represent you in the next Legislature, I pledge myself to use my utmost efforts to secure such legislation as will be favorable especially to the farming and laboring class, and to represent my constituents without partisan bias.

Respectfully,
G. B. [illegible]

HOME NEWS.

—A big crowd attended Court Monday.

—Thanks to those who paid us cash this week.

—Only two or three fights on the first day of Court.

—A little magic lantern show at the Court house Tuesday night.

—At a recent term of the Circuit Court of Randolph Co., the grand jury found 11 indictments.

—Maj. Gaines, the republican nominee for Congress was billed to speak at this place Monday, but failed to show up.

—Died, on Monday 20th inst, Mr. John Gay, of Marlinton departed this life aged 85 years. We will give a more extended notice next week.

—Rev. L. F. Sneppy, will commence a short series of special services at Sunset school house on Knapp's creek next Sunday evening 7 o'clock Oct. 26.

—The following were the attorneys attending Court at this place from a distance: H. S. Turk, of Staunton; J. W. Arbuckle of Lewisburg; Wm. B. McAllister, Geo. W. Revercomb and J. W. Stephenson, of Warm Springs, Va.; L. H. Stephenson and C. P. Jones, of Monterey and Wm. Skeen, of Covington, Va.

—Col. J. W. St. Clair, democratic nominee for State Senate, of Fayetteville, addressed the people of this County in the Court House Monday. He discussed the topics of the day fluently and grandly, showing up in their true light the outrages being perpetrated upon the American people by the present administration. He dwelt a considerable time on the McKinley tariff bill, which doubtless made a deep impression on the minds of the working men of our county.

ABOUT COURT PROCEEDINGS

The following is a list of the proceedings of the Circuit Court, commenced Oct. 20th and adjourned 21st, Judge A. S. Campbell presiding:

STATE CASES.

State of W. Va. vs. R. A. Herold, unlawful sale of spirituous liquors No. 1 and 2. On motion these two cases were continued.

Same vs. Ardell Pritt, felony, sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

Same vs. John Wade, for carrying deadly weapons endorsed a true bill.

Same vs. F. J. Snyder, misdemeanor, true bill.

Same vs. Enos Sharp, misdemeanor, true bill.

Same vs. Henry Ray, two cases, true bill.

Same vs. Jas. Galford, misdemeanor, true bill.

Same vs. Lusty McCarty, misdemeanor, true bill.

Same vs. J. L. Slaven, true bill.
Same vs. Grats Slaven, true bill.
Same vs. Robt. Doyle, true bill.
Same vs. Jas. Webb, true bill.
Same vs. Jacob Robinson, true bill.
Same vs. Chas. Slaven, true bill.
Same vs. Samuel Bright, true bill.
Same vs. Wm. Bright, true bill.
Same vs. Rebecca Miller, true bill.
Same vs. David Bright true bill.
Same vs. J. B. Apperson true bill.
Same vs. Geo. Wagoner, true bill.
Same vs. Jno. E. [illegible] No. 1, 2 and 3 true bill.

Same vs. Thomas Scott, true bill. This case came up and the attorney for the State in consent of the Court saith, he will not further prosecute and the defendant is allowed to go hence.

Nathan Bober a native of Russia became a citizen of U. S.

Allen C. Rucker vs. [illegible], former decision reversed and ordered that the defendant recover his costs in this Court as well as his costs before the Justice.

[illegible]

RUBE BURROWS, THE NOTED TRAIN ROBBER, SHOT AND KILLED.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., October 8. —Rube Burrows, the outlaw and train robber, was shot and killed at Linden this morning by J. Carter, one of his captors. Carter received a bullet in the breast from the outlaw's pistol and is dangerously wounded.

Couriers from Linden who have just arrived give a graphic story of the killing. After Burrows was fired, through a pretence of getting something to eat, he grasped a pistol from his saddle bags and disarmed his two jailors. Then he ordered the negro to show him to the hotel where Carter was sleeping, Carter having got his money. He then went to Carter's room and getting the drop on him demanded his money. Carter sprang to one side and drawing a pistol fired at Burrows. The outlaw fired at the same instant, but Carter's sudden movement probably saved his life. He received the outlaw's bullet in his shoulder. The bullet from Carter's pistol struck Burrows in the middle of the abdomen, passing through the body, and he fell dead. Carter is badly wounded, but will recover.

Burrows was one of the most noted of American outlaws and there was a reward of $1,500 offered for his arrest when he was caught. His career has been a varied one. He held up the Illinois Central train at Duck Hill, Miss., December 15, 1888. In July of that same year he killed Postmaster Gardner, of Lamar, Jewell county, for recognizing him. The robbery of the express car on the Mobile and Ohio, at Buckatunna, Miss., followed, for participation in which his pal, Rube Smith, was sentenced to twenty years, the job being done on September 18, 1889. The holding up of the Louisville and Nashville train at Flomaton, Ala., was his last raid, and occurred September 1, at 11 o'clock at night, this year.

Will Mr. Harrison take care of his old law partner and present Attorney General by appointing him to the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Samuel F. Miller on the bench of the Supreme Court? He will if he has his own way, but the Attorney General is not popular with the republican bosses because, as U. S. Treasurer Huston says, he takes no interest in "practical politics," and it is not probable that Mr. Harrison will be allowed to have his own way.

According to the New York Press good republican authority, the workingmen of this country must not expect to be benefitted by the new tariff law for a long time to come, and it ingeniously advises them to be patient under their increased living expenses. This advice might be more generally taken by the workingmen if they did not fully realize that the same law which is making them poorer every day is piling up unearned wealth for the favored manufacturer.

There is a great excitement at Albany, Wis., over the discovery of pearls in the Sugar River. The gems have also been discovered in Manitowoc, the Kilbaska and Mud Creek.

[illegible]

[illegible]

To the Commissioners of Election in [illegible]

A VACANCY having occurred in the office of Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals of this State, caused by the death of Hon. [illegible], of Jefferson county, one of the judges of said court, who was elected for the term beginning on the first day of January, 1877, and ending on the 31st day of December, 1888, you are hereby commanded, in the name of the State of West Virginia, to cause a poll to be opened and an election to be held at the several places of voting in your respective counties, at the next general election to be held on Tuesday, the 4th day of November, 1890, for the purpose of electing a Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals to fill the above vacancy in said office for the unexpired term.

In witness whereof, I, A. B. Fleming, Governor of said State have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the said [L. S.] State to be affixed, at the Capitol, in the city of Charleston this 10th day of September, in the year 1890, and of the State the twenty-eighth.

By the Governor: A. B. FLEMING.
Wm. [illegible],
Secretary of State.

...es.

...AL,

...ETOR.

...at Hunters... ...class matter.

...G RATES.

		3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
[illegible]	1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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...ol'n	10 00	22 00	30 00	50 00

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

October 23, 1890.

Demo cratic Ticket.

For Congress—Third District,
JOHN D. ALDERSON,
Of Nicholas County.

For State Senator—8th Senatorial District,
J. W. ST. CLAIR,
Of Fayette County.

For Judge Supreme Court,
DAN'L B. LUCAS,
Of Jefferson County.

For House of Delegates,
L. B. MOORE.

For County Commissioner,
G. M. KEE.

For Clerk Circuit Court,
J. H. PATTERSON

For Clerk County Court,
S. L. BROWN.

For Sheriff
J. C. ARBOGAST.

Speaking of the contest for the next republican Presidential nomination, Mr. Benjamin Harrison seems to have an idea that he is "in it." The idea is not, however, shared by the "bosses" of his party.

If the ladies who intend buying or have already bought the material for their winter dresses could vote at the Congressional elections republicans would be mighty scarce in the next House of Representatives. Dress goods have been largely increased in price on account of the higher duties imposed by the new republican tariff law.

The Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee has at last succeeded in getting its text book into print. It will doubtless prove very valuable and interesting to the hangers on around the committee rooms at Washington, and, owing to the nearness of election day it will not circulate much further, more's the pity.

The republican party has done a great many things that would not stand close inspection by honest eyes, but we find it hard to believe that its leaders would countenance a scheme to deliberately falsify the Census returns for the purpose of retaining control of the House of Representatives and of gaining votes in the electoral college. That they will manipulate the census returns for such a purpose we believe, but for the sake of American honor we trust that there is no truth in the falsification scheme as published in the *New York World*.

At Weston, a young man named Charles Williams, who was to have been married in a few days, committed suicide by taking an over dose of laudanum. He had been acting strangely for about a week, and it is believed that his mind was affected. He had made all arrangements for his marriage to Miss Annie Welsh and had his house furnished, and everything was in readiness for the coming event.

And now it seems that the World's Fair is to be classed with the numerous things injured by the new tariff law. The latest European advices say that the majority of manufacturers refuse to send any exhibits to Chicago, taking the ground that it would be a useless expenditure of money for them to do so as the duties imposed by the new tariff law are so high as to practically shut their goods out of the American markets. Without foreign exhibits the World's Fair will be but a travesty upon its name.

Mr. Harrison may or may not ask for the resignation of his Commissioner of Pensions, but among honest men, no matter what their political opinions may be, there is no difference of opinion as to what he ought to do. Commissioner Raum, according to his own statements unfit to be at the head of a Government bureau through which two fifths of the nation's enormous revenues are disbursed, and if Mr. Harrison condones the Commissioner's offenses by keeping him in office he will become personally responsible for them.

The farmer or other head of a family who pays anywhere from ten to fifty dollars more, according to the quantity purchased, for the winter clothing of himself and family than the same would have cost him last year, has a practical illustration of the meaning of the "protection" extended to him by the new tariff law enacted by the republican majority in Congress for the special purpose of enriching the already wealthy manufacturers who furnish the republican party with its campaign corruption funds. It is for him to decide by his vote whether he endorses the robbery or not.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 17.—There's a limit to all things, even to republican audacity. Mr. Harrison, after a rather stormy discussion in which his cabinet was nearly equally divided, has reached the conclusion that it would be certain defeat to his party at the Congressional elections for him to issue a proclamation convening Congress in extra session for the sole purpose of passing the Force bill and the Congressional apportionment bill, two measures intended to perpetuate the power of the republican party. This conclusion is another victory for Mr. Blaine over the Reed wing of his party—Mr. Blaine has never wavered in his opposition to the Force bill.

"Mr. Flower and the Democratic Congressional Campaign committee," said a member of that committe to me, "are all right, and the democrat who abuses Mr. Flower for his management of the campaign does not know what he is talking about. From the day on which he was elected chairman of the committee to the present time, he has not made the slightest move without first consulting Senator-elect Brice, chairman of the National committee, and Senator Gorman, and nothing has been done without their approval. Now if those two gentlemen do not know how to conduct a campaign no one in the democratic party does. Of course Mr. Flower has been to a certain extent hampered by the lack of money, but that is nothing new to democratic campaign managers. The democratic party has never had a large corruption campaign fund, and I hope it never will. If we cannot win without purchasing votes I prefer to lose. But unless all of my information is at fault we shall carry the House in spite of the "protected manufacturers' money, with which the republicans are so plentifully supplied."

Ex Senator Kellogg, once the republican Moses in Louisiana, sees no prospect of his party carrying the House. He says: "Business men and politicians with whom I have conversed—all republicans—declare that the new tariff law will operate to the disadvantage of the party and will lose us the House in the coming elections. It will have a tendency to drive away the farmer vote when that class ascertains that the cost of many articles of prime necessity is directly increased by reason of the McKinley bill. A rise in prices all along the line seems to be expected, and as that means additional burdens for the consumer, great complaint is inevitable. It seems quite reasonable therefore to expect that the democrats will carry the House. In Louisiana I don't think the republicans will win a single Congressional District."

Strange things happen here. Yesterday W. W. Belknap, who resigned as Secretary of War in Grant's cabinet, in order to keep from being impeached in connection with the selling of Indian Posttraderships by his wife, was buried with military honors in Arlington cemetery, the War department was closed in his honor and the building heavily draped with mourning. This thing of closing a Government department on account of the death of some man who years before was at its head is a senseless custom at best, and what a mockery in this case.

The funeral services of the late Justice Miller were held in the Supreme Court room yesterday afternoon, and last night the remains, accompanied by a distinguished escort left on a special train for Keokuk, Iowa, where the interment is to take place. The scramble for the place he left vacant is already quite lively among the republicans. Attorney General Miller on account of his personal relations with Mr. Harrison, has the inside track, but it is by no means certain that he will get the prize. Secretary Noble would gladly take it, but "Corporal" Tanner says he will not, if his soldier influence can prevent it. Senator Edmunds would not object, although he would only have about eight years to serve before he became eligible for retirement, but they say the East isn't in it. Senator Spooner and several other gentlemen have friends here working in their behalf, and the Indiana folks who are opposed to Attorney General Miller are trying to do something for Judge Gresham. Before Congress reassembles the number of candidates will be largely increased.

Representative Kerr, who is chairman of the Democratic State committee of Pennsylvania, was here this week. He says that Quayism is doomed in that state, and that if the election was held now Delemater would be defeated by from 30,000 to 40,000 majority.

Mr. Harrison did not express any regrets because the Count of Paris did not remain in Washington long enough to call on the President, in fact there is reason to believe that certain members of the administration were instrumental in hurrying the Count off to prevent that call

One of the worst storms of the season passed over Bellaire, Ohio, on the 17th. Houses were flooded and cattle, sheep and horses were washed away.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, rendered at the June term 1890 in the cause of [illegible] I will on Monday the [illegible] day of [illegible] 1890, offer for sale at public auction in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County, that certain tract of land containing [illegible] acres and [illegible] poles of land, the property of the defendant Henry C. Hosey, situate on the waters of Knapp's creek adjoining the lands of F. A. Pifer and others. This is a valuable tract of land and has [illegible] and has on it considerable improvements, including dwelling house.

TERMS OF SALE.

Sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of this suit and expenses of sale, and the residue in six months from the day of sale, bearing interest from that day, the purchaser to execute bond with good personal security for the deferred payment, and the title to be retained as ultimate security.

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do certify that the Commissioner above has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, C'lk.

Sept. 18-4t. Printer's fee [illegible]

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered at the June Term 1890 in the cause of William Gibson vs. C. A. Yeager and others, I will on Monday the 27th day of October, 1890, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court-House door of Pocahontas County that Certain tract of land containing 120 acres the property of the defendant C. A. Yeager lying on the East branch of Greenbrier River adjoining the lands of P. D. Yeager [illegible] Yeager, and others, said land is fertile, well improved and has a comfortable dwelling house and out-building upon it.

TERMS OF SALE:

Enough cash in hand to pay the costs of this suit and expenses of sale and the residue in six Twelve and Eighteen months from the day of sale, in Equal payments bearing interest from that day the purchaser executing bond with good personal security for the deferred payments and the title being retained as ultimate security.

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, C'lk.

Sept. 18-4t. Printer's fee $3.75

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Valuable Land in Pocahontas County.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered at the June term, 1890, in the chancery cause of Geo. A. Revercomb, Special Receiver &c. vs. A. G. Beazer, We the undersigned Commissioners, will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court house of Pocahontas County on the [illegible] day of October 1890, A tract of one hundred acres of land belonging to A. G. Beazer, situated on the South East side of Middle Mountain in Pocahontas County, W. Va., near the Big Spring. This one of the most valuable tracts of land in the County and is in a high state of cultivation.

TERMS OF SALE:

Sufficient cash in hand to pay cost of suit and expense of sale and the residue in three equal payments, payable in six, twelve and eighteen months respectively the purchaser to execute bond with approved security for the deferred payments, bearing interest from day of sale, and the title to the land as ultimate security.

GEO. A. REVERCOMB,
C. F. [illegible], Com'rs.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do certify that the bond required by the decree in said cause has been duly executed.

JOHN J. BEARD, C'lk.

Sept. 18-4 Printer's fee $3.9[illegible]

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF

Valuable Hotel Property.

Pursuant to Decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County entered at the October term 1889 and the June term, 1890 in the Chancery cause of Peter Beverage and others vs. J. R. Apperson and others, and R. S. Turk, Trustee vs. Jennie B. Skiles and others, I will, as Special Commissioner, appointed for the purpose, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door of Pocahontas County, W. Va. on

MONDAY, OCT 27th 1890

A certain tract of land containing one acre, on which is a large and commodious dwelling house and suitable out building situated at [illegible], in Pocahontas county, being the same property formerly occupied by T. B. Skiles. This is a most desirable property suitable for hotel purposes or summer resort and located in a good neighborhood convenient to churches and schools.

TERMS OF SALE.

Sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale; the balance in two equal installments, falling due in 9 and 18 months from day of sale. The purchaser to execute bonds with approved personal security bearing interest from date for the deferred payments; a lien will be retained on said property as ultimate security.

L. [illegible],
Special Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, clerk of the circuit court of Pocahontas county, certify that the above commissioner has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk cir. ct.

September 25-4t. Printer's fee $13.[illegible]

TAMING A FLOCK OF QUAILS.

Buckwheat and Gradual Advances Overcome the Wild Birds.

Several weeks ago Mrs. D. N. Snyder, of Jefferson township, Penn., saw a lot of quails dusting themselves under some currant bushes in the back end of her garden. The birds looked so happy and contented that she thought it would be too bad to disturb them, so she returned home without pulling the weeds out of a patch of onions that she had gone there for the purpose of doing. In an hour or so the quails had disappeared in the tall timothy of the adjoining meadow, and Mrs. Snyder scattered some buckwheat around where they had been wallowing. On the following day the birds came there again, gobbled up the buckwheat and had a good time. Every day for a week or so Mrs. Snyder scattered grain among the bushes for the quails to feed on, and the birds soon got so that they looked for food in the garden as regularly as they did for a resting place at night out in the woods, back of the big meadow lot.

One morning the kind-hearted woman forgot to throw the buckwheat, but the quails reminded her of her negligence by appearing at the usual hour and making a great fuss and noise because there wasn't any grain in the garden for them to pick up. Mrs. Snyder let the birds hunt for other kind of food that day, and for several mornings after that she didn't fail to give them a good feed of buckwheat. Then she missed a morning on purpose to see how the quails would act when they didn't find any grain near the currant bushes, watching from a second-story window for them to make their appearance.

Promptly on time the whole flock crept under the garden fence from the meadow, ran among the bushes, and began to dodge and flutter about where they had been in the habit of finding the buckwheat. When they searched long enough to learn that no grain had been put there for them, the birds piped in low tones, fluttered uneasily, scattered into the vegetable beds, and appeared to be very much disappointed. In a little while the quails gave up the search, assembled under the currant bushes, and went to dusting themselves in the soil. Mrs. Snyder counted fourteen in the flock, and then she went down stairs, got a handful of buckwheat, and tiptoed her way into the garden. When she had got as near to the quails as she could get without scaring them, Mrs. Snyder flung a handful of buckwheat toward the quiet little flock. It fell among them and they all scampered under the fence and went out of sight in a hurry. Then she threw some more of the grain on the ground where they had been, and secreted herself behind a row of pea vines. Presently one of the birds ventured to crawl under the fence into the garden. It soon found the buckwheat and set to filling its crop, and at this the other birds took courage, filed from their hiding places, and went to picking up the grain as though each was determined to get its share.

From her place of concealment Mrs. Snyder flung a handful of buckwheat into the air, so that it fell into the midst of the flock. It scared the birds a little, but they quickly resumed their feeding, and Mrs. Snyder began to whistle to them, flinging more grain into the air as she whistled. That excited their curiosity just enough to make them look up for a moment, and Mrs. Snyder emptied the basin and stole away, without letting the birds see her. She fed the quails in this way for a few days, gradually got them used to her whistle and voice, and let them get sight of her by degrees. Inside of a month from the time she first saw the birds in the garden she had them so well tamed that they fluttered out of the meadow whenever she called them, ate in her presence, and did not seem to fear her at all. Since then Mrs. Snyder has taken a good deal of comfort with her strange little flock, and she said the other day that the confidence the birds have in her pays her many times over for all the trouble she has made herself in getting the wild little creatures to be as tame as they are.

Preservation of Harness.

The best preservative of harness is occasional washing with warm water and saturation with some oily substance, by which the leather is preserved from the alternating damp and dryness and from the destructive effects of the prevalent impure air of the stables. The harness should be taken apart and wiped with a sponge moistened with warm water and castile soap. While damp it is then thoroughly dressed with a mixture of two parts of tallow and one part of castor oil, mixed when melted; to this is added sufficient lamp-black to restore the color to the leather. This is thoroughly rubbed into the harness with a bunch of oakum or a brush. The surplus is then removed by means of rubbing with a cloth. Finally castor oil with a small quantity of carbolic acid, to give it a perceptible odor, is rubbed into the leather as long as it will be absorbed. This preserves the harness from rats and mice, which are apt to gnaw it where it has been moistened by the perspiration of the horse. It is a wise thing to have a close [illegible] in some convenient place to hang [illegible] in.—[New York Times.

[illegible]ity of Consumption.

[illegible] of experiments, Dr. [illegible] certain bodies, such as [illegible] certain metallic salts, [illegible] and preparations [illegible] small doses (1 to [illegible]) destroy the [illegible] a very short [illegible] that is [illegible] will be [illegible] disease by [illegible] injury to [illegible]

WILD BILL'S WAY.

How One of the Desperado's Many Victims Met His End.

"It has been a good many years since I was in Denver," remarked William P. Jameson at the Albany recently, as he prepared to look over a paper from San Francisco, his present place of residence. "The last time I was in this city," continued he, "I made the acquaintance of Wild Bill, whose sudden taking off at Deadwood is still mentioned in the papers. A few months after leaving Denver I again met Wild Bill in Salt Lake City. It was rather an exciting time, for Bill had just killed a man in the streets. The circumstances of the killing were about as follows:

"The night before the affray Bill sat down to a game of cards with an old frontiersman named Jack Williams. Both the men were good card players, but luck went against Bill, and about three o'clock in the morning he staked his last cent and lost it. With some hesitation he drew out his watch, which was a fine gold repeater and was the present of a friend of former days, and put the watch up against $200. At the end of ten minutes the watch was gone.

"'Williams,' said Bill as he arose from his seat,' put the watch in the hands of the bar-keeper and I will redeem it in the morning.'

"'Oh, I guess not,' was the reply. 'The watch is mine and I'll wear it down town in the morning.'

"A wicked gleam appeared in Bill's eyes. He again asked that the watch be left at the saloon.

"'I'll wear it,' was the reply.

"'If you wear that watch you'll die,' said Bill, with a firm tone. 'What time will you be on the street?'

"'Ten o'clock,' was the laughing reply. The men parted.

"True to his word Williams sauntered down the street at ten o'clock the next morning. Bill met him at the principal street corner.

"'Have you got that watch on?' asked Bill.

"'I have,' was the prompt reply.

"Both reached for their revolvers, but Bill was too quick for his opponent. Two shots rang out and Williams dropped dead. Bill was unhurt.

"Looking scornfully at his fallen victim, Bill hissed between his teeth, 'I like a game man, but that's what a fool gets.' Bill was never tried for killing Williams and it is safe to say that he recovered his watch. I have been told," continued the speaker, "that after Wild Bill's death it was found that in the palm of each of his hands there was a round, calloused spot caused by dropping his hands on the handles of his revolvers."—[Denver News.

An Imprisoned Fish.

The following was related in the Chattanooga (Tenn.) News by one of its correspondents residing near that city:

"My cousin owns a watermill, and in removing some obstructions found an immense log imbedded in the stream which must have been submerged for a number of years. The log had to be cut in two to remove it, and much to our surprise we found it hollow, although it had every appearance of being solid. One of the negroes while examining the log looked into the hollow and thought he saw something moving. He began using his axe, and soon had the log cut into in another place.

"Imagine our amazement when we discovered a live catfish which had grown to an enormous size and length, and was so completely wedged in the hollow as to be unable to move except to open its mouth and wiggle its tail. The fish was very lively and apparently in the enjoyment of excellent health.

"The question is how did the fish get into the log, as the only means of ingress or egress we could discover was a small round hole not more than two inches in diameter. We surmised that he must have entered the little opening when no larger than a minnow, and grown great in his solitary confinement."

Statistics of Tornadoes.

The tornado, with hardly an exception, occurs in the afternoon, just after the hottest part of the day. The time of greatest frequency is from 3.30 to 5 o'clock. The tornado season includes March, April, May, June, July, August and September, but storms of this nature may occur in any part of the year. The months of greatest frequency, as determined from a record of 208 years, are April, May, June and July. The single month of greatest frequency is May, April following next in order. The State in which the greatest number of tornadoes has occurred is Missouri, followed next in order by Kansas and Georgia. A record of more than 500 tornadoes and "windfalls" (i. e., paths of tornadoes through forests) in Wisconsin considerably exceeds the number from any other State, but little weight can be given this comparison owing to the want of thorough investigation of the subject of windfalls in other States. From a careful investigation of the origin of tornadoes and their geographical distribution, there is every reason to believe that these storms were as frequent and violent 200 years ago as now. Moreover, there appears to be no cause for any unusual change in the annual frequency of tornadoes for a like period to come.—[The Forum.

AN EVENTFUL DEAL.

"Speaking of poker hands," said young Pecos, of Texas, "I once played in a three-cornered game in which one man held five aces and the other man a six-shooter—."

"And you?"

"And I held an inquest."—[St. Joseph News.

THE HOURS.

When a man is apparently idle, it may be that his time is most profitably employed. "This were sometime a paradox," but he who reflects upon it will see its meaning. All hard workers learn, sooner or later, the truth that recreation is an absolute necessity for tired bodies and tired minds.

The idle time of Bacon, Pope, Cowper, and many another famous writer, has been spent in gardening. It is said that market gardening is the one passion of Blackmore, the English novelist, and that he spends the money earned by his pen in carrying out this dearly beloved hobby. And who could wish it otherwise? Doubtless the poetical spirit which pervades his work is that caught from long days spent in homely tasks in the garden and the field. "Some men dig up worms from the earth," says an old proverb, "others uncover truth."

"No one," declares Cicero, "seems to me free who does not sometimes do nothing." Then he goes on to tell how certain noble Romans amused themselves in the country, by indulging, boy-like, in all sorts of frolics. Evidently they jumped and ran themselves into physical well-being, and ability to take up the severer duties of life again.

"Who is your doctor?" said some one to Carlyle.

"My best doctor," replied he, "is a horse."

Sometimes apparent idleness is only a change of work. George Lewes was one day dredging a road-side pond, putting all the living treasures he found into a glass jar.

"What are you doing?" inquired a sneering by-stander. "Fishing for salmon?"

But when he saw what strange beings were discovered in that unpromising pool, his interest was excited and he asked Mr. Lewes many curious questions, all of which were patiently answered.

"Ah," said the scoffer, respectfully, at the end of the interview, "it's a fine thing to be able to name all God's creatures!"

Acquaintance with nature draws the mind out of the rut wherein it daily runs, and freshens it for the doing of new tasks. Rest often consists in change of work, the relaxation of one set of brain cells in favor of others. One may certainly consider it occupation to collect specimens like Lewes, ride horseback like Carlisle, or chop wood with Gladstone, but it is occupation which invigorates and does not tire.

The periods of indolence in the life of a student or creator, are merely those "grand receptive pauses," when he drinks in nourishment from nature herself, to sustain his vitality. When the giant Antæus was thrown, and touched the earth, he rose more vigorous than before.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Cairo bachelor, who, the advertiser said, was "eighty-seven years old, but rich," has received 250 applications from ladies willing to be his wife—and risk his dying pretty soon.

"Which is the best way to get fat, doctor?" "Order from your butcher a piece of lean beef."

The tea-kettle sings because it is always able to keep itself outside of hot water.

When one lays hold of a severed bell-rope he fails to touch a responsive cord.

The average burglar, though he may be regarded as a crook, is true as steel.

An optimist is a man who has enjoyed "bully" good luck up to date.

There is nothing square about gossip. It is always "going round."

It is unreasonable to expect a man to be collected if his bills are not.

In regattas cat boats ought to be the first to come to the scratch.

Railroad engineers should be experts in keeping track of things.

A house divided against itself cannot stand the rent.

Always struck on the head—Matches.

Always worn out—Rubber overshoes.

A crying need—A handkerchief.

A joint concern—A skeleton.

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B N U 10

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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WHERE SHE COMES.

With heavy elders overhung,
 Half hid in clover masses,
An old fence rambles on, among
 The tangled meadow-grasses.
It makes a shade for lady-fern
 Which nestles close beside it;
While clematis, at every turn,
 And roses almost hide it.

In shade of overhanging sprays
 And down a sunny hollow,
By hazel-copse, and woodland ways,
 The winding fence I follow;
By rose, and thorn, and fragrant dew,
 In search of something sweeter—
The orchard-gap, where she comes through,
 And I go down to meet her!

The sunlight slants across the fence,
 Where lichens gray it over,
And stirs a hundred dreamy scents
 From fern, and mint, and clover;
But though the air is sweet to-day,
 I know of something sweeter:
That she can only come this way,
 And I am sure to meet her!

And so, while chipmunks run a match
 To tell the wrens who's coming,
And all across the brier patch
 There sounds a drowsy humming—
The hum of honey-seeking bees—
 I seek for something sweeter:
A gap, amongst the apple-trees,
 Where I am going to meet her!

—*Charles B. Going, in Scribner.*

A NATURAL TRAP.

BY FRANK GILLETTE.

I had been riding several hours through the hot dust of a Southern Arizona plain on the trip from Antelope to the home ranch. I had not seen a living thing except the scurrying lizards, when I noticed ahead a man on horseback, riding rapidly toward me.

At that point the trail led across a great cactus plain known as Lonesome Valley. It was not a valley at all in the usual sense of the word, but a broad, level sweep of sandy desert stretching between two abrupt ranges of mountains. There was not a tree on it more than ten feet high, but I will venture to say that there were more varieties of cactus, and more of those villainous plants to the square yard, than could be found in any other spot on the globe. Southern Arizona is the garden of the cactus, and this desert must have been its own particular hot-bed. I had been in the country scarcely six months, but I had already acquired a horror of cactus thorns, and guided my horse along the trail with a care which did not admit of great speed.

The rider whom I saw approaching me in Lonesome Valley evidently had no such fear. His animal, which he was urging forward at a rapid lope, swerved easily to the right and left, threading the mazes of the cactus growth with the trained sense of a Mexican pony.

As they approached I made out that the rider was a Mexican. At a still closer view I saw that he was a rather good-looking Mexican, but poorly dressed, and that evidently he was on a journey. He had with him a canteen, a pair of worn, greasy blankets, and a lightly packed gunny sack. His horse was a homely, sharp boned animal, built for speed and endurance, forced marches, and long stages without water; but at present he was certainly tired. I will not say "tired out," for these ponies are never tired out until they are dead.

The man checked his rapid pace as we neared each other, and I thought, was about to pass with the customary buenos dias, when he cast a quick glance at my horse, and reined in his own. I halted also.

"You haf verra fine hoss there, senor," he said, in a tone of the utmost politeness.

My horse, which I called Montezuma, was, in fact, a larger and better shaped animal than is often seen in that country. I had picked him out for that reason on my first visit to Antelope, and at the time prided myself not a little on my choice. He was, indeed, a horse of excellent appearance and action, but he had some defects. His very build showed that he was a Northern or an Eastern horse, and not native born, and I found that he was by no means equal to the native breed in endurance or wiry strength. He could not travel so far nor go so long without water, nor was he as sure footed. However, he made an imposing appearance, and served me very well in my rides, which were chiefly for pleasure.

He [illegible] up his ears, and the polite Mexican [illegible] again. "You haf verra fine hoss, senor."

[illegible], he's a very good horse," I replied, not very cordially, but still with courtesy, for it seemed to me polite to be courteous to a man who was probably the only human being within ten miles.

"He no born in thees countree? I see no hoss lika heem in Arizona, nevare. But, senor," with a glance at his own sharp-boned, panting beast, "there is one verra eggscellanta Mexicana hoss. I rida heem now one, two, three day. I rida heem verra hard, and see!"

He touched the animal lightly with his spurs, lifted the hand with which he held the reins, and leaned forward. The horse sprang instantly into a furious lope, as if he had but just been saddled for the first time. The Mexican wheeled him gracefully in a long circle through the cactus plants, and drew him in again on his haunches by my side.

"Ah, senor, he is the one hoss of one meellion! He go and go and go, and nevare stop. He drink only the one time a day, and he eat, ah, so leetle! In one year he no eat so mucha as a burro. But perhaps the senor," and here his face wore a most persuasive smile, "will lika to eggschange! The senor will gif to to me hees hoss, and I will gif to heem my magnifico Chihuahua."

"No; I do not wish to trade horses at all," I said, with less cordiality than before, as I began to feel decidedly uneasy in the presence of this smiling foreigner.

"No!" he said, in a tone of regret. Then, after a moment, his face lighting up, he added: "Ah, but the senor has nevare tried heem! He does not know Chihuahua. If he try heem only the once, he see that I tella heem the truth."

He threw himself to the ground and came toward me, smiling. I now saw his plan. He was a desperate man, probably flying to Mexico to escape the consequences of some crime. My horse had attracted him at first sight. Either he needed it to help him on his journey, or thought he might sell it for a good sum across the border.

It seemed to me an excellent plan to go at once without losing any more time in useless conversation. I turned quickly in the saddle, murmured a somewhat unnecessary "Good-by," and spurred Montezuma toward home.

The horse was fresh, and started away in good shape; but in an instant the Mexican had sprung into his saddle, and was after me. There was now no doubt as to his intentions. As I looked back I saw that his face had lost its smile, and taken on a cruel, sullen look. He dug his spurs into his horse, and the animal sprang into the same furious gallop that I had seen before.

My heart sank as I realized that it was perhaps a race of life and death. The defects of my horse came to my mind with startling distinctness. How gladly would I have exchanged him for the homeliest cow pony in the country! The Mexican's horse was not gaining on us now, for Montezuma was fresh; but could he outrun that relentless pursuer on a five mile stretch?

Then what if Montezuma should stumble and throw me to the ground head foremost! At the thought of this I turned again to the front. I could not afford to watch my pursuer. I must keep a clear lookout ahead. If I could only guide my horse safely around every hole and stone and across every wash, perhaps we could yet pull away from the scoundrel behind me.

At this moment something struck me a terrific blow in the back of the head. I thought I had been shot, and turned slowly to look at my murderer. The end of a heavy, worn lasso was just slipping off the saddle behind me, and the Mexican, with an exclamation, was reeling it in, evidently making ready to throw again. He had seen that my horse was gaining, and accordingly had recourse to that most effective long-range weapon, the lariat. His first throw had missed me by an inch, and he was cursing himself for his clumsiness.

I was not a thrower of the "lass," myself, but I was familiar with its powers. One of the rough sports of cowboys, after work, is to "rope" one another. In a wild race in and out of the corral one of them tries to throw his rope so as to encircle the man ahead without catching the horse at the same time. If successful he drags him to the ground, more or less roughly. But is only play, rough as it is. It would be no play to be caught by the cruel rope which the wretch was coiling on his left arm.

I watched him as if fascinated. He reached for the loop, opened it wide, turned sidewise in the saddle and swung it round his head. If it caught me I should be dragged headlong to the ground. If I leaned close to the horse it would close over us both, and we would go down together. In either case certain injury or death threatened me. In utter despair I pulled up my horse and stopped.

The Mexican rode swiftly up, coiling his lasso as he came. The hard look gave way to the same smile that he had worn before, but I thought I detected something grim in it at this time. Again, with that horrible politeness, he said:

"Ah, the senor is too queek—he no wait to say adios! But the hoss, he is as I say, he is verra fast. Will the senor no try my hoss now! Si, si, I think he will lika try Chihuahua now. He's hoss is mucha tired, he lika little rest!"

In the same graceful way as before he threw himself to the ground, and instantly caught Montezuma by the bridle. I was entirely unarmed. I had no doubt that the Mexican was well armed and quite ready to kill me if I attacked him. I dismounted slowly, with bad grace. To my surprise, the Mexican handed me the bridle of his horse with a bow.

"Now, you shall try my Chihuahua! There is no more bettare in thees countree. You will so say, eef you will try heem only."

But I had no heart to mount. I had little doubt that the beast which was now leering at me with a vicious eye would back me off at the first jump. The Mexican waited a moment out of sheer courtesy, then mounted Montezuma and started gracefully off. He did not push him to his utmost at first, but went down the road carefully, as if trying him. Then he turned and came back at a somewhat better pace.

I stood like a dummy, holding the bridle of his horse, and watching him. His riding was a magnificent exhibition, but I was not in a condition to admire it.

As if satisfied with the powers of Montezuma, he turned again and came down past me at full speed. As he passed, he shouted a few words in Spanish to his horse. The beast jerked back from me, struck at me with his forefeet, and was after his master in an instant.

The Mexican had turned in the saddle and was watching us with interest. As his horse broke away from me, a smile spread over the man's face which was more than a smile of politeness, and he raised his hat in a sweeping bow of derision.

I stood there as if paralyzed, on Lonesome Valley Desert, fifteen miles from home, and watched the villain ride my horse toward Mexico.

But the Mexican cared too much for theatrical display. His people are the most perfect riders in the world, and my enemy was no exception to the rule. But he made a mistake in assuming that all horses are as sure-footed as he was secure in his seat. This is true of Mexican ponies, the only ones he had ever ridden, but it was not true of Montezuma.

As the Mexican spurred him deep, still looking back over his shoulder at me, Montezuma came to a gully or wash. There are thousands of them across every road and trail in the Southwest. This one was not more than three feet deep and five feet across. A native horse would have jumped it or leaped into it safely, even if it were six feet deep. But Montezuma, as he came to the wash, made no effort to jump over, but plunged in with his forefeet set together.

As he struck the bottom, which was of rock loosely covered with sand, his knees doubled under him like straws. The best rider in the world would not have kept his seat. The Mexican, still glancing back at his own horse, went off as if hurled from a catapult.

Montezuma jumped up, shook himself and limped slowly away. I involuntarily ran forward. The Mexican did not rise, and I guess he was dead or stunned. As I drew nearer, however, I could see that he was not dead, but very much alive. He lay on his back with his right arm stretched out over his head, and was writhing to and fro, as if in great pain.

The man certainly was in a serious predicament. When Montezuma stumbled, he had been thrown straight upon a large fish-hook cactus—a low cylindrical variety, completely covered with long recurving overlapping horny spines, of needle sharpness and most tenacious strength. They resemble enormous bone fish-hooks in everything but the barb.

If the Mexican had struck this cactus head foremost, he would have been killed outright. As it was, his right arm had been thrust deep into the long curving thorns, and they had closed into his arm and hand, holding them in a grip of steel.

As he lay there writhing on the ground, his arm transfixed in a dozen places with these inflexible hooks, I saw my enemy delivered into my power. It only remained to take advantage of the fortunate accident which had humbled him. I first searched him and took possession of his knife and revolver. Then, very slowly, I freed his arm, cutting away the softer parts of the plant rather than trying the almost impossible task of cutting through the thorns.

As the Mexican rose, I mounted to Montezuma's back, and covered the man with the revolver. My precautions were useless. His arm was sprained as well as gashed in a dozen places by the cruel hooks. He painfully removed these, and bound his arm in a bandana that he took from his pocket.

I motioned to him to walk ahead of me, toward the ranch. We made a slow and sorry procession; the furious Mexican in front, Montezuma limping painfully, and myself behind, the other horse following at some distance. But a sense of triumph sustained me through the long journey.

At the ranch we dressed the villain's arm, set a guard over him and sent for the Sheriff. He came, identified him as a daring horse-thief, wanted for several offences in the northern part of the territory, and relieved us of his company.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Congressmen Joke With a Guide.

There are not many Irishmen in this Congress. Three of the best known sons of Erin are Lawler, McAdoo and Quinn. This trio walked to the capitol at Washington together the other morning, and at the door of the rotunda were met by a new guide who wanted to show them the sights of the building. The three consented, and were taken to statuary hall to hear the echoes. "Now you stand right here," said the guide, placing the trio on the well-known stones. "I will move back fifty-five feet and whisper to you, and you will hear my voice as if I were by your side. All this was done, and the guide whispered, then spoke, and finally shouted, but not a word did either of the trio hear. Thinking that possibly he had made a mistake and put his victims on the wrong stones, he moved them over against the wall and said to them: "This is the whispering gallery. You stand here and I will go across the room and whisper against the wall. You will hear me as if I were at your ear." Again the guide whispered, but met with no response. Then he gradually raised his voice to a shout, but the trio of Congressmen kept their ears against the wall and made no sign. Rejoining his customers, the guide explained that for some reason, probably on account of the humidity of the atmosphere, the echoes were not working well to-day, and invited his guests to take a look at the House of Representatives. Arriving at the main entrance the Congressmen started to walk in, when the guide seized their arms and told them they couldn't go in there—that was only for members. "O, yes, but we can," said Mr. Lawler, and flipping the astonished guide $1 the joking trio disappeared within.—*Chicago Herald.*

An Odd Bird That Likes Fishing.

Away up on the mountain side, where the numerous streams find their way through deep, dark canyons down to the pulse-beat of old ocean, is the natural summer home of the water ousel, the strangest of all strange birds. You seldom see more than one of them at a time. They are of a dark blue color, and are easily recognized by a peculiar quick jerking motion, which they never seem to tire of. And as they flit from rock to rock they are continually bobbing up and down, performing such a polite little courtesy as would cause you to smile to see it. Owing to their peculiar habits and the isolated spots they select to build their nests, no one but the most ardent sportsmen and naturalists succeeds in finding them. Hence a water ousel's nest with two or three eggs in it has a commercial value among nest collectors of $25. They always build their nests just back of some waterfall or under some overhanging bank, where they have to go through or under the water to get to it. Another strange habit of this bird is the deliberate manner in which they appear to commit suicide. They will start slowly, very slowly, to wade right down into the water until they disappear from view, but if the water is clear and you have a sharp eye you can still see their little dark forms clinging to the bottom in search of their morning repast, which consists of periwinkles.—*Tacoma (Washington) Ledger.*

Hot Water for a Sore Throat.

"Let me say, for the benefit of your readers who are addicted to using a gargle of salt water every time their throat feels sore, that it is the very worst thing they could possibly do," said Dr. Hope, of the Metropolitan Throat Hospital. "Salt irritates the membrane and injures them, and some of the most aggravated cases of throat trouble that have come under my observation were made chronic by the use of salt. The very best remedy for a sore throat that results from a simple cold or a fatigued voice is a gargle of hot water, just as hot as it can be borne. This gargle is soothing and stimulating and need only be tried once or twice to test the efficacy."—*New York World.*

A LYRIC FROM THE JAPANESE.

The maple lifts her head,
Crowned with autumnal red,
While I, who love the girl,
Plunge for the biggest pearl,
 Under the waves,
 And up to the caves,
Where stormy billows curl,
And the angry waters whirl!

"Wert thou a pearl," she cried,
As I hurried to her side,
"I would clasp thee on my arm,
For a magical charm,
That like the glowing sun
When the summer day is done,
And rises the cold white moon,
We might part—but not too soon!

"For like a stream that finds
 The way it must retrace;
Or like the pathless winds
 That have no abiding place,
Upon my lonely bed,
With the bride-wreath on my head,
 I wait thy first embrace!

—*R. H. Stoddard, in N. Y. Independent.*

PITH AND POINT.

No news is bad news—to editors.

The English race—After American girls.

Every dog has his day and the cats seem to be quarreling over the nights.—*Life.*

The bears are probably responsible for the squeezes on the Stock Exchange.—*Puck.*

The man who marries a widow knows he isn't marrying amiss.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Strange as it may seem, it is the man who has lost his voice that makes the loudest and most disagreeable noise in the choir.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"There is an art in putting on gloves," says a fashion paper. Come to think of it you have to get your hand in before you can master the art.—*Boston Courier.*

Some men have a fiction
That it is their born right
To imitate their kitchen fire
And go out every night.
—*Dansville Breeze.*

Art must always get its inspirations from nature. The zebra gave us our first idea of striped clothing, and the elephant was the inventor of loose trousers.—*Puck.*

"I am in charge of the whole department. As the [illegible] says, I am the eye of the house." "Well, as I have a grudge against the house I think I shall take this opportunity to give it a black eye."—*Bazar.*

Lawyer—"Well, sir, we won the case, but it was a pretty narrow victory." Client—"Yes, I thought the other side had us, until you showed that their principal witness was a fisherman."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Boarding-house Mistress—"How do you like that water, Mr. York?" Mr. York—"It has a milky taste to me." Boarding-house Mistress—"Excuse me, Mr. York, that is the milk you are tasting. Try the glass to the left."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Never waste time telling people what a lot of good things you have done. In the first place they won't believe you, and in the second place they are waiting for a chance to tell you what a lot of good things they have done themselves.—*Somerville Journal.*

I love you well, my sweetheart shy;
 I'm true.
The maiden blushing answered, I
 Love you.
Why do you love me, my adored?—
 A pause.
And then she answered with a word,
 "Because."
—*Boston Courier.*

Witness—"He looked me straight in the eye and——" Lawyer—"There, sir, you've flatly contradicted your 'former statement.'" Witness—"How so?" Lawyer—"You said before that he bent his gaze on you, and now you'll please explain how he could look you straight in the eye with a bent gaze." (Witness faints.)—*The Jester.*

An Ancient Watch.

A watch nearly two centuries [illegible] come to the notice of the *Jewel*[illegible] The movement is inscribed [illegible] L. Hecke, Friedberg," in [illegible] and the dial is ornamented [illegible] ures of a man and wo[illegible] German costume, and [illegible] "Andreas Schuster" in [illegible] text. The watch is [illegible] geniously arranged [illegible] the hours by a sing[illegible] ter hours by a do[illegible] altered key. It [illegible] at any time [illegible] may wish to [illegible] vided for the [illegible] hours in the [illegible] easily to [illegible] keeps [illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

O tober 30, 1890.

Deme cratic Ticket.

For Congress—Third District,
JOHN D. ALDERSON,
Of Nicholas County.

For State Senator—8th Senatorial District,
J. W. ST. CLAIR,
Of Fayette County.

For Judge Supreme Court,
DAN'L B. LUCAS,
Of Jefferson County.

For House of Delegates,
I. B. MOORE.

For County Commissioner,
G. M. KEE.

For Clerk Circuit Court,
J. H. PATTERSON

For Clerk County Court.
S. L. BROWN.

For Sheriff
J. C. ARBOGAST.

Poems follow the seasons as faithfully as buckwheat cakes and pumkin pies. Every mood and feature of the year is regularly and duly celebrated; but the autumn of 1890 has not fared very well. There hasn't been much of it such as it should have been. Its colors haven't been so bright as usual, and their reflection from the poetic fancy has been dull in consequence. Regular autumn foliage hasn't been painted red enough to rouse the bulliest bull in the fields. The golden rod almost monopolized the fall's rhymes, with the result, of course, of lowering their average.

Our poets are not all golden-rod poets. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we hail the first hymn to the last of autumn's glories, the chrysanthemum, which we find in our esteemed contemporary the Christian Advocate:

"When days are short and sombre,
And nights are long and chill,
And sense of loss and longing
Our being seems to fill,
Then come the brave, bright blossoms,
Last of the floral train,
And looking at their beauty
We gather heart again."

We do, and we gather courage to last us over until spring, when the roses bloom again.

To Whom it may Concern.

Believing that in the late Primary Election unfair means were resorted to in order to defeat the present Clerk, John J. Beard, and knowing, as we do, his peculiar fitness for the position, it has been determined by a large portion of the representative people of the County, regardless of politics to run Mr. Beard for Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County. We, therefore urge upon all to come out on the 4th of Nov., 1890, and give him their votes, and thus bestow an office on a worthy man, and at the same time condemn unfair practices.

INDEPENDENT VOTERS.

A CARD.

EDITOR TIMES: Having learned that a written appeal to the voters of Pocahontas county has been posted in various parts of the County signed "Independent Voters" the intent of which is to run Mr. John J. Beard for County Clerk, notwithstanding he was fairly defeated in the *Primary Election* to which both of us submitted. I deem it my duty to say: First, I did not originate the Primary, but submitted to it as a party measure simply; and I supposed Mr. Beard was in favor of the "Primary Election" as the measure originated with, and was pushed through by his son-in-law, Mr. C. F. Moore. Had the County committee (of which C. F. Moore is chairman,) not called for a primary, I should have been content to submit my claims to the people of this county regardless of party, but I appeal to the people to know if I could act otherwise, when it was forced upon me. I appeal to the Democrats of Pocahontas to say if their nominee shall be defeated by a Democrat who has once submitted his claims and been defeated?

In conclusion, I denounce as false any charge which intimates that I either used, or countenanced in my friends, any unfair means in the Primary Election against Mr. Beard or to obtain votes for myself. Having a clear conscience, I submit my claim to the people of this County, only asking that they and the claims of all opponents be truthfully represented, and, that my friends be not maligned.

Respectfully,
S. L. BROWN.

Huntersville, W. Va., Oct. 29th, 1890.

—The above communications must speak for themselves. Our columns are the peoples columns and must assume neutral ground when brother grapples with brother. Both these gentlemen are good citizens would make good officers and are intimately known to the county public.—[ED.]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 24—The republicans in their desperation to save themselves from the defeat which seems to be awaiting them have thrown discretion to the winds, and the scenes around the departments remind one of the times when Jay Hubbell, Dorsey of Star route fame, and others of the same stripe, were compelling the clerks in the Government service to give up a regular percentage of their salaries to the corruption fund of the "G. O. P." Money is being openly demanded of the clerks and in plain language they are told that if they fail to chip in they will lose their places. The Ohioans and Indianians have taken the lead in the bull-dozing of the helpless employes. Mr. Harrison is fully aware of what is going on, and he says not a word to stop this shameful and outrageous violation of law; the members of the Civil Service Commission know all about it, and do nothing, except to draw their salaries. It is apparent that if enough votes can be purchased the republicans will retain their grip on the House of Representatives, but it is the first time that any political party has been so open in showing its intention to rely upon the purchase of votes.

The advices received by the Democratic Congressional committee from all sections show that it is their unlimited supply of money upon which the republicans depend to carry the doubtful districts, but the democrats still hope that the honor of the American voters will be proof against the bribery that will be proffered by the republicans on election day.

The Secretary of the Interior, who is accused of being the author of the insulting letter sent to Mayor Grant, in answer to his request for a recount of the population of New York City, by the chief clerk of the Census Bureau, has refused a second request made by Mayor Grant for a recount, all of which makes it plain that it was the intention of the republicans from the start to steal at least one Congressman from the democrats of New York City. The same policy has been pursued in the South where every state is given a smaller population than it should have, in order to keep down its Congressional representation and its representation in the electoral college. The republicans are playing a bold game, but they may carry it too far. The facts will be fully exposed by the democrats when the apportionment bill comes up in Congress this winter.

The patronage of the Internal Revenue bureau is being used in an unscrupulous manner to defeat the election of the democratic Congressional nominees in West Virginia. Representative Wilson, who has rapidly come to the front on the democratic side of the House by his pluck and ability, passed through Washington this week. He said: "The Internal Revenue gang are hot after me, and the struggle as a result is close in my district. Men are drawing salaries from the Government whose sole duties are to work against me. I have the facts in my possession, subscribed and sworn to in some cases, and they cannot be controverted, and in other districts in the state it is equally as bad." It will not be surprising if Mr. Wilson makes an exposure of this whole business when Congress meets, whatever the result in his district may be. It will be a national loss to the democratic party if Mr. Wilson is defeated.

It looks as though Mr. Harrison's nerve had failed him and that the idea of calling an extra session of Congress for the purpose of passing the Force bill and the apportionment bill had been abandoned. It is still possible that he may issue the proclamation calling it after the election, and very probable should the democrats carry the House, as they will if there is an honest vote cast, and their voters go to the polls.

There are no new developments in the scramble for the place of the late Justice Miller on the bench of the Supreme Court. Attorney General Miller has returned from his visit to Indiana, but it has not transpired whether he succeeded in his effort to make a bargain that would result in the withdrawal of the opposition of the republican leaders of that State to his nomination to the vacancy. That opposition was strong enough last year to defeat his aspirations and if it should be exerted it will do it again but if a deal has been or can be made the Attorney General will get the prize.

The republican District Attorney here has decided that the crime of the recent republican Postmaster of the House, Wheat, in taking bribes, is not punishable under the law, because the law does not recognize the status of Congressional employes. Queer isn't it?

Some surprise is expressed by the thoughtless because the Hon. William Mahone is still wearing a straw hat. Mr. Mahone is so busy making things warm for the Administration in Virginia that his straw hat is none too cool for him.

Copy

This is to certify that I was present and heard Mr. Theopolis Gaines present Candidate for Congress say in a public speech in Alderson the reason he was a republican, was that party favored mixed schools and that he would advise the white people to send their children to them and give them an education if mixed schools were put on them.

L. H. VANCE.

STATE OF WEST VA.,
County of Monroe, to wit;

L. H. Vance on his oath says that the above statement is true and correct to the best of his knowledge and belief.

Taken subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of October, 1890.

GEO. C. POLLOCK, [SEAL.]
Notary Public.

[Dir]ectory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C E. Beard. S B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in he Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,
Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will Practice in the Circuit Court o Pocahontas county.

Dr. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.
Our Hotel is new, large and comfortable, and no paines will be spared to keep a first-class house in every respect.
Horses well provided for.
Charges reasonable.
G. W. WAGNER, Proprietor.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I announce myself an Independent candidate for House of Delegates. If it should be your pleasure on the 4th day of November next, to elect me to represent you in the next Legislature, I pledge myself to use my utmost efforts to secure such legislation as will be favorable especially to the farming and laboring class, and to represent my constituents without partisan bias.

Respectfully,
H. B. SHARP.

To The Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself an Independent candidate for Clerk, of the County Court of Pocahontas County.

If it should be your desire, on the 4th day of Nov. 1890 to elect me, I will pledge myself to perform the duties of said office to the best of my ability and also to be courteous and accommodating to the people.

Respectfully,
EDWARD C BARKLEY.

HOME NEWS

—Election next Tuesday.

—Everybody go to the election next Tuesday.

—The carpenter work on Attorney L. M. McClintic's new house is about completed.

—Attorney C. F. Moore, is visiting the booming towns of Va., this week.

—Geo. Bambric, Esq., and family, have moved to the city and taken charge of the Post office.

—A new side walk on Hill St., adds greatly to the appearance of that part of the city.

—We are authorized to announce Mr. Geo. P. Moore as an Independent candidate for Commissioner of County Court of Pocahontas County.

—Mr. P. M. Harper, of Knapp's creek, has been confined to his house for a couple of weeks by something like a neuralgic or rheumatic trouble, which was incipient in a straining of the spine.

—In this issue will be found the announcement of Mr. E. C. Barkley for clerk of the County Court. He is a worthy young man, and no doubt if elected would make an accommodating clerk.

—Mr. Geo. P. Moore in this issue announces himself a candidate for re-election as Commissioner of the County Court. It is generally conceded that Mr. Mooore has made and efficient officer during his term, and we simply make this statement in justice to him.

—Attorney C. F. Moore of this place and Attorney Edmiston, of Va., son of Judge Edmiston, have formed a law firm in Clifton Forge, for the special purpose of making abstracts of deeds for the towns of Clifton Forge and Iron Gate. This will necessitate Mr. Moore's being absent a great deal from Pocahontas.

—A new hotel in Staunton, Va., would be a great convenience to the traveling public. We happened to stop over there the other night and went to every so-called hotel in the place, and were unable to get accomodations for the night, consequently had to sit up.

Marlinton Matters.

The population of Pocahontas is reported by the late enumerators, 6,740, an increase of 1,149 over 1880. There is room for fifty thousand people in the limits of this county, if populated as densely as Rockingham county.

There has been quite a tide in the river, the result of the recent rains.

Six large rafts, have gone out under the supervision of Commodore Peters and Captains, Gay, Lakin, Callison, and McCollum, and about thirty others. Nearly a quarter million of lumber, represented in the aggregate.

Squire Warwick, is visiting friends in this county. He is a gentleman of the old Virginia type, of whom so few are now remaining. Times change, and the people change with them.

There has been a most pleasant fall season with us. It reminds the writer of the delightful autumns, of Richmond city, and the vicinity of Hampden Sydney.

Yours as ever,
H. K. S.

Gillespie Budget.

D. C. Van Buskirk, of Elkins, was here last week buying cherry lumber.

Capt. J. S. Wamsley, of Randolph county, drove a lot of very fine yearling cattle through our burg last week. The Capt. says they are the best yearling cattle he has heretofore handled.

Some fiend in the shape of human shot a mare belonging to G. H. Sheets through the neck the first of last week.

Mr. Wm. F. Arbogast, of Winchester spent last Sunday at Green Bank.

Messrs. Gladwell and Arbogast of Green Bank have had several wagons over the road to Elkins for goods, they report the road from Beverly to Elkins nearly impassible.

Jacob Sheets has gone to Staunton for supplies for his lumber camp.

Capt. Steele is pushing the lumber business at Winchester with a vim.

John C. and J. Howard Arbogast of Huttonsville were over to Green Bank last Sunday attending their mothers funeral, which was preached there by the Rev. Ballengee.

POCAHONTAS.

Traveler's Repose Locals.

EDITOR TIMES: Having seen nothing from this part for some time, I will endeavor to give you a few items.

Our protracted meeting at this place, which was conducted by Rev. Balengee has closed.

Messrs. J. L. Arbogast and G. A. Keller, have returned from Monterey, Va., and other parts where they have been looking up mineral lands.

Miss Liza Arbogast, of this place, accompanied by her niece Pearlie Yeager, are visiting relatives at Green Bank, and attending the protracted meeting conducted by Rev. Ballengee.

J. D. Houchin caught a large Bear in his trap a few days since. We advise him to set his trap again.

Mrs. Isabel Slaven, who has been quite ill for some time past, we are glad to learn, is improving.

Mrs. P. D. Yeager, has returned from Dunmore, where she had been visiting her daughter Mrs. C. E. Pritchard.

TRAVELER.

Split Rock Splinters.

Mr. Wm. Vandervort and his grand-daughter Miss Annie King, have returned from a visit to relatives at Fairmont. Mr. Vandervort is a member of the Board of Directors of the penitentiary at Moundsville. He attended a meeting of the board at Moundsville while he was gone.

Judge J. W. Warwick, of Warm Springs, Va., is spending a few days with his daughter Mrs. A. C. L. Gatewood at this place.

The select school at this place will close Nov. 1st to open again, with the bright days of spring. The school has been in a decided success.

The free school at this place came to an abrupt close on the 14th inst. Mr. J. W. Price taught two months then his brother Andrew came to finish the term, he taught two or three weeks and decided that some other teacher might finish it. Mr. Price left for his home at Marlinton on the 15th. It will require three teachers to finish the free school.

Two gentlemen, of Ohio were here looking at the fine grazing farm owned by the Adams brothers, of Rockbridge. They were much pleased and it is thought will purchase it.

Mr. F. W. Brown is sending his lumber in different directions. They will haul to Clovis Creek and to Greenbrier Bridge from this county and it will be rafted to Ronceverte, that in Randolph he will ship from Elkins.

X. Y.

Dilley's Mill Items.

As this is a portion of our county seldom heard from we will send you a few items.

Plenty of rain.

Mr. Ed. Kincade, of Highland is visiting relatives and friends here.

Mr. Anderson Dilley has returned from Randolph, where he has been taking pictures.

The school at this place is progressing finely under the management of Miss Allice C. Clark.

Miss Mantie Bambric moved to Huntersville last week where she expects to make her future home her many friends were sorry to see her leave

Mr. Luther Sharp accompanied by his daughter, Miss Nelia, of Highland paid his friend a flying visit, his daughter expects to attend school at Frost.

SUNSHINE & SHADOW.

Commissioner's of Election.

The following are Commissioners appointed by the County Court to conduct the election to be held Nov. 4th, 1890:

Hillsboro District—W. W. Beard, R. W. Hill and J. B. Kennison.

Edray District—Wm. M. Sharp, G. K. Gay and Geo. Baxter.

Split Rock District—S. S. Varner, Silas Sharp and A. C. L. Gatewood.

Green Bank District—Geo. W. Siple, Josiah Beard and Adam Arbogast.

Dunmore District—E. N. Moore, B. L. McElwee and Geo. Arbogast.

Traveler's Repose District.—P. D. Yeager, Lafayette Barner and A. M. V. Arbogast.

Huntersville District—M. D. McGlaughlin, Sheldon Moore and C. F Moore.

Frost District—Wm. A. Sharp, Zane Moore and Henry Rider.

Preaching Notice.

Sacramental services at Liberty church the 1st Sabbath of November. Preparatory services on Saturday night before. Preaching Sabbath morning at the usual hour.

A Card.

I hereby give notice that I have severed my connection with the firm of Lam & O'Farrell. M. O'Farrell having purchased my interest will continue to carry on the business at the same place I bespeak for him the good will and patronage of the public.

Thanking our patrons for their custom and kindness extended. I am,

Very Respectfully,
C. D. LAM.

Having purchased the entire business of the firm of Lam & O'Farrell to take effect Nov. 1st, 1890. I will hereafter conduct the same at the old stand, and endeavor to give entire satisfaction in every respect and assume all liabilities.

Thanking our customers for their liberal patronage heretofore and sincerely wishing to merit a continuance of the same. I am,

Very Respect,
M. O'FARRELL.

FOR RENT.

A good log house three rooms. Forty acres of land to work.
Apply to
LANIER DUNN,
Warm Springs, Bath Co, Va.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas at the Court-house thereof on the 7th day of October 1890.

On the coming in of petition signed by H. B. McClintic and more than ten other free holders of the Edray District (District No. 2) of this County, it is ordered, that the provisions of section 2nd of Chapter 62 of the code of 1887, apply to all the lands within said District and the Clerk of this Court, is ordered to publish this order for once a week for four successive weeks in the POCAHONTAS TIMES, a newspaper published in the said County of Pocahontas, which publication shall be paid for by the said petitioners and said clerk shall also post a copy of this order for some length of time on the front door of Court House of this County.

A copy teste,
JOHN J. BEARD,
Clerk.

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY.

The Fall term will begin on the second Wednesday (10th) of September. New students will report for examination on Tuesday the 9th. Courses of study are offered in the Arts, Sciences, Engineering and Law. Also preparatory department. For information and catalogues apply to E. M. Turner, Morgantown, W. Va.

WRIT OF ELECTION.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CHARLESTON, W. VA.
September 24, 1890.

THE STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA:
To the Commissioners of Election in the several Counties of the State:

A VACANCY having occurred in the office of Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals of this State, caused by the death of Hon. T. C. Green, of Jefferson county, one of the judges of said court, who was elected for the term beginning on the first day of January, 1881, and ending on the 31st day of December, 1892, you are hereby commanded, in the name of the State of West Virginia, to cause a poll to be opened and an election to be held at the several places of voting in your respective counties, at the next general election to be held on Tuesday, the 4th day of November, 1890, for the purpose of electing a Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals to fill the the vacancy in said office for said unexpired term.

In Witness Whereof, I, A. B. Fleming, Governor of said State have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the said [L. S.] State to be affixed, at the Capitol, in the city of Charleston, this 24th day of September, in the year 1890, and of the State the twenty eighth.

By the Governor: A. B. FLEMING.
WM. A. OHLEY,
Secretary of State.

MOON MOUNTAINS.

HOW STANLEY FOUND THE SECRET OF A CONTINENT'S LIFE.

Gigantic Heights Famed Since the Days of Homer—Ruwenzori, the Rainmaker or Cloud King—Peaks 19,000 Feet High.

It was June 12, 1889, just before sunset, that Stanley's tired eyes rested for the first time with unbeclouded gaze on Ruwenzori, the far-famed Mountains of the Moon. The weary column had halted at Utsora, the little native village in the valley of the Semliki, bounded on one side by the dark barrier of the forest and on the other by the crested banks of the river. Beyond was a field of snow, and farther on rose snow peaks. All during the day the expectant eyes of the travelers had rested on a long line of dark and solemn spurs whose summits were buried in leaden mists, but toward evening the upper extremities loomed up one after the other till a great line of shoulder-shaped hills broke the sky; then peak by peak struggled from behind night-black clouds till the giant of the hills, the mighty Rain-maker or Cloud King, in all its majestic desolation, was unveiled before their wondering eyes—a square-browed central mass thirty miles in length and white with snow. The upper part of the mountain seemed to be "poised in a void of unsurpassed clearness;" the dome was of dark-blue crystal enfolded in a broad zone of milk-white mist, which produced the impression of a spectral mountain island sailing in mid air.

As the sun descended the mist zone floated away and the apparition became fixed to nether regions of mountain slopes. This was the summit of the range, which is broken up into many sharp, triangular checks or narrow, saddled-shaped ridges, their tops hidden by everlasting snows, their flanks dark as night, looming like storm-clouds, their sides bare and unscalable, dropping through snowy fields to the valley below.

These were the mountains famed in song and story, of which fables have been woven, and of which poets sang; this the creation of the "sea of darkness," Albert Edward Lake; this the shrine at which Alexander and Cæsar longed to worship; the mysterious apparition that bewildered the traveler and then disappeared to mock him as with a mirage. They were placed on the map of Homer's world forty centuries ago and described as the springs that gave birth to the Nile in the region where the pilgrims dwelt, and since his day English and German, French and Flemish explorers have theorized and searched for them and given so much contradictory evidence about them that their latest discoveries, of the Emin relief expedition, give their chart to the world "conscious that some English or German map-maker will, from spleen or ignorance, surely shift their base forty or fifty miles southeast," and so expunge their labors. According to these advices, however, the Ruwenzori range is about ninety miles in length, projecting like an enormous bastion of an unconquerable fort, commanding from the northeast the approaches of the Albert Lake and the Semliki Valley, and on the southern side the whole basin of Albert Edward Lake. Its principal western drainage is the Semliki River, the great stream which connects Albert Edward and Albert Lakes, flowing south, and waters the populous country of the Awamba; its southern drainage is into Albert Edward Lake, into which sixty-two streams from the Ruwenzori alone descend. The table-land surrounding the mountains is about 4000 feet above the sea, and the peaks are from 18,000 to 19,000 feet high.

The highest mountain of the range, the Cloud King, intercepts every breeze from south to east, preventing the exhalations of the valley from being blown in that direction, so that on their meeting the cold winds from the mountain summit they are distilled and rediffused in copious showers. From north to west the northern range obstructs the free passage of the winds and converts the vapor into snow-white mist, which sails in broad, irregular streams and forms what Stanley describes as an inverted sky, an impenetrable veil which for 300 days in the year hides the great mountain range with its colossal crown. It was in character with the proverbial Stanley luck that the Emin relief expedition reached Albert Edward Lake at just that season of the year when the wonder of the dark continent was visible in all its rugged grandeur. Such explorers as have been disappointed, however, may take this comfort, that the peculiar position of Ruwenzori, which obstructs the free passage of the winds, secures for the valley that equable climate which fosters a marvelous vegetation, a vegetation so lush and luxuriant that the region is aptly called the national conservatory of the world; where banana plants are eighteen inches in diameter two feet from the ground; where every tree stem has its robe of soft moss, every rock is clothed with lichens, every tree fern or horizontal branch with orchids, while rare and beautiful flowers distill marvelous perfumes. Best of all, where there are rains and dews and such a productive country, there is every prospect that should a Christian civilization be introduced it would take root, because where men are properly fed their minds are prepared to open to the truth. This then is one of the many uses of the mountains of the Moon; their greatest, however, is that which Greek, and Roman, and Egyptian so long and ignorantly attributed to them. Better than any smiling hill or pleasant vale do these desolate heights brooding under the eternal storm clouds render service to mankind. The torrents that rush from their summits, carving out ravines hundreds of fathoms deep through the rocky core of the range, upturning huge boulders, making their way through dense forests and rank vegetation, at last find a reservoir which supplies the great river that is life and health to a land 4000 miles distant, and peoples of such varied nationalities that we are safe in saying that for this great mysterious mountain, the Cloud King, all nations may join in giving thanks. It is not the least of Stanley's services as leader of the relief expedition—practically perhaps it is the greatest—that he should have been the first to give it its proper geographical definition. He went out to rescue an entomologist, and found the secret of the life of a continent.—*Hartford Courant.*

The Story of a Ship's Bell.

When you visit the rooms of the Natural History Society in Boylston street ask the custodian to point out to you a ship's bell which rests upon one of the shelves. This bell has a history attached to it. About the year 1856 or 1857 a firm in this city sent out an expedition under the charge of Mr. Whipple, the noted submarine diver of the day, fully equipped with armor and divers, to explore the banks of the Gulf of Mexico for submerged articles of value. The expedition returned in due time from a successful trip, the vessel loaded with kentledge chains and anchors. Among the many craft discovered and explored was a British frigate. From this was taken the ship's bell, stamped with the broad arrow; also, from the hull, several sheets of copper stamped with the initials of the dock yard in which the frigate was coppered and also the year of its application. A statement of these facts, with a sheet of the copper, were sent to the late George Sumner, who was then in London. He placed them before his friend, the Earl of Clarendon, who was then connected with the British Admiralty. On examining the records of the dock yards it was ascertained that two frigates were coppered the year of the stamp and were sent on their way to join the fleet about to attack New Orleans, at the time of its successful defence by General Jackson. They were never heard of after leaving their moorings. One of these was the frigate discovered by Mr. Whipple. In this accidental way was communicated to the Government and friends of the officers and crew intelligence of the fate of the ship. Perhaps a second Whipple may discover the resting-place of the United States sloop of war Albany which disappeared in the same waters carrying to the bottom, among other noble souls, Lieutenant John Quincy Adams, grandson of the President of that name, who, if he had lived ten years longer, would have added lustre to his patriotic name and family. A more accomplished and gallant officer than Lieutenant Adams never trod the quarter deck. The bell is overhung with a massive canopy of coral, which is considered of great scientific value as showing the growth of the coral in a definite number of years.—*Boston Saturday Gazette.*

Value of Broom Corn.

The value of broom corn has greatly decreased in thirty years. There was a time, "before the war," when broom corn grown in Illinois sold for $240 a ton. In more recent years one season's crop in Coles County alone sold for $850,000. But competition in its production has brought down the value of the brush. With cheaper land and better climate for the growth of the corn Kansas and Western Missouri are gradually taking the broom corn business away from Central Illinois. There has been no profit in broom corn raising here for two years. The farmers calculate that it costs $40 to produce a ton of brush. Sold at $70, and generally for less money, it becomes a less profitable crop than Indian corn. Its cultivation is similar to Indian corn, but it has the advantage of being harvested in a pleasant season of the year and at a time when no other farm work is at hand.

Broom corn seed is planted from May 10 to July 1. It is drilled into the ground with a corn planter, the rows being three feet apart. It matures in about 100 days. It must be cut while green, and is ready for the harvest when the corn is in bloom and the blossom begins to fall. The time of cutting is a very important feature to the farmer. As the seed ripens the brush becomes red, and red brush is unsalable. It must be cut so that when dry it is of a bright pea green color. The first move in the harvest is to "table" the cornstalks. This is done by the operator walking backward between two rows and breaking the stalks about waist high, crossing one over the other, so as to form a level topped "table." Then the cutters, walking between the tables, cut the brush, piling the cuttings from two tables together. Much of the value of the crop depends upon the [illegible] of the cutter. He must cut about eight inches of stem with the brush. More stem than this classes the brush as "long butts." If the brush is cut without a stem it is almost useless for broom making, and may not pass through the machine which takes off the seed.—*Chicago News.*

A mountain of alabaster has been [illegible] near Denver, Col.

Long Lost Brothers.

A ticket seller in the Union Depot at Atlanta, Ga., relates the following incident as having occurred there recently: "A man came up to my window and asked for a ticket to Palmetto. Another man was standing just behind and made the same request. As I handed out the two tickets Number One said to Number Two,—

"'Are you going to Palmetto?'

"'I am.'

"The two men looked hard at each other for a minute, and then Number Two asked,—

"'What's your name?'

"'Roonley—John Roonley. What's yours?'

"'Frank Roonley. I thought I knew you. You are my brother.'

"The two men were brothers and had not seen each other in forty years."

Lost to Sight.

General Sheridan was not a tall man, though he had a commanding presence. While he was an under-officer, he was one day drilling a company, and was annoyed by the unsoldierly appearance of a tall, round-shouldered Irish recruit.

"Don't stand in that way," Sheridan finally exclaimed, "You look like a Chinaman doubled over a wash-tub. Straighten up—form erect, chest out and chin elevated. Like this!"

Then the officer gave the man a superb example of the perfect soldier in parade movement, his eyes fixed unalterably away from earthly things.

"An' it's shtraight ahid I'll be afther lookin' all the toime?" asked the recruit, glancing down at his superior officer, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Yes; if you mean to be a respectable soldier, certainly."

The Irishman puffed himself out like a pigeon, and stepping off to the measured "Right!" "Left!" he exclaimed, "Well, good-boi to ye, Leftenant; I'll niver see ye agin."

"Which is the best way to get fat, doctor"? "Order from your butcher a piece of lean beef."

The tea-kettle sings because it is always able to keep itself outside of hot water.

When one lays hold of a severed bell-rope he fails to touch a responsive cord.

The average burglar, though he may be regarded as a crook, is true as steel.

An optimist is a man who has enjoyed "bully" good luck up to date.

There is nothing square about gossip. It is always "going round."

It is unreasonable to expect a man to be collected if his bills are not.

In regattas catboats ought to be the first to come to the scratch.

Railroad engineers should be experts in keeping track of things.

A house divided against itself cannot stand the rent.

Always struck on the head—Matches.

Always worn out—Rubber overshoes.

A crying need—A handkerchief.

A joint concern—A skeleton.

BNU 10

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VIII JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, November 27, 1890. Terms of Subscription.} $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 17 18

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. {C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

THE BROTHER'S RETURN.

BY H. A.

In a chamber on the top floor of a genteel city boarding house, a young girl of scarcely twenty sat at a table in a despondent mood. Before her was a brief note in a lady's hand, which she listlessly took up, and read as follows,—

"Mrs. Morgan regrets that she will have no further occasion for Miss Tremaine's services in the musical instruction of her children, having been advised by a friend to secure the services of Professor Mantoni."

This was certainly intelligible enough. Probably Mrs. Morgan did not know when she wrote this note that in withdrawing her patronage from the young girl she was depriving her of three-fourths of her income. So it was, however, and it was with a deep sinking of the heart that Margaret Tremaine read the four lines recorded above.

Margaret, as of course the reader will understand was a music teacher. She had been reared in affluence but the sudden failure of her father, and his almost immediate death, had thrown her upon her own resources for support. She had a brother two years older, who had gone to California in search of employment. It was in the early days of the history of that State. Communication with the interior parts of the Pacific State was not as frequent as at present, and she had received only occasional letters. Thus far he had not met with great success in digging gold.

Through the influence of Margaret's friends she had obtained several music scholars at once, enough to defray her expenses, moderate as they had now become. She had taken an attic room in Mrs. Prescott's boarding house and had thus far been able to meet her weekly bills.

But this period of comparative prosperity came at length to an end. One family in which she had several scholars went abroad, and these were, of course lost to her. Another pupil was sent to a boarding-school. And now, to crown all, Mrs. Morgan withdrew her patronage, and the young girl was left with almost no income at all.

What to do she did not know.

She might advertise for pupils, but would she get them? Besides she could not spare the money which the advertisement would cost. With a feeling of dismay she saw utter destitution staring her in the face.

It was at this moment that a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," she said.

Raising her head as the door was opened, she recognized in the caller one of Mrs. Prescott's servants.

"Well, Bridget, what's wanted?" she said.

"Mrs. Prescott would like to see you in the parlor, miss."

"Now?"

"Yes, miss, if you please."

"Very well; say that I will come down immediately."

Before chronicling the interview about to take place, it may be necessary to say that Mrs. Prescott was a widow with an only daughter not remarkable for good looks. This young lady had for several months engaged the attentions of a young man, who was popularly supposed to be engaged to her. But to the great indignation of the landlady and her daughter, the young man Colton by name, and recently showed some indications of transferring his attentions to Miss Tremaine. The young lady was quite innocent of encouraging him, but nevertheless was unjustly suspected of so doing by Mrs. Prescott and her daughter. The former determined, therefore, on one pretext or another to get rid of her troublesome boarder, hoping that the young man, when no longer exposed to her fascinations, would return to his first love.

It was with a view to this that Margaret was now summoned to the parlor. Although she had noticed the increasing coolness of Mrs. and Miss Prescott, she did not suspect the cause.

As the time for giving a lesson to her sole remaining pupil was near at hand, she went down with her bonnet on.

"Excuse me coming in with my bonnet on Mrs. Prescott," she said as she entered the parlor; "but I am obliged almost immediately to go out to give a lesson, and did so to save the trouble of going up stairs again."

"Certainly," said the landly, stiffly.

"Bridget said you wished to speak to me," said Margaret, finding that the landly hesitated.

"Yes," said the landlady, clearing her throat, "I wished to ask you if you can conveniently obtain another boarding place?"

"Indeed!" said Margaret, in utter surprise, looking from the mother to the daughter.

"Yes;" said Mrs. Prescott, "I think I shall want your room."

"May I ask," said Margaret, after a pause, "whether it is any personal objection to myself that leads to your request?"

Mrs. Prescott was about to answer in the negative, when her daughter no longer able to keep her indignation with her supposed rival within bounds, interrupted her bitterly.

"Yes, there is a reason and a good one, Miss Tremaine. Ma and I have noticed your underhand attempts to attract Mr. Colton's attention, when you knew well enough that he was engaged to me, or the same thing. We don't want any such sly people in the house, so now you know it."

"Indeed, Miss Prescott!" said Margaret quietly, for the acusation seemed so absurd that it did not disturb her, 'you are under a strange delusion. I certainly have no wish to appropriate Mr. Colton's attentions. As to his wants I have nothing to say. I shall be glad to congratulate you on your engagement with him."

"Oh, no doubt," said the young lady sneeringly, "This comes very well after you have done all you could to prevent it."

"Do you believe this ridiculous story, Mrs. Prescott?" demanded Margaret, turning to the landlady.

"I did not intend to have my daughter mention it," said Mrs. Prescott coldly, but it certainly has seemed to me that you have flirted with Mr. Colton as I should not wish a daughter of mine to flirt."

"Then you are very much mistaken," said the young girl indignantly. "Mr. Colton may be a very estimable young man, but he has no attractions for me! I have not the least desire to attract him. He has been polite to me on one or two occasions, but it was by no desire of mine. If I could marry him to-morrow, I should not wish to do so."

"Sour grapes!" said Miss Prescott sneering.

"You may call it what you please," said Margaret, "but it is the truth. However, since you have suspected me so unjustly, I have no wish to stay here any longer. I will leave to morrow when my week is up."

Just then the painful thought flashed upon Margaret that she had not enough left even to pay a week's board, and it was hardly to be supposed under the circumstances that Mrs. Prescott would be very indulgent. She turned pale and sick at heart, and stood for a moment in the middle of the floor when the door was thrown open and a young man entered, ushered by Bridget. While the ladies were so occupied in the discussion of this matter, the bell had rung without either being aware of it.

Scarcely had Margaret lifted her eyes, and suffered them to rest on the stranger, than with a cry of joy she rushed to his arms, exclaiming, "Dear Henry how glad I am to see you."

The landlady and her daughter stood by in statue-like surprise, not recognizing the visitor. Miss Prescott, who did not know of the relationship, had her eyes demurely cast down, shocked by Margaret's indelicacy in thus openly embracing a young man.

When the greeting was over, Margaret turned to Mrs. Prescott with an explanation—

"This is my brother Henry," said she, "unexpectedly returned from California."

"I wish I hadn't made a fuss," thought Miss Prescott. "He's much better looking than Mr. Colton."

"Indeed!" said the landlady more graciously, for she perceived that he was well dressed. "I think I can find a room for your brother if he would like to be near you."

"You forget," said Margaret significantly, "that I am going away to morrow."

"Oh," said the landlady, coughing, "there's no need of that. I have no doubt we have been mistaken, and—"

"I think it will be best," said Margaret, decisively, and the landlady and her daughter considerably crestfallen, retired, leaving brother and sister alone.

"Congratulate me Margaret," said he, when the landlady had withdrawn. "I do not return empty handed. Two months before leaving California I stumbled upon a monster nugget, which with my claim I sold for twenty thousand dollars. I have come back to embark in my father's old business on this capital; and you, Margaret, shall look after my household, until you have one of your own. You must give up your music scholars."

"That will be easily done," said Margaret, smiling, "since all but one have given me up."

"Have you suffered from poverty?" asked the brother anxiously.

"No, Henry, but I should, but for your opportune return."

Margaret was soon installed as mistress of a pretty little establishment. But in less than a year she found some one who needed her more than her brother, and changed her name from Miss to Mrs. Henry spared her the more readily, as there was a young lady who was all ready to take her place at the head of the table. It was not Miss Prescott, however. That young lady is still unmarried, the faithless Mr. Colton having transferred his affections elsewhere.

Husband—Yes, Wicker urged me to go into the saloon with him, and I had to.

[illegible] all? It strikes me that you had more than two.

Benedict—A baby asleep always makes me think of heaven.

Bachelor—It always makes me think what a blessed thing sleep is.

McCorkle—"Did I tell you about a fish swallowing a snake that I saw while away on my vacation?" McCrackle—"No; but before you begin I want to ask you one question." "All right." "Is this a snake story or a fish story?"

Judge—What is the charge against this man?

Officer—Cruelty to animals, Your Honor. He was blowing smoke in a horse's face.

Judge—I shall discharge him. This Court cannot have its time taken up with any such trival affairs.

Officer—But, Your Honor, it was cigarette smoke.

Judge—Ninety days.

"What time is it now?" asked Mrs. Fangle, as she puffed and panted into the waiting room, followed by Mr. Fangle and a miscellaneous assortment of small Fangles.

"Fifteen minutes to wait," replied Fangle, as soon as he could disengage himself from the boxes, bundles and bags with which he was loaded, and look at his watch.

"Fifteen minutes to eight!" gasped Mrs. Fangle. "And the train went at half-past seven. Then we've missed it Mr. Fangle and it's all your fault," she went on, without stopping to punctuate her speech by so much as a comma. "I knew you would be late with your exasperating slowness. You just wasted all that time shaving when you might just as well have shaved when you got to Aunt Mary's. What in the world will she think of us, I'd like to know, after driving five miles to meet us at the station, only to find we haven't come. I'm sure your cousin Joe never treats her invitations like that, and dear knows our children need Aunt Mary's money as badly as ever Joe Hawkin's do. I declare it's enough to aggravate a saint. Now we can't go till to morrow, and we'll have to telegraph right away that we've missed the train. It's very stupid of you, and it's all your fault. I never saw such a man in all my life."

Then Mrs. Fangle sat down, exhausted, and tears stood in her eyes.

"I don't know why you are going on like that, I'm sure," said Fangle, now that he had an opportunity to speak. "What in the world do you mean? We hav'nt missed the train, and we have plenty of time even now."

"Don't it leave at half-past seven?" Mrs. Fangle asked.

"Yes."

"And didn't you tell me it was a quarter to eight?"

"No; I said we had fifteen minutes to wait."

"Well, I think you are real mean, Mr. Fangle, and I believe you said it that way just to aggravate me. So there! Now go and get the tickets, or we'll miss the train after all."

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

November 27, 1890.

The next Speaker of the House of Representatives will be a democrat; that's as much as we care to know.

Senator Quay isn't getting much sympathy from the republican press: in fact one has but to read between the lines to see that many republican editors are really glad of his downfall.

Men are being mentioned now as Presidential possibilities who will actually be entirely forgotten before 1892. Too much "previousness" has been the death of more political booms than any single cause.

Let the democrats of the House elect their ablest and strongest man to be Speaker, and good democrats will not ask or care what state or section he hails from; a weak man in the Speaker's chair can do the party irreparable damage.

The speeches at the "Old Roman Banquet," given in honor of Hon. Allen G. Thurman, at Columbus, Ohio, on the 13, inst., represented all that is best in democracy, and are worthy of being preserved in permanent book form for the edification of future generations of democrats.

We boastfully speak of this Government as being of, by, and for the people, and of this country as being controlled by the majority of its voters. In both we are, to a great extent mistaken. Here are the facts, let us carefully consider them, for sooner or later the time will come when this very condition of affairs will endanger the very existence of this republic. On the 4th day of November, 1890, an unprecedented majority of the voters rendered a most emphatic verdict against the republican Congress and administration, by electing more than two thirds of the House of Representatives. In Monarchial Great Britain such an election would have compelled an immediate and entire change of administration, with the exception of the Queen, who is after all but an expensive and almost powerless figure head for that government. What is the result here? Practically nothing, so far as the policy of this Government is concerned. The newly elected House will not meet until the first Monday in December, 1891, more than a year hence, unless called together in extraordinary session by the President before that date. And when it does meet it cannot dot an "i" or cross a "t" in any law upon our statute books without obtaining the consent of the President and a majority of the Senate, powers, which notwithstanding the rebuke of the people, will strive to thwart the will of a majority of the country's voters. The House of Representatives of the Fifty second Congress although more than two thirds democratic, can do little more than furnish the country the evidence of the good intentions of the democratic party, for even should there be republican Senators enough who would vote with the democrats to modify or repeal the obnoxious and unpopular McKinley tariff law, which is extremely doubtful, the republican President, whose term lasts exactly as long as that of the Fifty second Congress, would be certain to veto all such measures. It will require another victory in 1892 to enable the people to realize the fruits of the one just won over the republican party. This will never be a real Government, of, by and for the people, until such changes have been made as will enable the response to the popular will, on the part of the governing powers, both executive and legislative, to be immediate.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov., 21—Every democrat in the country is interested in Washington this winter, because of the important political events certain to occur here. In the first place, the democratic minority in Congress, feeling that the policy of their party has been endorsed by the country, are determined to resist every attempt of the republicans to pass radical political legislation, and they expect the moral support of every democrat.

It is also proposed that the republicans shall, if possible, be made to provide for the big deficit in the National Treasury, which their wasteful and extravagent legislation has made a certainty for the next fiscal year, instead of leaving it for the democratic House of the Fifty second Congress to do. At least if they cannot be made to adopt the necessary legislation to provide the money to meet this deficit, the attention of the country can be called to their refusal or neglect to do so, and the blame placed where it properly belongs. It is now admitted by Government officials that by the end of the next fiscal year our annual payments for pensions will have reached $200,000,000.

The struggle which will take place this winter between Mr. Blaine and Speaker Reed for the control of the republican party machine will be decidedly exciting, and democrats are very much interested in it, because for one thing, it embraces the fate of the Force bill. If Mr. Blaine becomes the dictator of the party's policy the Force bill will at once be shelved for good and all, and reciprocity, which has in a sense, become Mr. Blaine's special trade mark will be used as a salve for the many and grevious wounds that the republican party has inflicted upon the country. If Mr. Harrison in his annual message recommends the passage of the Force bill, as it is believed here that he will, it will show that Speaker Reed has more influence with him than Mr. Blaine; but if on the other hand the message ignores the Force bill, then it may be presumed that Mr. Blaine is still in supreme command at the White House.

The immense vote cast by the Farmers Alliance in States which have for many years been reliably republican has thrown the republican leaders into a panic, and they are puzzling their bewildered brains to get up a scheme that will get back their lost voters. At a conference of prominent republicans held here a few days ago Mr. Blaine was deputed to ascertain whether by making concessions, in the shape of legislation at this session of Congress the alliance men could not be pacified, and the result is, that a confidential agent of Mr. Blaine's has been sent to the Northwestern States to confer with the Alliance leaders, and it is believed by any [illegible] would[illegible]ly knows what he talks about, that he is authorized to enter into a deal with them if they will agree, in return for the passage of a bill for the free and unlimited coinage of silver or some other bill that will largely increase the amount of money in circulation, to support the National republican ticket in 1892.

By the way, speaking of the Farmers Alliance, Representative Outhwaite, of Ohio, said here a day or two ago, that if the combination, which has been more or less talked about, between the Alliance and the labor organizations of the cities could be brought about that he believed they could elect the next President. I know that the Alliance people are doing their level best to bring about that combination.

It is now regarded as so certain that there will be an extra session of the Fifty second Congress held in the Spring that several of the gentlemen who have announced themselves as candidates for Speaker of the next House have opened headquarters here and begun their campaign for the position. Only a small proportion of the democratic majority in the next House are members of the present Congress, but owing to the nearness of the National campaign and the great political interests now centered at Washington it is expected that nearly all of them will be here within the next few weeks. So far the contest for the Speakership is being conducted in the best of humor, and I see no reason why it should not continue to the end in the same spirit, except the disposition on the part of certain newspapers to make it appear as a fight between Governor Hill and Mr. Cleveland.

Only two of the republican members of the House committee on Ways and Means, which is responsible for the McKinley tariff bill, have received certificates of election to the next House, and one of them—Burrows, of Michigan—is to have his right to a seat contested on the ground of fraud. The other one is McKenna, of California, who it will be remembered made a minority report against the sugar schedule of the tariff bill. So that it looks as if none of the men who fathered that bill as a whole received the endorsement of their constituents, all of which shows the good sense of the constituents.

Not two years ago, by something over three months, the republicans took charge of the Government, finding a big surplus in the Treasury. Since then our receipts have constantly increased and yet is now necessary to consider how we may increase the income of the Government in order to raise the money to meet its annual expenditures. That tells the story.

Charley Jones, a brother of the Rev. Sam P. Jones, shot Jim Young colored, three times on Main street, Cartersville, Georgia, on Saturday evening. He died in twenty five minutes. Jones is in jail.

One Trial Was Enough.

"When the Kansas Pacific was first opened," said B. W. Vedder a locomotive engineer, "the Indians were very hostile, and there was constant fear that they would wreck the trains. That they did not is due to their ignorance of the iron horse and of the best methods of destroying it.

"One of my firemen had an experience with the Cheyennes that he will never forget. He was on the road near Fort Wallace, when he saw that the Indians had cut the telegraph wire, and knew that he might look out for signals. They were never satisfied with simply cutting the wire, but chopped it into inch pieces with their tomahawks to effectually stop the [illegible] lightning messages. As the train came near a large patch of [illegible]ers which grew on both sides of the track over 100 Indians rose up stretched a strong rope across the track, braced themselves, and prepared to receive the shock of the locomotive. As was afterward learned, they had taken rawhide strips, braided them together, and, with a force of fifty at each end of the rope, thought that they would be able to stop the train. The instant the locomotive struck the rope the air was full of Indians. They were thrown in all directions. Some were jerked clear across the train, and more than a dozen were killed or seriously injured. This was the last attempt made for years to stop the trains."

HOME NEWS

—Only 28 days until Christmas.

—Did you have a turkey for Thanksgiving? We didn't, and havent had one since the war.

—Quite a large crowd attended Mr. H. M. Lockridge's sale on the 18th instant, and everything brought a good price.

—The Pocahontas County Musical Association convenes at this place to-night, (Thursday) and will continue several days.

—J. C. Loury, Jr., Esq., of the firm of Loury & Doyle, merchants, of this place was in Baltimore last week, and purchased, we suppose, some fancy Christmas goods.

—Attorney L. M. McClintic and wife are visiting parents at Buckeye and friends in the Level's this week.

—Main street above Hotel by Wagner is being widened and a new side walk will soon be built which will greatly add to the appearance of our little city.

—Mrs. Agnes Levesay and Miss Julia Beard, of Lewisburg are guests of Mrs. Jno. J. Beard, and Mrs. C. F. Moore this week.

—Mrs. A. S. Clark, and son Walter of Academy were visiting at Dilley's Mill the first of the week also Mrs. Jennie Clark of same place and little son were guests of Mrs. John J. Beard, of this place.

—H. M. Lockridge, formerly of near this place but now of Buena Vista, Va., and Mr. B. F. White were in Huntersville the first of the week.

—Edray Farmers Alliance will meet at Mt. Pleasant school house on the 1st Saturday in Dec., for the purpose of electing Delegates to the County Alliance and to attend to other important Business.

—Mr. W. F. Hull, of Edray, passed through Huntersville Tuesday on his way home from taking his son French to the railroad where he started for Colorado for his health. He has been in bad health for some time past, and his many friends sincerely hope for his speedily recover, and return home.

—License to marry were issued to the following persons by our Clerk: Frank N. Jackson to Maggie J. Dilley, of near Dilley's Mill; Alvin G. Dilley to Mary a Gum, of Sitlington's creek; Geo. Wilmoth to Lillie W. Beverage, of Top of Alleghany and Lewis Wheeler to Sallie Truss, (col) of Edray.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Mr. Kell Liveray and Miss Mary Belle, who have been visiting at Mr. Preston Clark's, have returned to their home at Frankford.

Mrs. Agnes Levesay and Miss Julia Beard, of Lewisburg, were visiting at Mr. Joe McNeel's last week.

Mr. J. W. Levesay, of Frankford, spent a few days with his sister Mrs. Lillian Larue, last week.

Mrs. Lucy Hill is very ill at this time with fever.

Mr. Gilbert Sharp, of Huntersville is visiting his sister Mrs. Clara Overholt.

Miss Janet Burnett, who has been visiting at Mrs. Lizzie McNeel's has returned to her home at Staunton.

Mr. Henry Shearer spent Sunday with his daughters at this place.

Mrs. A. S. Clark and son Walter and Miss Jennie Clark & little son Forrest are on a visit to friends and relatives at Huntersville and Dilley's Mill.

Mrs. A. W. Ludington and wife, who have been visiting at her father, Mr. G. W. Beard have returned to her home at Ronceverte.

The Temperance Lodge at this place is flourishing.

ABORIS.

A Card.

THE TIMES of November 6th, 1890, contains a card over the signature of C. F. Moore, perporting to be a reply to a card of S. L. Brown, in which Mr. Moore, states that he conseled time and again with me and that I was heartily in favor of a primary. To some extent this is true. I told Mr. Moore *that if the party determined to place a ticket in the field for the County Offices*, I was in favor of a primary instead of a Convention, but I spoke only for myself, and the statement that I told him, that a primary was what Mr. Brown wanted, is absolutely false, but I did tell him that Mr. Brown would abide by the decision of the primary, not that he wanted one. This card is simply to vindicate Mr. Brown.

L. M. MCCLINTIC.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

"Tho' some spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours
By sweet experience know
That marriage rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below."

It is the writer's belief these lines will find a beautiful realization in the married life of the interesting young persons, whose marriage occurred in Huntersville, Thursday, Nov. the 13th inst. By common consent it is agreed, that one of the more notable of recent society events, was the marriage of John E. Campbell, Editor of the POCAHONTAS TIMES and Miss Effie Sharp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sharp.

The nuptials were celebrated at the Southern Methodist Church in the presence of an immense assembly gathered not only from the immediate vic nity, but from various sections of the County.

Near the hour appointed while the sun shone brightly and all the air was serene and balmy the bridal party reached the Church.

Preceded by the officiating ministers Wm. T. Price and L. F. Snapp and attended by the friends selected for attendants the groom and his lovely bride approached the altar and assumed the conventional vows prescribed by the christian faith.

The following persons were attendants and performed their parts quite handsomely indeed: Mr. Boude Hannah and Miss Dosia Sharp; Mr. Robt. Burns and Miss Sadie Hamilton; Mr. Clyde Kinports and Miss Mollie Campbell; Mr. Gilbert Sharp and Miss Mattie Curry; Mr. Henry White and Miss Minnie McElwee; Mr. French Hull and Miss Leila Hull.

Without giving particulars suffice it to say the bride and her friends were attired most becomingly. Their costumes were arranged in fine taste, and all composed a charming tableau that was admired by all and which leaves upon the mind a very beautiful memory.

J. K. S.

A Big Movement.

A dispatch from Fairmont, to the Baltimore American, under date of Nov. 14, says:

About ten days ago James G. Blaine, Stephen B. Elkins, ex United States Senator Henry G. Davis and others made a flying trip over the West Virginia Central Railroad. It turns out that this visit was taken in connection with the recent purchase of 25,000 acres of valuable coal land in the county reached by the West Virginia Central Road. It is also known that the same interest has just acquired 15,000 acres of coal in Monongalia county. It is the purpose in the early spring to extend the West Virginia Central from Elkins to Philippi, thence along the valley of the Tygart river to Grafton, on the Baltimore & Ohio; thence to Fairmont, thence to Fair Chance, Pa., connecting with the Southern Pennsylvania, southeast from Elkins. Three engineer corps are now running lines through Webster, Pocahontas, Greenbrier and Monroe counties, and thence across the mountains to a connection with the Chesapeake & Ohio at Goshen, Va. This road will open up a vast extent of undeveloped coal, iron and timber country, of which many thousand acres have been bought by the head of the enterprise. The road will also be of great advantage to Pittsburg, giving her manufacturers easy access to vast deposits of raw materials.—Valley Virginian.

In Memoriam.

Death comes to all equally, and makes all equal, whether great or small, young or old, rich or poor learned or unlearned, on the land or on the sea, at home and surrounded by friends and loved ones, or abroad, and among strangers. If anything can be a consolation in the presence of death, certainly to sicken and die in the midst of hosts of sympathizing friends, must contribute something toward releiving the last dread agonis of body and mind. Thus amid the most favorable surrounding conceivable, all things considered passed away John Gay, Esq., of Marlinton, W. Va., on Monday evenings 3. P. M. October, 20th, 1890, aged 89 years 4 mo. and 24 days, having been born May 26th, 1804.

He was born, and lived through a long and eventful life, and died on the same farm, dying very near the spot where he was born, thus demonstrating that he was not only a "home maker by his energy, but a lover of his home and family, as many who are yet living can testify who have been in the days past and gone, made the welcome partakers of his generous hospitality.

In integrity he took a high stand early in life, being called to fill the office of Sheriff of his county at the age of 24 years during the years 1828 and 1829.

During twenty eight years of his life, he held the office of Justice of the peace, and was twice called by his fellow countrymen to represent them in the Virginia Legislature at Richmond, Va., 1839 to 1841 and 1843 to 1845.

His progenitors both paternal and material were of Scotch Irish decent, and more than one hundred years, were among the first families of the "Old Dominion, his father Robert Gay having moved to the territory of which Pocahontas Co., is a part, from Rockbridge Co., Va., before the dawn of the present century and while the Redmen of the forrest, still claimed this county as their hunting ground.

During a camp-meeting held by the Methodists, on Droop Mountain, W. Va. early in September, 1877. The subject of this sketch, gave his heart to God, and his name to the Church, and for thirteen years adorned his profession with an upright walk and chaste conversation, and during his last serious illness, which began on the 9th of September last, and ended with his death on 20th of October following, he very clearly and consolingly realized and enjoyed the fruits of the spirit of adoption, into the family of God's redeemed, and gave evidence of his acceptance in the Beloved Savior, all through his illness by often desiring his attendants and visiting friends to engage in singing some of the beautiful songs of "Zion," and offering prayer at his bed-side,—he seemed to enjoy these exercises very much and to his bereaved friends this is a consoling thought,—indicating very clearly that John Gay, Esq., left a good home below, for a" better "Home" above. Often during his illness he expressed his calm and certain reliances upon the promises, mercy, and goodness of God.

A very large concourse of people attended his funeral, which was conducted by Geo. P. Moore and Rev. W. T. Price, at his home and at the cemetery, being buried with the usual Methodist ritual, at a grave-yard near the residence of Mr. George Gibson, upon a part of the original Robt. Gay farm, on Tuesday evening Oct. 21st, 1890.

All the friends (which were many) of the deceased, heartily sympathize with his bereaved and aged companion, who is now left to travel the balance of life's journey alone, but still surrounded by some of her children and many friends.

Peace to his ashes—sympathy to his friends.

G. P. M.

WISEBURG, Jackson Co., W. Va., Nov. 11tht, 1890.—ED. TIMES, Dear Sir: Please publish the following:

DIED—At his home on Little Sandy, near Ravenswood, Jackson Co., Wm. Slaven, on 5th day of Nov., 1890, aged 92 years, 4 mouths and 4 days. He was born near what is known as Traveler's Repose, Pocahontas County. He lived a long and influential life, was always highly honored and held in high esteem where he lived. He represented his native County one session in the Legislature and was justice of the peace for a number of years and filled many offices in the different counties of which he lived with honor to himself, and to the entire satisfaction of the people he served. He moved from Pocahontas more than fifty years ago, first to Lewis county, then to Wirt and then to Jackson.

He was a man of fine mind a great reader, and retained his faculties to a remarkable extent to almost the very last. He was one of the best posted men in the country on the current issues of the day. He was truly a great and a good man. He joined the Presbyterian church early in life, but for many years previous to his death he was Southern Methodist, ever cheerful and pleasant, and very popular with all, both old and young, and he died in peace with all mankind, expressing himself entirely willing and ready for the change. He was buried by the Masons to which order he belonged.

The Sweetest Sound to Counsel for the Defence.

The great Dan Voorhees of Indiana and the equally great, if not so celebrated, Joe Mann of Danville once defended a man charged with murder in Edgar county. This case was a serious one for the defendant, and Voorhees and Mann exhausted their talent in his defence, with scarcely a hope of successfully proving his innocence. The trial was long and bitterly contested: the jury was out for hours, and finally this verdict was read in court: "We the jury, find the defendant not guilty."

As the reading of the verdict broke the stillness of the court room, Voorhees sprang to his feet, seized Mann by the arm with a clutch that nearly took a piece out, and in a hoarse, commanding whisper, said; "Come on! Let's take a walk." They left the court room and walked in silence down the street for some distance. Then Voorhees stopped, laid his hand on Mann's arm, and said, impressively:

"Joe, you're a good citizen, and I believe if justice is done you you'll get to heaven. We are told that in that land of perfect peace and rest there shall be heard such music as mortal ear has never heard. Sweet tones will ring on every side; grand bursts of song will rise from myriad happy souls in praise of their Redeemer; murmuring melody will float along on every balmy breeze, and exquisite music will everywhere and forever thrill the ecstatic senses of the blest —but, Joe, in that heavenly land you will never hear a sound so sweet to human ear as the utterance of those words: "We, the jury, find the defendant not guilty." Now let's go and take a drink."

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas at the Court house thereof on the 7th day of October 1890.

On the coming in of petition signed by H. H. McClintic and more than ten other free holders of the Edray District (District No. 2) of this County, it is ordered, that the provisions of section 2nd of Chapter 62 of the code of 1887, apply to all the lands within said District and the Clerk of this Court, is ordered to publish this order for once a week for four successive weeks in the POCAHONTAS TIMES, a newspaper published in the said County of Pocahontas, which publication shall be paid for by the said petitioners and said clerk shall also post a copy of this order for some length of time on the front door of Court House of this County.

A copy teste,

JOHN J. BEARD,
Clerk.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville. W. Va.

November 27, 1890.

Identified at Last.

"You'll have to be identified, before I can cash this check for you, madam," said the pompous cashier of a down town bank to a tall, leathery, hook-nosed woman in a green and red and blue dress and before the war bonnet, who presented herself at his window one afternoon, when the rush of business was greatest.

"I-dentified? what's that? asked the woman.

"Why, that you'll have to bring some one here who knows you to be the person named on this check.

"Well, I—I—why—I—No, it cayn't be! yes, it is too. Ain't you Henry Smith?"

"That is my name, madam," he replied coldly.

"I knowed it, and you don't reckomember me, Hen. Look at me agin. I'm changed some, an' so air you, but I jist knowed I'd seen you afore the minnit I clapt eyes on ye. You've got that same old cast in your left eye and nose still crooks a little to the left and you're a Smith all over. And you don't know me? Don't reckomember Salindy Spratt that you useter coax to become Salindy Smith. Hee, hee, hee! 'Member me now, don't yer, Hen? 'Member how ye useter haul me to school on your sled an' kiss me in the lane an' call me your little true love when we wuz boy an' gal together? 'Member how you cut up 'cause I give ye the mitten an' tok up with Li Link whose wife I now be? Land, Hen, I could stand here all day talkin' over them old times back on the farm but I reckon you're busy now. You kin i-dentify me now, can you, Hen?"

"Hen" did so, but in a mood that almost produced apoplexy, and those who witnessed the re-union of these long separated friends wondered that "Hen's" glance of identification did not strike Salindy Spratt Link dead.

Evening up Things.

I had a room next to a commercial traveler in a St. Louis hotel, and when both of us were packing up to go, after a stay of three or four days, I heard a sudden crash in his room and went in to ascertain the cause. He had the lounge on its back and had broken off a leg.

"You see," he explained, in an answer to my look of inquiry, "I am getting even with the house."

"How do you mean?"

"Sit down, my dear fellow," he continued, as he reached up and cracked one of the gas globes with the door key. "Let us theorize a bit. The object of a hotel is to furnish a temporary home for a man away from his own. The idea is to feed and lodge him and make him comfortable for a money consideration. The rate here is four dollars per day. Did you fee the porter for bringing up your trunk?"

"Yes."

"So did I. That was about blackmail. Did you fee your waiter?"

"Yes."

"So did I. We had to, or one wouldn't been half waited on. That's more blackmail. How was the gas in your room?"

"Very poor."

"Exactly. It is turned off so that no one can get half a light. That's a fraud on the guests. Did you drink at the bar?"

"A glass of beer."

"And they charged you ten cents and the glass was only a pony. They made fully 700 per cent. profit on that beer. That is extortion. Did you have icewater at night?"

"Yes, two or three times."

"And you gave the bell boy a dime each time. You felt that you had to. He felt that you ought to and stood waiting for it. That was more extortion. Did the mosquitoes bother you any?"

"Yes, nearly ate me up."

"And why not? There's not a screen of any sort at any window in the whole house. In other words the landlord hasn't the slightest care for your comfort. He won't go to the least cost or trouble to give you a good night's sleep. Buy any cigars in the hotel?"

"Yes."

"Well, they made from 150 to 200 per cent. on them. Have any laundry?"

"Yes."

"Well they charged you from 75 to 100 per cent. above outside prices. Perhaps you had a coupe?"

"Yes."

"Ordered it through the office probably?"

"Yes."

"Well, you paid from 25 to 50 per cent. above regular outside rates. A man took your hat at the dining room door. He is stationed there to bleed the public, and he bled you. If you got shaved, you paid twenty-five per cent. over outside rates. Same if you got a shine on your shoes. As a matter of fact, you have been blackmailed and robbed from basement to top story. Now, then, how are you going to get even?"

"I don't know."

"Then learn. I have broken a leg off that lounge. The fact won't be discovered for a week or two. No one can say I broke this globe. I take this bottle of ink and pour it on the carpet and move the bureau along. With my knife I rip a slit in this mattress. It's on the underside, and won't be seen for a month. I take this paper and crowd it into the overflow pipe of the wash stand and three or four days hence they will have to call a plumber. Now, with my knife I crack two of the upper panes of this window. The pieces will work loose before snow flies. I rack these bureau drawers so and so, and shut them up, and that will give the carpenter a job. That's all, I guess, and I'll leave it to any fair minded man if I have more than evened up accounts.

A Bargain in Crabs.

"I like to do a little black bass fishing now and then," said Dr. Tompkins, of Penn Yan, "but I'm not one of those enthusiastic people who can't get along without it. The other day, though, a friend of mine came in with a fine catch of bass, and the sight of them rather put me in the humor of going out and getting a lot myself.

"What did you catch 'em with?" I asked my friend.

"Crabs," he said.

"We call crawfish 'crabs' in Penn Yan. I had heard before that crabs were good bait for black bass and thinking that I might get some fish out of them as well as anybody else I went over to Lake Keuka outlet to bait. I lounged around in the creek for three hours turning up stones and slopping about in the water knee deep, and succeeded in capturing five little crabs.

"'Well,' I said to myself, 'that isn't a very big lot of bait to start on a day's fishing with, but I guess I won't have any trouble getting two or three nice bass, anyhow.'

"I was about leaving the creek when I met a small boy. He was a Penn Yan small boy and he had nerve, and he hailed me familiarly and said:

"'Hullo, mister. What you after?'

"I told him I was gathering crabs for bait, but that they were powerful scarce.

"'What'll you give me to get you some?' inquired the small boy.

"I thought it would be a nice thing to have a couple of dozen or so of crabs, for I'd want to be going out after more bass the next day, and knowing what a tough and tedious time I'd had getting only five, I thought I'd make it worth the boy's while spending a day tugging and sweating among the stones, and so I said I'd give him five cents apiece for crabs.

"'How many'll I git you?' he asked.

"'Oh, all you can,' I replied, feeling that all he could get would certainly be few enough.

"'All right!' he said, and I went up the lake a mile or so with my five crabs to get some bass for my supper. I fished all the rest of the day and never got as much as a bite. It was supper time when I pulled for home.

"'The next man that says crabs to me,' I said to myself, 'it won't go well with.'

"After supper I was sitting in my office, feeling a little sore yet over my day's fishing, when a knock came to the door. I opened it, and there stood the small boy I had hired to gather crabs for me. I had forgotten all about him.

"'Hullo, mister!' he said. 'I got some!'

"Crabs were the very last thing I was hankering after just then, but of course a bargain was a bargain.

"'All right,' I said. 'Fetch 'em in.'

"The small boy stepped aside and immediately appeared again, accompanied by another small boy. Each boy lugged in a big tobacco pail. Each pail was filled with crabs.

"'Great heavens!' I exclaimed. 'How many have you got?'

"'There's two thousan,' mister,' said the small boy I had bargained with. 'But we'd 'a' got a lot more if the pails had been bigger.'

"Two thousand crabs! If you'll take the trouble to figure on that you'll find that at five cents apiece 2,000 crabs will come to just an even $100, and that was the price per crab I had bound myself to pay. While those boys had nerve I've an idea that their ideas of financiering were crude, for after some exceedingly anxious and apprehensive argument with them I induced them to compromise on a basis of labor by the day, and even then they made such a good thing out of me that the next man who mentions crabs to me will stand an excellent chance of having the price of that day's work taken out of his hide. I returned those crabs to Keuka outlet, and any one who wants to may go there and catch them—if they can."

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast
Com'rs Co. Ct., C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

MANY CHRISTMASES.

The Pine Tree Tells The Story of Its Life.

I grew in a wild, tangled forest on the edge of a bluff o'erlooking the sea. At first, I watched the little spring flowers unfold their leaves and blossoms, then the glad summer came, and the woods grew green and dark; after that they changed to red and gold, then all this faded and my home looked dull and cold; just as yours do, little ones, when the fire goes out. I did not like this gloom, for I was such a baby tree; the sea and the wind would moan and wail together, and all the great trees in the forest looked so sad. But at last the beautiful snow came; then I liked winter best of all, for I thought the snow flakes were the pretty dead flowers turned to angels, coming down from Heaven to comfort me; then, too, at night the stars were so bright, and if one looks at the stars long they are apt to think of strange things; so it was with me. I was wondering why some of the trees in the forest were bright and green, while all the rest were so bare and brown. I was trying to think this out when I heard voices, and saw a light coming near; by and by it was so near that I could see a strong, handsome man carrying a lantern, and a lovely lady walking by his side; then they stopped and looked at me, and the lady tenderly touched me and said: "This little one is prettiest of all, so shapely and just the right size." Then the handsome man smiled down at me, brushed the snow away, and with a hard, cruel tool dug me out of the ground, but very gently, indeed, so as not to harm my roots; then he lifted me in his arms and bore me away, and all the trees waved their arms farewell, and I was soon lost to their sight. But I did not feel afraid or sorry, for I looked all the time at the beautiful face of the lady, which somehow made me glad; so the time did not seem long before we came to a cottage, with a bright light in its window, and I heard the lady call it home. She opened the door, and then I knew what a home was. A blazing fire, a smooth clean floor, windows with blooming flowers a friendly clock, a table with an humble meal spread out, a cradle in a cozy corner, a child nestled upon its pillows, and love in the eyes of the mother. But I had never seen any thing so pretty as that baby. I forgot myself, and fairly trembled in my joy as I gazed upon her. At last I heard the mother say: "How beautiful it is, how it will delight my darling's eyes!" They seemed talking of me, so I looked at my self, and what do you think I saw? Festoons of popcorn and scarlet berries, and bright toys on every bough. What a proud little tree I was, to be so dressed as to please that baby; they called me a "Christmas tree," then I knew why it was that some trees must stay green in the winter.

All night I watched the moonbeams on the baby's face, then the morning came and flooded the room with sunshine, and the mother caught the child in her arms and brought her to my side. Oh, those eyes! They shone brighter than the winter stars, and were far more lovely. I was indeed the child's delight and she was mine. They planted me in a box, and I grew and watched the child grow day after day. At last the summer came, the child and I grew out of doors together, only at night she went to her cradle, while I watched for the morning and her coming. When it rained she stood at the window and laughed to see how bright the rain-drops made me look. All this while the child grew larger and more lovely, and I grew larger and more proud. Again Christmas came, again I was decked for the delight of the little girl. She could talk to me now, and I never grew tired of listening to her voice. Thus many Christmas days came and went until the child and I were ten years old. Then came the grandest time of all. My darling was so beautiful, and I was a stately tree, almost too large for a Christmas tree; we did not live in the cottage now, but in a stone mansion which stood in its place. My child had hosts of children friends, all glad and gay as she. Nestled in my arms were fairy dolls almost as lovely as the children; books with wonderful stories and pictures; gorgeous toys of every description; animals that if wound up would run about as though half mad; miniature houses completely furnished, bon bons, sweet meats, and even jewels. Way up in the topmost branch stood a little old Santa Claus, showering gifts from his hands in a most magical fashion. Besides all this a hundred tiny candles blazed on all my finger tips, until I wondered if the very stars in heaven were not jealous; from a distant room came the sound of sweet, low music; this after a time became loud and glad, and then the children joined hands and they danced around me, and I became a very proud tree. But amid all the joy and laughter, all the richness and luxury, all the brilliant scene, I could not help remembering that Christmas eve of long ago, when my brightest ornaments were the scarlet berries, and all that dazzled me was the sweet child's eyes.

Now, when the spring came again, my way of life was quite changed. Out in the beautiful garden there was a great hole dug. Again I was borne in the arms of the gentlemen, while the same lovely lady walked by his side and the child and all her little friends followed in the train. There was music by the singing birds, and in the light of the morning sun, and amid peals of laughter. I was planted in my final resting-place. And now the child began to study; she learned too much for a poor ignorant tree like me to tell about. All I know is that grave-looking masters would come, then my darling would leave me, and I could see through the window the curly head bent over a wise-looking book, and the time would seem very long before she would come back again. Then there came a day more sad than all the rest. My child went away to learn more still, I heard it whispered. I was left alone—for the father and mother could not endure their home with their darling gone, so they went away upon a long journey. My heart was heavy with grief, but I, too, had much to learn; though not from books, but from the flowers and birds, from the rain drops and the snow drops; from the sunshine and the wind, from the starlight and the moonlight, and from the blue sky and the storm clouds; and I became the wisest tree in the garden, for I learned how to make all these things comfort me.

After a very long time had passed away, my darling came back, my child still, and yet so changed; the eyes were the same, but the sunny hair had grown brown, and she was so tall and different, I thought. She would come and dream the hours away by my side. Sometimes she would seem to be seeing something far away, would smile so sweetly, and then the eyes would fill with tears. I thought: "Oh, my child has learned too much;" I thought so still when one day a handsome youth sought her beneath my shade, and I was sure of it when I heard what he whispered; but I changed my mind when my pet ceased to dream and became happy and gay again, and she laughed so merrily that the youth and I would always laugh, too.

All this time everybody seemed very busy, except my darling and the young gentleman. Then one night in sweet midsummer imagine my surprise as I beheld myself again one mass of dazzling light. The garden, too, was a brilliant for moving among the flowers and fairy lights was the gay throng of children that danced around me so long ago one Christmas night. They were all grown to lovely women and handsome men, like my darling and the youth that loved her. And again they gathered in a circle about me and my child and her betrothed stood under my outstretched arms. I was crowned with glory now, for they had made me a sacred altar. I heard their whispered vows and blessed them, and who dare say that a simple pine tree can not shed a blessing?

The merry throng grew merrier still, and so the wedding night was passed and gone.

I am now a portly old pine; there is gossip abroad in the garden to the effect that I am very proud, and I guess it is partly true. Many years have passed away since that wedding night. My child lives with her husband far away where they speak a different language and have no winter season. The father and mother are dead, and another family live in the house, and three little children play in my shade and love me, and climb in my arms; I am very happy, but I never forget the days of my youth, and never tire of talking about them. Early this morning I told of my life to a little snowbird, and when he went to get his breakfast of crumbs, from the hands of a lady in the mansion, whom the children call "auntie," he told it to her and she wrote it down; I saw her do it myself, and there's no knowing what becomes of stories when they once get on paper.

Items of General Interest

No gold or silver coins are issued by the Chinese Government.

It is proposed to tunnel the Irish channel at a cost of $40,000,000

There are nearly 2,000 cigar manufactories in Havanna, some employing over 400 hands. Each factory is taxed £1 year for each man employed.

The Chinese railroad embankment from Tongsan to Tongsan was destroyed by the populace during the recent floods. They alleged that it dammed up the rivers over which it passed and was responsible for the floods.

Master Workman Powderly, of the Knights of Labor, was re-elected by the convention at Denver, without opposition. His salary has been reduced from $5,000 to $3,500. In his annual report he stated that he objected to strikes but firmly believes in organization.

The New York elevated railroads carried last year 188,000,000 passengers. The net earnings were $1,216,000. New cars costing $500,000 have been ordered. The Brooklyn elevated railroads' earnings for the year ending June 30 last, showed an increase of 43.7 per cent, on handsomely increased mileage.

"Ah, then, miss, would you be tellin' a poor old woman where St. Mary's home is?"

The fashionably dressed young woman thus addressed stopped as she was walking in Broadway and looked down on a ragged old crone, the picture of squalor and ill health. Her first inclination was to get away as quickly as possible from the uncanny object, but pity prevailed and she said:

"I'm going past the home myself. Follow me and I'll point it out to you when I reach it."

Then she started on again. If the old woman had only been content to follow quietly the young one would have felt sufficiently rewarded for her kindness by the consciousness of a good deed done; but the old one began in a loud singsong to praise the Lord for sending her so kind and beautiful a lady to lead her to the home.

"Glory be to God!" she almost shouted. "The Lord rest the souls of all the dead belongin' to ye! May the heavens be yer bed, and every hair in yer head a candle 'round yer coffin to light ye to glory! Holy mother send ye a rich husband and a fine big family!" and so on all through crowded Fourteenth street to the vast amusement of the people and the overwhelming confusion of the bashful benefactor, who could hardly restrain herself from running away.

When the Great Spirit created the world he first made three men, all of the same color. Then he led them to a pool of water and bade them jump in and bathe. One of them, obeying at once, leaped in in advance of his fellows, and came out clean and white.

The other hesitated, but one soon followed the first. When he went in the water had become somewhat stained and he came out copper colored.

Then the third man went in. By that time the water of the pool had become black, and he was consequently black when he had bathed.

Thus it happens that there are white men, red men and black men in the world.

Then the Great Spirit laid down three packages before the three men, which contained their future fate. Out of pity for the black man he permitted him to have his first choice of the parcels.

The black man, without hesitation, took the largest of the parcels; the red man, whose turn was next, took the next largest parcel, and the white man got the remaining one, which was very small.

Then the men opened their packages. That of the black man was found to contain shovels and other implements of labor; the red man's contained bows and arrows, and the white man's small parcel consisted of pens, ink and tools for fine, light work.

From that time on each man made use of the tools he had chosen.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

December 11; 1890.

An able Document—on the Whole.

President Harrison's message is a very voluminous one. He presents his views very clearly and makes some good points in support of them. He commends the work of the last session of Congress and urges the passage of those bills that were held over. He especially commends the Federal Elections bill and the Steamship Subsidy bill. The first of these would defeat its own object, as the testimony of the most reliable witnesses proves. The second would take a large amount of money out of the pockets of the people and put it in the pockets of steamship owners, without any gain to the people that would be at all commensurate with the cost. The true way to build up ocean steamship lines carrying the American flag is to give Americans a fair chance to compete with foreigners in general trade and in the building or buying and repairing of ships. Then they can take care of themselves without Government pay. This steamship subsidy scheme is just another outgrowth of the idea that it is the business of the Government to provide sustenance for the people. Every step that the Government takes in that direction leads naturally to another. Each individual as he comes to realize that he is being bled for the benefit of somebody else, begins to think how he too can get a share of the plunder. By and by we shall come to live like the monkeys in a menagerie—each with his hands in his neighbors' dishes instead of eating out of his own.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.,

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec., 5—Senator Gorman, who proved himself such an able and capable leader during the last session of Congress, was by general consent recognized as commander-in-chief of the democratic Senatorial army as soon as it became evident that Mr. Harrison and the radical republican leaders had succeeded in whipping the weak-kneed republican Senators into voting to take up the Force bill, and this spontaneous choice was officially ratified by the democratic caucus which met Wednesday evening. The policy of the democrats in the fight over this infamous partisan measure, which is likely to become one of the most famous in Congressional annals, is to reserve their strength until the republicans begin the attempt to change the rules of the Senate, which is a necessary prelude to the passage of the bill. Unless revolutionary tactics are adopted this change cannot be accomplished, because it must otherwise be accomplished under those very rules. When the attempt is made, as it is certain to be, the democratic watch words will be eternal vigilance and war to the death, and the people of the country may rest assured that nothing will be left undone to defeat the intentions of the desperat and desparing republican leaders.

By a curious coincidence Mr. Blaine chanced to be a visitor to the diplomatic gallery of the Senate, in company with the Brazilian naval officers who have been visiting us, just at the time when the Force bill was being read, and it must have required all his self possession to prevent the contempt he feels for that measure from showing itself in his countenance.

Mr. Harrison has caused it to be semi-officially hinted that he would veto a free silver coinage bill should Congress pass one, but that fact has not prevented a dozen or more Senators and Representatives, at least half of them republicans, from introducing bills providing for free coinage, and Senator Teller has stated that he has positive assurances that such a bill will pass the Senate, and that he believes it will also go through the House. Mr. Harrison seems to learn nothing by experience. He made a similar bluff at the last session in regard to the River and Harbor bill, which he afterwards signed notwithstanding it carried one of the largest appropriations ever carried by a similar measure. He made no suggestion in his political harrangue to the republican party, called by courtesy his annual message to Congress, for the financial relief of the people, and he compelled his Secretary of the Treasury to cut out of his annual report a recommendation for the issue of an incontrovertible 1½ or 2 per cent bond, which might have afforded some relief by increasing the volume of our currency; therefore he should not be surprised if the Senators and Representatives fresh from personal contact with the people and conversant with their needs should attempt to supply them.

One bill has been introduced in in the Senate by a republican—Senator Cullom—which most of the democrats would gladly vote for, if they could get a chance. It provides for one cent letter postage, which Mr. Harrison, in his anxiety to talk partisan politics, forgot to even mention in his message.

Quite a number of bills have been introduced in the House and Senate to repeal certain sections of the McKinley tariff act, one of the most notable of which is that introduced by Representative McCreary, of Kentucky to put what he very aptly calls the seven blessings of mankind, tin and tin plate, cotton ties, agricultural implements and edged tools, binders twine, blankets, worsted for men and women's clothing and salt, upon the free list. If Boss Reed and his henchmen would allow this bill to get before the House it would go through the House "quicker than a streak of greased lightning," as the saying is, but you may be sure that they will not do it. It would hurt some of the wealthy men for whose "protection" the republican party exists.

The Pension appropriation bill for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1891, has been reported to the House. It appropriates $135,009,785, and those well informed say that it is less by from thirty to seventy millions of dollars than will be required to pay the pensions during the year. Look out for music when this bill is discussed in the House. Some peculiar republican pension methods are to be shown up by the democrats.

The House, after one day spent in filibustering and one in discussion, passed the International copyright bill by a vote of 139 to 95.

Persuasion, threats, and bribery, on the part of the administration, by the promise of future patronage, has so far failed to get together a quorum of republicans in the House. Without that republican quorum no partisan legislation will be allowed to go through the House.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Rosella Smith by &c.
vs. | In Chancery
Mary F. Malcomb, & others |

The object of this suit is to obtain a sale and partition of proceeds of 100 acre tract of land in Pocahontas County West Virginia, and it appearing by affidavit filed that Elizabeth Y. Cockran is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is orderep that she, appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect her interest in this suit.

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, W. Va., on the first Monday in December, 1890

Minnie V. Dameron Pl'ff.
vs.
Thomas J. Dameron Def't.
In Chancery.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree of divorce in favor of the plaintiff Minnie V. Dameron from the bonds of matrimony with the defendant Thomas J. Dameron, and to be awarded custody of the two children, Lena Page Dameron and Lewis Houseman Dameron and it appearing by affidavit filed that Thomas J. Dameron is a nonresident of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that he appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k

Rucker, p. q.

Dec. 4th 4w

To Thomas J. Dameron, Esq.,

Take notice, that on the 12th day of January, A. D., 1891, between the hours of six o'clock, A. M., and Ten o'clock, P. M., at the residence of the late George C. Hill dec'd. on Hill's Creek, Little Levels District, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will take the depositions of Miss Mary K. Hill, and others, to be read as evidence in my behalf, in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, and State of West Virginia, in which I am Plaintiff, and you are Defendant.

If from any cause the taking of said depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day, or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

MINNIE V. DAMERON,
By counsel.

H. S. Rucker, Sol.

Dec. 4th-4 w

HOME NEWS

—Messrs. E. H. Moore, of Academy and J. S. Smith, of Mill Point, "fell in on us" Monday.

—Speaking of ice houses, why not use the churches? Surely, they are cold enough.

—There is probably more in sausage than in any other food except hash.

—Christmas Goods, Queensware, Glassware &c., at Loury & Doyle's.

—Born to Horace Herold, Esq., and wife, of Frost on the 8th inst. —a boy.

—Miss Sadie Hamilton, of Knapp's creek, is visiting friends at Hinton.

—Only two weeks until Xmas and then look out for the small boy mit the fire cracker, and the large boy mit the fire water.

—Attorney C. F. Moore, who is in the abstract business at Clifton Forge, Va., came home last Friday and returned Monday, accompanied by Fred Beard Esq.

—S. L. Brown, Esq., returned from a two weeks visit to friends and relatives in Randolph and Barbour counties.

—Dr. Jno. Ligon, of Clover Lick, who has been visiting the booming towns of Va., passed through town to day, (Wednesday) on his way home.

—Our young friend Attorney S. C. McNeill, of Buckeye, has been in our city for several days past, and tells us he expects to soon hang out his shingle at this place.

—How great would be our encouragement if every one of our subscribers would send us one new subscriber the last week in December, to begin THE TIMES with the New Year.

—Never trust an able-bodied youth or young man who cannot and does not support himself without calling on his mother for all the money she can spare from what she earns while he is operating as a masher.

—Mrs Morgan Grimes, of near Dilley's Mill was visiting her daughter Mrs. David Bambrick, at this place part of last and the first of this week.

—We are printing this week for Attorney H. S. Rucker, a brief in the case of Allen C. Barner vs. Uriah Hevener. It will make something over thirty pages of printed matter.

—H. M. Lockridge, formerly, of near this place, but now of Buena Vista, Va., has organized an Investment and Improvement Co., at that magic city, composed of some of the best men of our County, and we believe has made investments that will pay them handsomely.

—From a handsome and superbly printed invitation we learn of the marriage of Miss Jennie L. Campbell to Capt. W. O. Robertson, to take place at the home of the bride's parents at Hinton, on Thursday, Dec. 18th. We advance our best wishes for their future and are sorry that business prevents us from attending the happy event.

—Mr. S. L. Gibson, of Frost, died at his home on Monday the 8th instant, of congestion of the lungs. Mr. Gibson, was one of the most worthy and highly respected citizens of our County, filling, in his time, offices of trust and honor. We sincerely sympathize with his children in their sad bereavement, though they have the glorious consolation that their father has gone to his heavenly home.

HAY FOR SALE.

I have for sale 12 hay stacks, excellent hay, which I will sell very low.

GEO. DILLEY,
Beaver Creek.

dec 4 2 t

—Preaching at Bethel next (2nd) Sunday, 11 o'clock, a. am Dec. 14, by pastor Snapp.

—Mason Williams, Esq., of Locust, called to see us to-day, (Wednesday).

—New line of Ladies Trimmed Hat's at Loury & Doyle's.

—Capt. D. A. Stofer, has been quite ill for a few days past, but is now some better.

—The second term of the Hillsboro, M. & F. Academy will open the 29th of December, and continue six months.

—We are requested to announce, that a full meeting of the heads of families in this neighborhood, is desired at prayer meeting, this evening (Thursday), for the purpose of arranging for a Christmas Tree. This Tree is intended for the benefit of the whole immediate neighborhood.

—At a dance near Buckeye, last Thursday night Enoch McNeill, Esq., accused a Mr. Weakly of taking some whiskey, when the latter after Mr. McNeel turned his back, struck him in the back of the head with an axe, fracturing his skull so that pieces were taken out. It is thought he will recover. Weakly has not been arrested.

—Wise Herold, Esq., of Frost and ye Ed. returned last Friday evening from a visit to the booming towns of Va. We were at the lot sale at Basic city last Thursday. Lots were sold at from $500 to $3,000. For yearlings, Clifton Forge, Basic City and Buena Vista, beat the world. They have large manufacturing plants that employ from 1000 to 1500 men, a population of from 2000 or 3000 people, and the structures already built and are now going up, are not common plank things, but large magnificent brick buildings, trimed with pressed brick and marble. They bid fair to become cities of importance—while other towns in that grand and glorious Valley of Va., are not slow behind them. Though, we would advise our friends who are doing well enough, to let well enough alone. Skilled workman get good wages, but common laborers get from $1.00 to $1.25 per day and pay a big price for board, or if they have families, and have to rent it is simply out of the question; small four and five roomed houses on the outskirts are renting for $25.00 per month.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

Hillsboro Male and Female Academy will give a Christmas entertainment on the 19th inst., beginning at 6½ o'clock, p. m. The exercises will consist of a debate by the two literary societies, followed by Pantomines, Motion songs, Music and calisthenics.

There will be an admittance fee of 15 cts. for the purpose of establishing a library for the societies A cordial invitation is given the public.

Green Bank Items.

A little winterish. About a quarter of an inch of snow fell last night.

Mr. J. S. Smith, of near Mill Point, spent last week visiting friends in this vicinity.

We understand Mrs. Agnes Leivlazy who is stopping with Mrs. H. A. Yeager at this place is quite indisposed at this writing.

Mr. Lee Cackley and family, of Mill Point, are on a visit to her parents and friends in this vicinity.

Madam rumor says there will be a wedding on the mountain in the near future and a reception near this place.

LOTTIE.

The steamer Lethers caught fire in the Mississippi River near New Orleans last week, and in attempting to escape seventeen persons were either drowned or burned to death.

Edray Items.

Upwards of twenty wagons and teams have been employed during the last two or three weeks, delivering lumber on the river bank at Marlinton, for the various lumber dealers. There is now lying there 150,000 to 200,00 feet at the various yards—the roads are in fine order now, but if rains set in then the bottom will be deep down.

Messrs. Beverage & Loudermilk are sawing for Geo. W. McCollum, on Greenbrier river, near Mr. Friel's.

Messrs. Sharp & Smith, are running their saw-mill on the Capt. Cochran place on Stony Creek.

Messrs. Gay & Peters, are sawing on Laurel creek.

S. M. Gay & Co., are sawing near Mt. Pleasant.

Jas. Gibson's saw mill is at work near Split Rock.

A. C. Wooddell's saw mill is being closely pushed near Split Rock.

J. N. White & Bro., are sawing cherry at the mouth of Big Spring on Elk.

Thus you see—the 2nd District of this County now boasts of seven steam saw mills at work employing outside of lumber haulers an average of 8 to 10 hands each, at, and about the mills, distributing hundreds of dollars among laborers,—hard work—but not hard times.

Mr. W. C. Hull, received a letter from his son J. F., announcing his safe arrival in Colorado, in fair health, and encouraged prospects.

C. Z. Hevener has been appointed Post-Master at Marlinton, W. Va., vice, Sam'l. Gay removed.

Some stock has been taken in Eastern Booms by our married men in this Dist, if these Booms continue this County will soon be bankrupt, and moonshine towns, and cities on paper, in other sections will be rich, and in these the big fish, will soon swallow the little-fish and then the stream of wealth will be dry, and the country left devoid of means of trade,—with the country capital, in the coffers of city capitalists,—and then a howl about hard times.

As no writ of election was issued, before the late election, so there was no declared vacancies to fill hence no new officers to qualify, instead of appointees.

S. B. Moore is not back yet from Charleston, where he has been attending U. S. Court as a juror, from this County since the 10th of Nov. last.

A Revival meeting held at Fairview, near here, by Rev. S. C. Morgan closed last night, resulting in forty conversions, and accessions to the church.

Mr. Jas. H. Jackson, and Miss Elizabeth S. Adkisson, were married in the Edray Church, by Rev. G. P. Moore on Wednesday the 3rd inst in the presence of a large crowd of interested spectators.

The taking off and hiding of buggy wheels is not creditable in any community. X. X.

A despatch from Memphis, Tenn., dated Nov. 28, says: "James Stockton met his wife here to-day for the first time since the Johnstown flood. They had mourned each other as dead, believing that they had been bereaved by the awful disaster. Stockton had gone to California and Mrs. Stockton was in Massachusetts. They were discovered to each other by a mutual friend in this city, and to-day a most joyful meeting took place at the first station on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway on the incoming train. They had only been married a few days, and will go from here to their new home in California to complete their rudely interrupted honeymoon."

The oldest man in the world is probably Osman, of Cavaliovit, Turkey. He has lived 165 years, and has documents to prove it. He is an Arabian widower, and is supported by a small pension from the Sultan.

Mrs. Mary E. Beaseley, of Philadelphia, has invented and patented a barrel-hooping machine which gives her an income of $20,000 a year; her machine, it is claimed, being capable of hooping 1,200 barrels a day.

A recent estimate places the annual consumption of tobacco in the United States at 310,000,000 pounds. This makes an average annual consumption of five pounds for every person in the country. But as not more than one fifth of the population use tobacco (and that is an appalling average) those who do use it must consume twenty-five pounds per annum. If the price of these three hundred and ten million pounds of tobacco for three years, were placed in the public treasury, it would more than pay out the entire national debt.

A thousand years hence—so says a member of the Academy of Sciences—nearly all the stone buildings now standing in Europe will have crumbled to dust. So perishable is the material of which they are constructed that the process of decay is already evident in many conspicuous edifices. The same thing is going on in this country. Neither marble nor our favorite brownstone can withstand the action of the elements. Even the Capitol at Washington is undergoing disintegration. It may not be important that an ordinary dwelling-house should last a thousand years. For sanitary reasons it is, perhaps, just as well that people should have to build their houses over again once every two or three centuries. But it is not agreeable to think that the Capitol and all the great churches in the country will have disappeared by the year of grace 2890.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Leven Wanless
vs } In Chancery.
John F. Wanless & others

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree for the sale of the lands of which Jas. Wanless died seized and possessed, and a division of the proceeds among his heirs at law, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that Thomas Hatton and Betsy his wife, —— Veria and Zeda his wife and George P. Wanless, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.
Skeen p. q.
Decbr. 4th 4 w

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Rhoda E. Crigger Pl'ff.
vs. In Ch'y.
H. F. Crigger Def't.

The object of this suit is to obtain a divorce from the bonds of matrimony and to be awarded the custody of the child, James H. Crigger, and it appearing by affidavit filed that diligence has been used on behalf of plaintiff to ascertain in what County the said H. F. Crigger resides without effect, and from the best information she can obtain, the said H. F. Crigger is not a resident of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that said Crigger appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Rucker p. q.

Dec. 4 4 w

Notice To Take Depositions.

To H. F. Crigger, Esq.:

Take notice that on the 9th day of January A. D., 1891, between the hours of six o'clock, A. M., and six o'clock, P. M., at the law office of H. S. Rucker, in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will take the depositions of John C. Moran and others, to be read as evidence in my behalf, in a certain suit in Chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, in which I am Plaintiff, and you are Defendant.

If from any cause the taking of said depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day, or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

Respectfully,
RHODA E. CRIGGER.
By Counsel.

H. S. Rucker, Sol.
Dec 4-4 t

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

December 11, 1890.

Bloomer (to ragged urchin)—Your parents left you something when they died, did they not?

Urchin—Oh, yes, sir.

Bloomer—And what did they leave you, my little man?

Urchin—An orphan, sir.

"You know, Fanny, I picked out old Squartoes as a safe husband for my daughter and invited him to dinner almost daily for a month. Knowing that he was something of a gourmand I engaged an expensive cook, and at the end of 30 days do you know what happened?"

"No."

"Why, he married the cook."—

First Successful Business Man—I had only a common school education but I found it sufficient. You, I believe, were a college graduate.

Second Business Man—Yes; graduated with high honors, too.

First S. B. M.—Now tell me truly. Did you find any practical use for what you learned at college?

Second S. B. M.—Um-yes. One night, when burglars got into my house, I scared them off with a college yell.

Farmer Roots—I dunno but we'd [illegible] direction leads naturally to another. Each individual as he comes to realize that he is being bled for the benefit of somebody else, begins to think how he too can get a share of the plunder. By and by we shall come to live like the monkeys in a menagerie—each with his hands in his neighbors' dishes instead of eating out of his own.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec., Senator Gorman, who proved himself such [illegible] red-hot partisan stripe. When he heard of Cannon's defeat, he said to his wife, who is one of those women who obey their lord and master blindly:

"Mary pack up everything; I'm going to move."

"Why?" asked Mary."

"Because Joe Cannon is beat, and I won't live in a Democratic district."

"Very well," said Mary, with a little resigned sigh.

The old man went to town to sell his farm. There he heard all the election news. He returned home, and entering the house said:

"Mary, you can quit packing up; I ain't a going to move."

"Why?" inquired Mary.

"Because," he replied sadly, "there's no place to move to."

A boy seven or eight years old, whose parents live on Third avenue, was beating a drum in the alley, when a neighbor appeared and asked:

"How much did your father pay for that drum, sonny?"

"Two shillings, sir."

"Will you take a dollar for it?"

"Yes, sir; [illegible] I'd sell it for ten cents."

The exchange was made and the drum put where it wouldn't do any more good, and the neighbor chuckled over his stratagem. However, when he got home at night there were four drums beating in front of his house and the drummer boy was prompt to inform him:

"These are my cousins, and I took that dollar and bought four new drums. Do you want to give us $4 for them?"

The neighbor bowed to the inevitable and retired.

LIES WILL SOMETIMES DECIEVE

But the following from the *Valley Virginian* gives itself away: A society known as Omish, in the State of Ohio, is constituted of a singular people. They have very little intercourse with the outside world, and have so intermarried that a low grade of mental capacity is the rule with them. They read none of the secular papers, never leave the boundary of their society, except to take their produce to market, and have very little to do with politics or trade, outside of themselves. The society is included in McKinley's district. Knowing their ignorance and parsimony, the Democratic leaders concieved the idea of capturing the votes of the men. They equipped a number of the shrewd members of the Democratic party as peddlers, and started them out, each with a cargo of tin cups. The price of tin cups had been and is 5 cents. These peddlers moved about in the Omish settlement offering to sell them at $1 a piece. When the Omish protested, the peddlers told them that was the ruling price—that everybody sold them at one dollar and that it was "because of the McKinley bill." This trick was played so insidiously and gently, that the Republicans did not learn of it until too late. The result was that the Omish, who rarely ever went to the polls, on this occasion mustered their full force, and cast their ballots against McKinley, because, as they believed, he had been the cause of the increase of the price of tin cups from 5 cents to one dollar. They cast enough votes to determine the election, and by this fraud the nation is deprived of one of the ablest and cleanest public men who ever sat in Congress, and yet this is the party of "Reform" with a big R.

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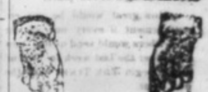

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. [illegible] JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, December 18, 1890. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 21.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Pros. Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Clerk Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs, C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and 4th Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

A PIKETOWN ROMANCE.

Old Peter Cummins was "deown with the rheumatiz." Consequently he was very peevish.

He badgered and bullied all who came within hearing of his stentorian voice, from his youngest daughter Martha to his meek, pale faced old wife.

He found fault with his one hired man to such an extent that the latter "quit," leaving the plow in the furrow in the back lot, and went in search of a place where, as he expressed it, he could "chaw his hash in peace, an' not be cussed at w'enever he went in ear shot of the house."

The hired man had not been a rapid worker, an' as Peter had been ailing for weeks his farm work was in a very backward and chaotic condition.

The plowing was no more than half done, the potatoes were not planted, the corn ground was not "fitted," and it was already the middle of May.

The farm hands for miles around had all secured situations, and had been at work for weeks. There was not one to be had for love or money.

It looked as though Peter Cummins would have to worry through the season as best he could without a hired man.

Under the circumstances Peter did not improve either in health or temper.

"Drat the rheumatiz!" cried he. "If I could only git about I'd hitch up ole Jerry an' drive till I found a hired man—a' one good for suthin,' too. But here I am tied down—bound an' gagged—with this pesky rheumatiz. Ow, wow, wow! wot a tinge thet air was."

Although Peter was, in a certain sense, bound to his chair, he was very far from stating the truth when he said he was gagged, as his wife, his daughters and every chance passerby could have testified.

Although plowing and planting were at a standstill on the farm the dairy work went on as briskly as ever, with Miss Susan Cummins as general manager and Miss Martha as able assistant.

The seventeen cows were milked bright and early every morning; the milk was "set" in large shallow pans, and the cream, at the proper time, was churned, salted and "worked" into the sweetest of golden butter.

This was not considered hard work by the tall, broad shouldered, rosy cheeked blue eyed, flaxen haired Susan, who at 19 years of age was as strong, healthy and cheerful as a girl well could be.

Martha, two years younger, although equally as light hearted as her sister, was different in many ways. She resembled her mother, who, when a "gal," as she often told her daughters, was considered a great beauty.

Martha had inherited her mother's coal black hair and eyes, creamy complexion and slim, slender form. She was very pretty, and not a farmer boy for miles around but loved the ground she walked on—especially when she lightly tripped over a portion of her father's fertile soil.

The Cummins homestead would have been fairly overrun with admirers of the two girls (for there were many who liked the robust Susan's style of beauty) but for one thing. They one and all had a wholesome fear and dread of Peter's rasping, but piercing, foghorn voice. He also, when laid down with "rheumatiz," wielded with much dexterity and accuracy a No. 10 cowhide boot.

So, because of the voice and the boot the girls, though greatly admired, had no "steady company."

The nearest approach to it was the three calls Hiram Stubbs had made on Susan.

On his first visit Hiram was very anxious, apparently, to secure Peter's advice as to what he had better do with his "nine acre lot—seed it down er plant it agi'n."

Peter, being in a cheerful mood, for a wonder, expatiated and dwelt on the delightful subject at such great length, and Hiram, to propitiate him, gave him such marked and undivided attention, that Susan remained unnoticed, save at such rare intervals as Peter went to the door to expectorate. On these occasions Hiram rolled a prominent pewter eye toward the damsel, and made a hurried and whispered observation on the state of the weather or solicitously inquired as to her health.

The youth's second visit, ostensibly for the purpose of procuring a recipe for a spavin liniment, passed off in much the same way.

When Hiram, in his store clothes, presented himself at the kitchen door of the Cummins homestead for the third time there was a coolness in the reception tendered him by the old husbandman that should have warned him of breakers ahead.

Peter, being tired and cross, retired early, and the young man, not to lose any precious time, at once commenced edging his chair toward the blushing and expectant damsel.

He reached her side as soon as could be expected under the circumstances and had just succeeded in partially surrounding her buxom form with an arm by no means too long, when the two were thrown apart as by an electric shock. They had heard the following words, uttered in a tone of voice that could be heard a full mile:

"Hi, there Susan! Send thet air tow-headed fool hum, an' mog your boots tew bed. Dew ye hear?"

It was well understood that when Peter said a thing he meant it. He was not only handy with his No. 10 boots, but was a very muscular man and a noted "rough and tumble" wrestler.

In fact Peter stated no more than the truth when he said:

"I kin down anything within ten mile in Piketown, with one exception—thet's the rheumatiz."

He was also a great worker, being able to "out hoe, out mow, out chop an' out-eat" any man that he ever had in his employ.

"Martha, said Susan a day or two after the birial man had taken his departure, "we are out of sugar, molasses and spice, and you'll have to go to the village with some butter and do some trading."

Of course Martha was perfectly willing to do so.

She would not only have a pleasant ride, but would also have the pleasure of seeing Joe Smith, who "clerked it" in Piketown's one store.

Accordingly, after packing a few dozen eggs in oats and placing several rolls of golden butter in an earthenware jar, "Old Jerry" was hitched up, and Martha, with a great fluttering of ribbons and rustling of skirts, climbed into the old buggy wagon and started for Piketown.

She reached the village without mishap, did her trading, and after conversing for some time with Joe Smith headed old Jerry for home.

She had left the village about two miles behind when she saw a young man trudging along ahead of her in the dusty road, a dilapidated carpet bag in hand.

He seemed to be footsore and tired, and as Martha was a kind hearted little thing, and as there was plenty of room in the big, coffin boxed buggy, she halted and asked him to ride.

The invitation was accepted with alacrity, and Martha found herself seated beside a broad shouldered, trim built young man, perhaps 25 years of age. His curly chestnut hair was closely cropped, and his sandy mustache had been recently trimmed. His dark and flashing eye proclaimed him to be a quick tempered individual, while his square, massive jaw denoted determination, if not obstinacy and pugnacity.

"Have you walked far?" queried Martha after old Jerry had jogged on some distance.

"About fifteen miles," was the reply. "Fact is I'm looking for a job. Do you know of any one around here who would like to hire a man for a few months?"

"Why, yes," said Martha. "Pa pa's hired man has left him, his farm work is in terrible shape and he is sick. I am quite sure he will hire you. You, however, will find him very cross. He is always that way when he is ill."

"Oh, I shall not mind that in the least," replied the young man cheerfully. "I am out of a job and out of money, and under the circumstances would work for Lucifer himself. May I inquire your name?"

"My name is Martha Cummins. And yours"—

"Is Robert Sharp."

At that moment old Jerry turned into the Cummins door yard and sedately walked up to the kitchen door.

Martha, with the assistance of Robert Sharp, unloaded her purchases, and taking Jerry by the bridle started for the barn.

"Let me be your hostler," said the stranger, stepping forward. "You go into the house and I will attend to the horse."

The young man soon returned to the house, and was ushered into the old farmer's presence.

As Peter was greatly in need of help, and Robert Sharp was greatly in need of employment, a bargain satisfactory to both was soon struck.

Peter at once saw that his new hired man was a great worker.

Within a week he had the plowing all done and a part of the ground ready for planting.

The old husbandman's mind being thus placed at rest he soon got the better of his rheumatism and went to work with a will.

As has been already stated, Peter prided himself on the fact that he had never had an employe who was able to do as much work in a day as could he.

It had always been his custom to "race it with every new man he hired.

When after a more or less close and exciting contest his antagonist either tacitly or openly admitted his defeat Peter would say:

"Wal, yew dew wot ye kin. Yew can't hev more av of a cat than her skin; an' it hain't to be expected that yew, or any man in this part av the kentry, kin keep his eend up with old Peter. Dew wot ye kin."

One evening, having fully recovered his health and strength, Peter said to Robert Sharp:

"I'm goin' deown tew Piketown this evenin' tew buy me a new hoe. Tew-morrer, yew know, we air tew plant the Green lot tew w'ite flint corn. Yew go to bed arly an' rest jest all yew kin, fer yew'll hev tew git right to w the front tew morrer an' don't yew fargit it."

Bright and early the next morning the two men started for the "Green lot," the hired man carrying a bag of seed corn, while Peter flourished two bright new hoes.

Said the farmer as soon as the lot was reached:

"I'm jest a-going tew make this new hoe fly tewday. This piece has got tew be planted afore night."

With these words, having filled to overflowing his planting bag with corn and his mouth with tobacco, he struck out at a terrific rate of speed, the hired man following after.

The sun having just arisen Peter had discarded his wide brimmed straw hat, and for greater freedom of movement had thrown his suspender from his right shoulder. This latter useful article of wearing apparel having become detached in front streamed out behind like the tail of a kite. His long gray hair was blown about his swarthy face, his blue checked shirt, filled with wind, puffed out like a balloon; his tan colored overalls bagged at the knee, and his mammoth boots, pushed along through the soft, sandy soil, made a shallow canal on each side of his row.

Firmly grasping in one big hand his new hoe and in the other no less than a half pint of corn Peter, puffing and blowing like a locomotive, worked himself across the field at a high rate of speed.

Looking behind him occasionally the exulting husbandman would yell:

"Come on. Come on. Thought you knew heow to plant corn. Git a gait on ye. Git a gait on ye. Haw! haw! haw!"

At the end of the first "bout" the hired man was several yards behind, and Peter, in a high state of exultation and perspiration, took a double shuffle on a fence board which chanced to lay upon the ground near by. He then took a "chaw of terbacker," refilled his planting bag, spat upon his hands, and, seizing his new hoe, struck out with renewed vigor.

"I guess I'll let out a link or two this bout," said the sandy moustached young man to himself.

He did so, and not only passed the hitherto invincible one, but kept the lead until the dinner hour sounded.

Yes, Peter had at last found his match—and a little more.

Although he struggled manfully and well, and received the assistance of many chews of tobacco; although he shoved his sleeves far above his elbows, removed his boots and rolled up his tan colored overalls; although he wielded his new hoe with a desperation born of despair, and paid no attention as to whether he dropped one or twenty kernels in a hill, he at length had to own himself out planted, beaten, vanquished. He did it in these words:

"This ternal new hoe hangs out twoo much."

Robert Sharp could not only out-plant Peter, but he could, and did, out hoe, out mow and out-chop him.

One would naturally suppose that

[Continued on fourth page.]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

December 18; 1890.

The art of making matches has been so perfected that 10,000,000 of the tiny sticks can be cut into shape all ready for dipping, by one machine in a single day.

Bears and deer are very plentiful in the Dismal Swamp, Virginia, and old residents say they are more numerous than for many years. It is said to be no unusual thing to see deer drinking from the canal.

The foreman of one of the largest barber shops in New York is authority for the statement that more men part their hair in the middle now than ever before.

The republican newspapers seem to have taken a rest from their self appointed and laborious task of electing a Speaker of the next House for the democrats.

Some people are born to become hallucinations Mr Harrison actually believes that he will be nominated again in 1892.

Mr. Harrison is not making any friends by threatning to vote a free coinage bill if it is passed by Congress.

According to the charges of his former partner W. W. Dudley seems to have been as crooked as a banker as he was as a politican, and his "blocks of five" political methods sink into insignificance when compared wish his fraudalent financial practises.

The wholesale price of whalebone is now $10,000 a Aproject is on foot to organize whaling expedition from Australia to Anarctic where it is believed plenty of whales are to be found. It is an almost untouched whaling ground.

There are indications at Washington that the Force bill is dying and may be side-tracked for an indefinite time. Republican Senators are beginning to realize that the country will not submit to the outrage upon American liberty as contemplated by the Force bill.

The silver half dollar is so unpopular a coin that $17,000,000, worth of them remain piled up in the Treasury vaults, and cannot be got into circulation. The Director of the Mint suggests that they be recoined into dimes and quarters, and asks for an appropiation for that purpose.

The principal demands of the Farmers Alliance—Tariff reform and financial reform—have long formed the foundation stones of sound democratic doctrine, and the Alliance will find its natural ally in the democratic party, just as it has already found its natural opponent in the republican party. It is well to keep these facts in mind when discussing the political future.

Its a question whether the Sioux Indians were frozen out or starved out. In either case the country owes no thanks to the administration.

Secretary Noble seems to have at last discovered that the Pension office is a nest of corruption. Other people knew it some time ago.

The bottom dropped out of an acre field belonging to Senator Ingalls, in Miami County, Kansas, recently. The Senatar is losing ground steadily.

Edgar Wilson, a life convict, died recently in prison at Stillwater, Minn., and left $30,000 to Walter Williams, a fellow-convict who had been pardoned.

One night quite redently eighty birds were killed by striking the Bartholdi statute. Fifty of them were Maryland yellow throats; among the other species represented were oven-birds, yellow-bellied fly-catcher, Cape May warbler and Philadelphia vireo.

It is stated that the Church of England has raised and expended over $35,000,000 sterling on church building, repairing, etc., during th twenty five years euding with 1884. The church spends a million dol yearly on these objects.

Here are a few interesting statistics, from the report of the Secetary of the Interior. The total number of enlistments during the war was 2,250,000. There were 541,944 pensioners on the rolls July 1 last. There were up to the same date 483,278 claims filed under the new law which President HARRISON approved June 27 last. Claims under this bill are coming at the rate of 138,000 a month. Adding the 537,944 peosnoers and the 892,221 claimants whose papers have not been acted on, we have 1,430,165, and claims still coming in at the rate of 138,000 a month.

There is an interesting case on trial here now before C. C. Hovatter, J. P., and a jury. The matter in controversy consists of ten young turkeys valued at about $7.50. There are thirty one witnesses in the case and their costs together with the magistrate's and constable's costs foots up a neat little sum closely approaching $100. —Phillippi Republican.

It has been proposed that the democratic party should at once reorganize its national and Congressional committee for tha next Presidential campaign, in order that the members—elect of the Fifty-second Congress may be represented thereon, and also that the campaign of education, by means of tariff and other literature, may at once be begun. It is a most timely suggestion and should be carried out at the earliest practicable moment. The value of thorough organization and dissemation of sound democratic doctrine, both through the party press and by means of carefully prepared pamphlets, cannot be over estimated.

A pension for the current fiscal year of $34,500,000 has been reported to the House of Representatives by the Secretary of the Treasury. The pension appropriation bill for the next fiscal year, as passed by the House, carries more than $133,000,000, and it is generally believed that it is less by from forty to seventy millions of dollars than will be required, unless a careful revision is made of the pension rolls of the Government. It is believed that from 25 to 33 per cent of the name on these rolls are there illegally, and that a careful investigation would show this beyond question. We should not object to increasing the pension of every deserving soldier but not one cent of the peoples money should be paid to the undeserving, or should be paid on illegal claims. By all let us have a thorough revision of the pension rules.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec., 12—Questions affecting the financial condition of the country are at present absorbing almost the entire attention of Congress, and the administration has at last become convinced that something must be done. Opinions differ as to what convinced Mr. Harrison and his cabinet, but it is more than probable that the action of Senator Plumb, who, in introducing a bill to replace the retired circulation of national banks and providing for the free coinage of silver, stated that it was his intention, if the Federal Election bill was not speedily disposed of to move that it be laid aside and his bill and others relating to financial matters be considered, in order that something might be done to meet the just expectations of secret here that the republicans who believe with Senator Plumb—there are lots of 'em—have become greatly dissatisfied at what they consider the waste of valuable time, which the debate on the election bill has taken up, and there have been mysterions hints about their forming a combination with the democrats for the purpose of passing a free coinage bill.

All this has had an alarming effect upon Mr. Harrison and those republicans who have appeared to consider the election bill more important than financial legislation. The fact of the matter is that at least three fifths of Congress, irrespective of party, have become converted of the ideas of the Farmers Alliance, as far as financial matters are concerned.

There is an evident desire on the part of the administration to prevent the adoption of a free coinage bill by Congress, by offering something in the place of it, iu fact several somethings. One of which is the immediate purchase of the Government of the thirteen million ounce of silver bullion now stored in various sections of the United States. If Congress get an opportunity it will certainly authorize this purchase, as the money thus put in circulation would greatly help the money market, but this measure will not be addapted as a substitute for free coinage by the silver men, who are fully aware of their strength in Congress.

The apportionment bill which the Census committee of the House has reported places the membership of the House at 455, and is generally regarded as a fair measure. And owing to the fact that under it no state loses any members it will be extremely difficult for the democratic leaders to unite their party in opposition to it, even if they are so disposed. At present their only ground, as stated by themselves for opposing it, is, that it does not provide for the increase that New York might be entitled to by a possible recount of the population of New York city and Brooklyn.

The House committee have so far done an enormous amount of hard work, and one of the regular appropriation bills—pensions—has been passed, and three others reported to the House. This is something unusual at this stage of the session, and yet those who ought to be best informed are predicting that an extra session of the Fifty-second Congress will be absolutely necessary, and the democrats are beginning to make things very interesting in the campaign for the Speakership of the next House.

The House has refused to adopt the Plumb resolution for the removal of the remains of Gen. Grant to Arlington cemetery.

It has been practically agreed by the Pension committee of the House that no special pension legislation shall be passed this session. The idea of revising the present pension rolls is making headway, although nothing may come out of it at this session. It is stated by those who ought to know that many names are fraudulently on these rolls.

Mr. Wanamaker most positively denies the rumor, which was given a fresh start this week, that he is about to fail.

Senator Gorman's statement in a speech that the country was standing over a financial volcano may be true but it is considered by many that such a statement should not have been made by a United States Senator. The aim of every man of prominence should be to inspire not destroy confidence in business circles.

Mr. J. W. Hathaway, of Montana has been elected Postmaster of the House of Representatives.

The Conger lard bill, which was condemned by the recent Farmers Alliance convention, has been reported to the Senate by the Agricultural committee without recommendations. The Paddock Pure food bill will be offered as a substitute for it, and it is thought that the Senate will adopt it.

The republicans of the Senate Finance committee are working on a financial measure, which is to be reported to a republican caucus Monday.

Order of Publication

At rules held in the [illegible] Court Clerk's Office of Pocah[illegible] county, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Rosella Smith by &c.

vs. [illegible] Chancery

Mary F. Malcomb, & others

The object of this suit [illegible] obtain a sale and partition of [illegible] acre tract of land in Poc[illegible] county West Virginia. and it ap[illegible] by Affidavit filed that Elizab[illegible] Cochran is a non-resident of the [illegible] Virginia, it is ordered th[illegible] appear here within one month [illegible] first publication of this order [illegible] what is necessary to protect [illegible] in this suit.

Teste

JOHN J. B[illegible] Clerk.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the [illegible] Court Clerk's Office of Pocah[illegible] county, W. Va., on the first Mond[illegible] December, 1890

Minnie V. Dameron Pl'f

vs.

Thomas J. Dameron Def

In Chancery

The object of this [illegible] to procure a decree of divorce [illegible] plaintiff Minnie V. Dameron [illegible] bonds of matrimony with the [illegible] defendant Thomas J. Dameron, and [illegible] awarded custody of the two c[illegible], Lena Page Dameren and Lewi[illegible] Dameron and it appearing [illegible] affidavit filed that Thomas J. Dam[illegible] a non-resident of the State of W[illegible] Virginia it is ordered that he appe[illegible] within one month after the first [illegible] cation of this order, and do what is [illegible] sary to protect his interest in this [illegible]

Teste

JOHN J. B[illegible] Cl'k

Rucker, p. q.

To Thomas J. Dameron [illegible]

[illegible] notice, that on the 13th day [illegible] January, A. D., 1891, between the [illegible] of six o'clock, A. M., and Ten o'c[illegible] P. M., at the residence of the lat[illegible] George C. Hill dec'd. on Hill's Creek [illegible] Levels District, Pocahontas C[illegible], West Virginia, I will take the [illegible] ditions of Miss Mary E. Hill, and o[illegible], to be read as evidence in my beh[illegible] in a certain suit in chancery now [illegible] ding in the Circuit Court of the Co[illegible] of Pocahontas, and State of West [illegible] ginia. in which I am Plaintiff, and [illegible] are Defendant.

If from any cause the tak[illegible] of said depositions shall not be co[illegible] nced or completed on the day af[illegible] said, the same shall be continued fr[illegible] day to day, or from time to time, [illegible] the same place and between the same [illegible] until the same shall be completed.

MINNIE V. DAM[illegible]

By [illegible] Counsel.

H. S. Rucker, Sol.

[illegible] 4th 4 w

HOME NEWS

—Snow, Snow, snow.

—One week until Xmas.

—Locals are scarce this week:

—Mr. J. H. R der, called to see [illegible] Tuesday.

—The bridge abutments are nearing completion.

—Capt. Stofer, is able to be out again.

—Attorney L. M. McClintic attended Court at Warm Springs, last week.

—Mrs. C. F. Moore, went last week to meet her husband at Clifton Forge where they were going to start for a trip to N. C., we understand.

—Rev. Lantenschlager, preached on Douthard's creek last Sunday. We understand he expects to preach there every two weeks.

—Marriage license were issued since our last issue to W. H. Wooddell and Alice C. Williams and to Isaac F. McCollum to Mary M. Gay.

—Rev. W. T. Price held a quarterly meeting at this place last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday during which time he preached a series of very excellent sermons indeed.

—Ronceverte buisness men have taken steps to secure an eclectric light plant. Four hundred of the five hundred lights necessary to secure the plant have already been subscribed.

—As we go to press the snow is 37 inches deep and still snowing. Shops and barn roofs are breaking down.

Dunmore Doings.

Rev. J. F. A. Lantenschlager will preach at Liberty church, Green Bank, on Saturday night, the 27, at half past 6 o'clock; Sunday morning the 28th at Baxter church at 10.30 o clock and Sunday night the 28th on Douthard's creek, at 6 o'clock. He will preach at the above places about every two weeks.

The Dunmore school will commence next Monday.

We are glad to see that our Farmers Alliance is still coming up.

TOM SAWYER.

The following we clip from the Pendleton News: "Circleville items, Nov. 24th. The protracted meeting commenced at Cherry Grove (Big Run) three miles from this place on the 2nd inst still continues with unabating interest and success. Such a glorious work has not been accomplished in our midst for many years. At this writing there has been forty conversions up in twenty accessions and many others will join the church. There are twelve or fifteen penitents still at the altar. This is certainly a noble work, and we hope its influence will be felt and seen in our midst for years to come

With the different charges of our County placed in the hands of men with such zeal and energy for the cause of Christ as that which characterizes the Rev. G. S. Weiford we think the mighty reformation so much needed would be brought about. This noble Christian worker assisted by the Rev. Bennett, Deve and others has worked with untiring zeal for more than three weeks and is still willing to labor as long as there is hope of being instrumental in the saving of a single soul.

GEROME.

Winter schedule of preaching appointments of the pastor of Huntersville circuit M. E. Church, South.

1st Sunday Sunset 11 a. m.
Huntersville 6.30 p. m.
2nd " Bethel 11 a m.
Huntersville 6.30 p. m.
3rd " Huntersville 11 a. m.
Sunset 3 p. m.
4th " Huntersville 11 a. m.
Bethel 3 p. m.

☞ Please preserve for reference.

Foul Chimneys.

On the night of the 12th inst. about one hour after dark, the quiet of our village, was vigorously broken by the wild cry of fire, fire, fire! and the ringing of bells, blowing of horns and yelling of men, soon informed the people that Mr. James R. Poage, Senr's, house was believed to be on fire. Mr. W. C. Hull's family, who reside within sight of Mr. Poage's, first noticed the fire, apparently on top of the house, and heard Mr. Levi Waugh's children who with their father reside with Mr. P.—crying and excitedly saying the house is on fire. Mr. Hull very promptly raised the alarm, and in a very few minutes, every available man and boy in town with buckets, hand pumps, and willing hands were running to the scene of action,—but before the crowd got there some of the most fleet footed, began to return, and reported, nothing but the soot in the flue burning out without damage. So after a terrible scare and a hard race of a half mile, we were very agreeably disappointed But at a distance, it looked to your correspondent, as though the house was burning rapidly. The night was very dry and windy. Moral, keep your flues clean, for dry weather.

X. x. x.

Farmer's Alliance.

The several delegates appointed to meet Mr. J. Crawford, the deputy organizer of Greenbrier county met at Marlinton church, Friday, 2 p. m., Dec. 12, 1 890.

The delegates present were H. A. Yeager and S. B. Hannah, of Green Bank Alliance; E. N. Moore and J. A. Taylor, of Dunmore, Mildred Herold and Points Moore, of Frost; Levi Gay, Levi Waugh, A. M. McGlaughlin and S. D. Price, of Edray, also E. L. Beard and two unknown brethren from Randolph county.

On motion of E. L. Beard Levi Gay was elected chairman of this meeting.

By request of the chair E. L. Beard stated the object of this meeting to be to receive instruction from Mr. Crawford in the secret work of the Union. Mr. Crawford then proceeded at once to instruct in the unwritten work, which was done in an impressive and business like style.

What he committed to us he says he had direct from the lips of the National sec. He further urges that this County at once have a deputy organizer and that the members of the Union stand together as a unit. He bade us notice the determination and zeal displayed by our leaders at the recent National Convention in Ocala, Fla. and be inspired to more earnest and united effort against class legislation and the money power appealing to us to know whether the citizen or, the dollar shall rule in this land of freedom. Hannah moved that we return a vote of thanks to Mr. Crawford for his presence for the valable services rendered us; and as a proof of our appreciation we give him $2.00 from each Union here represented. All of which was given with a will.

Moved by A. M McGlaughlin that the minutes of this meeting be furnished THE TIMES for publication.

J. A. TAYLOR.

List of Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of the transfers of real estate for the month of November:

A deed from St. Lawrence Lumber Co., to Dan'l O'Connell for a tract of 400 acres lying on west side of the Beaver Creek wagon road.

From P. L. Cleek and wife and W. H. Cleek and wife to Holt and Mathews for Mountain land on Knapp's Creek.

From H. A. Yeager and wife to E. M. Yeager grantee and trustee for their interest in real and personal property in Pocahontas and Webster counties.

From H. S. Rucker, Com'r. to Wm. H. Boblet for land sold in the Cancery Cause of Allen D. Grimes adm'r vs. Allen D. Grimes heirs lying on Stamping creek.

From John J. Beard and wife to M. L. Beard for land near Hillsboro.

From F. J. Snyder, Com'r to Mrs. H. S. Rucker for land sold in the Chancery cause of Jacob Piles vs. Jno. Piles, lying on Beaver creek.

From H. S. Rucker, Com'r to Jno. Silva for land sold in the Chancery Cause of Allen D. Grimes adm'r vs. Allen D. Grimes heirs

From G. W. McKeever and wife to Aaron Kee and wife for land near Buckeye.

From R. S. Turk com'r to Nancy J. Bird for land sold in the Chancery cause of R. S. Turk vs. Nancy J. Bird lying near Green Bank.

From H. Darnell and wife to W. S. Darnell for land near Green Bank.

An Investment Company Chartered.

The Pocahontas and Greenbrier Investment Company has secured a charter with the following list of officers:

H. M. Lockridge, President, R. S. Hutchinson, Secretary; Hugh Adams, Treasurer. Directors: H. M. Lockridge, R. S. Hutchinson, Hugh Adams, I. B. Moore, A. F. Mathews, C. C. Hansel, B. F. White, Amos Barlow and Isaac McNeel all of West, Va., except Messrs. Adams and Hutchinson, who are well known in Rockbridge.

This company was organized by its efficient president, Mr. Lockridge of the real estate firm of Adams & Lockridge, who placed nearly all its stock with his personal friends in West Va. They have purchased $60,000 worth of well improved property in our city, the rents from which will make this a handsome dividend paying stock from the beginning.

We will say to the gentlemen from our neighboring State, who have invested with Mr. Lockridge that they have doubtless builded even better than they knew. Investment companies are all paying well here and we predict a very bright future for this one.

Mr. Lockridge has been a successful operator in real estate here for the past year, has fine business judgment, is well posted in values and when backed by so competent a board of directors the success of the Pocahontas and Greenbrier Investment Company as a solid financial institution stands fully assured and we congratulate the stockholders on the solidity of their investment in it.—Buena Vista Advocate

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Leven Wanless
vs } In Chancery.
John F. Wanless & others

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree for the sale of the lands of which Jas. Wanless died seized and possessed, and a division of the proceeds among his heirs at law, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that Thomas Hatton and Betsy his wife, —— Veris and Zeda his wife and George P. Wanless, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.

Sheets p. q.
Decbr. 4th 4 w

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Rhoda E. Crigger Pl'ff.
vs. In Chy.
H. F. Crigger Def't.

The object of this suit is to obtain a divorce from the bonds of matrimony and to be awarded the custody of the child, James W. Crigger, and it appearing by affidavit filed that diligence has been used on behalf of plaintiff to ascertain in what County the said H. F. Crigger resides without effect and from the best information she can obtain, the said H. F. Crigger is not a resident of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that said Crigger appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk,

Rucker p. q.

Dec 4 4 w

Notice To Take Depositions.

To H. F. Crigger, Esq.:

Take notice that on the 9th day of January A. D., 1891, between the hours of six o'clock, A. M., and six o'clock, P. M., at the law office of H. S. Rucker, in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will take the depositions of John C. Moran and others, to be read as evidence in my behalf, in a certain suit in Chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, in which I am Plaintiff, and you are Defendant.

If from any cause the taking of said depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day, or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

Respectfully,
RHODA E. CRIGGER.
By Counsel.

H. S. Rucker, Sol.
Dec 4 4 t

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas at the Court-house thereof on the 7th day of October 1890.

On the coming in of petition signed by H. H. McClintic and more than ten other free holders of the Elray District (District No. 3) of this County, it is ordered, that the provisions of section 2nd of Chapter 62 of the code of 1887, apply to all the lands within said District and the Clerk of this Court, is ordered to publish this order for once a week for four successive weeks in the POCAHONTAS TIMES, a newspaper published in the said County of Pocahontas, which publication shall be paid for by the said petitioners and said clerk shall also post a copy of this order for some length of time on the front door of Court House of this County.

A copy teste,
JOHN J. BEARD,
Clerk.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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Huntersvill:. W. Va.

December 18; 1890.

[*Continued from first page.*]

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And so he began to cast about for an excuse, good or bad, for discharging him.

He found one sooner than he expected.

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The young man's arm encircled the maiden's slim waist, her head rested on his broad shoulder, and their hands were clasped.

As they were deeply absorbed in taking an astronomical observation the presence of a third was for a moment unobserved.

Then Martha, lowering her eyes from the man in the moon to the man on the earth, saw and recognized her sire. Robert Sharp saw him at nearly the same instant.

"Martha!" roared the irate husbandman as though his daughter was a mile away, "you mog your boots tew the house this minute. Come, neow, git. As fur yew (turning to the hired man) yew come with me an' Ill pay yew off, an' then, yew tarnal cuss, git off'n my farm. Ye're nu'hin' but a pesky, no-account tramp, anyway. If I sarved ye right I'd give ye a lift with my boot."

Peter started toward the young man as though he really intended to bring into action his noted No. 10.

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Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

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Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, W. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

DUNCAN'S WARD.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"You see Bob, there's nobody else I can leave her to—" The dying man's voice grew faint, and Robert Duncan leaned over him to say, kindly:

"Has she no relatives in the East?—and no friends of her mother's?"

"Absolutely none," replied Dr. Malcolm "I left her in the care of some old friends, to board her while she was in school. Carter is the name, but the husband is dead—died since I came out to the mines—and the widow, if she were here, could not take charge of Mollie's affairs as well as you can. She will have a mint of money, and I want somebody who will not let her be wronged——"

The voice broke there, and in fifteen minutes more Dr. Malcolm had gone "over the range," as [illegible] it out there, and [illegible]peated, as spite of [illegible] the pines outside [illegible], an hour later. "Well, I haven't been a saint, but I swear that a hair of that child's head shall never be harmed, if I can help it! I'm rather a young fellow for the guardian of a little child, but I'll do the best I can for her and hers. I wish the doctor had known his danger in time to tell me more; but this morning we didn't think of this."

Bob broke down there and wept like a child, big six footer as he was. He had formed a strong friendship for the doctor in the short time he had known him—men come very close to each other so far away from home—and there were few congenial friends near him in Colorado.

An accident had happened at the "Lone Star Lode," the day before, and in trying to save one of the miners, Dr. Malcolm was hurt. No one thought it fatal, at first but a sudden change had given him but an hour to prepare for the last and now he was gone.

Bob saw that everything was done in the best possible manner, and turned away from the lonely grave to write to the little girl, who was now his charge, of her father's death.

"I hardly know how to do it," he said, to himself. I never had much to do with children. I suppose I ought to send her a present, too. All guardians do that, I believe. Wonder what it ought to be?"

He finally decided on a tiny ring set with garnets, rode twenty miles to purchase it, and then to guess at the size. But nearly all children of eight or ten like jewelry, he reflected, and what would fit one, would another. So he tried the ring on the jeweler's little daughter, and sent it, with his letter, back to Pennsylvania.

In due time he recieved a nicely written reply, expressing the daughter's grief at her father's loss, and thanking him for his gift.

"Writes a very good letter," remarked Bob. "Must be a smart [illegible]. Maybe the widow wrote it for her, though. Well I'll go to see her, when I return to the States [illegible] spring."

But Robert Duncan did not go [illegible] the next spring, nor the next year. [illegible] required his presence [illegible] Creek Valley, and it was [illegible] months after the death of Doctor Malcolm, when one day he found himself riding through the [illegible] hills to visit his ward.

It was late in October, and the trees had almost flung off their gay robes of russet and crimson; but the air was as balmy as a May morning and Bob, when he left the train at the little station of Wildmere, took a fancy to walk to his destination through the woods.

It was not unfamiliar ground to him. He had relatives living near, and had frequently visited the region. A little inquiry at the station had informed him that the widow Carter lived on the old Gresham place, and he set out to find it unaided.

"Let's see," he mused, walking along with grip over his shoulder, "there used to be a bit of woods, then a creek, and then more woodland; yes I think I'm right. I've done my best with Mary Malc[illegible] money—she needn't [illegible] grows up, thing she [illegible] am a respectable [illegible] myself, and takes a notion to some worthless scamp who is after her money! Ah, these daughters! they do worry a fellow awfully, when he has to look after the future for them!"

And Bob heaved a deep sigh, and felt very aged and responsible. He hurried on, wondering what the little girl he had never seen was like—whether she resembled her father or not, and how she liked the great box of presents he had sent her from Colorado last Christmas, said box containing a big wax doll, a set of China dishes and doll's furniture, and several other trifles such as are dear to the hearts of small maidens, and had cost Bob quite a penny to send so far.

At this point in his meditations, he came to a spot where two paths met, and was a little in doubt which one to take. But, glancing up, something to his surprise, he saw, coming toward him, a tall, slender figure—a young girl, dressed in the quiet style which always marks the true aristocrat, carrying a small russet leather portfolio in her hand.

"An artist, of course," was Bob's thought. "Wonder if she couldn't direct me?" As the lady drew near, he removed his hat, and with a gallant bow, said: "Pardon me, but can you tell me whether this path leads to the home of Mrs. Carter?"

He caught one flash from the largest, sweetest pair of dark gray eyes he had ever looked into, as their owner answered:

"Yes, sir. You will find the gate just beyond those trees yonder."

"Thank you." And with another bow, Bob passed on, wishing he knew that beautiful girl, and half resolving to stay in the neighborhood until he got acquainted with her, if possible.

"Perhaps Mrs. Carter may know her. An artist with gray eyes and red lips—that describes her. I'll ask about her, anyhow. I don't care much for girls, in general, but that face strikes me, somehow."

He rang at Mrs. Carter's door, with a vision of the lovely face and dark eyes still haunting him. Yes, he was even so crazy as to think how nice it would be if she belonged to him, and they had a pleasant home somewhere, and took his little ward to live with them; and he did not know her name, or even whether she was not already married.

But life in the mines makes any one think and decide rapidly, and that was Bob's excuse. Nobody was at home at the Carter place, excepting an old colored woman, who, learning who he was, showed him into a handsome parlor, saying that her mistress and Miss Mary would soon be at home, if he would wait.

"Dey wasn't a 'spectin' nobody to day, or dey wouldn't a went out," she added.

"Oh, it's all right!" responded Bob, cheerfully. "I didn't let them know just what train I would arrive on. It's all right, aunty. I'll wait."

Just then a light step sounded on the porch, and the old woman looked around.

"Needn't to wait, sah, h'yars Miss Mary comin' now," she said[illegible]parlor,

"Yes, aunt He[illegible] in the pres[illegible]swered a gray-eyed artist of the [illegible].

"I am sure you are Mr. Duncan," she said, frankly, coming forward with her hand held out to welcome him.

"That is my name," replied Bob, slightly mystified at her knowing him, and wondering if she were not his little girl's teacher in drawing, or something of that sort.

"As soon as I passed you, in the woods, I felt sure you were my guardian, and I turned back immediately. I am very glad to see you."

The words brought Bob to his feet, with a sudden sence that something awful was happening, and he fairly caught his breath, as he made out to stammer: "But you—you surely are not—little Mary Malcolm?"

"I was once, though I am not very small at present," was the laughing rejoinder.

"But—but—I always thought—you—were—you were——"

"Did you think I was a little child?" asked Marry, pitying his embarrassment, yet with a laugh in her eyes. "Was that why you sent me the little ring, and the doll and dishes?"

Her laugh rang out merely, then, but poor Bob actually had to wipe the sweat from his brow, at the thought of what he had done. That dreadful doll, and those ridiculous little toy dishes rose before his vision, and wrung from his tortured soul a remorseful cry:

"Oh! Miss Malcolm, what must you have thought of me?"

Again the sweet laugh rang out, as she answered:

"I thought you were mistaken, that is all. See here, Mr. Duncan."

She held up her watch chain, and Bob saw attached to it a familiar little garnet ring.

"What! Did you care to keep the silly thing?" he exclaimed, flushing again with very shame at his blunders.

"I cared very much, Mr. Duncan. It came to me almost as if from—from poor papa." The tone faltered an instant, then she went on: "I could not wear it on my finger, and so I wore it here. Thank you for it now."

"It is I who should thank you for being so patient with my stupidity," said poor Bob, humbly. "Oh! Miss Malcolm, why didn't you tell me?"

The smiles lighted her eyes anew, as she spoke:

"Aunty Carter did want me to, but the joke was so delicious, I couldn't spoil it. Did not papa tell you——"

She stopped, and Bob said, very gently:

"He had no time to tell me anything, beyond the bare fact that he wished me to undertake the guardianship of his daughter. You remember I wrote you there had been an accident?" She bowed her head, and Bob went on: "I accepted, because he was my friend, and I loved him." Mary's hand was held out instantly, and he added: "I honestly supposed you to be a child of ten or twelve, at most."

"I am almost nineteen, Mr. Duncan." She hesitated a second, smiled at him again, and frankly added: "Don't quarrel with me for what I can't help, please[illegible] near her, you have [illegible]king a fool of him[illegible] on the spot; but he managed to be reasonable, and talk with her about her father and her interests both in Pennsylvania and Colorado. He found her a sensible, intelligent girl, quite able to understand business details. What she thought she expressed, when she said to him:

"Now, Mr. Duncan, I have a little confession to make, as well as you. If I was older than you expected, you are very much younger than I supposed. I really thought," and the gray eyes danced again "that the guardian papa had selected for me, was a grave, elderly gentleman, possibly with grandchildren of his own."

Bob couldn't help laughing here in which Mary joined as she went on:

"It was not until after I remembered that you were to come to day that I had the least idea you were my guardian, when I met you in the woods. But I am sure you have been so kind and so faithful to my affairs, that I have reason to be glad papa did choose you."

"Thank you, Miss Mary. It was hardly a case of choosing—there was nobody else at hand," said Bob, honestly. "But," he couldn't help adding, "since I have seen you, I never was so proud or so glad of anything in my life. I shall try to be a father to you, indeed I shall."

Bob did try to look very fatherly and dignified just then. But, nevertheless, he saw the mischief in Miss Mary's eyes, as she demurely answered:

"I am sure you will Mr. Duncan."

Mrs. Carter came in presently, and her astonishment at learning that this young man was Mary's guardian, was very evident.

"Mary, my dear," she said, after Bob had gone to the hotel, (he declined stopping altogether at Mrs. Carter's), "Mary, my dear, he is very nice. But I'm afraid it won't do, I am indeed my dear!"

"Afraid what won't do, aunty?" asked the girl, with such an air of innocence that the good lady could not explain.

"I see just how it will end! Oh, yes, I do!" she said to herself, in the silence of her own room that night. And a month later, when she had come to know Bob better, she added, to the same hearer: "I don't care if it does, either! He is just the one she ought to have, and I'm glad of it!"

Bob stayed in the neighborhood for three months. Then it was necessary for him to go out to Colorado, for a short time, at least. Of course, his rights as her guardian gave him a great deal of access to Mary's society, and they were together almost constantly. But as he began to think about going back to the mines, he became moody and silent. Constantly in his

[Continued on fourth page.]

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December 25, 1890.

CHRISTMAS [illegible] GIVING.

Tired and perplexed present-seekers are apt to feel about this season that Christmas is something of a nuisance. First, there is the puzzle to know what to get for whom. Second, there is the difficulty of finding just what you want. Third, there is the conviction that whatever you get it will not be exactly the right thing. And last, but not least, there is the difficulty of deciding how the money spent on Christmas presents can be saved out of the comforts and necessaries of every-day life. The trouble is that this business has gradually assumed a wrong character. It is not the value or even the usefulness of the present, but the love that goes with it that constitutes present-giving a suitable way of commemorating Christmas.

What would the world have been without the first Christmas and all the blessings which have flowed from it? "Blackness and darkness and tempest"—ignorance and depravity and desolation.

It is impossible to overstate the temporal benefits which the world has derived from the advent of Christ, as anyone can see who will study history carefully and note how the world's civilization had run itself out and was destroyed by its own inherent depravity before Christian civilization began to make itself felt.

The wonderful discoveries of modern times in which we take so much pride are in fact the offspring of Christianity, because whether the inventors were themselves Christians or not, they were brought up in the light of that knowledge and civilization which had its origin and inspiration in the wide circulation of the Bible.

And we who know Christ as a personal Saviour, what a joy it should be to us to commemorate the day of His birth! Only let us do so with true kindness of heart and without ostentation, either in present-giving or otherwise, and Christmas will be to each of us the glad time it ought to be.

There is no particular reason why President Harrison should feel the McKinley prices. He has a fifty thousand dollar salary and a little more or less makes no difference. But how about the fellow who gets a dollar a day and has a family to support.

Bids for the construction of the Chesapeake and Ohio Branch railroad up the Warm Springs Valley from Covington, Va., to the Warm Springs have been accepted, and it is expected the road will be completed by the 1st of June next. This road will not only accommodate the Hot, Healing and Warm Springs, but open up a very rich mineral and timber region. It will be a boom for Covington as well; and when the Potts Creek road is constructed it will make Covington an important point in connection with the mineral development of that section.

The bodies of two men who had been frozen to death were found near Clay Court House, W. Va., Saturday. They were recognized as those of James Lane and George Sisken, two well-known farmers and stockmen, who lived in the eastern part of Clay county. The men had started for Clay Court House on Wednesday and it is believed were caught in the terrible wind and snow storm which prevailed in the mountains on that day.

Sitting Bull, the most troublesome Indian of the Sioux band, and his son, Crow Foot, were killed in their camp, near Standing Rock, South Dakota, on the 15th. They were about to leave their camp for the Bad Lands, preparatory to taking the war path, when they were arrested. A fight ensued, resulting in the death of half dozen on either [illegible]

Just before the [illegible] of an unknown man at Tenay[illegible] a few days ago, he made the startling assertion that he was the murderer of John R. Bittenbach, near Fort Branch, twenty years ago, for which crime Thomas Camp asserting his innocence, was hanged.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C. Dec. 19,—Senator Paddock who, like some of the other republican Senators from the northwest, has a mind of his own as to how he shall vote, and who values the interests of his constituents above caucus decrees, gave Mr. Harrison a bad turn when that gentleman attempted to bull doze the doughty Nebraskan into voting for the Force bill, by telling him plainly that he was very decidedly opposed to the measure and would certainly vote against it. Mr. Harrison then made an ineffectual effort to get Mr. Paddock to promise that he would absent himself when the vote was taken.

As a last resort to get the republican Senators into line Mr. Harrison is said to have stated to several of them that he would consider the defeat of the Force bill an intimation that they did not wish him to be a candidate for a renomination in '92. That is a very dangerous argument for Mr. Harrison to use, and it will probably result in making more votes against the bill than in its favor, for it is doubtful whether there is a half-a-dozen republican Senators who are sincerely in favor of giving Mr. Harrison another nomination

A republican caucus has voted to change the rules of the Senate in order to push the Force bill through. The programme is to debate the bill the rest of this week, then to take up the new silver bill approved by the same caucus, and pass it in its present condition, if the wicked democrats do not succeed in substituting free coinage therefor; afterwards the change of rules is to be adopted, if enough republicans can be persuaded to vote for it.

The rumor is again here, and generally believed to be true, that Mr. Harrison has fully made up his mind that Commissioner Raum is a heavier load than he cares to carry. He will ask for Raum's resignation, it is said, as soon as the House committee, which is pretending to investigate the Pension office, makes its report, which will probably not be until after the holidays.

The House expects to vote on the substitute for the Senate subsidy shipping bills tomorrow. This substitute is a sort of a combination of the subsidy and bounty features of the other two bills which has been concocted by the republicans of the House committee on Merchant Marine in order to compel certain republicans who favored subsidizing steamship lines, but opposed the bounty bill to vote for both. The republicans claim that it is certain to pass. An attempt will be made by democratic members to attach an amendment providing for free ships to the bill, and it may succeed as a number of republicans are believed to be willing to support it.

Representative Pierce of Tennessee, a member of the Farmers Alliance, has introduced in the House a resolution instructing the committee on Ways and Means to report the Sub-Treasury bill not later than Monday January 5, and fixing the following Monday for its consideration.

Representative Mills has introduced a resolution providing for a recess from Dec. 22, to January 5 and it has been referred to the committee on Ways and Means. It is not believed that the republicans will agree to such a lengthy recess, in fact a Senatorial caucus said there would be none.

Representative Wilson, of Washington, who took part in one of the [illegible] slugging matches on the floor of the House at the last session came very near to having another one with Representative Milliken, of Maine, whom he accused of having "turned down" his bill for a public building at Spokane Falls. Milliken called him a liar and Wilson started for him in regular pugilistic attitude when a friend grabbed him and Mr. Milliken made a hasty exit from the Speaker's lobby, where they had met. There may be more of it, as Wilson is known among his friends as a fighter.

While the apportionment bill, which passed this week, was under discussion in the House the democrats paid their respects to Secretary Noble, Superintendent Porter and the faulty Census upon which the bill is based. If the census was a correct one, which it was not, the bill would be as fair as could be expected.

A joint Congressional committee will undertake next week to make some of the gentleman concerned tell something about the buying of American industries by Foreign syndicates. If theye'd tell what they know it would be interesting.

Mr. Wanamaker has succeeded in getting the House committee on Post-offices to report a resolution to the House setting aside January 6 for the consideration of the postal telegraph bill. He doesn't seem to be worrying any to get a one cent postage bill through.

The National Citizens Alliance, which is intended to be a twin brother to the Farmers Alliance, is to have headquarters and a newspaper in this city.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Rosella Smith by &c.
vs. | In Chancery
Mary F. Malcomb, & others

The object of this suit is to obtain a sale and partition of proceeds of 100 acre tract of land in Pocahontas County West Virginia, and it appearing by affidavit filed that Elizabeth Y. Cochran is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that she appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect her interest in this suit.

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Printers fee $6.35.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, W. Va., on the first Monday in December, 1890

Minnie V. Dameron Pl'ff.
vs.
Thomas J. Dameron Def't.
In Chancery.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree of divorce in favor of the plaintiff Minnie V. Dameron from the bonds of matrimony with the defendant Thomas J. Dameron, and to be awarded custody of the two children, [illegible] Page Dameron and Lewis [illegible] Dameron and it appearing by affidavit filed that Thomas J. Dameron is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that he appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k
Rucker, p. q.
Dec. 4-4 t.

Printers fee $6.35.

To Thomas J. Dameron, Esq.,

Take notice, that on the 19th day of January, A. D., 1891, between the hours of six o'clock, A. M., and Ten o'clock, P. M., at the residence of the late George C Hill dec'd. on Hill's Creek, Little Levels District, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will take the depositions of Miss Mary E. Hill, and others, to be read as evidence in my behalf, in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, and State of West Virginia, in which I am Plaintiff and you are Defendant.

If from any cause the taking of said depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day, or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

MINNIE V. DAMERON,
By counsel.

H. S. Rucker, Sol.
dec. 4th-4 w

Printers fee $7.00.

HOME NEWS

—Christmas Gift.

—Q. W. Poage, Esq., Clover Lick, was in town Tuesday.

—The bar-rooms have done a good business this week.

—Albert Sharp, Esq., who has been for a few weeks past at Buchannan, Va., came home Xmas.

—H. A. Yeager, Esq., of Green Bank, was in Huntersville, Tuesday.

—Has every body got a turkey for Xmas? Ye Ed. has one, but it isn't much bigger'n an old rooster.

—One of Attorney H. S. Ruckers little girls has been quite sick for a few days past.

—The work on the abutments and wing walls of the bridge at this place was suspended for the winter.

—The St. Lawrence Lumber Co., has eight or ten thousand logs in one pile about one mile and a half above Huntersville.

—We finished last week a brief for Attorney H. S. Rucker in the case of Allen C. Burner vs. Uriah Heyener, of 39 pages.

—Ring out the old, ring in the New Year if you like, but don't forget, that the latter is 1891, when changing your date line after December 31.

—We understand that while four colored men were coming up the Warm Springs mountain during the big snow, one of them gave out and froze to death.

—As is usual with most country papers and THE TIMES with the rest, it will not appear next week but will promise after Xmas, to come out chuck full of news and reading matter.

—Mitchel Beard, Esq., of Beaver creek, called to see us Tuesday, and informed us that he, with a party from his neighborhood, spent a few days last week hunting on Cranberry mountain and killed five deer.

NOTICE.

Owing to a change in our firm Feb. 1st, '91, all persons indebted to us either by bond or acc't must pay up by that time. We mean business and it will pay you to settle at once.

Respectfully,
HEROLD & MOORE,
Frost, W. Va.

Dunmore Doings.

Snow at Dunmore on the 17th, 31 inches deep, which is the deepest snow that ever fell here.

Miss Mary Cackley, Nelia Pritchard and Iszie McCutcheon are home from school, and will remain until after the holidays.

We may have a few surprise parties during the holidays.

We would like to have a few good hops during the holidays. There is a time to dance and we think this is a good time.

Mr. Sam Cooper, of Green Bank, has the contract for the Farmer's Alliance store at Green Bank. A good deal of interest is being taken in the Alliance at that place. Let the good work go on.

TOM SAWYER.

Young Cassay, the bell-boy, who stole $16,000 from the Hotel Vendome, New York City, has been sentenced to hard labor for ten years. There was no possible ground for clemency, opines the World. He philosophically remarked to the landlord of the hotel that he would serve his time and then enjoy his stolen money, which was more than he could earn in ten years honestly. It would be poetic justice if somebody were to play a philosophic theft on the money in the hands of Cassin's imprisonment.

—THE TIMES wishes a happy Xmas to all its friends and patrons.

Big Snow.

On Tuesday and Wednesday of last week the deepest snow fell that has ever been witnessed in this section. It fell to the depth of 36 or 37 inches, and Wednesday night being very windy it drifted, in some places 10 feet deep. Barn and shop roofs were broken in and mails were stopped for several days.

DEATHS

Mr. Jacob Warwick, who resided on the Valley pike a few miles north of the city, died on the 10th instant, aged seventy-four years. The deceased was a native of Bath county and in the prime of his manhood resided in Nelson county, where he married and had a large relationship. He was liberally educated and chose farming as a pursuit. As entered into fellowship with Virginia farmers, he enjoyed the pleasure and comforts of that class, which never before or since witnessed such prosperity as that which prevaded the State in the decade before 1860. Settled upon a fine Rockfish estate in Nelson county, he married a daughter of the late Mr. William Massie, one of the most eminent patrons of agriculture in the State, and enjoyed his cultured associations, which called him into the public service of the people, one of which was that of a representative of the county in the Legislature. Whilst engaged in agricultural pursuits in Nelson, he controlled a large cattle-range on the mountain above the Crab Tree Falls, and, more than any other person in that day, opened the approaches to that wonderful curiosity of which he delighted to convene all the remainder of his life. Some years ago, he changed his interest to Augusta county where he continued to reside till his death.—Staunton Spectator.

Mr. Warwick was a brother of Mr. John W. Warwick, of near Edray, this County, and also of Mr. Jas. W. Warwick, of near Warm Springs, Bath Co., Va.

Mr. D. W. C. Slanker, fell dead in his house, near Split Rock last Friday, the 19th inst., cause, supposed to be heart trouble. Mr. Slanker was an excellent citizen, and for a number of years after the war, merchandised at this place, and was regarded among that class as a very fine salesman. He leaves a wife and five grown children to mourn his loss. Also his son John is lying in bed from the effects of a broken leg.

State Senator B. J. Smith, of Hancock county, died Friday, the 12th inst. Senator Smith is the republican member who was carried 300 miles on a sick bed to vote for Goff during the gubernatorial contest in the Legislature.

HIS EDITORIAL CAREER.

The Lincoln Citizen sizes up the career of Editor Richards, who recently sold out in Clarksburg, in the following language: "A printer named Richards came to Clarksburg a few years ago, his only stock in trade being an old army pistol and lots of sand in his craw. He got hold of an old printing office, which, to use the vernacular of the craft, had been 'dumped into the hell box,' and started a nondescript paper called the Telegram. In a month he had raised shed, so to speak, and people were shooting at him at every convenient opportunity. He got in a pop shot himself, occasionally, and kept up the racket with his newspaper. The more he abused people the more his paper prospered and the more he was respected. He got to be Mayor of the town, owned an eclectic light plant, bank and mining stock—in fact, got rich. A few days ago he sold out for a little fortune, and now some other editors whose papers are struggling for life are wondering if it wouldn't be a good idea to try Richard's plan.

ENTOMBED ALIVE.

DENVER, December 18.—A man named Lowe was buried Monday in Riverside cemetery. For some unexplained reason the horses attached to the hearse proved stubborn and the driver could not even coax them into a funeral march. About the same time Henry Stock, who drove a livery horse, had trouble, and both teams had to be changed.

Arriving at the cemetery the body was lowered into the grave with ceremonies prescribed by the Red Men's Order. A bird is set free as the first earth rattles on the coffin, a symbol of the flight of the soul to the realms of the hereafter, but the dove fluttered from its cage and alighted at the edge of the grave. It would not take wing until frightened away by the grave diggers. Gossips talked and it was decided to exhume the body. The work was done, and is [illegible] the coffin ered, as soon as [illegible] that the casket itself was split and the glass in the cover broken, as if the dead had come to life. The coffin lid was raised and the full horror burst upon the spectators.

His body lay in a position unlike a peaceful one. The arms were bent and the hands so tightly tightly clinched that the finger nails had been sunk into the flesh. The face of the dead was distorted from the awful struggle through which the man had passed, and the cheeks showed that in his frenzy the man, entombed alive, had used his nails with terrible effect.

Blown Sixty Feet.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., December 16.—Just above Ceredo, West Virginia, on the Ohio extension of the Norfolk & Western railroad, yesterday morning, there occurred a terrible dynamite explosion, which resulted in the death of two, men and the serious injury of a number of others. The workmen had been drying some dynamite, preparing to use it for a blast and the stuff caught fire. One of the men attempted to stamp the fire out with his foot and caused the explosion. He was blown through the roof of the shed where they had been drying the dynamite and landed in a beech tree sixty feet away, but strange to say he was not killed. An Italian named Bocili and a negro named Barrett, were in the building, were killed instantly, and ten other laborers dangerously wounded, some of whom cannot recover. The names of the injured could not be learned.

A Dog Procures a Pardon.

"That was a fine passage between the Executive of Kentucky and the wife of the condemned man, who went to Frankfort last Friday to ask for a pardon. She had presented her papers and sat breathless whilst the arbiter of her fate perused them; and, as she waited, a mastiff, the playmate of the Governor's little son—a beast not given to strangers—uncoiled himself from the rug, there he had been lying, and came up in that friendly way which only dogs know how to affect with perfect sincerity, and, seeing suspense and pain in the agitated features of the poor woman, he put his paws gently upon her knees and began to lick her hands. The Governor finished the papers and the petitioner was about to speak when the grim old soldier said: "It is not necessary, madam; the dog has spoken for you," and straightway signed the document which was to release a dying man from prison and enable him to go to his grave from his own home.

KEEP POSTED.

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Address
THE GAZETTE,
Charleston, W. Va.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Leven Wanless [illegible] & others } In Chancery.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree for the sale of the lands of which Jas. Wanless died seized and possessed, and a division of the proceeds among his heirs at law, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that Thomas Hatton and Betsy his wife, —— Veris and Zeda his wife and George P. Wanless, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.
Skeen p. q.
Decbr. 4th—4 w

Printers fee, $7.40

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Rhoda E. Crigger Pl'ff.
vs. In Chy.
H. F. Crigger Def't.

The object of this suit is to obtain a divorce from the bonds of matrimony and to be awarded the custody of the child, James H. Crigger, and it appearing by affidavit filed that diligence has been used on behalf of plaintiff to ascertain in what County the said H. F. Crigger resides without effect, and from the best information she can obtain, the said H. F. Crigger is not a resident of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that said Crigger appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in the suit.

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.
Rucker p. q.
Dec. 4-4 w

Printers fee $7.50.

Notice To Take Depositions.

To H. F. Crigger, Esq.:

Take notice that on the 9th day of January A. D., 1891, between the hours of six o'clock, A. M., and six o'clock, P. M., at the law office of H. S. Rucker, in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will take the depositions of John C. Moran and others, to be read as evidence in my behalf, in a certain suit in Chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, in which I am Plaintiff, and you are Defendant.

If from any cause the taking of said depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day, or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

Respectfully,
RHODA E. CRIGGER.
By Counsel.

H. S. Rucker, Sol.
Dec 4-4 t
Printers fee $7.78.

[Po]cahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
[ED]ITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

[E]ntered at the Post-office at Hunters[vil]le, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

December 25, 1890.

mind were [illegible] [first page.]

Malcom, "somebody [illegible] her be wronged," and he [hesitated] to speak other words which were on his tongue. At last, in desperation, he said to himself:

"God knows I would sooner die than wrong her! But it is not her wealth, nor her beauty—it is her dear, true, sweet self that draws me, and she shall decide."

Sitting by Mary's side, that evening, he was so silent that she said to him:

"Mr. Duncan, I believe you are getting tired of being my guardian."

"Mary, I am," was Bob's instant answer. "I want to be something more than that—I want to be your husband. Will you take me for that, sweet?"

Mary looked up, her face grew rosy, her lips smiled and trembled; but she lifted the little hand which lay in her lap, and gave it to him.

Tommy is very hard on shoes and trousers. His mother understands this and governs herself accordingly when she goes shopping.

One day, while out with another lady, she was buying cloth for a pair of pantaloons for Tommy, and ordered a good deal more than seemed necessary.

"Why do you get so much?" asked her friend.

"Oh," was the reply, "this is for reserved seats!"

KEEP POSTED.

If you want a good news paper during the session of the Legislature subscribe for the Charleston Daily Gazette. It gives all the news. It owns the Associated Press Franchise which gives a decided advantage in printing the latest and most important happenings. A full report will be given each day of the Legislative proceedings. Price fifty cents per month. The Weekly Gazette, nine large columns to each page, only $1.00 per year.

Address

THE GAZETTE,
Charleston, W. Va.

A boy about 15 years of age applied to a factory on Atwater Street for the job of running a small engine in the place of a boy who had quit.

"Have you run an engine?" was asked.

"Yes, sir."

"You understand how steam works, do you?"

"I do."

"You know that water makes steam?"

"Of course."

"How is water got into a boiler?"

"By an injector."

"Suppose you have too much water?"

"Then I can't get steam enough until I draw it down."

"Correct. Suppose you haven't enough?"

"Then look out for an explosion."

"Correct again. Suppose you found the water almost gone and couldn't start the injector—what would you do?"

"Come up stairs and notify you to get your insurance policies out of the safe and make a sneak before she busted!"

"You seem to be all right, young man; you can come on in the morning."

"You look worried, my dear," said Childers, when he came home from the office the other day. What is the matter?"

"The children have been very tiresome to-day," replied Mrs Childers, wearily. "It seems as if they would make me distracted."

"Don't let 'em!" said Childers, with considerable energy. "Don't let 'em ride over you. Just—Georgie, don't talk when papa's talking—Just deal with them gently but firm—Did you hear me, Georgie?—firmly, and you'll get along all—Silence, Georgie, this instant!—all letting 'em [illegible] for letting 'em worry—on my pockets, [po]ckets, Dick—Will you take your hands out or not? Now keep them out. You've broken a couple of cigars for me now, you—What's Georgie making such a racket about, Annie? Great Scott! He's got my silk hat. Take it—hang it up high. Now, Dick, if you cry you'll have—Lord, they've both commenced. It does seem, Annie, 's if the minute I come into the house, I can't talk!—I can't think. Won't you take them off to bed? My gracious I'll bet if I was home I'd——"

But as the boys clattered away up the stairs with their tired mamma, Childers sat down and gazed gloomily into space, without saying just exactly what he would do if he was home.

A country school-mistress had much trouble with her pupils, and to avoid it, made her examples placed before them of an explanatory character or illustrative. The effect was often unexpected. In going over their usual reading lesson a line was chosen by the lady upon which to test the merits of the scholars. The line read, "and he was a man of unlimited credit in business."

"Now, John, can you tell me what is meant by the word credit, when used as in the lesson?"

Thus she addressed one of the stumbling-blocks of the school.

"I dunno, marm," said Johnny, looking sheepish.

"You don't know!" said the mistress. "Well, look here. Supposing your mother was to come short of money at the latter part of the week, and needed provisions, etc., now what would she have to do?"

She was satisfied that her illustration was plain, and awaited the correct reply, and it came thus:

"Well, marm," replied Johnny, "I dunno what she would do, unless she pawned dad's Sunday coat."

The subject was instantly dropped, and the teacher has lost all faith in that style of illustration.

Stranger—"If a man falls down an open coal hole, can he sue the owner of the premises for damages?"

Lawyer—Certainly, sir, certainly, big damages, and get them, too. Give me the particulars."

"Well, as my brother was passing your house this morning he f[ell] through a coal hole and broke his leg."

"Hem! Did he use ordinary vigilance to prevent such an accident? Did he look at his feet as he walked? Did he stop and examine the condition of the pavement before entering upon it? Answer me that, sir."

"Stop! Why, no——"

"Ah, ha! I thought so. Guilty of criminal negligence. He might have fallen on one of my own family under that coal hole—might have killed us all, sir. As it is I shall sue him for mussing up my coal bin."

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VIII JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, January 8, 1891. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 23

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

Too Much for Him.

BY K. STUB GRAPS.

Privileges of copy granted THE TIMES.

ARUNDALE—a house on a marshy creek, letting up from the bay; lawn laid off squeamishly, walks diagonalled and circled; a third class summering resort, strictly private; free bathing in murky water, salted by the tide; free fishing for snapping turtles, wandering crabs, catfish and sunperch; free boating in a cast-away drift vessel; free drives in an ox-cart, through swampy and gated avenues; free promenades across the cornfield to the turnip patch: it all summed up in the ad. is as follows:

"Boarders Wanted at Arundale, *elite* Summer Home. Strictly private. Best of references required. Beautiful lawns. Free bathing, boating, fishing, driving, promenading. 4 dollars a week. Address, Miss Alicia Tompkins, Arundale, Callawan's Point. Care Capt. Blaswick, Steamer 'Wawa.'"

[2]

The boarders had come and gone, and the cold drizzly rains of Autumn had set in; and with it all there was a dissatisfied expression in the countenance of Miss Alicia Tompkins,—a reckless air, baffled, but not subdued,—disappointed, as if a certain investment had failed to make a coveted return, but with a morbid determination to invest again.

Miss Tompkins was an odd character. Unadorned, she was tall, gaunt, bold featured; only a batch of hair and that smirched as by the sun: her eyes had a keen eccentric blaze and her face showed the wrinkles of sixty autumns. Thus a lank black dress was her usual robe. But adorned; that is, rigged up according to her ideal of beauty—a store flaxen coil and girlish bangs upon her head—an unusual vermillion flush upon her cheek—the stroke of the pencil where ordinary eyebrows ought to be—slippers with New Port ties and a heavy sash drawn gracefully around her contracted form, she posed as the consummation of the aristocratic intellect and erudition of a long and honorable ancestry; priding herself, not upon what she is, but has been. Her tongue is glib and she can talk most fastidiously. She is what the world terms an "old maid" but she prefers the more comely expression "bachelorette." However she wants it, above all things, distinctly understood that she has had many bleeding hearts cast at her feet, but she pittyingly rejected them all and made a thoughtful choice of her present situation. Her father and mother were dead, and her three sisters married and went away and left her to stem the torrent with Nancy the old colored cook and her son little "Wooly Head" and Jack Mace, a white man servant who was reared by the family.

Jack was afflicted, not only with physical ugliness [illegible] under lip, stooped and knock kneed, but with an impetuous, wilful and mulish temper. He was also ignorant, rude and agitated, especially, so when things did not move to suit him. He was raised as a knock-about boy, and in such a sphere when left alone, discharged his duties well; [illegible] had spoiled him [illegible] which was [illegible] was always [illegible] and [illegible] could not find [illegible] first, would take a fancy to him, and second, who relished the position of house-maid for the mistress of Arundale.

As for Miss Tompkins, there were some very queer things said about her among them was that she had been a defeated candidate for matrimony ever since she was thirteen years old, that she had vainly endeavored to trap many of the masculine kind by "setting her cap" for them; but each defeat had strengthened her determination, so that she clung on to her intention with such a tenacity which only warranted her rigging at the age of sixty the fixtures of a sixteen year old girl, the shy girlish capers she would cut before a contemplated possible case and the askant glance from amid a profusion of blushes and graces while reciting amusing instances which happened "just eighteen years ago when she was a *very young girl.*" Her case had long long since been pronounced a woeful one by the neighborhood. Marriage to her was as much of a mirage as to Jack. But a woman is a woman, and not often to be outwitted, I tell you. It seems that she had made a "catch as catch can" rush for a man and was determined to have him against all odds. Finding all her schemes and smiles exhausted to secure one of the *elite* or clever stock, and that all others were beyond the reach of her decoy, she thought of one and only one possible case—and that one was—even—poor Jack. Yes, in him rested her last hope, and after due contemplation she made up her mind to bait, and cast out her hooks when the first opportunity presented itself.

[3]

Jack was emptying a hod of coal in the grate when Miss Tompkins, who had her feet propped up on the fender "baking" them, began by way of introduction, hoping at the same time the introduction, would be so favorable as to be the finis. She looked upon him with a wistful eye and said, "Poor Jack, poor, poor fellow."

"Yaas, I kno' wot yer hawnyin' me erbout naw; ye wants ter git er ride but I got sumpin' else ter do; I 'as" he replied with much emphasis.

"O no, poor dear. I was just thinking about how sad was your lot—nobody to care for you—to—to—love you." And with these words she jobbed her fingers in her eyes and began weeping.

"Git out; none o' yer bawlin' 'bout me; I aint a keer'n. You 'ad better go an' look arter ole granny an' not come o' round botherin' me," he responded as he gave the door an ill-humored slam behind him.

Jack gone, she tottled into her room, which, by the array of cosmetics, head gears, crayons etc., reminds one of an anomalous medley composed of an illy kept barber shop, dental office, studio and apothecary shop. She glanced into the looking glass and frowned—then smiled—then looked sidewise—then over her shoulder—then put her finger on her temple, and smiled again, and murmured sweetly, "Jack my boy,"—then with a frown—"He is such a stupid goose, he can't understand anything!"—then more encouragingly—"But he will think about what I said to him awhile ago and understand in good time. I will talk as plainly as [illegible] Morgan can understand."

Her glass [illegible] Jack at the wood-pile chopping, she went out for a basket of chips. "Jack my boy," with finger on her temple and smile as before the glass.

"Mam," answered Jack, with the uplifted.

"Wouldn't it be nice for you to be a master and not a servant?"

"Well, I aint, an' thar's no use o' thinkin' er bout it," decidedly answered Jack.

"But Jack dear, have'nt I got the power to make you so?" she said takingly.

"You! you!" he exclaimed resting his axe on the chopping block, "I knows as well as you'r standin' thar thet you aint a goin' ter gin me eny lan' ter call my own. Yer wouldn't gin me two green cents wuth ef yer tho't yer'd never get'n back agin. Talk erbout you gin'n; All the lan' I specs ter git I'm you'll be nuff ter burry me in."

"But Jack you dont understa—"

"Ne-o use'r talkin', I aint no fule" he interceptingly put in as he resumed his chopping.

Baffled again she retreated into the house. She thought Jack was the dumbest, hardest headed, stubbornest piece in the shape of a man she ever saw: he crossed her in every particular. But while thinking of this peculiarity of Jack's, her eyes glistened with a new thought freshly coined. "Aha!" she ejaculated "I'll work him this time. I'll cross him, and scold him; I'll tell him if I were *his wife* I would *horse whip him.* That's the very thing." And she laughed and clapped her thin old hands in a demoniac sort of style. All her experience art and genius was brought to bear upon the pendant issue. Like one driven to desperation, she hesitated not.

[4]

The next morning was cold, chilly and benumbing. Jack was carrying water from the spring to supply the kitchen for the day. He was out of fix because little "Wooly Head" had failed to bring down an extra bucket for which he had spent his patience calling.

"Thet leetle carufunted brat, I'll blast 'is hade offen 'im; thet's wot I'll do, an' 'is missus don't keeru, wot the leetle night saplin' don't do." And with these words the poor wretch made an unlucky step, slipping down, falling headlong down a little incline, the water from his only bucket spilling itself completely upon him.

"Carufunt it" he gasped between his breath while struggling to get up.

Miss Tompkins saw it, and recognize it as her supreme moment. She had kept the negro back in order to provoke Jack, but she had hardly hoped for such a favorable circumstance to aggravate him. She bounced out in a torturing flurry menacing him with, "Now, there, now there, you have gone and carelessly spilled the water and we have been waiting, and waiting, and waiting, and you only had half enough any way; you ought to have had two buckets. O my! how provoking; you are a good-for-nothing rascal. O sakes! if I were only your wife I would horse-whip you so you couldn't get up, I would; now, there."

"Haa," he groaned, "yer would, would yer? well I reckon yer wouldn't naw. I'd teach yer some sense, comin' foolin' round me with er hoss-whip."

"Yes, I would; I would thrash you within an inch of your life for being so careless. I believe I would treat you to the cowhide every day any way now, there," she persisted.

"Haa, yer'd gin me a gude cowhiden' every day, would yer? well, I'd like fer yer ter be my wife, jest ter teach yer some sense, an'—"

"Hush up," she screamed "if you don't keep your mouth shut, I'll go straight over and get Mr. Carr to bring the license and a preacher and a horse whip, so I will, now, there."

"I'm gittin' mad now," yelled Jack, "go and git yer preacher and hoss whip, an' I'll take an' use it on yaw—yer ole scarecrow. I wouldn't have yer fer a wife if any body'd gin me a dozen of yer, but I'll let the preacher do the job jest ter gin yer a gude soun' thrashin—wot yer need," with a flourish of his fist while sitting flat upon the ground in the water and mud, "I'll show yer how much thrashin' yer'll do if yaw was may wife."

"All right Mr. Snigglefritz, you stir your stumps and get out old Morgan and I'll go straight to Mr. Carr's and will very soon show what I will do; you speak in distortion, you," stamping her foot fiercely on the ground.

"Haa, haa !, all right ole buzzard, we'll see" said Jack as he cracked his teeth together, giving the empty bucket a furious kick and starting for the old horse.

The horse was soon gotten and Miss Alicia Tompkins spent no idle time in getting off to Jade Carr's, an eccentric old neighbor. She heartily congratulated herself upon being so victorious. She must rush the matter through and make quick work of it, for if Jack would suspect anything her last opportunity would be gone. She must keep his wrath boiling so that he will not stop to think.

In the meantime Jack jumped up and cracked his heels together and dashed his fists against each other and gave vent in half audible words to his insulted spirit. "Git yer gone ole gal, I'll teach yer that I'm the biggest rat in this mus."

[5]

The next morning bright and early brought by Jade Carr came the horse whip, the license and the preacher; the preacher evidently not knowing why he was called. It is needless to say that a very strange surprise was meted out to him when he was taken into a dilapidated room and instructed. After fishing his ritual out of his hand satchel he glanced around him, the chandelier was made up of odd lamps, the antiquated fruiture was merely propped up and the equally old piano had not been tuned for forty years, and while he was dizzily wondering which had gone crazy, Miss Tompkins or Jack Mace, the door opened and the duo, accompanied by Jade Carr, Nancy the cook and little "Wooly head" came in. Jack had on his Sunday clothes and his face was set and determined. The license was tendered by Jade Carr and Miss Tompkins extended her hand with a [illegible]

The minister was [illegible] and dazed; in a sort of bewildering dream he read the ceremony and pronounced them man and wife; and through his habit he began his usual blessing which was brought to an unfinished terminus by Jack, who turned around to his ag[illegible] wife with, "Naw yer's my wife, git yer cow-hide an' [illegible] I'll see which's the biggest dog. I means biz, I does!"

"What! what!" exclaimed the minister ritual dropping from his hand and his eyes almost [illegible] from their sockets, "[illegible] speak Jackson! [illegible] married [illegible]"

"Yaas," he answered, pointing [illegible] his [illegible] and getting his [illegible] [illegible] if she was my wife she'd [illegible]

(Continued on fourth page.)

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$1 00	$[illegible]	$[illegible]	$[illegible]
Three in.	[illegible]	4 00	[illegible]	10 00
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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

January 8, 1891.

The residence of Hon. Jas. G. Blaine burned to the ground on the 1st inst.

Two theatres and a hotel were destroyed by fire in New York on the 3rd inst.

Sodie Martinez paid $115 for the doll dressed by Mrs. Cleveland for the New York charity dolls' fair.

The McKinley bill was milk punch and ice cream for large manufacturing corporations, but skim milk and ice in the wash bowl for millions of farmers and their families.

While the republican party has raised the tariff on imported goods it has raised the taxes that all farmers must pay on what they buy for home consumption, and have also raised——!

It is announced that the New York and London committees on the Virginia State debt have definitely agreed upon a plan which it is expected the Virginia Legislature will readily approve.

December 26th the Gem City Stove Works, in Dayton, Ohio, were destroyed by an explosion of natural gas. Loss $55,000. The business portion of St. Augustine, Tex., was burned. Loss $100,000. A fire in Milton, Del., caused a loss of $30,000. The Marshall County Court House, Kan., was burned. Loss $50,000. Granite Hall, in Augusta, Me., was burned. Total loss, about $50,000. The village of Noble, Ill., was partially destroyed by fire.

The New York World was moved into its new quarters in the Pulitzer Building at the end of Brooklyn Bridge, December 23, and now it is in the best appointed printing office in the country. With 150 other tenants in the same palatial edifice, it is quite a business town of itself. Aside from those having rooms for its own use, the World, or its owners, the Press Publishing Company will receive about $200,000 a year rental from their tenants.

The man who still clings to the old party machine, expecting general benefits thereby, reminds us of the jocksentiral dutchman who swallowed a bad oyster twenty-nine times and twenty-nine times threw it up. Then he ordered it pickled and shoved down his throat after he was dead, that he might prove that he could and would hold fast to a rotten oyster.

A very severe engagement took place between 120 Indians under chief Big Foot and 500 U. S. troops, in the Bad lands, Dec. 29, in which more than 30 Indians were killed and several of the troops were wounded. The latest advices are that the Indians are being pursued in every direction and are being killed wherever found, no quarter being asked or given. It is supposed that Big Foot's band will be entirely exterminated.

The bronze statue of "Stonewall" Jackson, for the Jackson monument in Lexington, arrived there on Wednesday night, the 24th Dec.

M. A. Dauphin, for twenty years president of the Louisiana Lottery Company, died Sunday at New Orleans, aged 53 years.

The following is a model of New Year reveris, self depreciation, and resolution, which shows the heart from which it springs to be pure and disinterested:

"New Year resolutions,—What shall they be? Nothing good, pure and noble, for those things I am incapable of being. What under the light of heaven I ever was made for, to me is a mystery. Is there a single person who has been benefited or made happier in any way by me? I dont know. Yet this instant am I committing a sin by questioning the wisdom of the All-Wise in placing me here.

Retrospection! 'tis vain and useless. Live for the future, not for the past.

"What is done, is written in a rock, yea, with a pen of iron."
I will do the best I can."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 2.—Senator Hoar enjoyed his New Year's day dinner less even than his Christmas dinner, if it were possible. Senator Stewart spoiled his Christmas dinner by his speech against the Force bill and appetite for his dinner yesterday was killed by a grand triple attack upon his pet scheme for getting even with the South by Senator's Wolcott, Teller and Hale. The first named Senator fired broadside into the Force bill of unanswerable argument; the groundwork of his logic being opposition to enacting a law for the purpose of placing an acknowledged ignorant and incompetent majority over an intelligent minority. He stated plainly that if there were a majority of ignorant negro voters in the State of Colorado, solidly opposed to the united intelligent white votes, that in some way and by some method the white vote would govern. That he is a broad gauge man the following words from his speech fully demonstrate: "For a quarter of a century, out from poverty and despair, the South has been reaching forth in efforts to plant its foot on the solid rock of material prosperity; and in view of the marvellous growth and transformation now taking place in the Southern States I believe it would be unwise and unpatriotic for us to interfere in the conduct of its internal affairs."

Senator Tellers speech was a ringing demand for the shelving of the Force bill and the enactment of the financial legislation demanded by the people of the country, which he described as being on the very verge of a financial panic.

Senator Hale's remarks, which probably hurt the would-be-leader from Massachusetts more than all the rest, was an attack upon Mr. Hoar charging him with being responsible for the month's time which has been wasted in consideration of the Force bill, and demanding the speedy disposal of that measure in order that other and more necessary legislation might have a chance. Mr. Hale also took occasion to give the closure or gag rule now pending, which he says is is altogether needless, a few hard raps. Take them all in all they were three of the most remarkable speeches ever made in Congress outside of a secret caucus against a party measure by members of the same party.

And yet, there is a well grounded fear on the part of democratic Senators that by the vigorous use of the party whip and the administration patronage the bill may be passed if it ever reaches a vote which it will not do if the democrats can by any means prevent it. In order to defeat it upon a vote, assuming that ever Senator will be in his seat or paired, it is necessary that eight republicans should vote against it, and only three have yet openly announced their intention of so voting, although there are a dozen or more who have privately expressed themselves as being opposed to it.

One thing is evident it will have to be passed or laid aside within the next ten days; other legislation, particularly financial, is crowding it, and Senator Hoar is reported to have said to-day that if it was not passed next week it would never pass. The administration has all the detectives of the Post-office department working on the recent killing of the post-master at Carrollton, Mississippi, in order to try to make capital to help push the bill through, notwithstanding letters in the possession of Senator George from the leading citizen of the town, including its most influential minister, stating that politics had nothing whatever to do with the killing.

Treasury department officials are now preparing the annual deficiency bill. It will be the largest in the history of the country, aggregating about $75,000,000, nearly half of which is for pensions. These deficiencies were deliberately made by the republicans in Congress at the last session for the purpose of blinding the voters of the country to the amount of money that was being spent by that party.

Senator Hearst is somewhat better than he has been for several weeks, though still a very sick man.

The Civil Service Commission has jumped on Mr. Wanamaker to the extent of several newspaper columns because of his criticism of its methods in his annual report. This is regarded by many as an attack upon Mr. Harrison, who approved the report of the Post-master General or it would not have been made public, and some people think that there may be vacancies in the commission before long. The country could get along if the whole business was abolished.

Democrats are by no means anxious for an extra session of Congress, but if, as now looks almost certain, one be made necessary by the failure of the republicans to pass the regular appropriation bills they will not complain. They are ready to do their duty, but they wish the responsibility for an extra session to be placed where it rightfully belongs—on the republicans.

Want [illegible] Sullivan.

QUEENSTOWN, Jan. 3.—McAuliffe and Madden left here Thursday on the D[illegible]. Madden told a newspaper representative that he was commissioned by Arthur Cockburn, the well known English sport, to bet £1,000 to £3,000 that Slavin would knock Sullivan out in six three-minute rounds.

Slavin told Madden that he was willing to undertake the task if his backer consented. Madden, on his arrival, will deposit $500 to bind the match.

Madden was also asked by Charlie Mitchell to match him against Sullivan in a ring as small as twelve feet with skin gloves or bare knuckles, to fight in America, for $5,000 a side. Mitchell will start immediately he hears from Madden that the match is made.

KEEP POSTED.

If you want a good news paper during the session of the Legislature subscribe for the Charleston Daily Gazette. It gives all the news. It owns the Associated Press Franchise which gives a decided advantage in printing the latest and most important happenings. A full report will be given each day of the Legislative proceedings. Price fifty cents per month. The Weekly Gazette, nine large columns to each page, only $1.00 per year.

Address

THE GAZETTE,
Charleston, W. Va.

HOME NEWS.

—County Court last Tuesday.

—What has become of our correspondents?

—Mr. Geo. H. McGlaughlin, of Edray, called to see us Tuesday.

—Several persons attended court here Tuesday.

—Mr. O. Gay, the French cook, of the St. Lawrence Lumber camp near town is at Hotel by Wagner with fever.

—Miss Mary Rucker died at the home of Mr. Wm. McComb, on Beaver Creek, on the 25th inst. of consumption; aged about 60 yrs.

—Hon. I. B. Moore, of Frost, called to see us Tuesday. He will soon take his departure for Charleston as a member of the House of delegates, which convenes on the 14th inst.

—The Clifton Forge Nonpareil is the name of a new paper published at Clifton Forge by J. V. Henderson. It is newsy and well gotten up. Independent in politics and sold at $1.00 a year.

—Bill Toliver, a colored boy, whose home was near Huntersville, was on Christmas eve at Mt. Grove Va., accidentally shot in the head and killed, while carelessly handling a pistol.

—A. K. Hathaway, of Dumiso, Texas and Jas. W. Whitworth, of Sulphur Springs, Texas, both students of the Staunton Military Academy, and about 15 yrs. of age, while carelessly handling and snapping, what was supposed to be an unloaded revolver, it was discharged and the former was killed.

—In this issue will be found the ad. of Rivercomb, Lam & Co., real estate agents, Covington, Va. They are live wide awake real estate men, and parties having lots for sale can do no better than to place them in their hands, and those desiring to purchase should consult them before investing.

—We are requested to inform the talent holders of the Southern Methodist Sunday school, at this place, that it is now time for the talents, with their increase; also a statement of any specially interesting ways of increasing the same, to be handed to Superintendent C. F. Moore or Pastor Snapp. They will be duly recorded, and the result, will probably be mentioned hereafter.

—The Ohio Press favors the alliance of the Farmers Alliance with the people, and thus the formation of a *People's Party*. As the principles put forth so clearly by the Farmers Alliance are for the good of the people, and as the people have a right to form a People's Party, in and through which all who love their country and humanity in general better than old countries and usurers in particular, it is to be hoped the alliance will be general and permanent.

—The following gentlemen were in attendance at County Court and registered at the hotels Monday and Tuesday: Messrs. M. J. McNeel and C. E. Beard, of Mill Point; E. L. Beard and Lincoln Cochran, of Locust; Geo. W. Siple, Maj. J. C. Arbogast, H. A. Yeager, S. B. Hannah, and Wm. Siple, of Green Bank, L. W. Herold, and B. F. White, of Driscol, R. K. Burns, Geo. B. Curry and Richard Beard, of Academy; Levi Gay, S. D. Price, G. M. Kee, A. M. McGlaughlin, Geo. Gibson, and H. T. Metcalf, of Marlinton; Chas. Cook, J. E. Barlow, Levi Waugh, W. C. and T. W. Mann, J. W. Gum, J. D. Gay, of Edray; Sherman and Wm. Gibson, W. B. Hannah, Sam and Jno. A. Moore, and M. F. Herold, of Frost, E. O'Farrell, of Mt. Grove, Sheldon Moore, Huntersville. Several other gentlemen were in the city, were not registered at the hotels consequently we failed to get their names.

—Mess. Jno. Taylor and C. B. Swecker, of Dunmore called to see us Tuesday.

—Our friend C. D. Lam, formerly, of the firm of Lam & O'Farrell Mt. Grove, called to see us this week. We are pleased to learn that he is in the real estate business at Covington, Va., and doing a good business. He is now traveling in the interest and selling stock for the Covington Improvement Co., which from the railroad facilities, and present indications of other roads, of which the Pittsburg, W. Va. southern road is one, and almost an assured fact, is an excellent investment for those who want to invest in that line.

Deathards Creek Items.

Well X-mas is over, and we do not think the young people can complain about not having enough snow for sleighing.

Miss Ida White, who is attending school at Hillsboro, spent X-mas at home.

Mr. Albert Sharp, who has been at Buchannon, Va. for some time is spending a week or two at home.

Mr. H. Lee White, has returned from Bath, where he has been to see his best girl.

Miss Alice McGlaughlin who is teaching school on this creek, spent last week at her home near Dunmore.

John E. Campbell and wife spent a few days last week at the home of her parents Mr. Henry Sharp's.

C. D. Lam, Esq., of Covington, Va., spent Friday night at Mr. Henry Sharp's.

JESSIE JAMES.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Plenty of Snow.

The Bazar at this place was quite a success.

Mr. N. C. McNeil spent last week in our town.

Mrs. Sallie Alstep, of Warm Springs is spending the winter at Mr. J. W. Belton's.

Miss Minnie Brown, of Narrows Va. has enrolled as a pupil of the M. & F. Academy.

Mr. Harry Beard, of Huntersville is clerking for W. H. Overholt.

Mrs. Susan Shover is spending the winter with her daughter Mrs. Fannie Jordon.

Mr. Harry McGlaughlin, of Elk, was in our town last week. Mr. H. is suffering with a Payne in his heart.

The following officers were elected for the next Quarter of Sons of Temperance: Worthy Patriarch, H. W. Burgess; Worthy Associate, Belle Eskridge; Recording Scribe, Verdie Clark; Assistant Recording Scribe, W. A. Eskridge; Financial Scribe, G. F. Crummett; Treasurer, G. R. Curry; Chaplain, Rev. C. Sydenstricker; Conductor, A. C. Kinnison; Assistant Conductor, E. H. Moore; Inside Sentinel, Maude Eskridge; Outside Sentinel; J. C. Waugh.

ADRONIS.

County Court Proceedings.

The following are the proceeding of the Co. Ct., up to Wednesday, 12 o'clock:

Wm. and *Sherman* Gibson qualified as adm'r of S. L. Gibson, dec'd.

G. M. Kee qualified as Com'r of the Co. Ct., and took his seat in place of G. P. Moore.

S. B. Hannah, was elected president of the Co. Ct.

S. L. Brown, qualified as Cl'k of the Co. Ct.

J. C. Arbogast qualified as Sheriff of P. C.

R. K. Burns qualified as J. P. in dist. No. 4; Chas Cook in dist No. 2; H. A. Yeager in dist. No. 1 in place of J. H. Patterson resigned.

Wm. R. Siple qualified as Constable in dist No. 1.

The President has nominated Judge Henry B. Brown as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Justice Miller.

RAILROAD NEWS.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Dec. 29—The Daily Sentinel, of this city, publishes an interesting article giving the details of ex-Senator Camden's big railroad enterprise, particularly the West Virginia and Pittsburgh scheme, which is one of the most important ventures in the history of the developement of West Virginia. The Sentinel says:

It is learned through reliable sources that Senator Camden, with other West Virginians, has formed a syndicate and completed the purchase of an immense iron ore territory on Potts creek, near Covington, Va., said to be the most extensive iron ore field in that part of Virginia. It is reported to embrace from 60,000 to 70,000 acres, covering continous iron ore beds for over twenty-five miles in length, on both sides of Potts creek valley. This means the immediate extension of the West Virginia & Pittsburgh railroad from its southern terminus on Williams river, a branch of the Gauley, to a connection with the C. & O. road at Covington, the junction of Potts creek with Jackson's river, a distance of about sixty miles and furnishing through the West Virginia & Pittsburgh railroad a direct line of road from Covington to Fairmont, and thence through its connection with the B. & O. roads to Pittsburgh and Wheeling, reaching Pittsburgh down the valley of the Monongahela by the Fairmont and Morgantown branch of the B. & O. road and its connections, the short gap to connect the Morgantown branch with the B. & O.'s line near Fairchance, being already in course of construction, to be completed next summer.

MUCH ACCOMPLISHED.

Mr. Camden is always reticent about his plans, and is slow to communicate what he has in contemplation, until his combinations are well digested and the work under way; in this way he has accomplished within a short space of time without attracting much attention to himself a remarkable amount of railroad developement in West Virginia. This part of the Camden system of roads, extending up the valley of the Monongahela and through to Covington, is destined to be the most important and richest road in the State, embracing the Monongahela River road, from Fairmont to Clarksburg, and the West Virginia and Pittsburg railroad, commencing at Clarksburg and extending southward by way of Weston, Braxton C. H., to Gauley river, and thence to Covington, both roads being controlled by President Camden in the same interests, and forming part of the same through line.

The road from Fairmont to Clarksburg runs along the face of a nine foot vein of coal continuously for over thirty miles, a large amount of the coal being owned by a company formed in the interest of the railroad, of which Mr. Camden is also President, and which has now in operation the finest coal and coke plants in the State. The coal is of a very superior quality, both for coke and fuel purposes. The success of the developement is attracting much attention, large purchases in the same region having since been made by Senator Davis, Elkins, Senator Don Cameron and others.

UP THE VALLEY.

From Clarksburg the West Virginia & Pittsburgh road extends up the valley of the Monongahela by way of Weston and Braxton C. H. to Gauley and Williams river, where it reaches the immense timber and coal property purchased by Senator Camden and conveyed to the railroad company as a basis for building the road. The immense property owned by the West Virginia & Pittsburg road at this point compromises 135,000 acres of the finest timber in the State, and also covers at least 100,000 acres of the fine veins of cooking coal found on the New river. This property reaches to within about sixty miles of Covington, and the extension now proposed to be made by this road to that point in combination with the rich iron ore fields of Virginia with the immense coal field and timber lands already controlled by the company brings together the most valuable elements for railroad traffic possible to be combined in a line of road of the same length.

The roads outlined above are completed facts from Fairmont south, to Clarksburg, Weston and Braxton C. H., and under contract and now being graded from Braxton to William's river, leaving only about sixty miles on the south end to be built to reach Covington, and as the West Virginia & Pittsburgh road has built and laid over one hundred miles of railroad track in the past year, it is only reasonable to expect to see this line pushed through before the end of the coming year, when the long agitated question of connecting the iron ore region of Virginia with Pittsburgh by a railroad through West Virginia, will have been solved, and in operation almost before it was generally known to be in contemplation.

WILL OPEN UNTOLD WEALTH.

The great value of this part of the Camden system of roads, to the interest of West Virginia, cannot well be over-estimated. They follow the line of the Pittsburgh coal measures from the Pennsylvania line through West Virginia, and will open up and develop the heart of the mineral and timber sections of the State. The Williams river coal field is the nearest coal to the Virginia iron furnaces, and also the nearest coal to the Virginia tidewater by the C. & O. road. The road will also pass through the large iron ore district of Pocahontas county, and bring the ore of that district; and the coal, coke and lime stone all within twenty miles of each other.

By reference to a map it will be seen that from Covington to Pittsburgh by the Camden roads and the Baltimore & Ohio roads from Fairmont down the Monongahela river is almost a straight line, reducing the difference between Virginia and Pocahontas county ore fields to Pittsburgh and Wheeling at least two hundred miles—or to the shortest possible minimum of distance.

Taken altogether it is a most important enterprise, and its early completion is no doubt assured.

A Co-Partnership.

The undersigned have this day formed a co-partnership for the purpose of practicing law in the various Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining Counties and the Supreme Court of Appeals of this State, under the firm name and style of Moore & McNeil.

They offer their professional services to the public and promise faithful and prompt attention to all business entrusted to their hands. Arrangements will at once be made by which one member of the firm will be at their office in Huntersville, all the while, ready to give immediate attention to parties calling or communicating through the mails.

C. F. MOORE,
N. C. MCNEIL.

January, 1st, 1891.

NOTICE.

Owing to a change in our firm Feb. 1st, '91, all persons indebted to us either by bond or acc't must pay up by that time. We mean business and it will pay you to settle at once.

Respectfully,
HEROLD & MOORE,
Frost, W. Va.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Leven Wanless vs John F. Wanless & others } In Chancery.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree for the sale of the lands of which Jas. Wanless died seized and possessed, and a division of the proceeds among his heirs at law, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that Thomas Hatton and Betsy his wife, —— Veris and Zeda his wife and George P. Wanless, are non residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Cl'k.
Skeen p. q.
Decbr. 4th—4 w

Printers fee, $7.40

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's Office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in December, 1890.

Rhoda E. Crigger Pl'ff. vs. In Chy. *H. F. Crigger* Def't.

The object of this suit is to obtain a divorce from the bonds of matrimony and to be awarded the custody of the child, James A. Crigger, and it appearing by affidavit filed that diligence has been used on behalf of plaintiff to ascertain in what County the said H. F. Crigger resides without effect, and from the best information she can obtain, the said H. F. Crigger is not a resident of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that said Crigger appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in the suit.

Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Rucker p. q.
Dec. 4-4 w

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Notice To Take Depositions.

To H. F. Crigger, Esq.:

Take notice that on the 9th day of January A. D., 1891, between the hours of six o'clock, A. M., and six o'clock, P. M., at the law office of H. S. Rucker, in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will take the depositions of John A. Moran and others, to be read as evidence in my behalf, in a certain suit in Chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, in which I am Plaintiff, and you are Defendant.

If from any cause the taking of said depositions shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day, or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

Respectfully,
RHODA E. CRIGGER.
By Counsel.

H. S. Rucker, Sol.
Dec 4-4 t
Printers fee $7.78.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

January 8, 1891.

Continued from first page.

whip me, an' I tells her, saays I, 'I wouldn't hev yer ef somebody 'd gin me a dozen like yer, but,' saays I 'I'll let the preacher do up the job jist ter gin yer a gude soun' thrashin', an' larn ye a leettle sense;' an' naw I wants 'er jest ter blaze away" —turning to his bride—"Git, do yer. heer! git yer caw-hide, I'm wait'n fer yer." He stood posed for battle.

"A strange, strange case," muffled the minister with a dubious shake of the head.

"Va'y qua' endade, va'y qua' sa'; something wrong sa'" chimed in Jade Carr.

Lor' breas dis po' chiles' sole; sumpins up sush. Missy wha' de mattah? Lor' breas dis chile. Ole Nancy neber seed setch afo' in her bo'n days," chorussed the old cook.

"Golly, I's gwine to git out'n heah, if dis niggah wants any hide lef' on hisse'f" rang in "Wooly Head" as he made for the door.

"Dy'er heer? I'm in fer it naw," bleated Jack again while rolling up his sleeves.

"Jack, my boy, I bought the whip for our our buggy, and I got you a pound of candy, and a new hat, and a new pair of trousers—I was just joking dear," said Mrs. Jack Mace, (nee Miss Alicia Tompkins) pleadingly as she put her hand on Jack's shoulder,—"Yes, I was just joking."

"Haa" said Jack with a dupish grin, "well carnfunt it, I ain't a keer'd"

He Numbered His Children.

"Do you not find in Tennessee many queer Christian names?" a gentleman asked a friend who had just returned from a visit among the hills.

"Yes, for Christian names—or rather in this case, given names, for some of them are decidedly unchristian—have ever been of interest to me. I found just this side of Bear Wallow a young fellow named Longdistilled Peterson, and a little further on I fell in with a gentleman named Allwood Jones. Mr. Allwood Jones was a circuit rider, he informed me, and he asked me to stop at a small log church and hear him preach. I did so, and must say that Allwood's sermon was more than a yard wide. One afternoon I stopped at a house and addressed a young fellow who sat on the fence:

"'Who lives here?'

"'We do.'

"'Yes, but who are "we?"'

"'Pap, mar an' the rest of us.'

"Just then a man came out, and as he approached, said, 'Git down [illegible] Four [illegible] stranger,' ad[illegible] 'wont you git down?' As I was in much need of rest I dismounted. The man yelled, 'Come here, Betsek, an' take the stranger's hoss.'

"I was conducted into the house, and in that cordial manner the peculiar social property of southern backwoods-men was urged to make myself at home. My host's name was Beasely and was kin to old Ham Bledsoe what lives in middle Tennessy near Drake's creek summers.' Mrs. Bledsoe moved a lot of clothes which she had hung in front of the fire, kicked a cat, spanked with a shovel an enormous brindle dog, and told me to feel easy, for she would get a snack to eat after a while. I had never seen so many children belonging to one family. Look which way I might I caught sight of dirty faces and tow heads.

"'You have quite a family,' I said to Mr. Beasely.

"'Ruther, but we live in er big neighborhood, whar we've all got room.'

"'I should think that you would have found some trouble in selecting names for all your children.'

"'I didn't, though. I know that a great many folks have had trouble in that way, an' I was determined to steer cl'ar uv it, so I 'dopted a rule; an' when the fust chile was born we called him One. The next was named Two, the next Three, an' so on. W'y it worked like a charm, and we didn't have a bit uv trouble. I would advise ever'body to 'dopt the rule. One is married to a sorter slouch uv a woman and lives down yan on the branch. Two is a hoss trader. All the rest air at home. Three thar,' turning to a blushing girl, 'is old anuff to git married. Eight don't stand so clost to the fire; you'll scorch yer britches. Mur make Nine an' Eleven behave thorselves. Twelve, go on now an' rock the cradle, fur don't you hear Sixteen cryin'?'

"Yes, it was a very large family, and I don't know how Mr. Beasely could have managed had he not adopted the numerical system."

Polly Made A Match.

"A parrot is usually regarded, I know, as a very mischevious, meddlesome bird, and all the stories are of their interference and trouble making, but I have always believed that I owe my life's happiness to one of them," remarked Mr. M. C——, of this place, a day or two ago to a friend. The story being entreated Mr. C—— continued:

"I was the most bashful youth you ever saw, the very shyest imaginable, especially where ladies were concerned. I was fond of their society, enjoying it so that I sought it as often as I could, and yet at the same time in a perfect agony of bashfulness if required to answer the simplest question or to express an opinion on any subject, while to be asked to button a glove or any such little service would throw me into such a state of nervous excitement that I usually ended in making an awkward dunce of myself.

"I visited at one house where the girls, or rather, two of them, romping, high spirited misses, took the keenest deliget in playing upon this bashfulness of mine; but, secretly adoring the other sister—the eldest —I bore this patiently, for, while she could not always refrain from laughing at her sister's pranks, and the confusion they threw me into, she herself never teased me.

"But to get to Miss Polly. She was a green bird with a yellow head and a wicked eye and a habit of walking in the flower garden, where in a little summer house fitted up as a parlor the girls were fond of entertaining their company during the pleasant months. This bird was sitting one day on a trellis near by, when in a state of the greatest excitement I came to this summer parlor, and meeting a servant sent Miss Nellie word to please meet me there. I had heard that a rival had appeared on the scene and that it was thought that the girl I had loved so long in silence was favoring the new [illegible], but I had made up my mind to find out the truth of the report by speaking at last in my own cause.

"I had fully determined in doing this, which seemed an easy task, till I caught sight of her sweet face as she advanced toward me, then my courage fled and in abject terror I waited for her. I stammered out some foolish speech intended for an apology and sat looking at her dismayed to see how unusually quiet and depressed she seemed, while Polly, walking up and down the trellis, watched us both suspiciously. At last just as I decided to put it off, as I had decided a hundred times before, that parrot paused in her strutting and, leaning over, urged, 'Kiss her! kiss her, quick! you goose!' My heart stopped beating and I scarcely dared steal a glance at Miss Nellie, but when I did she was blushing so divinely, her lips were so tempting and—well, there was a look in her eyes that told me a delicious secret; so, with sudden courage, I leaned forward and with a 'May I, Nell?' followed Poll's sage advice.

"Yes, my wife's name is Nellie, and Poll, now gone the way of all flesh, now stands upon our mantel beautifully stuffed and prized most highly. In all probability I would have allowed the tresure I coveted to slip through my fingers had she not helped me out, for my wife has since told me she had just decided it was lost time to continue to love a man so bashful that he would not take his own, and that she would try and like the other fellow."

A Flemish Legend.

The Flemish people of Belgium and Holland are a simple and slow-going race, but are by no means without a sense of humor. They have an imaginary character—La Guerliche they call him—of whom they tell all manner of stories; a bantering, boastful old fellow, who speaks in parables and proverbs, but often to the point. He is always very ready in his replies, as the following story of his wisdom illustrates:

On a certain occasion the King of the Netherlands visited his faithful subjects of Flanders. On his way through the country he passed through the country he passed what he declared was the finest farm he had ever seen; and within but a step he came across the most beautiful windmill that had ever met his gaze.

"Whose mill is that?" the king asked.

"It is the miller La Guerliche's mill, sire."

"And whose farm is that?"

"It belongs to the bailiff Carefree, sire."

"Carefree, eh! Well he must be a happier man than I am. Let word be sent to him at once that I shall give him audience to-morrow, in order to put three questions to him: first, how much the moon weighs; second, how much his king is worth, and third, what I am thinking. If he answers any one of these questions wrong he will be hanged."

Bailiff Carefree was in despair when he heard this summons from the king, but La Guerliche offered to take his place before the king on condition that he, Carefree, should renounce his claim to the hand of Trinette, who was beloved of both.

Carefree accepted the terms, and next day La Guerliche appeared before the king.

"Well, well," said the monarch fiercely, and can you tell me how much the moon weighs?"

"Exactly a hundred weight," said La Guerliche.

"How do you know that?"

"Because it consists of four quarters."

"That's a fact," said the king. "Now tell me what you estimate my value at."

"Twenty-nine silver pieces."

"What! [illegible], what do you mean?"

"Ah, sire, our Master was sold for thirty pieces, and as a good Christian. I should have to rate you a little lower."

"Um—very well," said the king. "And now, perhaps you can tell me what I think?"

"Precisely, sire. You think I am Bailiff Carefree."

"Yes."

"Well, I am not. I'm LaGuerliche!"

"I appoint you my prime minister on the spot!" said the king, with great enthusiasm.

"Bub!" he called at the market yesterday morning after he had disposed of all of his potatoes, "is there any toy store near here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just show me the way, will you? I've got to buy a few things for Christmas."

"Got children?"

"Yes."

"Got a boy as big as me?"

"Just about your age."

"What are you going to buy him for Santa Claus?"

"I dunno yet. I was thinking I'd git some sort of toy."

"Say, lemme give you a bit of advice," said the lad, as they walked along together. "Let toys alone. Steam engines are dangerous, toy mules won't kick for shucks, and Christmas jack knives fall to pieces in week. If you've got a boy, and you want to tickle him most to death, I'll sell you my roller skates for half prices, 'cause we aint got no place for skating this winter, and I want to sell 'em and spend it all in cocoanut candy."

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JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, January 22, 1891. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 25.

[Di]rectory of Pocahontas County.

[Cir]cuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
[Pros.] Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
M. J. McNeel.
[Sher]iff, L. W. Herold.
[Clerk] & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
C. O. Arbogast.
[...]n, C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. P. Moore.
[...]e, Geo. Baxter

[T]HE COURTS.

[Circuit C]ourt convenes on the first [...] April, 3rd Monday in June [...]nday in October.
[County] Court convenes on the 1st [...] January, March, October [...] Tuesday in July. July is [...]

The Cloud Was Past.

BY DR. ISAAC HUNT.

Lovers they had been in the old dead days, when Maggie Blaine was a merry, red-checked lass, and Oliver Downs was an awkward, sun browned youth, guiding the plow on his father's farm, or carrying home Maggie's pails of milk through the cool shadows, as they slanted along the pasture land of a summer eve.

They had been lovers then in the shy, unspoken manner of country youth and maid, and their neighbors were won't to smile as they saw the dark face of Oliver and the blooming one of Maggie in the soft glow of the twilight.

It would be a match they said; and so one day the Downs farm and the Blaine farm would become one—for the lands adjoined, and Oliver was an only child as well as Maggie.

But strangers from the city not far away drifted into the Downs farm house for a few weeks of summer, and when they had gone Oliver forgot to whistle as he followed his oxen, and even sometimes forgot to go to the pasture lot to carry home Maggie's pails of milk.

And then, when the harvest was over, and autumn had come, he suddenly turned his back on the farm, and with an almost tearful good by to Maggie, and a promise to write often, to remember her always, and to return some day, the strong sinewed young farmer started out, sure that he could make a mark on some part of the world which would last—ah, so we dream when we are young!—longer than did the furrows made by his plow in his father's land.

The young farmers who had admired Maggie before, then sought her, glad of Olive'r absence; but the girl, grown silent and more sad, would have none of them, and it was said about her that her heart had gone afar with Oliver Downs.

If that was true, how weary must that young heart have grown in the first five years that followed his departure, for he drifted hither and theither, to the north and the south, the east and the west, often sick unto death with discouragement, yet never turning his face toward his home, rarely writing.

He would not fail he must succeed! Better death by the wayside than to go back and own that his strong right hand was empty—that he had dreamed in vain.

Then he wrote no more; and but for Maggie's faith in his return one day, and her brave, sunny words to the farmer and his wife, they would have deemed him dead.

Maggie's father suddenly lost his health, and she and her mother conceived the idea of receiving a few boarders for the summer to fill the great vacant chambers of the farm-house, and add to their income.

Time went on, and the Blaine farm became a pleasant thought to city people who had seen it. They returned there year after year, bringing with them an air of cities, which acted upon the girl

She grew—by contact with polished women of the world, who sought her simple home to regain roses lost in city revels, or perchance to [...] study—a [...] lipped, stately, self-reliant woman, to whom clear sight gold was gold, and dross was dross.

But no man could pass with her the boundary line between love and friendship.

So, after almost nine years, and then without a line to tell of his coming, without any sort of warning, Oliver Downs walked up the steps of the veranda and stood—more pallid of cheek, more clear of eye, more firm but sad of lip—before her.

"Maggie," he said, a slight falter in his tones as he put out his hand to the woman whom he had left a girl—"Maggie, have you quite forgotten me?"

A low cry of delight cut across Maggie's incoherent murmur, and a slight figure darted between them.

A girl's jewelled hand was placed in Oliver's palm, and a fresh, musical voice rang out joyously:

"I have not forgotten you, Mr. Downs! But who would think of seeing you here—you whom we last saw in San Remo a year ago? I—I am so glad!"

Maggie drew back—still, cold, white as marble. Had she loved him all these years, to realize her folly when another woman's voice faltered and broke in gladness at sight of his face? This fair, flower-faced stranger, who was boarding for a summer at the farm—was it because her face was so sweet and her gray eyes like stars for long years no line of him had come to the girl watching and waiting in love and faith?

He said some courtly words to Miss Desbrow, then once more his hand was extended to Maggie.

"You have not forgotten?" he said again, as she gave a cold but steady hand to his clasp.

And she smiled a little as she answered:

"You have changed."

"And you?" he questioned, half sadly, his eyes upon her.

Again the slight smile touched her lips.

"The years have marked me—yes," she replied, steadily. "I am more changed than even you.

He turned away with a quick breath, which might have been a sigh! and presently her parents came out, and she heard them ask the question which she had not dared put into words herself—what had he been doing since he went away, and on what soil had he left footprints?

He replied, with a smiling lip but a darkened eye, that he had done all things that were hard, and left no footprints save on sand.

In the hush of later evening, Miss Desbrow glided up to Maggie where she sat apart, and told her many things concerning Oliver Downs which she did not know.

He had saved the life of Miss Desbrow's mother one year before, in San Remo, by risking his own when a great hotel in which they were was burned. Mr. Desbrow had found him poor, unemployed, ambitious. He took Oliver as a clerk at first; but three months later made him a partner. And now there was a smooth path before the young man, junior partner in a wholesale silk house.

"And he loves her," thought Maggie, leaving the sweet face near her own with eyes that pain made dim; "he loves her, and all these years I have dreamed—dreamed—dreamed! It would be easier to die than waken now!"

She went early to her room, and there knelt lowly—lowly, with her face concealed, praying as we only pray when [...] death; praying that she might not [...] against her lonely lot, [...] to hate him whom now she loved, for all the wasted years of her trust and her love—not wish evil to the girl who unconsciously had robbed her; prayed while the night closed down, and the clock struck harshly every passing hour; prayed until a strange sound, like the rush of wild waters, stole over her dulled senses, and cries from distant rooms of the old farm-house rang shrilly out; then, numbled, dulled to all save her own agony she arose slowly to her feet groped her way to the door, opened it, and caught the scorching breath of flames that were coiling like maddened serpents in the hall. The farm-house was on fire!

As she paused in the doorway a woman flew along the hall, wringing her hands and screaming like a frenzied creature:

"My daughter! my Jennie! my child! I cannot wake her! Save my child—my child!"

Maggie lost the dulled feeling in an instant; into her heart crept that for which her lips had prayed to God—the greatness to not envy Jennie Desbrow a love for which her own heart hungered.

"I will save her! Hush! I will save her!" she cried.

And she darted through the coiling, circling flame tongues, and threw herself fiercely against the door of Jennie's room, which was quite near.

Again and again she flung all her weight against the scorched panels, before the lock gave way, and then she staggered into a room which was full of dusky smoke clouds. She grooped her way to the bed. Jennie lay there, unconscious, suffocating in the smoke.

With untrembling hands she folded the blanket about the girl, lifted her in arms which seemed to have nerves of iron, and turned to the door.

How she won her way through fire and smoke she never knew; nor did she know that her hands and face were burned and blackened, until afterwards.

As she staggered across the threshold, and felt the soft air of the night on her parched lips, a man dashed toward her from a path which made a short cut to the Downs farm-house; other hands relieved her of her burden, but his were put out, his arms drew her into a close embrace, and held her to a heart that was beating like a war drum.

"Maggie—you are safe!"

In the red glare that burst from a window just then, she saw the pale face of Oliver Downs bent over her.

"She is safe," she said, hoarsely. "I saved her for you."

"For me?" he echoed, in surprise. "Ah, Maggie, you do not know what you say! My love, my little sweetheart of the old days, I have come back for you, as once I promised. Are you truly changed? Is your warm heart cold to me now? If you knew why I did not write, why I did not come before, you would be kinder to me now. My darling, I have striven vainly and despaired often. But when at last fortune smiled on me, I came—to remind you of your promise and ask you to share all with me. Maggie, my dear one, you have not forgotten the dear old days, the sweet love dream? Tell me you have not, Maggie!"

"I have not," she answered, softly. "But I thought to-night that it was but a dream. Forgive me, dear!"

And the cloud was past.

Father (looking over the paper): More bad news! [...] has been discovered in Central Africa."

Mother: "What is that to us?"

Father: "What is that to us? It means that every one of our eight children will have to have a new and revised edition of Highprice's Geogrophy."

Sleeping With a Baby.

The free from care and easy taking old bachelor who, in his momentary lapse of wisdom, contemplates matrimony, should at the same time reflect on the remote but contingent possibility of his having to some time sleep with a baby, should he marry. Years of experience of martyrdom of this kind make me feel it to be my duty to set forth the misery arising from a contingency of this kind.

The baby, if he happens to be a lusty little fellow of eight or ten months, will decline to stay covered, and will also decline to allow you to keep yourself covered. He indicates his wishes in this direction by keeping his little pink heels going all night, a good part of the time on your back.

He will also insist in lying "crosswise," "endwise," "catacornered," "bias," or in any other position but that which will give you a few inches of room in the bed or a few minutes' sleep. His infantile needs will begin to manifest themselves about 1 o'clock in the morning, at which witching hour you go blundering around in the dark for a drink of water.

He will howl steadily and cheerfully from 2 to 3 o'clock, and will kick you furiously between the shoulder blades with every howl. It will not be of any use for you to pat him tenderly, and sing out, "There, there." He is right there, and knows it, and intends that you shall know it.

It is of no use to say coaxingly: "What does papa's baby want?" Papa's baby doesn't want anything but to howl, and he is gratifying that amiable desire to the utmost. It is of no use to add to your judgment day list of enormities by swearing. And if your wife has been calmly passive through it all she will develop an amazing degree of spirit if you dare lay the weight of your finger in anger on that "poor dear innocent darling [...]." He will squirm all night as though he were first cousin to an angleworm. He will journey around all over the bed, both under and on top of the coverings.

You are no sooner asleep than one of his moist little heels is planted firmly in your nose or in your mouth, and later on, with childhood's scorn of decency and decorum, he will sit astride of your neck, and grow green and purple with rage when gently made to sit elsewhere. Should he fall out of bed and yell loud enough to be heard all over your ward, your wife will say that she firmly believes that you pushed him out, and that you are not fit to be a father anyhow. An animated dialogue of purely personal and private nature will follow this remark.

But when the [...] little chap finally "snuggles up" to you, and goes to sleep with one of his velvety little cheeks close to your own, and one of his warm soft arms around your neck, you find your heart growing very soft and tender toward him and you would single handed wage war against a [...] or lay down your life for the love of him.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

January 22, 1891.

[illegible] the Bill.

The one supreme duty of the hour for Democrats is to prevent the passage of the Force bill. By an unexpected turn of events it has raised its ugly head in the Senate again, and is squirming, alive.

For the seven weeks that remain before the end of the Fifty-first Congress the responsibility that rests upon the Democracy of the Senate is tremendous.

If this bill passes the Senate it will be signed by the president. [illegible]

[illegible]

Will be Greatly Missed.

The announcement that Capt. George H. Moffett, editorial writer on the Globe, is soon to leave the city and take up his residence in Portland, Ore., will be received with regret not only among newspaper men, with whom he is very popular, but also in business and social circles as well. Capt. Moffett has been connected with the Globe ever since Lewis Baker assumed its management, the two being old-time friends in Virginia. As a writer Capt. Moffett has made many friends for the paper with which he has been connected, and while he has often taken decided grounds on any political or local movement his opinions have been expressed in such a clear and forcible manner, and presented with such logic, that they have carried great weight. And yet he has so avoided personalities and invective that when the matter under discussion had passed, there was left no bitter feelings against the writer, even by those who held to different opinions. It was this same spirit which made the captain so popular among business men, in the chamber of commerce and other public bodies of which he was an honored member. In social circles and at the banquet table he has also been cordially welcomed, and at no place have his words been better received as at the informal fortnightly meetings of the Twilight club. Capt. Moffett has purchased an interest in the Evening Telegram, of Portland, Ore., and will take up his new duties as general manager on Feb. 1. His family will accompany him, and he makes the change for business reasons and in the interests of better [illegible] for himself and family.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Announcement.

The Entertainment, which Hillsboro Academy had intended giving on Dec. 25th, was postponed until the 30th of present month. A cordial invitation is still extended, to the public to attend these exercises. This school will be reorganized on the 2nd of Feb., and continue a term of five months. New classes will be begun in Arithmetic, Geography, History, Physiology, Algebra, Book Keeping, Eng. Literature, Physical Geo., Philosophy, Surveying &c.

Parties wishing to attend during the 2nd term will do well to enter at the beginning. Those desiring to compete for medals and prizes still have an opportunity to join the contest.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C. Jany. 16.—The merry jingle of silver is the music which the Senate has provided for the people to dance to, by the adoption of the free coinage substitute for the Financial bill, which went through in spite of the determined and extraordinary opposition of the administration and the republican leaders in the Senate.

The democratic party has been committed to free coinage, as far as the votes of all the Senators of the party (with one exception—Wilson, of Md.) can do so, while the republican party, of the eastern and middle States, are by the same token committed against it. On this question of finance, the most important in every country, the republicans of the west and northwest, if the votes of their Senators represent their views, and the presumption is that they do, seem to be in accord with the democrats and the Farmers' Alliance, which is a much more powerful factor in this matter than most people believe.

The most sensational feature of the debate which preceded the adoption of the free coinage amendment, was the speech of Senator Ingalls in favor of free coinage. It was more than that; it was a most ingeniously made plea to the Farmers' Alliance legislature of Kansas to re-elect him to the Senate. It was in many respects the best and most brilliant oration ever delivered by Mr. Ingalls, and had he not have allowed his hatred of the South to inveigle him into a defense of the Force bill, which by the way, again has the right of way in the Senate, at its opening, it would undoubtedly have made him many friends in that section, where, as he probably knows, he now has none. As it is, although it was carefully listened to and all of its strong points, and there were many of them, against the monopoly and greed of the growing money power, were applauded in the senate in spite of the efforts of the Senate officials to prevent it, it is regarded as the artificial plea of an office-seeker to obtain the support of members of an organization pledged to oppose his re-election to the Senate, and not as representing his real sentiments. Nevertheless he told his republican colleagues and the republican President, who stands ready, it is believed, to veto free coinage, should the bill get through the House over the unscrupulous opposition of Speaker Reed, some mighty truths about what the people will do in the future, should their wishes be thwarted in this matter. But it was casting pearls to swine. The republican party never paid any attention to the wishes of the people, unless they happened to coincide with those of the bosses of that party.

John Bull must be trying to give the dying republican party a boom. At least one would so suppose from his foolish action in attempting to get the aid of the United States Supreme Court in his controversy with the administration over the Behrings Sea seal fisheries. Mr. Blaine would not have asked for anything better than the latest move of the British Government. It has given him what he has never had before—the united support of the American people. England should have learned from experience that American dignity cannot be trifled with without danger. Already a democrat, Representative Enloe, of Tennessee, has introduced a resolution in the House resenting this action and declaring it to be in derogation of the dignity of the United States, and providing that a copy of the resolution be sent to the British Government. Uncle Sam hasn't much of a navy, but he has lots of dignity, and not even the "queen of the Sea" must dare to rub him the wrong way.

A rumor very pleasant to democrats is circulating here this week, to the effect that ex Representative Perry Belmont may be elected to the Senate as Mr. Evarts' successor. Mr. Belmont's aggressiveness while Chairman of the House committee on Foreign Affairs several years ago proved that he has the capacity of making just the kind of a Senator that the democratic party would like to see sent from the great State of New York.

One republican—Mr. Dawes—joined Senators Berry and Blodgett in a minority report on the Apportionment bill favoring an additional Representative for Arkansas, Minnesota, Missouri and New York.

Senator Hearst is said to be dying at his residence in this city from a cancer in his stomach. His physicians have given up all hope.

Senator Quay's new Force bill providing for the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus and the use of the Army and Navy at the discretion of the President, is regarded as too absurd for serious discussion, and some of his friends say that he introduced it for the purpose of disgusting the country with with the whole subject. It may not have been introduced for that purpose, but that will be the effect.

HOME NEWS

—R. P. McGlaughlin, Esq., was in the city of Frost Monday.

—Mr. Hugh Dever, of Sunset, called to see us Tuesday.

—We learn from Mr. A. W. Moore, of near Sunset, that 65½ inches of snow has fallen the present winter, to date.

—Attorney H. S. Rucker, has already five divorce cases for the April term of the Circuit Court. All white.

—The Pittsburg and W. Va. Southern R. R. will pass through Huntersville.

—Mess. Albert and Gilbert Sharp, have gone to Buckhannon, Va., to work at the carpenter business.

—Huntersville will have a railroad inside of two years. Mark this prediction.

—Options are being taken on farms, and other land being bought by the Pittsburg and W. Va. Southern R. R. Company at Edray, Marlinton and Huntersville.

—Talk about your booming towns Old Pocahontas will beat them all in a few years. She has timber coal and mountains of iron which speaks for her.

—Mr. J. H. Patterson, of Green Bank, late elected Clerk of the Circuit Court, resumed his duties in said office last week.

—Mr. H. Nathan and Miss Neda B. Shearer, were married at Academy Tuesday morning, 20th inst. THE TIMES extends congratulations and best wishes for their future happiness and prosperity.

—After we get our new office in the spring, we hope to be able to add a couple of new presses; a cylinder newspaper and Gordon jobber.

—The 4th Quarterly Meeting for Huntersville circuit, M. E. Church, South, will be held at Huntersville, Sunday and Monday, February 1—2. It is desired that all the officials of the circuit be present at the conference, on Monday, 12 m. Other announcements to be made next week.

—The reception held by Gov. Fleming at Charleston on the 8th of this month was a most brilliant affair and has been favorably spoken of by the State press. Attorney Geo. W. McClintic, of that city, son of Mr. Wm. T. McClintic, of Buckeye and brother of Attorney L. M. McClintic, of this place was present and assisted in receiving the guests.

—We are going to make THE TIMES one of the best County papers in the State. We have added to our subscription list over three hundred new subscribers since we have had control and it is daily growing. All we want, to give you a good paper is the patronage and we are receiving it liberally. True, our advertising patronage is small, but it is because our County is without a railroad and its resources undeveloped, which great obstacle will be overcome in a year or two, and then we will have a county second to none in the State. Ere long, grand will be the name of our heretofore almost unknown mountain County of old Pocahontas.

—Our streets Tuesday were the scene of the most disgraceful carryings on we have ever seen in any [illegible] community, except at this place, at times. The beastly drunkenness, cursing, swearing and general heathen rowdyism capped the climax. There was one knock down, but unfortunately the principal participant wasn't seriously hurt. We have one of the best jails in the State, which cost the County over $4,000 and the [illegible] [illegible] is money wasted, as an such [illegible] [illegible] can be found to [illegible] [illegible] the great architecture and excellent job of plastering on the aforesaid building; also that S. L. Brown, Esq., jailor, keeps an excellent table attached, and it is extremely annoying to these gentlemen who so earnestly request by word and deed an escort to the above named inn, that no officer can be had. We would suggest that a play card, something like this be tacked to the aforenamed beautiful limestone building, "No boarders wanted. Our doors are not open to transgressers; only for lack of a competent porter."

—It would be a good idea to report some of the postmasters of this County to the Post Office Department, and especially the one at this place, for allowing the mails to depart before the schedule time. The Warm Springs and the Lewisburg mails are due at this place at 12 m. and depart at 1 p. m., but more frequently Depart before 12:30 p. m., which is extremely annoying to parties wishing to answer a letter by same mail, or country people coming in town about 12 o'clock and finding the mails gone. THE TIMES should go out in Thursdays mails, and would, always, if they were run on schedule time, but as they are not, and very frequently leave 15 or 20 minutes after arrival, consequently it is some times a day late. We had better have no mails at all than to have them conducted the way they have been for several months past. When you write a letter and put it the office you have no assurance of its ever reaching its destination, or if it does it too frequently shows signs of having been tampered with. We have known in the past couple of weeks of more than one letter showing signs of having been tampered with, and it is just a few days ago that we received a letter with the end burnt open, but we suppose, fortunately for us it was a check on the inside instead of money. We dont pretend to say where it is but there is something radically wrong somewhere, which should be looked into by the officials.

Preaching Notice.

Services at Sunset, the fourth Sabbath of January at 11, a. m.

Services at Huntersville at night, same Sabbath.

W. T. P.

Academy Items.

Mr. H. S. Ruckr, of Huntersville, was in town last week.

Mr. Walter Shearer, of Williams River, spent Monday night with his sisters.

Mr. Clark Mann and daughter, of Edray and Miss Olive Overholt, of Buckeye, were the guests of Mr. W. H. Overholt, Thursday night.

Miss Eliza Kee, of Marlinton, has enrolled as a pupil of the H. T. School and L. J. R. Dysard, of Driftwood of the M. & F. Academy.

Mr. Joseph McNeel and wife and Miss Lillie Curry, who were visiting relative at Huntersville, have returned home.

Mr. Tom Williams, of Healing Springs, Va., is spending a few days with his sister Mrs. J. W. Bolton.

Mrs. Sallie Alstrop is very ill at this time. Also Mrs. W. W. Byrd.

Mr. Gilbert Sharp and Mr. White who were visiting relatives and at thes place have returned home.

ADONIS.

Dunmore Doings.

Our school is flourishing under the management of Squire Cook. The Squire is well calculated to learn the young shoot how to idea.

We now have a literary organization which meets every Friday night.

Mrs. Isaac Moore, Mrs. Jacob Taylor and Mrs. Renick Kerr who are on the sick list and who were very sick, we are glad to say are improving.

Born to Renick Kerr, Esq., and wife a boy.

Capt. E. A. Smith, is home for a few days.

Rev. John A. Taylor has gone to Randolph.

No mail across Cheat Mountain yet.

Miss Lowe and Austie Ligon were in town a few days last week.

The Dunmore Farmers' Alliance Mercantile Association met Saturday the 17th and elected Dr. J. P. [illegible], Pres., Capt. J. C. Lakin, Vice-Pres., H. M. Moore, Sec., E. N. Moore, Treas., B. F. McGlone, C. B. Swecker, J. B. McCutcheon and H. M. McGlaughlin, were also elected to [illegible] a house for the County and make other arrangements to commence business by the first of April. Any member of the Alliance can take stock in the Store. People all over the Co., are beginning to find out that there is more in the Alliance than they thought for.

[illegible]

P. S.

[illegible] says we will have a R. R. soon. Let her come.

Douthards Creek Items.

Mess. Jas. A. and J. G. Sharp, left a few days ago for Buchanan, Va., where they expect to work at the carpenter trade.

B. Frank White, spent a few days of last week at Frost, on business.

Capt. E. A. Smith, stopped al night at Driscol enroute for his home at Dunmore, from his Lumber Camp on Meadow Creek, where he had been detained by the deep snow.

Miss Minnie McElwee and brother Howard, have gone to Dunmore to attend school, taught by Prof. Chas. Cook.

The Douthard's Creek school taught by Miss Alice McGlaughlin, will close Saturday next, with a "Taffey Pulling" and other appropriate closing exercises.

The boys are now, devoting much of their time to trapping furs, which is said to be fine this season. Mr. H. Lee White has been trying for quite a while to catch a fox: but he says he is not catching it for the fur, but for the (help) meet.

Mr. James H. Doyle, is now running a sled line between Huntersville and Douthard's Creek, leaving Huntersville promptly at about 8 o'clock A. M., and returns same day, daily except Sundays. For further particulars apply to him on Cor. Main and Knapp's Creek Avenue, Huntersville, W. Va.

Very Respectfully,

O. C. CASIONAL.

Edray Items.

When Messrs. Moore & Hannah's Clerk returned to their store on Wednesday morning last, after making a fire, and going to his breakfast, he found the house full of smoke and on instigation found the stove box about burned up and two or three holes burnt through the floor. An absence of ten or fifteen minutes more and the building with its contents would have been destroyed.

Three of the six rafts that started to Ronceverte on the last rise in Greenbrier river had bad luck; one hung on the Bird Mill dam, and two of them lashed together and running after night, were completely wrecked and torn to pieces on the McClure rocks. There were nine men on them, and all escaped safely to land. LESSON, run rafts in daylight and sleep at night—*and rest on Sunday.*

Kenney and Amos Courtney went to Ronceverte with sleds, for Barlow & Moore this week.

Messrs. Gay & Peters' teams are bringing in lumber to their landing this week at the rate of 6000 feet per day, on sleds, one team of four horses hawling 2700 feet at a load on Bob sleds.

BIG HOG.—Samuel M. Gay, butchered a two year old hog last Thursday that weighed four hundred and eighty-six pounds. LESSON, Keep few hogs and feed well.

Capt. J. W. Marshall was in our town Friday morning. It is reported that he is taking time by the forelock in purchasing land at Marlinton. A boom for Pocahontas is in the near future. The R. R. is the mainspring of action.

B. M. Yeager, Esq., was in our section last week, buying lands—and paying money.

Geo. H. McGlaughlin just now comes into ye correspondents sanctum and says he is done sold out at forty five thousand and is going to skip. Edray can't hold him much longer.

One of our town men has the "boom fever." Can any of your readers prescribe for him, he must be relieved of his cash soon, or his case will be disastrous.

XXX.

Geo. Bancroft, America's greatest historian, died at Washington on the 17th inst.

The infernal Force bill has been taken up again.

The Legislature.

The Legislature met in session last Wednesday and both Houses were organized by the election of the Democratic caucus nominees for the various offices.

Senator J. W. McCreery, of Raleigh, was elected President of the Senate, Holly Armstrong, of Jackson, Clerk, M. Tracy, of Ohio, Sergeant at Arms, and W. M. Dent, of Fayette, Doorkeeper.

Hon. Lewis Bennett, of Lewis, was elected Speaker of the House, Bernard Peyton, of Charleston, Clerk, W. B. Gibbs, of Roane, Sergeant-at-Arms, T. J. Feamster, of Greenbrier, Doorkeeper.

In the caucus of Democratic members held on Tuesday evening the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The bill known as the "Federal Election Bill" is still pending before the Congress of the United States; and

WHEREAS, We regard it as a measure proposed solely in the interest of the Republican party, and full of menace to the dignity of the ballot in all parts of the country, but specially intended to subvert and retard the social and material development of the South, therefore.

Be it Resolved by the Democratic Members of the Legislature of West Virginia. That we cordially endorse the splendid efforts put forth by our Senators for the defeat of said bill, and that we urge every Representative from this State to exhaust lawful means for securing the defeat of this measure so full of threat to the liberties of our people.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Senators Kenna and Faulkner, and to the Representatives of our State in Congress.

The assistant clerks of the Senate are Will A. Strickler, of Ritchie, B. B. Hardin, of Cabell, and J. W. Williams, of Wayne.

The assistant clerks of the House are W. E. R. Byrne, of Braxton, B. P. Conard, of Webster, and J. M. Scroggin, of Wood.

The House proceeded to work immediately after the reading of the Governor's Message.

The message was an able and exhaustive document, and presented in a business and practical way many valuable recommendations for the guidance of the Legislature in the coming session. It also sets forth the increase of our prosperity during the past decade, during which, on the basis of the Eleventh Census, "the population increased from 618,457 to 762,794, 23.34 per cent., a percentage exceeded by only two of the Southern States. Our railroad mileage has increased 95 per cent. during the same period, and in that time we have also advanced from the seventh to the fourth rank among the coal producing States. This remarkable advancement, our wonderful resources and development should be placed before the world in practical shape, and the Governor recommends the appointment of a commission to prepare a satisfactory exhibit at the World's Fair.

The finances of the State are shown to be in a flourishing condition, the balance in the treasury, October 1, last being $285,793.22, after paying upon temporary loans $63,341.45. Attention is called to the fact that great prudence and economy is nevertheless very necessary since there will be a necessity for increased appropriations, owing to the growth and development of the State.

The Governor calls attention to the important fact that there is no State law requiring State banks to make public periodical statements of their condition, and recommends the passage of such a law.

As to the proposed re-apportionment of the State, the Governor takes the ground that it "be on the basis of the present number of Senators and delegates, or such number not materially in excess thereof as will more nearly secure to each county her just share of representation."

Under the head of "costs in criminal cases," the Governor refers to the Wood county case as an example, showing that there is something radically wrong in our laws on this subject. He shows that over $14,000 has been illegally drawn from the treasury, through false and forged court orders and fraudulent clerk's certificates. Counsel has been employed by the State to recover, so far as possible, the amount stolen. "If justice," says the Governor, "is not defeated by the mere technicalities of the law, convictions in many cases will be secured and possibly a portion of the amount recovered." It will be remembered that in the case of Clerk Clouston at Parkersburg, Judge Boreman quashed the indictment against him on the merest technicality—the fact, among others, that the sum in the indictment was set forth in figures instead of writing. The Governor recommends that the statutes be amended to properly cover these cases of fraud.

The enactment of an election law modeled after the Australian ballot system is earnestly recommended by the Governor, who declares it essential to the preservation of the purity of the ballot. He also recommends that severer penalties be provided for illegal voting, the importation of voters and such gross frauds as necessitated the late gubernatorial contest in this State.

A re-valuation of the wild lands of the State is recommended. Valuable coal, iron, and timber lands are now held by outside parties for speculative purposes, the tax on which is a mere bagatelle, compared to what it should be on the basis of a proper valuation. The enactment of laws that will prevent the entry of forfeited lands upon the assessors' books is also recommended.

The great advancement the State has made in an educational way is shown by statistics from the report of the Superintendent of Free Schools, which, among other things, shows the average daily attendance to have increased in the past 20 years from 55,983 to 121,798. The Irreducible School Fund in 1870 was $229,300; in 1890 it was $[illegible]011.48, and the General School Fund in 1870, $233,139.02, and in 1890, $360,431.21.

The message contains numerous excellent recommendations for the improvement of the various institutions of the State and for the general advancement of the public good, which we have not the space to give.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville. W. Va.

January 22, 1891.

A Little Lame Boy.

About sixty years ago a lame boy, named Erastus, left a humble home in New England, and entered a hardware store in Troy, N. Y. Besides being lame, he was slender and sickly, and his prospects in life seemed anything but promising. He knew little of the sports and pastimes that his companions enjoyed in their childhood; his face, even in the freshest years of life, bore the marks of suffering and care, and his friends pitied him, and said that he was very unfortunate.

But he had a quick, active mind, full of right aspirations, and a heart full of generous impulses. His mind was at York, preparing for usefulness in the future, and fondly dreaming of bright days to come, even in the solitary hours of sickness and suffering.

He did the best he could, though his lot was so circumscribed, and God had a life work, full of honor, for the poor little lame boy.

When he first applied for work in a store, he was so small that the proprietor looked into his earnest face with some surprise and said:

"Why, my boy, what can you do?"

"I can do what I am bid," was the manly answer.

There was the right ring in this reply, and the proprietor recognized it.

"Well, my little fellow," said he, "that is the kind of a boy we want; you can have the place."

That boy was Erastus Corning, the millionaire. The neglected, solitary lame boy made himself so useful to his employers, by his willingness to do "what he was bid," as to secure for himself the highest positions of responsibility and trust.

He became a bank president, a railroad president, canal company president, was three times elected mayor of Albany, was a member of the State Legislature, and for three terms a member of Congress. In 1863 he retired from business, with a fortune estimated at five millions.

The Bible says that "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted," and the boy who would become successful in life must, like this man, begin by showing a willingness to do anything that he is bid. A conceited, hesitating, ever-nice clerk comes to nothing; but the lad who is earnest and resolute, whose aims and purpose are his motive power, who is not to be turned aside from an object in life by false pride, in short, who, in any honorable calling, "is willing to do as he is bid," is almost certain, other things being equal, to rise in reputation, and to be richly rewarded with success.

He was a westerly hustler and his seat mate was a quiet looking gentleman from the East.

"You carry on a manufacturing business, perhaps," said the Westerner.

"Well—yes, I—"

"Use a good deal of coal, eh?"

"Yes, a great deal."

"Ever compare the cost of coal with the cost of natural gas?"

"No."

"Well, sir, do you know that you could move your establishment out here to Ohio, and save thousands of dollars every year just by using natural gas? Why, we use it for heat, power, illumination—everything. Just stop off at Toledo and look into that matter, and I guarantee we'll have you settled there inside of a year."

"I hardly think it would be worth while," answered the Easterner. "Don't think my business would benefit at all by the change."

"You don't know anything about it, my friend," exclaimed the Westerner, with enthusiasm. "Why, I know it would save you money. It couldn't help saving you money. Why, you could produce your—er, see, what do you manufacture?"

"Gas," replied the quiet man, in an ordinary tone of voice

The recent death in Canada of Mrs. Sterling, mother of Charles M. Sterling, who was executed at Yougstown, Ohio, for the murder of Lizzie Grombacher, has unveiled the facts concerning an incident that occurred shortly before his execution. His mother came to Youngstown from Maxwell, Canada, and though he had left home when but a lad, with maternal intuition she recognized him. When brought to his cell Sterling, without the quiver of a muscle, said:

"You are mistaken, madam; I am not your son."

She implored him to recognize her, but he refused, and she returned home half convinced that she was mistaken. To his counsel Sterling said:

"She is my mother, but I could not break her heart by telling her that her son would be hung. Keep it secret until she dies."

Her death caused his attorney, W. S. Anderson, to break the seal of silence.

"It was the most dramatic scene I ever witnessed," said Mr. Anderson. "I have seen all the tragedians of the past quarter of a century, but none that compared to the scene on that occasion. The mother, every line in her face showing the most intense suffering, and her heart nearly broken, while the son, knowing that the truth would kill her, stood like a statue, his face showing the pallor of death, assuring her that she was mistaken. Such intensity of action was never produced on any stage. It could not be."

On the Train.

"Excuse me, sir, but that open window is very annoying," said Blossom to a drummer sitting by the open window in a railway train.

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to grin and bear it," said the drummer.

"I wish you would close it, sir."

"Would like to accommodate you, but I can't," was the reply.

"Do you refuse to close that window, sir?"

"I certainly do."

"If you don't close it I will."

"I'll bet you won't."

"If I go over there I will."

"I'll give odds you won't."

"I'll ask you once more, sir, will you close that window?"

"No, sir; I will not."

"Then I will, sir," said Blossom, getting on his feet.

"I would like to see you do it."

"I'll show you whether I will or not, sir," placing his hands on the objectionable window.

"Why don't you close it?" said the drummer, as Blossom tugged at the window.

"It—appears—to be stuck," said Blossom, getting red in the face.

"Of course it is. I tried to close it before you came in."

How to Kill Your Town.

Glory in the downfall of a man who has done much to build up the town.

Make your town out a very bad place, and stab it every chance you get.

Refuse to unite in any scheme for the betterment of the material interest of the people.

Tell your merchants that you can buy goods a great deal cheaper in some other town, and charge him with extortion.

If a stranger comes to your town tell him everything is overdone and predict a general crash in the near future.

Keep up divided public sentiment on the best method of increasing business.

When you have anything to say of your town, say it in such a way that it will leave the impression that you have no faith in it.

If you are a merchant don't advertise in the home paper, but buy a rubber stamp and use it. It may save you a few dimes and make your letter heads and wrappers look as though you were doing business in a one horse town.

If you are a farmer curse the place where you trade as the meanest on earth. Talk this to your neighbors, and tell them the business men are robbers and thieves. It will make your property much less valuable, but then you don't care.

Even With the Bag Family.

"Now, madam," said the attorney for the defendant, to a little, wiry, black eyed, figety woman, who had been summoned as a witness in a breach of the peace case, "you will please give in your testimony in as few words as possible. You know the defendant?"

"Know who?"

"The defendant—Mr. Joshua Bagg?"

"Josh Bagg! I guess I do know him, and I knowed his daddy afore him, and I don't know nothing to the credit of either of 'em, and I don't think——"

"We don't want to know what you think, madam. Please say 'yes' or 'no' to my question."

"What question."

"Do you know Mr. Joshua Bagg?"

"Don't I know 'im, though? Well, I should smile! You ask Josh Bagg if he knows me. Ask him if he knows anything 'bout tryin' to cheat a pore widder like me out of a two-year old steer. Ask him if—"

"Madam, I——"

"Ask him whose land he got his cord wood off of last spring and why he hauled it in the night. Ask his wife, Betsey Bagg, if she knows anything about slippin' into a neighbors's paster lot and milking three cows on the sly. Ask——"

"Ask Josh Bagg about that uncle of his that died in the penitentiary out west. Ask him about lettin' his pore old mother die in the pore house. Ask Betsey Bagg about putting a big brick into a lot of butter she sold last fall——"

"Madam, I tell you——"

"See if Josh Bagg knows anything about feeding ten head of cattle all the salt they would eat and then letting them swill down all the water they could hold just 'fore he driv them into town and sold 'em. See what he's got to say to that?"

"That has nothing to do with the case. I want you to——"

"Then there was old Azrael Bagg, own uncle to Josh, got rid out of his native town on a rail 'tween two days, and Betsey Bagg's own brother got ketched in a neighbor's hen house at midnight. Ask Josh——"

"Madam, what do you know about this case?"

"I don't know the first livin' thing 'bout it, but I'll bet Josh Bagg is guilty, whatever it is. The fact is, I've owed them Baggses a grudge for the last fifteen year, and I got myself called up as a witness on purpose to git even with 'em, and I feel that I've done it. Good-by."

"Miranda," said the proprietor, "do you know anything about the new minister that is going to have charge of the church in the new block hereafter?"

"Yes," replied the saleswoman. "He is a tall, fine looking man, about 28, and he isn't married."

"Miranda," said the proprietor, briskly, "you may put all the new bonnets in the store in that front window right away."

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VIII JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, February 5, 1891. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 27.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold
Cl'k of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

The Lover's Cup.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"I LEAVE you with a heavy heart Genie," said Ralph Meredith, "While I am gone, Ben Brander will have it all his own way. I may lose you."

Genie laughed.

"We are engaged to each other, Ralph," she said. "I like you, and I care nothing for Ben Brander. I shall not begin to flirt as soon as you are out of sight, I assure you.

They were sitting side by side upon a fallen log. Ralph pulled a bit of moss off the bark and picked it to pieces before he answered,

"Well Genie, with a woman out of sight is out of mind, very often. A year is a long time to be parted; many things may happen."

"Our hearts will not be parted," said Genie. "Come now, I'll go to the witch well and drink the lover's cup with you, and then whatever happens we'll meet again and be happy."

"You seem to mean that," said Ralph. "Do you believe that nonsense?"

"Well," said Genie, "our folks all believe it. Mother has great good sense, and she does. They say a girl cannot break her vow if she tries to do it after drinking the lover's cup with a man she is promised to. There was Miss Nancy Vaughn, who, as we all know, drank the cup with Jack Grey. She jilted him and engaged herself to a richer man, but he dropped dead at the very altar, and Jack made up with her, after all. And Captain Shicer was on a desert island five years, grandmother says, and his wife had fifty offers, but refused them all. 'We've drunk of the lover's cup,' she said, 'and he'll come back.' So he did. Come Ralph."

She arose and tripped away. Ralph following her. They plunged into the heart of the wood, and soon came to a natural fountain gushing from a rock into a sort of basin below. On a ledge above the flowing water stood a cup, cut from translucent white stone—a curious thing with a handle on either side, and a figure of Cupid carved upon it.

It was not known who cut the cup nor how long it had been there. It was a miracle that in all those years no one had broken or stolen it.

Probably the superstitions that hung about it protected it.

It was said that in the course of three generations it had been twice in the hands of dishonest folk, but each time as the thief turned away a blow was dealt him by an unseen hand and he fell to the ground, and was only too happy to crawl away alive. True or false, every boy in the village believed this solemnly, and the lover's cup was as safe as though guarded by a regiment of soldiers.

As Genie stopped before the fountain she turned and lifted her finger warningly.

"Remember," she said, "we must lift the cup together, fill it as we hold the handles, drink at one moment, leave a drop to throw into the fountain, and neither must release the cup until it stands in its place again, and not one word must be spoken by either in all that while."

Thus warned Ralph went through the mystic performance properly, and the two returned to Genie's home. The next day Ralph was journeying toward the far West, and Genie was beginning to count the days of his absence.

At first Genie's words seemed to prove true. Distance scarcely seemed to divide these lovers. Their letters were frequent, and grew warmer as time went on. Six months were gone when one day news came of trouble with the Indians; then mails were delayed then a strange letter came. It began this way:

"DEAREST GENIE,—As I write to you my rifle stands within reach. I am watching a devil of a redskin who is looking about the edge of the woods near the Widow Taggart's little house. There may be more behind him. He does not guess that there is any one near. Now he has gone away again. He may only be hungry. God help the poor creatures—they are often enough, only they are such demons that one feels like saying, 'Serves them right!' Perhaps if white men——"

There was nothing more, not another word, so the letter ended. Genie was terrified at first, but the letter was enclosed in an envelope, directed in Ralph's well known hand, and she could not fancy it a mistake of some sort. However as time went on her anxiety increased. No other letter followed this. Vainly she wrote, there was no answer. Meanwhile the family had hidden a paper from her, in which was given full description of a foul Indian massacre in "Lonely Village." Twenty bodies, mutilated and unrecognizable, had been buried when the soldiers at last put the redskins to flight.

At last Genie wrote to an old clergyman of whom she knew, who, though he did not reside at Lonely Village, sometimes preached there. The answer that came confirmed her worst fears. Lonely Village the old man wrote, was no more, those residents who had not been murdered had departed thence.

Ralph Meredith had been seen in the thick of the fight. A girl, one of the widow's daughter's the only one living of her family, had told him that Ralph had asked her, if she escaped, to post a letter she would find upon his table; she had done so.

A garment, marked with Ralph's name, had been found on one of the mutilated bodies, and so with kind and pious words, the letter ended.

When she actually realized that was dead, lost forever, Genie felt he that all happiness was gone from her life.

She thought at first that she should not live, but grief rarely kills the young. After awhile she began to go about a little, still dressed in the mourning she wore for Ralph and one day she put a bunch of violets in her belt, and in two years she left her black off altogether. Time has a healing power, say what we will, and Ben Brander began to follow Genie Bell about again. He was a handsome fellow, and had a charm about him.

At first she was very cold to him, but in time he changed all that. She could never love him as she had loved Ralph, she knew; it was he whom she hoped to meet in heaven. But she might have years to live; her friends besought her to take the good that was offered.

After awhile she began to feel that it would be best to marry Ben, and so she said "yes" to him one day, and their wedding-day was set.

From that day Ben was happy and she was wretched. Her conscience reproached her. She did not dare to look at the little photograph of her lost lover which she kept in her room and had hitherto kissed every morning and every night. Its eyes seemed to reproach her.

"I have been false to him," she repeated. "False! false! false!"

But she had not the courage to break her promise to Ben, and so the day before that of the wedding day came.

By this time Genie's conflict with her emotions had become too dreadful to endure and she had formed a terrible resolution.

It was that she would not live to marry Ben Brander, but would join her only true love in the other world. She had procured some poison, at once fatal and painless, and it was her intention to go to the old fountain in the forest, swallow the poison, pledge her faith to Ralph in life or in death in a draught from the "lover's cup," and then lie down to sleep the sleep that knows no waking. Then all would be over; no one would blame her, and she believed that Heaven would forgive her.

"You must not come this evening," she said gravely to Ben Brander. "I cannot see you if you do."

"Too busy with the fal-lals and fixings?" he said. "Very well, I'll stay away."

He was not quite contented with her manner. He knew that she often thought of Ralph Meredith, and until to-day he had rather feared that she would break her promise after all.

He thought of this a great deal as he went his way, which led past the railway station. A train had just come in, passengers were alighting. Suddenly he saw a figure that he thought he recognized. The blood seemed to leave his heart. He started forward. Yes! it was Ralph Meredith, and their eyes met and they uttered each other's names.

"How strange that you should be the first to meet me!" Ralph cried.

"We thought you dead!" gasped Ben.

Neither of the men held out a hand to each other, or made any sign of friendly greeting.

"The Indians took me prisoner. My skill in drugs saved my life," said Ralph. "They made a medicine man of me. I have just escaped. Genie Bell? Tell me about her."

"We are to be married to-morrow," said Ben. "This is the wedding ring"—he took from his pocket a little box. "You cannot blame Genie," he went on. "She wore black for you as if she were your widow. If I comforted her at last, remember we thought you dead. She is very happy now. You'll make her wretched, I suppose."

Ralph turned away and leaned his head against the trunk of a great elm that shaded the road, for awhile, then he turned again to Ben.

"Luck is against me," he said, "but I have not come back to make folks unhappy. She has forgotten me—she loves you. There is no one else in the place I care much to see. I have no relatives here. Good-bye—you may consider me dead again," and he turned upon his heel.

"Does he mean it?" asked Ben of himself. "If he does go back it will be all over for me. Genie cares more for him now than she will ever care for me while she lives.

"Yes, he really seems to mean it," he added, as he watched Ralph out of sight. "He has gone back to the depot."

And Ralph indeed had done so, but no train was yet due, and he walked away again. Instinctively he turned toward the great woods where he had so often rambled with Genie. The memory of the fountain and the lover's cup was strong upon him. He turned his feet that way and saw the pearly water flowing into the shallow basin, the strange stone cup standing in its niche, the shadow of the great trees falling over all, the whole place unaltered as if he had left it only yesterday.

"Why did they not kill me with the rest, there at Lonely Village?" he sighed.

Suddenly a light step sounded on the path, he stepped back into the shadow and saw a woman approaching; the next instant he recognized Genie!

She was pale and there was a strange look in her eyes. She reached across the basin and took the lover's cup in her hands, she filled it at the fountain, and lifted her eyes to heaven.

"Ralph, my beloved, to whom I plighted my troth beside this fountain," she said, "listen while I repeat it, this time for eternity." She emptied the cup. "Now God forgive me and receive my soul," she sighed.

Ralph saw her take a vial from her bosom and lift it to her lips; he understood all, and springing forward, clasped her in his arms, while she clung sobbing to his breast.

"The charm of the lover's cup is fulfilled' darling!" he cried, "we meet again! You are mine and I am yours! And since you love me still, no man shall come between us while we both live!"

A little later a messenger came to Ben Brander; he brought with him a note containing only these words:

"Ralph has returned to me."

SOME CLEVER CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a crow like a lawyer? He likes to have his caws heard.

What are many wrinkles in a merchant's forehead? Trade marks

What is the proper length of ladies' crinoline? A little above two feet.

Do you know the soldier's definition of a kiss? A report at headquarters.

Which travels fastest, heat or cold? Heat; because you can easily catch cold.

When is a man a muff? When he holds a lady's hand without squeezing it.

Why don't the American girl like the English dude? The yankee dude'll do

Why is a dead hen better than a live one? She will lay wherever you put her.

Why was Blackstone like an Irish vegetable? Because he was a common tatur.

Why don't they charge policemen on the horse cars? Because they can't get a nickel out of a copper.

What's the difference between a mouse and a young lady? One wishes to harm the cheese, the other to charm the he's.

What is the difference between homicide and pig sticking? One is assault with intent to kill, the other a kill with intent to salt.

Why are two young ladies kissing each other an emblem of christianity? Because they are doing unto each other as they would do unto them.

Why are ladies so wicked? Because they not only bone their stays and steal their petticoats, but they positively sith their babies and back each other's dresses.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

February 5, 1891.

Judge W. A. Pieffer, a Farmers' Alliance man has been elected to the U. S. Senate to succeed Senator Ingalls. Senator Ingalls is one of the most brilliant men in the Senate, but he is politcally such a very bad man that his removal from a place of power is a matter of congratulation for good people everywhere.

This administration will go down to posterity as the one that got away with the largest surplus the country ever had in less than two years after it came into power; will also be known as the murderer of the Republiian party as a national organization.

Iowa elected a Republican Secretary of State by a plurality of 2,925 Votes, and gave 9,181 majority against the McKinley bill. If the Republicans will only stand by that bill they will all slide out of sight together.

Governor Hill will gain neither honor nor profit by running a third term for governor. If he is not fit for Senator or President by this time he never will be, and will never get in either position by waiting.—Advance Thought.

Law makers ride on railroad passes.

Forty thousand families control the masses.

Voters refuse to think, and vote like asses.

Mortgage covers all the grain and grasses.

Now is it not time a Farmers Alliance,

In defence of homes, bid thieves defiance?

If the time has not yet come, then abandon the idea, crowd back into the traps of the old parties, and keep right on going to hell. By either of the old routes, it is all the way down hill.—Advance Thought.

Good old English law is stiff enough to cut in to gate posts. Not long since, a man in London put arsenic into a pudding with the intent to kill his wife and two children. The children died from the effects of the poison thus placed for them. His wife did not partake of the pudding and escaped. She told the facts of the case. He was arrested, but not punished, as under English law a wife cannot give testimony against her husband, except in respect of outrage or offence against her own person. Therefore, her testimony against her husband, except in respect of outrage or offence against her own person. Therefore, her testimony against her husband as to his poisoning the children could not be accepted, and the brute went unpunished.

The immigration to this country which passes through the port of New York amounts, roughly stated, to a thousand a day. Sometimes the total exceeds somewhat that figure; sometimes it falls short of it. According to the figures just published for 1890, it amounted to 359,510. Except during the first two years of the civil war, the immigration to this country from Europe has never in a single year since 1864 fallen below 100,000, and only during the three years of financial depression, from 1876 to 1879, has it fallen below 200,000. In 1882 it reached a mammoth total of nearly 800,000, and since that time it has averaged about 400,000, of which about 365,000, or, as we have said, about a thousand a day, come through the port of New York.—N. Y. Sun.

Whites Increasing Faster than Blacks.

The Census Bureau has given out the population of Alabama by races, and the figures are calculated to reassure those timid souls who have imagined that the negroes were multiplying so rapidly that there would soon be no room for white folks south of Mason and Dixon's line. The population of Alabama, exclusive of a few Indians and Chinese, was as follows in 1880; White, 662,185; colored, 600,103; white majority, 62,082. In 1890 the figures were: Whites, 830,796; colored, 681,431; white majority, 149,365, considerably more than double what it was in 1880.

Now take the percentage of increase. The entire population of the State, which was 1,262,500 in 1880, was 1,513,017 in 1890, an increase of a very small fraction less than 20 per cent. But the white population increased 25.3 per cent.—almost 25.4 per cent.—while the colored population increased only 13½ per cent.

These figures should calm some perturbed spirits that have been wondering what would become of the Southern whites.

From the two Carolinas there has been some emigration of colored people, and there has been some immigration of colored people into Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. But we beleive that there has been no emigration of negroes from Alabama that explains these figures. On the other hand, we believe that there has been no immigration of whites into the State to account for them. A good deal of capital has moved into the State in the past ten years, but we take it that not many thousands of white laborers have moved in. The increase of the white population of Alabama is pretty nearly the general average of natural increase for the whole country.

Additional statistics may cause a modification of this judgment, but as far as the Alabama figures go they indicate that the natural increase of the whites greater than that of the blacks. The latter are the more fecund possibly, but their death rate is higher than that of the whites.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 30,—Mr. Harrison dies hard, very hard. Senator Hoar and his radical colleagues recognize that their last defeat meant the final disposition of the Force bill, and they have accepted the result with the best grace possible although it is far from satisfactory to them. Not so Mr. Harrison. He is so wedded to the idea of Federal interference in Southern elections and its consequent benefit to him and his party that he refuses to believe the Force bill dead, and has begun scheming for another attempt to rush it through the Senate. He is strongly seconded by Speaker Reed and the House republicans generally, but the idea has so far been very coldly received by the Senators whose recollection of the two square knock-downs they have already received while battling for this unpopular and unjust bill makes them shy of again entering the ring against the intelligent public opinion of the country.

Still there is no telling what these republicans may do. It is certain that if they saw their way clear to pass the bill that would again take it up. Their desire is as strong for the passage of the bill as it ever was, but it is the dread of another defeat that makes them hesitate. Democratic Senators are fully aware that all danger from this bill will not be passed until the close of the session, and they will see to it that the republicans get no chance to catch them napping.

That the democrats are always ready to aid in the transaction of legitimate business was shown when Senator Gorman notified the republican steering committee that the democrats were prepared to agree to any order of business which did not include the cloture rule or Force bill. The programme as arrangek provides for the consideration of the following bills, after the Apportionment bill is disposed of; eight Hour bill, Copyright, Pure-food, and the job of the session, the bill to gurantee the payment of $200,000,000 in bonds of the Nicaragua canal company. It is certainly a suspicious circumstance that this bill for the exclusive benefit of a corporation should have been given a place in the order of business when dozens of bills important to the country at large were left out. Some music ought to be heard when this bill gets before the Senate, and will be, unless I am very much mistaken.

The defeat of Senator Ingalls did not raise a cyclone of grief at the Capitol.

Unless the republicans attempt some of their tricks it is believed that all of the appropriation bills can be disposed of by the 4th of March, and an extra session avoided.

Chairman Dingley, of the House committee now investigating the silver pool scandal, is charged with having intimated, in a conversation with Mr. Payne, a member of the committee, that Senator Vest would never have been allowed to testify if he had known that he would "give away" Senator Cameron. This charge is not made by a democrat, but by a good republican. Gen. H. V. Boynton. Mr. Dingley denies it, and Gen. Boynton says W. B. Stevens heard the conversation in question. Its a nice mess, a republican mess, all through, and before the committee finishes its labors it will be in need of being investigated.

The arguments in the Behring Sea case were heard by the supreme Court this week. They contained nothing new on either side, thanks to the enterprise of our newspapers in having told us two weeks age what points each side would try to make.

The anti-silver men have opened their campaign against free coinage by bringing a lot of Eastern bankers here to tell the House Coinage committee what a dangerous thing free coinage is. Another dodge of the antis, is to amend the free coinage bill so as to make it conform to the views of the President. Both schemes are meant to accomplish the same thing—delay, and that's how it will be beaten if it is beaten. The committee will delay reporting it back to the House as long as possible, and after it is reported Speaker Reed will delay its consideration if he can, and between all these delays the time will have become too short to pass the bill at this session. See? Great scheme isn't it? Not very original though.

Mr. Blaine isn't saying anything about the Force bill, but he has had a kind of an I told—you—so look ever since Mr. Harrison was knocked out at the same time his pet measure was.

HOME NEWS

—Mr. J. C. Kinports went up to Dunmore to-day (Wednesday).

—Knapp's creek was fuller Sunday than it has been this winter.

—Mr. John T. McGraw, of Grafton, was in town last Friday.

—J. H. Doyle, Esq., one of the proprietors of Huntersville hotel, has been sick for a few days past.

—The ground hog undoubtedly must have seen his shadow, if the old saying is true.

—Mess. Harry Beard and Sydney Payne of Academy was in our city over Sunday.

—Mrs. Henry Sharp, of Douthard's creek, is on the sick list at her daughter's Mrs. G. M. Ervine.

—Capt. J. W. Marshall, of Mingo Flats, was in the city Thursday night and Friday.

—The mail from Mt. Grove failed to come in Monday again for no cause whatever.

—Mr. E. C. Ferguson, of Green Bank, has got his home place secured, which he had some trouble recently, about the title &c.

—License to marry was issued on the 2nd inst. to J. C. Kinnison and Miss Mattie E. Cutlip, of near Academy.

—Mr. O. Guay, who has been sick at the Wagner hotel for several weeks past is able to walk around in the house now.

—There were 33 indictments made at the last term of the Randolph Cir. Ct. Three were for felony.

—Attorneys H. S. Rucker, N. C. McNeil, and F. J. Snyder, were at Academy the first of the week on legal business.

—Monday was ground hog day and if he came out he surely saw his shadow, consequently we will have 42 days more of winter weather.

—Miss Ella Kerr who has been the guest of Mrs. Geo. Bambrick since her school closed on Beaver creek last week, returned to her home at Dunmore to day (Wednesday).

—We hope our correspondents will bear in mind that THE TIMES still charges occasionally for ads. And if any body wants to advertise an auction sale or anything of the kind, let them send it in and it will go in at the lowest possible rate.

—Pocahontas County will undergo the greatest development and prosperity of any County in the State in the next five years. She will have a railroad, and the industries that will spring up from it will furnish employment to thousands of families. She has iron ore coal and untold millions of feet of lumber, which speaks for itself.

—Old Pocahontas County will not be without a railroad two years longer.

Dunmore Doings.

Col. Robt. Seals drove out of Sitlington's creek on the 2nd inst.

As soon as the ark is built the drive will leave for Ronceverte.

Capt. J. C. Lakin, and C. H. Myers left with a large flat and lumber for Capt. Smith's ark at the mouth of Anthony's Creek.

Mr. Alex Batterbough had the misfortune to have a cant hook run in his leg which is very painful.

Jim Watson, got up while asleep the other night, ran against a table and broke his toe.

Miss Alice McGlaughlin has finished her school on Douthard's creek, and is now going to school to Squire Cook at this place.

TOM SAWYER.

One hundred miners were killed in an explosion at Mammoth, Pa., last Wednesday. About 60 bodies have been taken out. The explosion was caused by fire damp.

Academy Items.

Dr. C. W. Eskridge, who has been at Staunton, Va., several days has returned home.

Mr. Abe Beard, of Renick's Valley, was in town Wednesday.

Misses Mary and Pauline McNeel are visiting at Staunton, Va.

Mr. Dan O'Connell and wife stopped at the American House, Monday.

Mr. B. M. Yeager, of Traveller's Repose, spent a few days last week with his son who is attending school at this place.

Miss Ethel Kincaid, of Va., is visiting at Mr. R. A. Pollocks.

Miss Mary Caranay, of Renick's Valley is visiting Miss Lucy Renick.

Mr. Harry McGlaughlin, spent Friday night in town. Mr. H. is improving slowly.

Miss Addie Williams, who has been teaching school near Green Bank has returned to her home at Locust.

The entertainment given by the M. F. Academy, Friday night was quite a success.

ADRONIS.

Douthard's Creek Items.

We have been watching for the Railroad but have seen nothing of it yet. Expect the creek was too high.

Mrs. Henry Sharp and Mr. Alek. Rider, are on the sick list.

Mr. B. F. McElwee, of Dunmore, spent a few days with his brother at Driscol, last week.

Mr. H. M. Lockridge, of Buena Vista, Va., spent a few days at his old home on Knapp's creek. He says business is opening up lively, and people are looking forward for booming times at Buena Vista in a short while.

H. A. Yeager, Esq., spent one night on our creek, last week, on his return from Virginia.

Much success to THE TIMES.

O. C. CASIONAL.

Marlinton Matters.

Another tide in the river, and as rafting has become somewhat monotonous, we will not mention particulars.

It is a subject for thanksgiving, that the snow so far has disappeared so gradually. Had the snow gone off, in one thow, the whole valley of the Greenbrier would have been a watery waste, by this time.

William Mayse, made the trip to Millboro Depot, in seven days, for Mr. Hull, of Edray.

Up to this period there has been no suffering for store supplies. Tallow is cheap, water plenty, hence we are fortified against scarcity of carosone and coffee, should there be a second winter, after February second.

There were so many ground hogs shot last summer and fall, it may be the survivors will be easily frightened, and be careless about warm weather lest hostilities renewed by the Winchester shooters, in the spring.

There is some talk about a railroad likely to come. It seems strange however, to have such talk, for it is next to impossible to keep rails enough to fence in garden and corn patches. What the people want a railroad for, is quite a question under such circumstances.

Miss Emma Warwick has a nice school going on at her home. She is nicely fixed in her new school house, near her father's new residence.

Miss Annie Wallace, is teaching a very nice school in this vicinity at the residence of Mr. Andrew McGlaughlin.

Just to be with those superior ladies is a good education, to say nothing of the book learning acquired.

Such schools are omens of great good in store for our young people.

May your hopes be realized, and THE TIMES visit a thousand families every week.

J. K. S.

Dunmore Literary Society.

The Dunmore Literary Society was re-organized a few weeks ago with the following officers. W. H. Cackley. Pres; J. C. Lakin, V. P; Miss Cora E. Jones, Sec; Miss K M. Lakin, Treas; Chas. Cook, Critic; John A. Taylor, Cansor.

Our meeting on last Friday evening was especially interesting.

Question: Resolved, that the U. S. Senators should be elected by the votes of the people of the various states and not by the Legislatures.

Among the things worthy of especial notice was the singing of a celebrated French song by Z. Goulet.

J. A. TAYLOR, Sec. Protem.

Cleveland: West Virginia's Choice.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., Jan. 21.—A complete canvass of the Democratic members of both branches of the Legislature, shows the following expression of choice for President of the United States in '92:

In the Senate—For Cleveland, 13; Hill, 4.

In the House—Cleveland, 40, Hill, 2, Gray, 1; Carlisle, 1.

One of the Hill men is very anxious that his name shall not be given out, because he wants to be a delegate to the National Convention and he thinks there are so many Cleveland people that he would stand no show if his sentiments were known. The vote was taken quietly, unless he chose to tell it himself.

Farms Sold.

On the line of the Pittsburgh W. Va. Southern railroad, in this County about $130,000 worth of ore timber and farming lands have been sold to Jno. T. McGraw, of Grafton. Every farm at Marlinton was sold. Messrs. Andrew McGlaughlin sold his farm for $40,000 Levi Gay his for $15,000, and the Mess. Price, McClintic and Mrs. Wm. McGlaughlin we didn't understand the price paid for theirs. Also Mr. M. D. McGlaughlin a mile from this place sold his for $6,000, Options were taken on other farms near this place.

It is thought that the above named Railroad Co., is at the head of these immense purchases, and that the road will be built to Covington, Va., within two yrs.

Nellie Lewis Carnation.

The latest and one of the best novelties for 1891 is an elegant Carnation, growing on long stems, a free bloomer with large flowers, of an exquisite shade of pink, something entirely different from anything in Carnations. This flower is destined to become a great favorite among the florists, as the ladies prize it very highly for corsage bouquets and decorative purposes generally. The endorsement of the old firm of James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., who introduce this plant, is enough to assure the public that it is all they claim for it. The price is only 50 cents each three for $1.25, six for $2.25, doz. $4.00; but a better way would be to send 10 cents for *Vick's Floral Guide* and the 10 cents can be deducted from the first order forwarded for seeds.

The Cigarette Bill.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., January 29. There was considerable wrangling in the Senate this morning over a bill to prevent the sale of cigars, cigarettes or tobacco in any form to a minor under eighteen years of age. The violation of this act is a misdemeanor and a fine of twenty-five dollars and not more than one hundred is the penalty for a violation thereof. The merchant may also be confined in jail for six months if the court sees proper to impose imprisonment. A farmer cannot even send a written order to a store by his son for tobacco.

—There will be no preaching in the Southern Methodist church next Sunday.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of the transfers of real estate for the months of December and January.

A deed from M. K. Baggs, Spec'l Com'r to Isaac P. Boggs for land on Rich Mountain and both sides of the Greenbrier river.

From Ellis M. Buzzard to P. A. Buzzard for land on Sitlington's creek.

From Wm. A. Schwecker and wife to J. W. Marshall for land on Dry Branch, of Elk river.

From R. S. Turk and wife to Isaac Daughirty for 397 acres lying on east side of Greenbrier river.

From Isaac Daughirty and wife to R. S. Turk for two tracts one 379 acres and the other 729 acres lying on east side of Greenbrier river.

From S. L. Gibson, to Jno. Drepard, for lot near Frost.

From Jno. Drepard to his wife for house and lot near Frost.

From Henry White to his son H. L. for 372 acres lying on Douthard's Creek.

A deed of trust from Rebecca J. Claytor to H. S. Galford on land lying on Swago Creek.

From J. L. Sheets and wife to Withrow McClintic, for 106 acres lying on Williams river.

From Wm. Auldridge and wife to Withrow McClintic for land known as the Mt. Lick tract.

From E. H. Darrah and wife and others to Jno. Driscol for land on the head waters of Greenbrier river, Consideration $13,767.

From Porter Kinports and wife and others to Jas. W. Kinports for land on head waters of Greenbrier river. Consideration $4,760.

From J. W. Wilson and wife of Vernon Co., Mo., to Howard H. Slaven for land, on headwaters of Greenbrier river.

From J. W. Warwick com'r school land to R. S. Turk for land on Thorny creek.

From same to Q. W. Poage for land near Edray.

From same to E. N. Moore for land on Sitlington's creek.

Same to Geo. Hamilton for land on waters of Knapp's creek.

From Edward Webb and wife to Jacob Boner for 50 acres of land situate on Buckley mountain.

From L. M. McClintic and wife to Withrow McClintic for land on the waters of Swago creek.

From H. H. McClintic, to Withrow McClintic for Mill property on Swago creek.

From Sam'l. B. Hogsett and wife to C. F. Moore trustee for the benefit of Sheldon Moore for land on the waters of Brown's creek.

From Jno. W. Irwine and wife to Thos. C. Malcomb for land near Edray.

From E. G. McNeill to D. A. McNeill for land on Swago creek.

From S. L. Brown, Clerk of the Co. Ct, to H. S. Rucker for 295 acres lying on Droop Mountain.

From S. S. Varner and wife to Maggie E. Slanker for land near Split Rock.

From S. L. Brown, Cl'k Co. Ct. to W. R. E. Hannah for land on Clover Lick creek, containing 81 acres.

A new play, "The Devil in Search of a wife," is announced. This is kind of the devil, who for several years has been gathering in husbands and children till he evidently has more than he can take care of. Knowing that so many women are content with worthless husbands and a hell upon earth, he is after help to care for his job lot of guests.

NOTICE.

Having bought Zane W. Moore's interest of merchandise at Frost, W. Va. All persons indebted to the old Firm either by bond or acct. must come forward and settle and pay up at once. My former partner will assist me in collecting and paying up all the old Firms debts settle at once and save cost.

Very Respectfully,

H. F. HEROLD.

Commissioner's Notice.

John Dilley's Adm'r. &c.

vs.

Wm. Dilley & others

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested that in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, entered in the above named cause on the 21st day of October, 1890, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court, at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday, the 28th day of Feb., 1891, to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. The liens upon the land of the defendant William Dilley, with their respective amounts and priorities, showing to whom such amounts are payable.

2nd. The lands owned by said defendant William Dilley, together with the fee simple and annual rental value thereof.

3rd. The amount of consideration furnished by the defendant Wm. F. Dilley for the bond for the $475 mentioned in the trust deed, at which a copy is filed as Exhibit of the bill, marked "L."

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commission or or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

C. F. MOORE, Com'r.

Printers fee, $8.95, Jany 29, 4 t

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

February 5, 1891.

UNITED FOREVER.

BY F. B. CONVERSE.

"I pronounce you man and wife."

The solemn words fell upon the silence, and the vast audience listened with rapt attention. It was the grandest wedding of the season and all society was on the quivive over the great social event.

The bride was simply perfection, in a cold, statuesque way—a lovely blonde, she was bewitchingly beautiful in her trailing bridal robe of white brocade covered with rare lace.

The bridegroom was a distinguished looking man, but there was a hard look upon his face and a firm compression of the lips at times, which betrayed his real nature to be selfish and cruel.

And the gossips all discussed the rumor that the bride, Maud Hetherington, had jilted her old lover, Richard Wylde, for the sake of Warner Percy.

The young ladies were very indignant over the supposed conduct of Miss Hetherington.

"It was a shame," they declared, "to turn away from handsome Dick Wylde, just because he had lost his fortune!"

But comment and criticism were all lost upon Maud Hetherington. If there lingered any feeling of affection in her heart for the dark eyed, splendid, looking Richard Wylde, she kept the secret well from the eyes of the world; and to-night she stands at the altar with another, and vows to "love, honor, and obey" until death should intervene.

The silence of death reigns throughout the vast church; the last words are spoken; there is a hush—then the crowd poured forth, and outside the church they all halt to await the coming of the bridal party.

And here Richard Wylde, just arrived from a distant city, paused also, his eyes riveted upon the pale, lovely face of the woman who was to have been his own. The news of her expected marriage had reached him; she herself had written the few cold lines which were to set them free from all ties that had bound them. The young man had striven to bear the blow bravely, and like a man, but some fascination had drawn him back to the city, and to the church where the wedding was taking place.

It caused quite a commotion when the bride fainted away in the carriage after the bridal party had made its way through the surging crowd upon the pavement. But Mrs. Warner Percy kept her secret well, and no one there knew—though there were critisms and surmises both—that a glimpse of her old lover's face in the crowd at the church door had been the cause of her swoon.

Richard Wylde had seen enough to satisfy him. He turned abruptly and made his way back to his hotel, his face pale and his teeth set hard into his under lip.

"Money!" he muttered, savagely; "that is all she wants! When she heard of my failure in business and loss of my fortune, she broke the engagement between us coldly, heartlessly. And she did not dream that I would soon inherit another fortune. She does not know that I am a more wealthy man to-day than ever before. Ah, the power of gold! It is potent and all powerful. But I will banish her fair, false face from my heart, and from my thoughts. She is altogether unworthy!"

The next day the newspapers, which were filled with glowing accounts of the stylish wedding, also contained notices to the effect that Richard Wylde had returned to town for a brief sojourn. He had just inherited an immense fortune, and was busily engaged setting his affairs in order, prior to a trip across the ocean. Mrs. Warner Percy read the paragraph, and a deathly pallor overspread her beautiful face.

Poor Maud! she was the victim of a cruel plot, but she did not know it. When the time should come for her to learn the truth, heaven help Warner Percy's wife!

She was at the opera that night, looking like a princess, in a pale rose colored silk and pearl ornaments. A beautiful iceberg, men called her as they looked upon that white, still face. Only once a trace of emotion ruffled its calm fair serenity. That was when glancing from her box, her eyes fell upon the face of a man in the stalls—a handsome face, with dusky, cold, unsmiling eyes, and a firm mouth. Richard Wylde was watching her every movement, yet no one could aver that he had seen her at all.

The play was nearly over when the audience was startled by the cry of fire. The drapery of one of the boxes had in some mysterious way become ignited, and the box was wrapped in flames. It was Maud Percy's box, the sweet, pale face was that Richard Wylde saw as he started to his feet, and with one mad bound sprang through the orchestra on to the stage, and from thence reached the box in a moment.

And there he halted for a brief space, overcome with horror at the scene upon which his eyes rested. Warner Percy—her husband—had fled from the burning box, leaving his helpless wife to her fate. The entire wing of the building was in flames by this time, and the audience was shrieking and rushing madly toward the different entrances, while the actors, together with the manager, strove hard to calm the tumult. It was a horrible stampede.

Setting his teeth hard together over a muttered execration as he saw Warner Percy flying like a coward, Richard Wylde lifted Maud in his arms and sprang upon the stage, and then he turned to a private entrance used only by the actors. He knew that if he could reach that door in safety she would be saved.

It was a horrible conflict that he fought with death as he made his way slowly onward inch by inch toward the private door, the drooping form of the woman he had loved and lost clasped close to his breast.

Her eyes [illegible], and he heard her whisper, softly:

"Oh! Richard, how could you deceive me so?"

He stooped and pressed his lips to hers.

"I have never deceived you [illegible]," he made answer, slowly.

Saved at last! Out in the open air he found [illegible] waiting carriage and [illegible] with her to her home. Rather a little later was brought the bleeding, mangled form of Warner Percy, dying from the effect of injuries received while in the act of deserting his helpless wife and leaving her like a coward to her fate.

"I am dying," he said slowly—"I know it. And before I go, Richard, I must set right the wrong that I have done. Dick, I instigated that letter to you which Maud wrote. I told her that you were false to her and made her believe my assertion. In her pride and anger she wrote whatever I bade her to write. She has never been false to you, and she did not care for your money. But I shall soon be dead, and then you can belong to each other. I seperated you, but my sin has found me out, and I am justly punished."

He died that night. Society marvelled a little when a year later Maud became Mrs. Richard Wylde, but the nine day's gossip was soon over, and the two who had been parted by a cruel plot were now united forever.

The Future White House.

Of course the Farmers' alliance is a good thing, but we do not think that the farmer is hardly fitted to discharge the duties of the Presidential chair, says the Arkansaw Traveler. It wouldn't look very well to foreign diplomatists to see the President's wife knitting a pair of mittens nor to hear her ask the President if he had locked the hen-house door. It would shock some people to see the President come in from the stable smelling horsey. Of course he could hire men to help him kill hogs, but then the people that elected him would complain.

The following is supposed to be a future conversation in the blue room.

"John," said the mistress of the White House, one evening when the Chief Executive had washed his hands at the kitchen door, and stood wiping them on the hired girl's apron, "did the sheep do much damage to the corn?"

"Yes, they destroyed a good bit of it, gol darn 'em. If the Secretary of State don't keep his infernal sheep at home I'll shoot 'em, gol darn if I don't."

"Whose cow was that in the yard last night?"

"Belongs to the secetary of the Treasury, and if he don't look out I'll scald all all the hide offen her. Got any of them cold beans left?"

"You'll find some in the pantry. While you air out I wish you would look in the girl's room and see if she is burnin' that gas. I told her she must use a lamp, but girl's are so awful [illegible] these days, what you say goes in at one ear and out tuther. What did Congress do to day?"

"Wall, passed the Ab Tucker fence bill and now folks better keep their hogs up or suthin' will happen. We are goin' to hold a cabinet meetin' to-night."

"Anything important?"

"Yes, we are going to recommend the passage of the Anderson pitchfork bill. Did the Attorney General fetch them hames back?"

"Yes; they are hangin' out there on the gallery. The Secretary of the Interior was here to-day, an' axed for you an' I told him that you was mighty pushed to get your hay in before it rained."

"Did he say what he was a doin'?"

"Been choppin' wood lately, he says, but is going to dig a ditch next week."

"About the most disagreeable man on earth," said Charlie Cashgo "is the pawnbroker."

"Yes," responded Billy Brodie, dolefully, "but we have to put up with him."

Father—"Did you break this vase?"

Johnny—"Yes, father! I can't lie."

Father—"Indeed! Well you won't be able to sit, either, when I am done with you. Come along to the woodshed."

It is hard for us, whether we are old or young to see our best efforts pass unappreciated; and what older people feel younger people say.

Little Mary, who is only 4 years old, had a new hat given to her, of which she felt very proud. On the following Sunday she wore it to church, but her pleasure in the event was greatly lessened by the fact that a certain lad on whom her childish affections were just then set appeared not to notice her splended adornment.

Monday morning she saw him going by the house driving a cow, and at once she clambered upon the fence.

"Oh, Ed," she called, "that was me to church yesterday, with a new hat on!"

Father—"Didn't I hear high words between you and your brother just now, Henry?"

Henry—"Very likely, father, but surely you wouldn't wish me to use low language."

De Dude (buying a cane)—I sa-ay, mah good man, this cane won't do. The handle is too big foh mah mouth.

Dealer—It's the exact size worn by the Prince of Wales, sir.

De Dud—Aw! Wait a bit. I'll go to a surgeon's and see if I can have mah mouth stwetched.

Mr. Billus had been away from home several days, and had just returned.

"Did you miss me, Maria?" he inquired as he deposited his valise in the corner, hung his overcoat on a hook, and then gave his wife a business like kiss.

"Miss you?" replied Mrs. Billus, tenderly. "Indeed I did, John. There hasn't been anybody to swear at the biscuits for six whole days."

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VIII JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, February 12, 1891. Terms of Subscription: $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 28.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

Vera's Escape.

Vera Lyons had been wandering through the woods for nearly three hours.

She was a student of botany, and had gathered a number of beautiful ferns, her enthusiasm leading her farther and farther into the heart of the wilderness, until at last the sudden decrease of light warned her that it was past the hour of sunset.

Now that the last rosy glow that had deceived her had faded, it seemed to darkened very fast, and in nervous trepidation she turned to seek the path.

A half-hour's walk convinced her that she had mistaken her way; she had not noted the path particularly, but now she found herself in an unfamiliar spot, a wide cleared space, in the center of which stood the ruins of an old country house, an oddly built built cottage, the lower half of which was formed of rough stones, surmounted by wooden peaks and gables.

Part of the structure had fallen into decay, but the stone foundation stood in fairly good condition, and creeping vines lent it a picturesque effort.

"This must be the place I have heard of," she thought. "The home where that fierce captain brought his lovely Spanish bride, and left her to pine in solitude. He was so jealous of her beauty, so fearful lest she should seek the society of others during his absence, poor thing! And one day—so the story goes—he came home and found her gone.

"Then he started out to find her, and in Spain he saw her in the company of a handsome young man, and, without waiting for a word of explanation, he followed and challenged him, and it the combat that followed the young man was killed.

"He proved to be the brother of the young girl, and in grief she took her own life.

"Then the captain came back, shut himself up i this lonely place and ended his days in solitude, an old servant his only companion."

"Yes, I remember the story; but really, I would have preferred visiting the place at some other time. It is getting alarmingly dark, and I'm not sure I can find my way to the road again."

Even as she glanced anxiously at the gray sky, a flash of lightening cleft its surface, while a dull rumbling sound rolled up from the distance.

"Lost in the woods and a storm coming!" she thought. Dear! how foolish I was to take so little note of my surroundings! I can not possibly reach shelter before the rain falls, unless——"

She turned her eyes upon the ruined cottage. It was not a pleasant alternative, but a sudden fall of raindrops decided her.

She gathered up her skirts and darted across the space, disappearing through the doorway just as the storm burst in all its fury.

The thundering peal shook the stone foundation, and Vera shrunk with a cry from the blinding flash that illuminated the apartment.

She saw that she was in a large, low-roofed room, from which several oaken doors opened upon inner apartments.

"What a dismal place! thought Vera. "I wonder if one of the inner rooms would not be more cheerful?"

She opened the nearest door, but shrunk back when she saw a dark recess, walled with stone lined with shelves.

"Probably a closet, but it looks like a vault," she reflected, peering into the next opening with less confidence than she had hitherto displayed. "I don't wonder the poor young wife ran away from this place! Oh, this is better, and here's a seat by the window. Why, it seems to be growing lighter; but how it rains! Suppose I have to pass the night here—well, there's no danger of any one disturbing me, and I'm not easily frightened, but I would rather be in my own cosy room. And then to-morrow——"

A warm glow crept over Vera's face, and her eyes brightened.

To-morrow would be her wedding day—to-morrow would see her the bride of a man she had not known but who had taken her heart by storm—a darkly handsome, elequent man, whose love all the weman envied her, who had seemed to be her ideal, and embodiment of all her girlish fancies.

Suddenly she was startled to hear a man's voice, borne on the air from the outer room.

"Come in, Cassy, and don't be a fool! You're drenched now. What do you think I would do to you? You act as if you were afraid of me."

Vera's heart stood still. Surely the voice was familiar, but not the cold scorn and contempt with which it was intoned.

Yet—could Harmon Dupont speak thus?

A woman's plaintive voice replied:

"It's so dark and ghostly looking. Harmon! I don't see why you brought me here. I expected to go to a hotel or your boarding place."

"Could we talk there? You must think I want my business known," said the man impatiently. "Did I know it would rain when we left the station? Come in; here's a settee."

A moment of silence, during which Vera sat upright, with her eyes fixed upon the door.

"Now we can talk matters over," said Harmon Dupont. But I warn you to be reasonable, Cassie—I'm not in a mood for nonsense."

"Reasonable!" echoed the other bitterly. "Suppose I said I had come here because you neglected me and deceived me, that my patience was worn out, and I demand my rights."

"Demand!" said Dupont with a short, ugly laugh. "No one ever gained anything by making demands of me!"

"Then I will not waste my energies. I go straight to Miss Lyons," said the girl.

"Ha! you know—"

"I know that to-morrow is the day set for your marriage, but Cassie Trueman is the woman who should stand beside you!" said the woman passionately. "Harmon, I left my home and kind parents at your bidding; I put a barrier forever between me and—and the old life. I thought you would keep your word, but I found that you were false. When you discovered that I was not the weak fool you took me for, you threw aside the mask, yet even then you would not tell me the truth, but I know you never intended to be true to your word. Harmon I could not believe that you had ceased to love me; I would have married you even when I knew what a selfish, cruel man you were, for I loved you, but when I heard you were to make another woman your wife I crushed out that love and resolved to make one last appeal, and then if you refused, go to her and tell her whom she was about to trust herself with."

"So that is your game!" sneered Dupont, and the string of his tones pierced the heart of the silent listener—it killed the fancy she called love. "And you dare tell me this—in this place!"

"Why——!"

"Oh, you may well shrink, Cassy, for you have roused the demon within. I tell you I love Vera Lyons, and I know your story would turn her from me, and rather than have that belief shattered I would still your treacherous tongue, do you hear me? Do you think I would let you come between me and happiness now? Great heavens, I would kill you first!"

"Harmon

The word ended in a muffled gasp, for he sprang upon her and clasped his arm around her slender form. Vera rushed to the doorway, forgetful of herself, but she paused when she saw that the man was not about to commit the dread deed she feared.

He had lifted the girl from her feet and borne her to the vault like closet. The next instant the door clang to, and the rusty bolt slipped into place. From the inside came a shriek, responded to by a sardonic peal of laughter from without.

"Good-by, Cassy" said Dupont, sarcastically. "I hope you'll have a pleasant night. No one comes this way once a month, and you'll have time to reflect upon your folly."

"Harmon—mercy. I'll die here!" came the muffled tones.

"Very well. I dare say it is not a good place for living."

And with a last malicious laugh, Dupont walked out.

The storm was nearly over, and evening gloom hid his form ere he crossed the clearing.

Vera waited a few moments, during which utter silence reigned. Then she crossed to the closet door and drew the heavy bolt.

"I am Vera Lyons," she said to the girl who approached her, with fear and wonder on her face.

* * * * * *

A beautiful bright morning.

Harmon Dupont approached the cottage home of his betrothed bride with a face as radiant and calm as if his conscience was as clear as that of the pure lovely girl he sought.

Very went to meet him, clad in a simple lawn dress, and there was a strange look on the fair face. She held him back with a single sweeping gesture.

"Vera, what is the matter?" he cried. "Why are you attired like this? What do these strange looks and actions mean?"

"It is your wedding day, is it not?" she said, composedly. "Well, there is a bride for you, ready and waiting. See here is a woman to whom your promises were made."

And catching back the curtain that fell before the alcove, she allowed a slender figure to step forward.

A slendor woman dressed in Vera's pale, silvery-hued wedding dress, with Vera's bridal bonnet and veil adorning her dark head.

"Cassy!" cried Harman Dupont; and then silence fell.

At last he turned to Vera, ghastly pale, but with a fine sneer upon his lips; he knew that there was not the ghost of a chance for him.

"Your ability for dramatic effect is worthy of praise," he said. "I congratulate you both."

"Yes, we need congratulations," answered Vera with a meaning glance.

"I did not think, when I entered the ruins of that old house to escape from the storm, that the act would bring about my escape from a worse fate than even you planned for this poor girl, for death would be preferable to life with you. I know now that I never really loved you. I am glad it was so, for if ever I do truly love, the heart I give will be without a scar."

Harmon Dupont did not prolong the interview. That day he disappeared, and the two women he had deceived never saw him again.

In time they were wooed and won by honest men, and the episode of that stormy eve and following morn became a vague, undisturbing memory.

TO PREVENT BEING BURNED ALIVE.—The will of Harry Moss, who is an electric man, was filed at at Elkton, Md., last week. In it he directs:

I desire that my body be dressed in reasonable apparel and placed on its back, with a pillow under its head, in a sapling pen sufficiently close to keep out mink, and with a good roof, slanting but one way, with a bottle of water on each side tightly corked, a door in the pen fastening on the inside with a latch with out any string to it. There I wish to be left forty days and nights. If after that time any one chooses to bury me he can do so, if he is certain that I am good dead, beside my father out in the graveyard at Bermuda, but I dont enjoin it upon any one to bury me at all."

AN ARKANSAS REPUBLICAN ON HIS PARTY.—W. Jasper Blackburn, editor of the Little Rock Republican, has decided to discontinue his paper, now the only Republican paper in Arkansas. Announcing his intention, he says: "We all must confess—every well informed and candid man will confess—that the Republican party, compared to what it once was, has become the mere play thing of tricksters, of few brains and smaller hearts—traders in politics for personal aggrandizement—for the purpose of pelf and plunder; indeed, has become literally a den of thieves, recalling what Christ said to the money changers who trafficked in turtle doves for gain: 'Take these things hence; and make not my Father's house a house of merchandise—about what Abraham Lincoln would say to the so-called leaders of to day could he speak from the tomb, and his words and actions, while living, still say as much with burning rebuke; and if this be true from the national standpoint—and, alas, it is only too true—what hope can be found reasonably to remain in Arkansas or for Arkansas from this standpoint is simply a question too palpable absurd to be propounded."

Young man of ambition, intelligence, energy, who choose well their work, are pretty certain to succeed in it if they persistently stick to it. Failure comes oftenest to those who lack earnest, continued endeavor, and only less frequently to those who change from one pursuit to another, and who being Jack, of all trades are master of none, and succeed in none.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville. W. Va.

February 12, 1891.

THE SCHOOL BOOK QUESTION.

In this issue will be found a letter from our County Supt. of schools urging that no change be made in text books, which is a question of great importance to the people of the State, and therefore should, as it does, have commensurate attention by the law making body. All the different methods and plans adopted by other States of furnishing books deserve careful consideration. The class of text books to be used also requires the most thorough and intelligent investigation. And above all keep this in mind: Do not make a change in the text books now in use unless it be deemed an an absolute necessity. By that term we mean that it is generally conceded by the teachers and county superintendents that any particular text book is out of date and has lost its usefulness; that some newer work has been proved to be its superior, and because of its greater value in helpfulness to the scholar, should supplant the former.

It cannot be too deeply impressed upon the Legislature that of all obnoxious things to parents, changes in text books are among the greatest.

If the Legislature wants to foment a general discontent that has never had its equal, let it inaugurate general and unnecessary changes in the text books of the public schools. They are costly irritating annoyances that cause more demoralization and confusion in the household, and consequently in the school, than all other causes combined.

Victims of the hard work and enormous responsibilities of the Treasury port folio—Folger, Manning, Windom, all within eight years.

In less than a year from the terrible Tracy tragedy Secretary Windom fell dead. Those who believe that such things always travel in threes are asking, who will be the next victim?

A dispatch from Omaha, Neb., says: "Business circles are much surprised by information that the prospective wheat crop is 10,000,000 bushels less than reported by the Government, and that the growing crop is in a very unpromising condition. The matter was made public by a committee reporting at the National Farmers' Allance convention. The committee was secretly formed two months ago and visited all the western wheat territory.

Will the new Secretary of the Treasury be a goldbug or will he be a free coinage man? If Mr. Harrison decides the matter upon his own judgment he is certain to be the former, but, if he takes the advice of some of the longest headed men in his party he will be the latter. But in either event Benjamin Harrison, the candidate will lose votes in the national convention of his party, and that is what is the matter with Benny at this time.

So Mr. Harrison will veto the free coinage bill, will he? Well, he could do nothing that would be more beneficial to the democratic party.

One would suppose from reading the comments of the republican press upon the pleasant exchange of courtesies between Governor and Senator elect Hill and ex-President Cleveland at a recent dinner at New York that the republicans expected these two gentlemen to meet a la Fitzsimmons and Dempsey. This is absurd. Cleveland and Hill are good friends and are both good democrats, and we have no hesitation in making the prophecy that when the next national campaign opens they will both be hard at work for the democratic nominee, whether it be one of them or some other democrat.

For A Democrat.

The Atlanta Constitution defines in these few words its position in regard to the selection of the Democratic candidate in 1892:

"We are tied to no man's cart-wheel!, but the success of the party is our first consideration.

We are first and last for a Democrat.

The nominee of the Democratic party must be a Democrat in the full sense of the word.

He must favor freecoinage, as well as tarriff reform and must signify a willingness to 'turn the rascals out.' Unless he comes up to this standard, the people might go somewhere else for a President, as they did in 1888.

We are for victory this time."

That is the ticket and that the platform demanded by the great majority of the Democracy. They are sick of humbug and Mugwumpery. They want to win and not lose in 1892, and they know that they cannot win unless the candidate is an all around, unquestionable Democrat.

The Democratic party was betrayed in 1888. Its leader in 1892 must be faithful to its wishes and deserving of its confidence. It will know how to protect itself from imposture this time.—N. Y. Sun.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 6th.—Mr. Harrison made a last desperate attempt, through Senator Hoar, in behalf of the Force bill at a caucus of republican Senators held last night. In order to give the Senators who had voted against the old bill an opertunity of returning to the ranks a new bill was presented to the caucus, shorter and without some of the objectionable features of the Lodge bill. Stories differ as to the conclusion arrived at. Some say that it was decided to pass the new bill in a few days and others that no definite conclusion was reached. One republican Senator, who voted with the democrats to lay aside the gag rule resolution, is reported to have said that if it would be any satisfaction to the radical members of his party he would vote for the new bill, because he was satisfied that there was not enough time remaining to get it through the House.

The republicans seem to be getting the worst of the silver pool investigation, in spite of the evident intention of the committee to find out as little as possible. No democratic member of either branch of congress has been implicated, while two prominent republicans Senator Camron and Representative Taylor, of Illinois have admitted their guilt, and another one—Representative Ketham, of New York—is expected to do likewise. The greatest farce of the investigation was enacted this week when Owenbey, the man who claimed to have been a member of a silver pool' was brought from Chicago under arrest and put on the stand. Almost before he began his testimony, the committee decided that he must not mention the names of Senators or Representatives that he had heard named by other people as speculating in silver. That practically shut out all that portion of his evidence that might have led to finding out something, and it is believed that it was intended to have just that very effect.

The free coinage bill has been the cause of some very plain talk this week, and unless all signs fail it is going to bring on a big row in the House. Senator Cockerell said that the opposition to the bill which has suddenly sprung into life, in varous sections, but principally in the East, was inspired by telegrams from the capitol; and Reprsentative Bland charged Representative Walker, who is a Massachusetts banker, with trying to smother the bill in committee by granting endless hearings to all who asked for them. The vote of the committee shows that the bill will get no favors there, and all that the free coinage men can now do is to await a favorable opertunity to bring it diectly before the House.

Congress has granted Mr. Harrison's request and passed a bill extending the time during which an assistant may act as the head of any executive department of the Government from ten to thirty days, and now that gentleman is up to his ears in the recomendation of various would be Secretary's of the Treasury. All the big republicans from Gen. Alger and Chauncey Depew down to "me too" Platt, who is himself a candidate; are flitting in and out of Washington like restless ghosts. It is stated by republicans that Mr. Harrison has promised not to give the place to a silver man. He'll have a hard time to fill the shoes of the late Secretary Windom; Severel of those who might do so satisfactorily to the country would under circumstances connect themselves with the present unpopular administration.

Senator Turpie, in accordance with the resolution recently adopted by the Indiana legislature, has offered a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, for the election of Senators by a direct vote of the people.

It looks now as if the Fifty first Congress would come to an end before the committee which has been for lo these many months making an alleged invitation of the Pension office and Commissioner Reum, makes its report. It is thought that the report is held back to keep Raum in his place as long as possible, as he is almost certain to be removed when the report goes to Mr. Harrison.

The National Legislative Council, which was provided for at the late Ocala convention of the National Farmers Aliance, is now holding its first session here. It is composed of the Presidents of the State organizations and the National President. Its principal duties are to prepare the bills that the Alliance will ask the next Congress to pass.

There is a rumor that the council has already decided upon a material modification of the sub-treasury scheme.

Speaker Reed's action in having refused to give the House committee on Foreign Affairs a day for the consideration of measures favorably reported from that committee makes it practically impossible for us to make a single step towards the reciprocity now extended by the Canadian goverment. Well, there's one consolation, Reed will be a depoed Czar in a very short time.

NOTICE.

Owing to a change in our firm Feb. 1st, '91, all persons indebted to us either by bond or acc't must pay up by that time. We mean business and it will pay you to settle at once.

Respectfully,
HEROLD & MOORE,
Frost, W. Va.

...E NEWS

...are scarce this week.

...'s creek got full Monday ...y.

...ant every body in the ...ubscribe for THE TIMES.

...forget that Saturday is ...day.

... in another column of ...r's auction sale.

... McGlaughlin, Esq., of ...alled to see us last Satur...

... all the logs, a million or ...ave gone out of Knapp's ...

...aven't heard, as yet, who ...e our next County Su... ...nt of schools.

... Guay, who has been ...e past month at Hotel by ...s about well again.

... Henry Sharp, who has ... for the past 10 days is ... better.

... L. F. Snapp will leave for ... Macon College next ...

...Geo. R. Curry, of Academy, ...enrolled as deputy organ... ...e Farmers Alliance.

... C. L. Gatewood, of Split ...ssed through town Wed...

...earn that the contract for ...sion of the Pittsburg W. ...ern railroad to the mouth ...n's river will be let on the ...

... Govener sent the following ...ons to the Senate on the ...nt, for confirmation: Briga... ...eral on the Govener's staff, ...illman, Parkersburg; Direc... ...he Penitentiary, H. B. How... ... Mason; Frank Brown, of ..., J. A. Miller, of Ohio, P. J. ..., of Preston, and Wm. ...rr. of this county.

...CE.

... person securing a fine ...n of the White Rabbit, of ...at mountains, and mailing ... of the same, carefully ...to address given below I ...e two dollars each. The ...st be entire, ears, feet, tail ...perfect.

...rs for further information, ...SCHRUK, Basic City, Va.

...ICE.

...ng bought Zane W. Moore's ... of merchandise at Frost, ... All persons indebted to ... Firm either by bond or ...ust come forward and set... ...pay up at once. My former ... will assist me in collecting ...ying up all the old Firms ...settle at once and save cost.

Very Respectfully,

H. F. HEROLD.

...y Items.

...ty of rain and mud.

...rs. Geo. McGlaughlin and ...ater, of Edray, were in ...Monday.

...R. C. Shrader, of Dilley's ...ent a few days in our city ...ek. He was accompanied ...iss Birdie Dilley and his ...ters Emda and Minnie, who ...rolled as pupils of the H. ...ad.

... Sharp and wife of Edray ...nding a few days with their ...r who has been quite sick.

... Alice Clark, who has been ...g school at Dilley's Mill has ...d home.

... O'Connell passed through ...Monday.

... Charlie Henderson has en... ...as a pupil of the M. and F. ...my.

...die Callison, took some fine ...ows to Ronceverte this week.

... don't forget to send your ...al a valentine.

...duntz is coming to the front, ...ne Troup in gown.

...ast Emmit Beard, of Laurel, ...een enrolled as a pupil in the ... F. Academy.

ALGERNON.

Company I, 25th Va. Regiment.

Below we give a list of Company I, 25th Va. Regiment, "Pocahontas Rescues," which left Huntersville, on the 18th day of May, 1861., and was mustered into Service at Grafton. Those with an x after their names died while in service:

D. A. Stofer, Capt., James H. McGlaughlin, 1st Lieut., Beverly B. Boon, 2nd Lieut., Wm. H. Carpenter, 1st, Sergent.

PRIVATES.

Timolan Auges, James Akers, Andrew C. Alderman, x Daniel Arbogast, x George Burr, x Wm. Burr, Frederick Burr, x James Bradley, x Geo. H. Chash, M. H. Corbett, P. L. Cleek, Wm. Cole, Charles Eagan, M. A. Friel, Peter Grimes, John Granfield, Potts Griffin, x C. S. Gammon, Wm. T. Gammon, Geo A. Helmick, A. G. Hamilton, x Isaac B. Haines, x Robt. A. Hannah, J. C. Hannah, x Wm. H. Henson, x C. B. Herold, x B. F. Herold, x Wm. R. Hogsett, Wm. H. Irvine, Joseph J. Jordan, x Enos Lyons, Levi Moore, x H. P. McGlaughlin, Michall Moore, x Sylvester Mitchell, x Patrick Maher, x Pat. Mararty, J. W. Mathews, Wm. F. Piles, x John W. Penel, John Piles, Cain H. Sivey, Chesley A. Simmons, B. F. Shrader, x James Shannon, Michel Shannon, Lanty W. Seebert, x Wm. W. Slaven, Louis Smith, James Swadley, x David A. Varner, x Pat. Willihan, x Michel Willihan, Eugene M. Ware, x George C. Ware, x Wm. F. Ware, C. W. Weaver, R. L. Weaver.

Our School Books.

ED. TIMES: As servant of the schools of this county, I beg leave to say through your paper that a change in the text books of our State would be very injurious to our people, as it would increase the burden of our taxation on them.

A change of books would throw the schools of the State into confusion, and compel the people to spend a large sum of money unnecessarily.

This matter is with our Legislature, and I hope that our Representative, Hon. I. B. Moore, will do what he can to prevent a change in our school books, and only fight for a reduction in the price.

M. G. MATHEWS, Co. Supt.

Fire at Ronceverte.

A big fire at Ronceverte, Greenbrier county, West Va., about four o'clock Thursday morning, Jan. 29th, destroyed severel thousand dollars worth of property, goods, etc., the losses are as follows:

The building owned and occupied by Rodes, Whiting, & Co., valued at $8,000, with $35,00 worth of stock. Insuranc $23,000.

Miss Henning's building, valued at $3,000, occupied by White as a drugstore with a stock of $2,000. Insurance $2,400. Williams & Co. with $4,000 stock—Assured for $2,500.

The upper stories of these buildings were occupied by two families, and also contained Mrs. Hunt's millinery establishment and Dr. De Vedar's office.

It is stated that Mrs. Gardner's house, next to the hotel, is destroyed and Hotel Dickson is badly scorched.

The fire originated in Messrs. Williams & Co.' store, and was accidental.

Ernest Forbes, who was convicted of assault in Baltimore is sentenced to be hanged.

Representative McKinley and Senator Spooner are mentioned among the possible successors of Secretary Windom.

The gross area of the State of West Virginia is 24,780 square miles. The water surface is given at 135 and the land surface is 24,645. Randolph is the largest county, with an area of 1,115 sq. miles. Brooke county is the smallest, her area is only 84 sq. miles.

Found Dead.

On Sunday last an unknown man was found dead in the country road near Stafford's Ferry on the north side of Cheat river. An inquest was held on Monday, but the cause of his death was not determined. There was nothing on his person that would give the least clue to his identity. No marks of violence were found on his body, and some people supposed he had poisoned himself, as on Saturday afternoon he called at severel houses near where he was found and asked for a drink of water, each time taking inordinate quantities. Judging by his queer acts some persons think he slightly deranged. Deceased was apparently about 30 years of age, of medium size, with blonde mustache and dark hair. He was dressed in rather good clothes, and his hands were soft and white, showing that he was not a laborer.

There was not a letter nor anything valuable upon his person except an empty purse. The official report of the inquest has not been received. The remains were interred at the chuachyard at Zion.—Dominion.

Destitution in Kansas.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 31st.—W. S. Shrimp, of Lirad Township, Rawlins County Kan., was in the city yesterday soliciting aid for the destitute farmers of his county. He says the people of the township are in a deplorably poor condition, their crops have failed for three seasons, and many of them have neither food nor fuel. He says they will be unable to withstand the rigors of the winter, and will freeze and starve to death without assistance. They were unable to raise any corn last summer, and their cattle, pigs and chickens are dying from starvation. Many families have been obliged to burn their furniture for fuel. Mr. Shrimp collected enough money here yesterday to buy a carload of flour, which will be shipped immediately to the suffering people. The Rock Island Rail road is giving free transportation.

Needs A School Teacher.

A correspondent writing from Port Huron, Mich, says that one of his good republican neighbors, a tax payer and a church member, delares that—

An import tax on products of other countries brought to this to be admitted on payment of custom house duties is not a tax.

That if it is, it is paid by the exporter and that the exporter is the one the old country that has to pay the duty charged by this country before he can sell in this country.

That the higher the duty or entrance fee he has to pay the more out Government is benefited and the more of a tax the foreigner has to pay.

This man should hire a little cotton-picking darkey to come up from an Alabama plantation and open a school for his benefit.

The importer is the resident of this country who buys goods in other countries at prices there ruling, brings them over here, pays an importation tax thereon, and adds the sum thus paid as "duty" to what he has to pay for the goods, the freight, insurance, etc., and thus piles the entire kaboodle on the consumer.

The exporter is one who sends goods out of his country, and no tax is laid on what goes out of the country seeking the markets of other countries.

A friend of ours imports watches. He pays a large tax on the goods he imports. This tax, when he charges it up on the goods he sells, becomes a tax on the consumer, whoever and wherever he may be.

Our country is no longer in baby clothes. It is quite well grown, and it would benefit the entire country by free trade with all the world, and thus making [illegible] goods and opening new markets [illegible] nation.—[illegible]

The first digging began last week on the lake front, opposite Harrison street, Chicago, in connection with the World's Fair.

Young Frank Singer, son of the sewing machine man, was married to Miss Blanche Marcelin, on February 7, in Paris.

The Nebraska Legislature has adopted a memorial to Congress asking an appropriation of $1,000,000 for the relief of the sufferers in that State.

Col John C. Taylor, of Dayton, Ky., has fallen heir to estates in Ireland that makes him the Earl of Tyrone, and better still, give him property valued at $7,000,000.

A true bill of indictment has been found against the publishers of the Harrisburg Call for libels on Governor Pattison during the campaign.

An English farmer forwarded some apples to a London commission man to sell. Then he disguised himself as a costermonger, went to the dealer and bought his own apples at eleven shillings a bushel. Returning after undisguised, he was informed that his apples had been sold for four to five shillings. An interesting scene followed.

If you wish to hear a fly walk you can do it without the aid of the ungaphone provided you can find the fly at this season of the year. Having made friends with the fly spread a silk hankerchief over your ear and induce the insect to crawl across the handkerchief. As he approaches your ear you will distinctly hear a harsh, rasping sound made by the contact of the insect's feet with the filaments of silk.

A cattle dealer from the Indian Territory purchased last week of Mrs. King, of Corpus Christi, the Texas cattle queen, 15,000 two year old steers for $82,000. This is probably the largest order filled in Texas at any one time for cattle, and the King ranche is said to be the second largest in the world. It is taxed at $900,000, including 150,000 horses and cattle. Mrs. King owns several others in other portions of Texas.

It seems a little queer that those republicans who shout the loudest for a protective tariff high enough to shut out all the world, claiming that America can exist without any commercial dealings with the rest of the world, are the very men who oppose an American system of finance,—the free and unlimited coinage of silver—basing their opposition upon the ground that America cannot have free coinage without consent of the great commercial countries of Europe. We merely give this as a specimen of republican consistency. Our readers can make their own comments.

Wm. Bradley, a brakemen, who resides in Parry, Ill., heated an iron rod red hot while drunk and ran it through his body. He will die.

Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania has vetoed the resolution instructing the Senators from that State to vote for the force bill.

With one exception all the fruit canners in California formed a trust with $5,000,000 capital, to last for fifty years.

Commissioner's Notice.

John Dilley's Adm'r. &c.

vs.

Wm. Dilley & others

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested that in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, entered in the above named cause on the 21st day of October, 1890, I shall proceed as Commissioner of said Court, at my office in the town of Huntersville, W. Va., on Saturday, the 28th day of Feb., 1891, to take, state and report the following matters of account:

1st. The liens upon the land of the defendant William Dilley, with their respective amounts and priorities, showing to whom such amounts are payable.

2nd. The landsowned by said defendant William Dilley, together with the fee simple and annual rental value hereof.

3rd. The amount of consideration furnished by the defendant Wm. F. Dilley for the bond for the $475 mentioned in the trust deed, at which a copy is filed as Exhibit of the bill, marked "L."

4th. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commission or or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

C. F. MOORE, Com'r.

Printers fee, $8.95. Jany 29, 4 t

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

February 12, 1891.

MIKE WILL NEVER COME.

In winter and summer she comes there.

Snow, hail, rain or a blazing sun do not keep her away.

With mournful blue eyes she peers far out on the bay, then moans and breaks out into a low, melodious Irish song of home and friends far away.

Down in battery park on the wide walk along the sea wall can be seen any day a tall, neatly-dressed young woman, probably 35 years of age, walking up and down with her hands clasped in front of her as though in prayer.

Now and then she stops in her walk, mutters to herself, then takes a step toward the chain which is strung along the sea wall and, making a shade out of her right hand, she looks out on the bay.

An expression of disappointment overspreads the exquisite face as, with a sigh, she murmurs:

"No! No! Mike will come."

Then she sings a song to herself and sits for hours in blissful reverie.

Three years ago last November the young woman made her first appearance at the Battery.

She passed through Castle Garden and was registered as Mary McGrath, County Cork, Ireland.

She said she came to look for work as a domestic, and when she was sent to Mrs Boyle, the matron of the Employment Bureau, she confided in that kind hearted lady that her people at home were well off, but that they would not let her marry Mike Riordon because he was only a farmer's boy.

Then she told how she asked to be allowed to come to this country and earn her living, and how, after she had threatened to run away, her parents had consulted the priest and he had given her a letter of introduction to the good Father Callahan, and they had consented to her trying her luck in the land of promise among strangers.

She told Mrs. Boyle that Mike said he would follow her in one year, and then she hoped she would have enough money to get married and start housekeeping.

For several days Mary hung about the employment bureau sleeping in the Mission House, until finally she obtained a position with an uptown family as waitress.

On November 10 following her arrival in this country, she told her friends Mike would arrive. She went down to Castle to meet him, but he did not come. Then she returned home and there found a black bordered letter, telling her that as Mike was leaving his home, three days before the vessel sailed from Queenstown, he was accidentally killed.

Poor Mary ran out of the house raving mad.

She was found several days later wandering aimlessly through the streets, and sent to an insane asylum.

She remained there six months until her people, who had reverses, also concluded to try their luck in this country. They sought out Mary, and as she was a harmless lunatic they had no trouble in getting her discharged from the Ward's Island insane asylum.

They took her home to live with them on Pearl street, and every day since she has been domiciled there she appears in the park.

The children all know her. Even the newsboys do not taunt her, but give her flowers in the summer time, and fruits when they have them.

To the policemen in the park she is known as "Annie Rooney," and it would be unfortunate for any person to insult her when a gray coat is about.

"I pity her," said Jim Livingstone, the park officer, to a New York Journal man the other day; "she is so sad, and will not speak to any one. In the summer she spends her time between feeding the birds and looking down the bay, and even the coldest day she is here, always warmly clad watching for her Mike."

GOLDEN BRICKS.

Fools sneer and wise men investigate.

The most useful man is he who dares explore for something new.

Every life that is devoted to some good purpose is advancing heavenward.

It does not require a high degree of intellect to acquire only material wealth.

The poorest man of all is he who is not willing another should enjoy his religion, whatever it may be.

How many there are who would be unhappy if they could not find something to be miserable about.

One sure way to get into heaven for one day at least is to do a kind act to some one who does not like you.

Punishment of those weak enough to commit crime will never check the flow of the stream.

Thought and force moove the world, while doubt and idleness are death.

To think his own think a man need not prevent his neighbor thinking and enjoying his.

The best way to please God is as to become a good example.

Man has no right to use his superior strength of thought or body to rob those who are weaker than him self.

Beware of every man who obtains by fraud, no matter what his cloak or excuse.

No man has a right to eat his fill while his neighbor is hungry.

Man cannot give to man any right to rob any one of God's creature here on earth or elsewhere.

Till the church can speak the truth and this outside of creed, it can never cope with politics nor perfect the morality of the world.

A revival of religion need not be a revival of hate, spite or bitterness against any one who does not see and think as you do.

Religion may be expensive for the poor, but it will be less expensive and more beneficial than either liquor or tobacco.

WHAT MUSTACHES TELL.

There is a great deal of character in the moustache. As the form of the upper lip and the regions about it has largely to do with feelings, pride self reliance manliness vanity and other qualities that give self control, the moustache is connected with the expression of these qualities or the reverse.

When the moustache is ragged and, as it were, flying hither and thither, there is a lack of self control. When it is straight and orderly the reverse is the case, other things, of course, taken into account.

If there is a tendency to curl at the outer ends of the moustache, there is a tendency to ambition, vanity and display; when the curl turns upward there is a geniality combined with a love of approbation; when the inclination is downward there is a more sedate turn of mind, not accompanied with gloom.

It is worthy of remark that good-natured men will in paying with the moustache invariably give it an upward inclination, whereas cross-grained or morose men will pull it obliquely downward.—Northwest Magazine.

HE HAD AN OBJECT.

"Gentlemen," he said, as he approached the four of us seated in a row in the waiting room, "it grinds me to the soul to be obliged to ask favors of strangers, but I've got to do it right here and now."

"What's your case? asked the man on my left, who looked like a Judge.

"I've lost a wife and five children."

"Well?"

"Then my house burned down and I got no insurance."

"Well?"

"Then I fell out of a tree and broke my leg, and didn't walk for a year."

"Well?"

"Then I sold a piece of real estate—the only property I had—and a fellow robbed me of every cent."

"Well?"

"Then I got a heavy cold, consumption set in, and one of my lungs is gone and the other going."

"Well?"

"Well, I'm ragged, poor, hungry and sick, and want money to buy a supper and pay for a night's lodging."

"I see. You are hard up indeed. I should think you were tired of life."

"I have but one object in living."

"And that?"

"When I was a boy, 10 years old, and lived in Vermont I stole a watermelon from a farmer. My crime was never discovered, but it has weighed like lead on my conscience, and I know it has hastened my end. I want to live long enough to enable me to return to Vermont, go to that farmer's house, and, standing before him, say:

"'Mr. Pritchard, thirty-nine years ago, when I was but a giddy boy, I stole a watermelon of you. I want to be forgiven before I die, and I want to make such reparation as I can. Here is $30,000 in gold. Take it and buy a steamboat, and say I am forgiven."

"You are an infernal dead beat and liar!" roared the Judge as the man stood in an attitude of humility, but we chipped in half a dollar apiece, and sent him away rejoicing.

DIDN'T WANT ANY SOAP.

"You can either beat a farmer as slick as grease or you can't beat him at all," said the patent hay fork man as we were talking about his adventures in the rural regions. "That is he his either gullible or oversuspicious. Some will refuse a good thing and some will snap at a swindle. I think I can illustrate my declarations right here, or at least one of them. The man in the seat over there is a farmer."

"I should say so."

"And he is one of the sort who suspects every stranger. Watch me try him."

He took a cake of toilet soap from his satchel and going over to the farmer, saluted him in a pleasant manner, and added:

"I have a new make of soap here which I am introducing to the public. It is worth fifteen cents a cake but I make the price only five."

"Don't want it," was the gruff reply.

"With every cake goes a $5 greenback, a gold bracelet, the deed of a town lot in Kansas, a pocket knife, a pair of eyeglasses and a solid gold ring."

"Don't want 'em, sir?"

"As I want your opinion of the soap I will give it to you."

"I won't take it!"

"But, sir, in order to introduce it into your neighborhood I will give you 100 cakes free, and at the same time leave five watches and five deeds to town lots."

"Look a here!" shouted the farmer, as he jumped up and spat on his hands. "You go away from me or I'll mash you! I'm on to your tricks old man, and if you think you have picked up a hayseed, you are barking up the wrong tree."

And the hay-fork man had to move lively to escape the blow leveled at his nose.

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Vol. [illegible] JOHN R. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, February 26, 1891. Terms of Subscription: $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 30.

The Woman in Black.

It is a good thirty years since that cold winter during which I, Wyllis Hunter, of New York, found myself detained in London on special business for the firm of which I was then a member. It was the winter of 1854-55. People were talking a great deal about the war in the Crimea, and wagers had been won and lost concerning the time required for the taking of Sebastopol, and Queen Victoria was a bright young matron, with her handsome husband always at her side, and her brood of little children around her.

I was very solitary in the great British metropolis, and after business hours, and when I had finished my late dinner, I usually went to some theatre, or another. I was fond of the drama, and the London stage at that time afforded a good deal that was worth seeing. So I visited all the principal theatres, one after the other, and to some of them I went repeatedly. It was at one of the leading theatres that I first saw, one evening while watching with languid attention a play that I had already witnessed some three or four times, the Woman in Black.

She sat near me in one of the orchestra chairs. She was a decidedly striking-looking person, though she was neither young nor handsome. Tall and gaunt, with strongly-marked features and irongray hair and large, gray, restless eyes, her appearance was sufficiently strange to attract my attention at once. She was dressed in black—rigid, uncompromising black—without any relief of color or of ornament, or even that [illegible] common in those days of a bright opening of the corsage below the throat.

She was always alone. As soon as the performance was over she would envelop her head and throat in a scarf of black lace, and would glide out into the night [illegible].

She never spoke to anybody, and nobody ever recognized her, though those restless, glittering eyes went hither and thither.

The month of December wore away and at last came Christmas eve. The arrival of holidays intensified the dreariness of my position, and I thought longingly and with acute pangs of homesickness, of the dear ones across the sea. I could not but picture to myself the bright, sparkling winter days, when a cloudless sky looks down upon a spotless world, the earth garbed in ermine and the heavens our blaze of azure and gold.

To add to my discomfort and to lengthen my longings for my native land, the weather had assumed the very worst aspect of which the winter climate of London is capable.

[illegible]

The Spanish dancers, with the celebrated Pepita Nunn at their head, were simply wonderful, and excelled everything that I had heard about them. I enjoyed my evening immensely, and quite forgot that it was Christmas eve, and that I was far away from home in a foreign land, where I knew scarcely anybody, and where the winter fogs made locomotion at times not only difficult and disagreeable, but positively dangerous.

As I stood under the arcade in front of the theatre, I could see no more of the street than if a wall of granite rose before me. Cabs and cabmen had alike disappeared in the dingy depths of the darkness, and had there been hundreds of vehicles just in front of me, I could not have seen them. Of course, there was nothing left for me to do but to try to regain my lodging on foot. Unfortunately they were full two miles away, and though I knew my way about London pretty well when I could see where I was going, a journey through the black, dense darkness of that impenetrable fog presented itself as a hopeless impossibility.

There were no hotels then as now in the neighborhood of the Haymarket, or I might have taken refuge in one of them. I did not know enough about the neighborhood to venture to ask for lodging at any private house. I was fond of jewelry in those days, and my diamond studs and sleeve buttons and my elaborate double watch-chain presented too many temptations for theft for me to feel at all at ease respecting my personal safety [illegible] in the black obscurity. I stood plunged in meditation and in perplexity. But suddenly a light touch on my shoulder caused me to look around, and I saw, standing beside me, the Woman in Black.

"So, my fellow-spectator of so many evenings," she said, "you find yourself puzzled as to how you shall return home, doubtless. Do you live far away from here? Perhaps I may be able to give you some directions."

I named the address, which was in Harley street, near the Regent's Park.

"Poor [illegible]" she cried; "you never in the world will be able to get there to-night. The cabmen have all [illegible] work and have gone home, and it would be dangerous for you to strike your way back on foot."

"What in the world am I to do?" I exclaimed in my perplexity.

She paused and seemed to muse for a moment. "Well," she said, as if to herself, "I'll risk it. I have a son of my own in a foreign land, and should he get into any such distress, I should hope [illegible]

[illegible]

key which she took from her pocket.

I followed her into the hall, and then the door was closed behind us. She ushered me at once into the front room on the ground floor. It was furnished as a dining room, with massive, old-fashioned mahogany chairs and table and sideboard.

A good fire was blazing in the grate and two gas-burners illuminated the whole apartment with their cheerful radiance. Altogether more comfortable refuge from the cold and the black fog of the winter night without could hardly be imagined. My hostess bustled about in the energy of her welcome, brought a great easy chair up to the fire for me and seemed bent on making me as much at home as possible.

"Will you have supper—some sandwiches and cold meat, or a biscuit and a bit of cheese? The tray's all ready, and can be brought up in a moment. No? Then I'll have a fire lighted in the bedroom that you are to occupy, and which is on the ground floor, just back of the dining room, in fact."

She left the room without heeding the little speech of thanks that I tried to deliver, but speedily returned with a long, white garment hanging over her arm.

"Your room is all ready, and here is a night gown for you to use," she said, touching a work-basket that stood on a side table and from which a mass of white work protruded; "I make these garments myself, and I have hard work to keep up the supply."

"Why, what become of them?" I asked, more out of politeness than from curiosity.

"They get lost—once worn, I am not aware to see them again," responded the Woman in Black.

Then she led the way to the back bed room, a small but well furnished room, with a well barred window which looked out, she told me, upon a paved yard with a stable beyond. The bed already turned down, showing the white sheets, was placed against the wall, opposite the window. A smoking glass of whisky punch stood on a small tray on a table in the centre of the room.

"Here is your nightgown," said my hostess, leaving the garment that she carried upon a chair; "and there," she continued, pointing with a smile to the tumbler of punch, "is your nightcap."

My first act was to close and lock the door securely. And then I sat down upon the nearest chair and meditated upon the situation.

My inspection had practically reassured me, but I could not make up my mind to drink the steaming punch. I left it to waste its tempting odors on the air, and with due deliberation prepared to go to bed.

The nightgown left for me was [illegible]

[illegible]

the water. And suddenly I emerged, spent, chilled, and half suffocated with the mephitic vapors of the vault, into the free open air, on the bosom of the Thames.

The fog still hung above the river. But a party of men, on a barge moored near the shore, were celebrating Christmas eve, with much drink and many songs, and their holiday merriment undoubtedly saved my life. Guided by the sound of voices, I contrived to reach the barge, and my despairing cry for help brought me ready assistance. I was taken on board, was wrapped in a rough great-coat belonging to one of the bargemen, and was plied with hot gin and water till all the ill effects of my sudden immersion had disappeared. I spent the rest of the night in the cabin.

The next morning I insisted on one of these good fellows accompanying me back to my lodging in the first available cab that would be obtained; and though I am not wealthy, I contrived to spare for my preservers a respectable lot of sovereigns, so as to make that Christmas Day a memorable one for them for some time to come.

When I went with my story to the police office in Scotland Yard my statement was at first received with a mild incredulity that was very exasperating. But this tone was changed to one of conviction when I produced the nightgown that I had worn on that terrible Christmas eve, and for which I had left in exchange my watch and chain, my diamond studs and sleeve buttons and some £15 in gold and notes, to say nothing of a new dress suit and my best overcoat. The functionary to whom I showed the garment examined it attentively. Then he called to a subordinate:

"Higgins!"

"Yessir."

"Bring me that lot of nightgowns."

They were brought and were spread out before me—five in all. They were in every respect similar to the one in my possession.

"Each one of those nightgowns," quoth the Chief Inspector, "was taken from the body of a drowned man picked up in the Thames. You, sir, come here a living man with another. That completes the half dozen."

And I think, had I drunk the glass of punch that my hostess prepared for me, I, too, should not have been left alive to tell the tale.

The researches of the police to discover the whereabouts of the house to which I had been conducted proved wholly ineffectual. I frequented assiduously the different first-class theatres for a month or more, hoping to meet my mysterious hostess, and so to be able to hand her over to justice. But all my efforts were vain.

Never again did I come across the Woman in Black. Never again have I spent such a Christmas Eve.

Stanley says that certain portions of Africa will be worthless on account of the ravages of the grasshoppers. In one instance he saw a column of young grasshoppers ten miles broad by thirty long marching down a valley, and when the grass was fired against them, they were thick enough to smother the flames.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville. W. Va.

February ,30 1891.

The McCurdy House in Covington has been sold for $10,000, possession given on the 1st of March.

Will Mr. Harrison make speeches on the financial question when he visits the Pacific coast this spring?

"Fighting Bob" Kennedy, of Ohio, should make a reply to Senator Quay's speech.

If Mr. Harrison can stand the coat of white wash that has been given to Commissioner of Pension Raum, he can stand anything.

Mr. Cleveland has written a letter against the free and unlimited coinage of silver. No flies on that man's nerve.

New Foundland wants to join the Union at once, whether or note and she hasen't even asked the consent of either John Bull or Uncle Sam. Better wait awhile, brethren. There are some little formalities that must be gone through with first.

The death of Admiral Porter and General Sherman, the two last great commanders on the Union side, during the late Civil war, reminds us that death has been kinder to the great commanders on the confederate side, of whom Johnson, Longstreet, Early, Gordan, and Beauregard are still living.

These hide bound high protection republicans who are just now shouting themselves hoarse over the little reciprocity treaty that Mr. Blaine has negotiated with Brazil, seem to forget that reciprocity a d free trade are synonymous. But they are, all the same.

Peter Jackson, the colored pugilist, says he does not like prize fighting and intends to quit it, but that before doing so he intends to challenge John L. Sullivan to a mill for the championship, and that the Boston pugilist must fight him or surrender.

What cowards be these congressmen. Voting by tellers the house of Representatives by a large majority voted for giving each member of that body a clerk at $1 200 a year, but upon a roll call upon the same question it was overwhelmingly defeated. The reason is obvious. In the first place the vote was by acclamation and the members were not individually recorded, while in the latter it was by roll call, and each member's vote was permanently recorded in the Congressional Record.

Senator Quay has at last broken his long silence with a speech making a general denial of all the charges made against him. This will convince nobody of his innocence. Why if he could have proven himself in a court of justice not guilty, did he not take advantage of the invitation extended him by the New York World and other wealthy newspapers in bring a suit for libel? Crooked people seldom admit their guilt, not even when convicted by the courts.

Judge William Lewis, of Harlan county, Ky., was killed by his son, Sidney Lewis, on the 12th, seven bullets having been shot into his body. Judge Lewis had been a terror to the desperadoes of that county and among them was young Lewis. He had threatened his father's life, and as a protection to himself he had his son placed under peace bonds. He visited his father, with the result above stated.

Mrs Grover Cleveland has undertaken, in connection with a member of patriotic ladies, a crusade in which she and they are entitled to the good wishes of every America n who loves his country, and he is a poor stick who doesn't. The object of these worthy women is to persuade our young men and women of the absurdity of aping foreign customs in talk, deportment and dress. The campaign was opened in New York city by a stirring lecture on the formative period of American history.

The men who achived reputation are usually the ones that take care of themselves. Senate, Gorman, the great democratic leader of the Senate, gets up every morning at 6 o' clock' sits one hour at his dinner, and never allows himself to be interrupted when at his meals. He never uses either tobacco or liquors in any shape, and makes it a rule after a bath, which is taken daily always at the same hour, to take a long walk in the open air. No physician could give you better health rules to follow than these.

The republicans in Congress are evidently determined to make hay while the sun shines. The latest subsidy scheme is the adoption by the Senate of an amendment to the Diplomatic Appropriation on bill granting a subsidy of $3,000,000, in annual installments of $250,000, to a company that proposes to lay a cable between San Francisco and the Sandwich Island. All this business will be stopped when the Government is controlled by the democrats.

The new York Herald on Thursday interviewed by its representative, the Democrats in the Legislatures of twenty six States and one Teritory as to their preference for President in 1892 as between Hill and Cleveland. The result showed a vote of 1,515 for Cleveland, 199 for Hill and 276 scattering or doubtful.

The Democrats in the Legislature looked upon as representative Democrats and their expressions as being practically the expressions of the people they represent. With the single exception of New York, where the vote stood: Hill 31, Cleveand 2, scattering or doubtful 47, every State gave Cleveland a large majority. In West Virginia the vote was Cleveland 56, Hill 5. The Herald's headlines over the various telegrams express in a few words the contents of the telegrams, are as follows:

Gov. Hill apparently the favorite of New York Legislators.

Cleveland almost monopolizes Massachusetts.

Little Rhody a Cleveland State.

Cleveland divides Texas with all others.

Alabama unanimous for Cleveland.

Kentucky knows Cleveland only.

Colorado gives Cleveland the lead.

Nobody but Cleveland for Wisconsin.

Missouri Democrats undecided.

Ohio prefers Cleveland to Hill.

Kansas Democrats in restless moods.

Harrisons State a Cleveland stronghold.

Great strength of Cleveland in Illinois.

Arizona gives Cleveland the preference.

Blaine's State unanimous for the man who beat him.

Michigan solid for Cleveland with a proviso.

Hill has one friend in Nebraska.

Nearly four to one for Clevaland in Arkansas.

Cleveland a strong favorite in North Carolina.

South Dakota almost unanimous for Cleveland.

Two men in Minesota favo Hill.

Hill not in sight of Cleveland in Conneticut.

Montana for Cleveland three to one.

West Virginia overwhelming for Cleveland.

A single vote for Hill in Washington.

Big lead for Cleveland in Pennsylvania.

Hill scarcely in it in Tennessee.

Oregon would rather have Cleveland than Hill.

There are said to be a flood of counterfeit silver dollars in circulation. They are made of Babbit metal, washed with silver, and are very near the same weight and appearance of the real dollar.

Fiduciaries.

The accounts of the following fiduciaries are before me for settlement, viz:

Uriah Hevener, adm'r of David McGlaughlin, dec'd.

James D. Kerr, Ex'or of Washington Nettingham, dec

Geo. W. McCarty, Adm'r of Jacob McCarty dec'd.

Perry A. Buzzard, adm'r of John M. Buzzard, decd.

Wm. Aldridge, Adm'r of Joseph Rogers, dec'd.

L. M. McClintic.
Com'r of Acc'ts.

HOME NEWS

—Several cases before justice Grose lately.

—Drummers have been numerous in town fore some time.

—Levi Gay, Esq., of Marlingtan, was in town Tuesday.

—We are having some fine weather for the time of year.

—The croak of the frog is heard in the distant swamp.

—Joe McNeel, Esq., of Academy was in town the first of this week.

—Mr. Geo. McGlaughlin of Edray, was in too see us Tuesday.

—Attorney C. F. Moore has returned from a months sojourn at Clifton Forge.

—Mr. N. J. Brown, of Mill Point, was in the city the first of the week and called to see us.

—John Grogg contrator on the bridge abutments, has returned to finish his job.

—Mess. Mitchel McGlaughlin of near this place, and A. M. McGlaughlin of Marlington are, we understand in Monroe Co. this week prospecting for a farm.

—Dr. M. Wallace of Mill Point is very sick, with something like heart disease. Dr. Patterson of this place is attending him, with other physicians.

—Dr. James McGraw, of Brooklyn N. Y. died suddenly on the 17th inst. He was a brother of Col. Jno. T. McGraw, of Grafton who is at the head of the large land purchases recently made in our county.

—Charlotte Scott, the old colored nurse of Att'y H. S. Rucker, of this place, and the woman who contributed the first $5.00 paid toward a monument for Abraham Lincoln, in Washington, and whose name is on that account inscribed in bronze on the base of it, died recently.

—"Jack the Ripper" has been captured, and now a syndicate of American newspaper publishers are trying to purchase him in order to bring him to this country and turn him loose among delinquent subscribers.

—The boom at Marlington seems to be on. Extensive excavations are now making by E. G. McNeil for the erection of a large store. As this store is to be across the river from the town, we suppose it is his intention to do business in the corporation with out paying corporation taxes.

—An experienced school teacher says that pupils who have access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are are better readers, better spellers, better gramarians, better punctuators, and obtain a practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires the others. The news paper is decidedly an important factor in modern life.

—In the House of Delegates last week. Mr. Moore of this county offered a resolution asking the Auditor to furnish a statement showing the amount of monies paid into the State Treasury by commissioners of school lands during the last ten years, the statement to include the name and county of each commissioner making the payment and the amount paid. Adopted.

—The bill to prohibit the sale of "cigarettes or opium in any form to minors under 16" at last passed the house. "Cigars, tips, cheroots, stogies and tobacco" were stricken out. They are made in this state and the interests of the people who make them are of more importance in the minds of some people than the health of our boys. If cigarettes and opium were produced in West Virginia in large quantities the bill wouldn't have passed at all. The almighty dollar and so called "business interest" outweigh health, morality, decency and every thing else with some people.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Mr. Abraham Sydenstricker and wife, who have been in China for ten years, are visiting her parents at this place.

Mr. Andrew McGlaughlin, of Marlington, was in town Monday.

Misses Mary and Pauline McNeel, who have been visiting at Staunton have returned home.

Mr. Joe Gay, of Elk, spent Monday night in town.

Mr. Sam Sheets, one of the lumberman on Driscol's drive had the misfortune to get his leg so badley broken, that it had to be amputated.

W. H. Overholt, has returned from a business trip to Ronceverte.

Misses Addie Williams and Georgia Collison have entered as pupils of the H. T. School, also Page Barlow in the M. & F. Academy.

A terrible excitement prevails among the Academy boys. Foot ball in progress.

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT.

Green Bank Items.

Rev. W. H. Ballengee preached his last sermon for the Conference year last Sunday. He will leave for conference the 28th inst. Should he be sent back a hearty welcome awaits him.

The ground is bare of snow and the weather is nice at this time.

Our heart was pained to learn of the sad accident which befell Mr. Sam Sheets on the log drive, that losing his leg.

J. H. Curry, Jr., is on the sick list.

There will be an entertainment at the Green Bank church on Friday night 27th inst. at 6 o'clock. There will be reading, recitations and addresses, also ice cream and cake will be served. Proceeds to used for missionary purposes.

Dr. C. L. Austin, of this place is in Florida.

Dr. J. P. Mooman, who has been sick is out again.

The roads have been opened across the Alleghany mountain.

We understand the Green Bank tannery will be opened up in a short while.

Success to your paper.

JUDY.

Marlinton Movements.

The floating camp, under the pilatage of Capt. Boies, passed down on St. Valentine's day. A night was passed at Marlinton. It is better than a circus to see the feats of agility played by the men, takling immense logs on the shallows and rapids. It is doubtful whether the famous Blondin could handle him self on rolling pine, as well as many of these woodsmen can.

Pilot McCollum, started the last raft on Wednesday morning. About next spring a year hence, some of the material be took away, will be found at Edray, Huntersville, Buckeye and elsewhere, as fork handles, buggy shafts, and the like. Why should this be thus, and all these and many more things not be fixed up nearer the original stump.

One of the interesting things observed in the gay cavalcade of of young men, from Randolph on their way to and from Lewisburg, as pupils of the Lewisburg Collegiate Institute. It is among the possibilities that school, or some other will be at Marlinton should matters pan out to suit all around. Strange as it may seem, thing are working, and resolute people are talking.

A red flag, attended by three or four persons, is seen passing in various direction, and notes are being taken very copiously, and when they are printed, perhaps, your correspondent will be able to give you a pointer or two.

What your correspondent meant in reference to Mr. Thomas Sawyer, was, that much depended on him, whether the railroad from Dunmore would go to Frost or to Huntersville. These points should see that his influence should be secured, in such a way as to give all a fair showing. No one should desire a better friend for he is, "just what he is," and he means for the best.

It is about time O. C. Casional was fixing up another joke, as foxes and coons have some out.

With many kind wishes,

Yours as ever,

J. K. S.

PARKERSBURG, Febuary 18.—The grand jury of the circuit court brought in 150 more indictments this afternoon, making over 400 in all, and the jury is still grinding. Crap shooters, dice shooters, dice throwers, gamblers, saloon keepers and houses of ill fame got it bad to day. If the number of indictments hold good three-fourths of the saloons will have to quit business. Several car loades of exodusting gamblers and sports are in Marietta and Zanesville. They keep the wires hot making inquires. Something like 200 mules are in the hands of officers for runaways; who will be received on their return with heavy fines and imprisonment. The town is all torn, up and everybody wants to know when the grand jury is going to let up.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 20th.—Quite a political sensation has followed the announcement of Senator Gorman, whose political astuteness cannot be gainsaid, that be was not and would not under any combination of circumstances be a candidate before the democratic national convention next year, and that he favored the nomination of ex-president Cleveland as the strongest and most available man and proposes to do all in his power to get him nominated. It is yet too early to see what effect this announcement will have, upon those democratic Senators and Representatives who have expressed the opinion that Mr. Cleveland's letter against the free coinage of silver has destroyed his availability as a candidate, and what adds to the interest of the situation is the fact that some of these gentlemen have been, since the publication of Mr. Cleveland's letter, strongly in favor of nominating Senator Gorman.

It seems strange that three democratic Senators should have cast their votes for such a palpable "job" as that contained in the Senate amendment to the diplomatic appropriation bill, which gives a subsidy of $3,000,000 to the company, which as yet only exists on paper, that proposes to lay a cable between San Francisco and the Sandwitch Islands, but they did. It is not believed that the House will concur in amendment, at any rate no democrat should vote to do a thing so foreign toall the principals of the democratic party.

Rumors have been flying thick and fast this week anent the new Secretary of the Treasury. One day it was Representative Cannon, the next Clarkson and today, it is ex Gov. ("Calico Charley") Fostor, of Ohio. It is believed that Mr. Harrison has determined upon the man, and his nomination is looked for every day.

Senator Quay's much advertised speech of vindication fell as flat in the Senate as one of Senator Blair's educational harrangues, and he has gone to Florida to seek consolation in fishing.

The general deficiency bill is this year $36,000,000. Is it strange that the surplus has disappeared!

The international copyright bill has been passed by the Senate with several amendments, which makes its becoming a law at this session very doubtful.

Mr. Harrison and all of his cabinet, except Secretary Proctor, went to New York to attend Gen. Sherman's funeral. They returned last night.

The republicans in the House are so much alarmed lest the wicked democrats should interfere with their plans during the closing rush of the session, that telegraphic appeals have been sent to all absent republicans begging them to Come and remain until the end of the session. What they are wanted for is to pass the subsidy shipping bill, which is opposed by nearly all of the democrats.

Representative-elect Jerry Simpson, and several of his Farmers Alliance to the colleagues in the next House, are in town. They are the recipients of a great deal of attention at the capitol.

The House committee on coinage today reported the free coinage bill to the house, but the general belief seems to be that its friends will not succeed in getting it before the House, but they intend to try very hard to do so.

Senator Plumb desparing of getting his joint resolution providing for the violation of existing law by the transfer of the employes of the Census bureau to the classified department service without the formality of a civil service examination, has offered it as an amendment to the sundry civil appropriation bill.

It is commented upon rather unfavorably that congress did not adjourn the day of Admiral Porter's funeral.

Probably the most disagreeable legislative duty ever performed by Senator Ingalls was the presentation by him this week of the credentials of John A. Peffer, Senator-elect from the State of Kansas for the term beginning March 4, next.

Notwithstanding the almost daily reiteration of the charge that somewhere in the neighborhood of one forth of the enormous amount of money paid out by the Pension bureau is paid on fraudulent claims no republican in or out of Congress has proposed an ivestigatien for the purpose of purging the rolls of such names as may be shown to de there fraudulently. This, as well as other things will be thoroughly looked into by the next House.

Representative Payton, of Illinois, was elected Speaker protem of the House, this week, during the sickness of speaker Reed.

The republicans are beginning to be frightened at the prospect of losing control of the Senate. It is now regarded as certain that the McKinley tariff law will be repealed outright or greatly modified in 1893, if not next year.

The increase in the white population of the South shows comparatively little difference from 1880, while then egro increase is but little over one-third of what it was ten years ago, although in the total is included the State of Arkansas, which has received the largest immigration of negroes. Additional returns only confirm the first statement that some million odd negroes were deliberately omitted from the census in the South in order to decrease the Southern representation in Congress and the electoral vote. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Philadephia Evening Tela'graph, an independent republican paper, expresses the opinion that the annual expenditure for pensions is likely to reach $200,000,000 before it stops growing. It is already over $135,000,000. The farther we get away from the war the bigger the pension list becomes. What an anomaly! Pentioners, instead of dying out, continue to multiply. How long will the taxpayers of the country continue to submit to this bare faced swindle!

Accoding to the New York Herald Mr. Blaine's reciprocity treaties will not reciprocate.

A lump of pure gold weighing eleven ounces without any gravel or dirt about it, was found at the Hearne and Hathcock mine, near Albemarle, N. C. It was found only a few feet below the surface.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

February 30 1891.

HE WAS FROM INDIANNY.

Just as the hour of 3 was announced to a more or less thankful people, a fashionably attired man of amiable port, rubicund countenance denoted familiarity with flesh pots and wassail bowls, sauntered forth from the portals of a prominent hotel, buttoned his fur trimmed top coat around his ample form, lighted an imported Garcia, drew on a pair of chocolate colored kids, swung a silver headed stick of abnormal size joyously through the atmosphere, and walked jauntily down the street towards the Detroit River.

His whole appearance indicated boundless self-satisfaction, and an air of lo! it is well seemed to radiate from his being. And why, indeed, should he not so demean himself for he had dined and wined well? An elaborate feast of the market's choicest delicacies had been washed down by copious draughts of Pommery. Inasmuch as he has gratified the inner man with epicurian delights, his heart found time to give thanks that the recent flury in financial circles had not affected his pecuniary standing, and that the exigencies of the times had not cast his lot in that wild and woody allotment of this great country where the noble red man taps his gun barrel lovingly, capers merrily in the mazy whirl of the ghost dance, and smiles with fond anticipation as young man with-the fell hand prophetically announces the soon coming of the Messiah.

At the corner of Woodward and Jefferson avenues our friend's glance rested casually on the form of a thin-faced gaunt formed man of middle age, whose threadbare, well worn garments clung close to his figure as he stood shivering and crouching in the cold, raw air. His hands were thrust deep into his trouser's pockets, the patched collar of his rusty coat was pulled close around his ears and his shabby hat of four distinct colors was drawn down over his almost purple ears. There was a hungry look in his faded blue eyes that betokened a uneasy yearning within, and n his unique entirety there was a mute protest against the spirit of tha day. Our friend of the bon viant mien walked up to this ill favored brother and with a resounding slap on his stooped sholders queried of him thusly: "I say, old man, have you been to dinner?"

"Naw," was the melancholy response.

"Then come with me, my good fellow" and I will see to it that the cravings of your unoccupied stomach are forthwith satisfied. I have no family board to sit myself at on this day of national Thanksgiving, no circles of beauty, winsome faces to gaze on while I do justice to the kitchen's delights for I am alone in the world. But the day will linger far more sweetly in my memory if I have the happy consciousness of having made one fellow mortal happy, so come with me."

A short walk brought the conspicuously dissimilar pair to the portals of a swell restaurant. In they walked, and in a trice were seated at a small table dainty and inviting with its profusion of damask cutlery. A well-drilled, attentative waiter was soon at elbow, and a few whispered direction were sufficient to send him hurrying towards the region where the white capped chief reigns supreme.

In short order the waiter returned, bearing on high a tray covered with dishes of all sizes and descriptions. The table was soon groaning under its weight of piping hot edible. And then our hungry brother fell to, and what fell work he wrought with that dinner, oh my country men. Duck with jelly quickly followed turkey with cranberry sauce. Venison larded with green peas succeeded, and then a dozen blue points, hitherto overlooked, were stowed away. Entrees, vegetables, desert, were all duly attended to, and as a grand finale four cupfuls of verry black coffee were tossed off even as the driver of a beer wagon would quaff a "schooner" of amber. Handing the surfeited banquet a cigar, our friend of the beguning of the narrative handed the waiter a quarter, stepped up to the cashier's desk paid a good-sized check and walked out on the street.

"By Jove, old boy," he exclamed, rubbing his hands gleefully together, "how it pleased me to see you eat. I shall not forget you in many a day."

"No, nor I you nuther," was the reply. "I'd like fust rate to spend the ballance of the day with you, but I've got three car loads o' cattle over in Winsor that I brung from my place over in Indianny, and I've got to git over thar an' see to it that those gol durned hired men of mine ain't loafin and neglectin' the critters. So long, stranger, so long"

And our friend said never a word as he walked back up the street, but he softly whispered, as he gazed reflectively toward the blue vault of heaven, "And the band played Annie Laura."

POPULAR FALLACIES.

That the physician collects his bills with greater ease than the tailor.

That men never read cook books or fashion magazines.

That only the eye glass young ladies feel that inward bliss which comes of culture.

That a passion for fancy drinks denotes a love of the beautiful.

That every two for a penny liar is qualified for newspaper reporting.

That prussic acid is a neater form of suicide than paris green.

That a folding bed was made for any other purpose than the encouragement of profanity.

That there is a woman living who has not in her boudoir a work on "How to become beautiful."

That there is a good-looking woman in the world who doesn't know it.

That there is anything that has served more friendships than the simple phrase "Lend me $5."

That the dude isn't strong enough to make the milk of human kindness turn sour.

The match is easily found which lights the fire the first time you strike it.

That a man has a bald head when there are a half-dozen hairs on it.

That the new tariff will cause the five-cent barber shops to increase their prices.

That there is a limit to knowledge any more than there is to be a game of poker.

That the fact of one's being a first-nighter increases one's credit any.

Henpek—That new doctor you introduced me to, Bowler is a great symptomotologist—great student of humane nature.

Bowler—suites you does he?

Henpek—to a dot. Him in last night to treat my wife for a cold; said she didn't need any medicine, but that she must be particular, above all things, to keep her mouth shut and breathe through her nose.

Rawley—why, Curtin, how is it you were not a first nighter at your own play?

Curtin—I was to nervous. Are you just from the theatre?

Rawley—Yes.

Curtin—Did my pathetic scenes bring any tears?

Rawley—Yes, the people in the house laughed till they cried.

IT CAUGHT HIM.

A man with a glimmer of hope in his countenance ascended to a third story office in Detroit the other day and was cheerfully bidden to "come in" as he knocked.

"Oh, it's you, eh!" observed the occupant.

"Yes. I called to ask——"

"Say!" interrupted the other, as he wheeled about, "did you ever see such a winter as this!"

"How!"

"I've been here ten years, and I never saw such a season. I have an average of fifteen men per week come up here to borrow money or to get me to indorse paper for them."

"I-I called to——"

"You called to see if there were any offices vacant in this building. I don't know. Ask the elevator boy to direct you to the Janitor. Central locations and the rents are very reasonable. Good day.

And when the other had backed out and shut the door he uttered an expression which a passer by would have interpreted to mean "——him!"

SO PARTICULAR

"I'm rather paticular about my celery," he said to the waiter who took his order at a Dearborn st. restaurant. "Bring me only the small stalks, and see that they are perfectly bleached."

"And see that there are no specks in the potatoes, I wont touch a potato that has a speck in it. I am rather particular about my potatoes.

"Yes sir."

"When you bring me the broiled fish see that it has the skin and fat all removed. Don't bring me any excep the upper part of the body. Cut away all the tail."

"All right, sir."

"Hold on a moment. I'm rather particular about my bread. I don't want any of the end pieces, and I dont want any of this cigar-shaped bread with a thick crust, either. Bring me square bread, in thin slices, cut from the middle of the loaf."

"Yes sir."

The waiter went back and returned in due time with a tray full of eatables, which he unloaded on the table.

"Take back this potato," said the guest, "and bring me one that has no specks. I've got no time to dig specks out of potatoes. I told you about that."

The potato was changed, and the waiter asked him if everything was right now.

"No," he answered. "This bread is not cut from the middle of the loaf. Take it away and bring me what I ordered."

The bred was accordingly changed.

"All right now?" inquired the waiter.

"No! You've got some celery here that isn't properly bleached. Bring me the kind I ordered. And hold on! There is a piece of skin on the fish. Take it back. I told you I was particular about my fish."

The celery and fish were removed and brought back again in a few minutes with the objectionable feature eliminated.

"Is it all right now? asked the waiter.

"Guess it will do," growled the guest, as he began to eat, "but if I was a kicker I'd kick about this fork and spoon. They don't exactly match.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C E. Beard. S B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

THE PICKET GUARD.

BY ETHELIN ELIOT BEERS.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a riflemen hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing; a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
As he thinks of the two in the low trundle bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with the memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,—
The night when the love, yet unspoken,
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashed off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle. "Ha! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

HENRY FLETCHER'S LUCK.

"What have you got there, John?" inquired Henry Fletcher of his fellow-clerk, John Raymond.

"A ticket to the concert this evening."

"Who is to sing?"

"Signora Bertaniga, and one or two others whose names I do not remember. Shall you go?"

"How much are the tickets?"

"A dollar."

"Then I shan't go."

"Why not?"

"Because *I* cant afford to pay a dollar for an evening's amusement."

"You can afford it as well as *I* can. We both get the same salary."

"That is true. We both get ten dollars a week. But doesn't it seem a little extravagant to spend a tenth part of your week's wages in a concert ticket?"

"How prudent and cautious you are, Henry. Of course I don't want to exceed my income. But I shan't do it—I can live on ten dollars a week, and still afford myself a little amusement now and then. So could you if you only thought so."

"I do think so."

"Then why dont you go?"

"Because I want to do something more than live on my income."

"You don't mean to say that you expect to save anything out of ten dollars a week?"

"Yes I do."

"But you find you can't do it," said John creduously.

"I have done it."

"You have?"

"Certainly."

"Half a dollar a week, perhaps! But that isn't worth while."

"I should think it worth while if I couldn't earn any more."

"How much have you saved?" questioned John with some couriosity.

"During the six months that I have been here, I have been saved fifty dollars."

"Why, thats two dollars a week."

"Yes."

"How in the world did you do it?"

"Our board costs us five dollars a week."

"Well."

"I set apart from a dollar and a half to two dollars for clothes."

it costs me more. And how much for sundries?"

"Enough to make eight dollars. The rest I save."

"But you have to pinch yourself."

"No I am not conscious of it. I can't go to concerts where the tickets are a dollar, to be sure, but I take two or three weekly papers, and get out books from the Mercantile Library, and with these I have no trouble in passing the time.'

"Well, I had no idea money could be saved on our salaries. If all the world were like you Henry, the signora would make a poor living. You approve of nothing expensive."

"I didn't say that. Some people have larger incomes than you or I. It is proper enough for them to pay for expensive amusments if they like."

"But after all, you can't save much. what is your object."

"I'll tell you John. I don't want to be a clerk all my lifetime. I want to go into business for myself. But I can't do that without capital.

"So that is what you are saving up for. Well, fifty dollars will set you up in a peanut stand."

"I hope to have more than that when I get ready to go into business. But excuse my lecturing. I hope you will have a pleasant time this evening."

"No doubt I shall. You had better give up your economy for once and buy a ticket."

"I believe not."

"All right. Perhaps you are wiser than I."

Six months later both the young men who took part in the preceding conversation had their wages raised to twelve dollars a week.

On the strength of this John Raymond went at once to a fashionable tailor,and ordered a new suit of clothes which he particularly desired should be made in stile. The suit was not needed for he was already well supplied with clothes, but the extra two dollars per week made him feel rich, and he took this way of making known his prosperity to his acquaintances.

Henry Fletcher, on the contrary, did not think it necessary to increase his expenditures at all, but kept on as if nothing had happened.

"I don't see that it does you any good to have your salary raised, Henry," said his fellow-clerk.

"Why not?"

"Because you don't spend any more."

"But I save more."

"How much?"

"I can lay by four dollars a week now."

"You can! I don't see how it is. It's two months since our salary was raised, and I haven't laid by a cent. Besides, I am in debt on my new suit.

"Better have waited till you could pay for it."

"O well, I knew I could very soon."

No more passed between the two clerks at this time. At the end of the second year their wages were again raised—this time to fifteen dollars a week. Constant to the original purpose, Henry Fletcher continued to live on eight dollars a week, thus saving seven. But it is not our purpose to follow the fortunes of the two young men in detail. Suffice it to compare their pecuniary positions at the end of two years.

At this time Henry Fletcher was master of eighteen hundred dollars. His fellow clerk, John Raymond, was just even with the world. He had increased his expenses as his income advanced, and this was the natural result. He had long since ceased to question Henry about his savings, and had no idea that he was so much in advance of him.

It has been marked that future often showers her benefits on those who do not deserve them. At all events John Raymond about this time had twenty-five hundred dollars left him by a near relative. This, of course, exhilarated him not a little. He had got tired of being a clerk. He determined to go into business for himself. He announced his determination to Henry one night.

"Well, Henry," said he, nonchalantly, I've just given old Fairbanks warning."

"You have! When are you going?"

"I've dropped clerking. I am going into business for myself."

"I thought—"

"That I had no capital?"

"Yes."

"Well I am lucky enough to have received a legacy of twenty five hundred dollars."

"I congratulate you. That with your saving—"

"Pooh! I have saved nothing."

"At any rate, that will give you a very fair start."

"I suppose you will go on clerking for some time to come."

"There you are mistaken. I have engaged a store, and expect to begin business on my own account in a few weeks."

"You don't say!" ejaculated Raymond, in surprise. "Have you had a windfall, too?"

"No."

"Then where did you raise the funds?"

"I have saved up eighteen hundred dollars, and that must do for the present."

"Eighteen hundred! You don't mean to say you have saved all that?"

"With interest; yes."

"I had no idea you were worth half that. It is most as much as I have."

"Not quite."

"Well, we shall start in business about the same time. I wonder how we shall be situated four years hence?"

"Both prosperous. I hope."

"So do I."

It so happened that the two young men went into their new stores the same day. Both understood their business. So far as that went, there was no reason to doubt of their success. But John Raymond at once went to a fashionable boarding house, where he paid a high price for a fine room, opened a bill at a fashionable tailor's, bought a horse and carriage and boarded the horse at a livery stable, and in fact, lived as if his income was equal to his stock in trade. He had no reason to complain of the patronage he received. If his expenditures had not been so great he would have embarrassments. But he was continually drawing so much out of his business that he found it hard to meet his bills as they became due. But this never led him to retrench his personal expenditures. He must keep his carriage, and pay high board.

So things got worse and worse, till at length a crisis came. In a little short of a year failure came. The money with which he started had somehow melted away, and he found himself thrown upon the world. He was glad to accept his old situation at "old Fairbank's store."

How stood Henry Fletcher at the end of the year? He had managed his business prudently, lived economically,and put his surplus profits into his stock in trade. When he took account of stock at the end of the year,it footed up to twenty-five hundred dollars—just where John Raymond had been at the beginning of the year.

Five years later Henry Fletcher found himself to be worth ten thousand dollars.

John Raymond is just even with the world, and so fixed has his habit of self-indulgence became that it is feared that he will never be any better off. He thinks Henry Fletcher "a very lucky fellow;" but we know that there is something more and better than good luck at the bottom of his prospeaity.

WHEN THEY WERE NEW.

Pins made, 1450.
Needles used, 1545.
First cast iron, 1544.
Matches made, 1829.
First newspaper, 1494.
Coal used as fuel, 1834.
First gold coin, B. C. 206.
Lead pencils used in 1594.
First steam railroad, 1830.
Window glass used in 694.
Kerosene introduced, 4826.
First postage stamps, 1840.
Electric light invented, 1874.
First insurance, marine, 533.
First American express, 1821.
First wheeled carriages, 1659.
First illuminating gas in 1792.
Musical notes introduced, 1338.
Iron found in America in 1815.
Bible translated into Saxon, 637.
Gunpowder used by Chinese, 80.
Old testament finished B. C. 430.
Bible translated into Gothic, 872.
Photographs first produced, 1802.
Paper made by Chinese, B. C. 220.
Bible translated into English, 1534.
Tobacco introduced into England, 1583.

Pocahontas Times.

J[illegible]N E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

March 12, 1891.

A broken sceptre—that once wielded by "Czar" Reed.

It is customary to speak well of the dead, but the custom is more honored in the breach than in the observance, as far as it relates to the fifty first Congress.

The Fifty first Congress appropriated nearly $200,000,000 more than the fiftieth Congress, but it couldn't stand the small amount necessary to give the people one cent letter postage. All right, wait until the people's Congress takes hold.

Ex Representative Anderson, of Kansas, thanks to his having been a schoolmate of Mr. Harrison's, gets a snug berth in the diplomatic service that will enable him to keep out of the Kansas Farmers Alliance for some time, and get a good salary for doing it.

The great majority of the republican "ex's" have a double edged stickeroo in their trouser leg to be used upon the Harrison boom, and some of them have a sharper or heavier weapon than Mr. Huston, of Indiana, ex U. S. Treasurer, who says he resigned because of "personal, social and political dissatisfaction" with the administration.

Nobody seems to have heard of Mr. Harrison having tendered his friend, ex Senator Ingalls, a plum in the shape of an appointment, nor has any one heard that the vitriolic Kansan proposed employing any of his spare time during the ensuing year in corralling delegates for the present occupant of the White House, to the next republican national convention.

American Congressmen will show their good sense by keeping their fingers out of the Canadian campaign now raging. We have nothing to do with the fight and no right to interfere in any way. Suppose we had a Congressional campaign going on, would we fancy members of the Canadian Parliament trying to take a hand in it by writing letters on this, that or, the other subject? Not much we wouldn't.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., M'ch 6th.—The United States Treasury is bankrupt, as far as the republican Congress can make it so and it would be actually so today if all of the appropriations had to be paid at once. In the dying hours of the Fifty first Congress the republicans threw prudence, conscience, fear of a hereafter and ever other restraining influence overboard and boldly voted for every possible thing that promised to assist in the looting of the Treasury, which their leaders had agreed upon for the purpose of confronting the democratic Congress with a deficiency. Old mouldy claims that had been refused a hundred times were tacked on the appropriation bills, and railroaded through, extra salaries were voted to employes who are already paid beyond their deserts and money was scattered around in every direction as though the Treasury was overflowing with surplus, as it was two years ago when turned over to the republicans.

Where the money is to come from to pay all of these wild appropriations is more than any one can see at this time; it isn't in the Treasury nor can it possibly get there under the present methods of taxation. Two years of democratic economy in the House and a purging of the pension rolls of the frauds thereon may pull the country through without making it necessary to put new taxes upon the already tariff ridden people.

The republican ex Representative are loath to leave Washington until Mr. Harrison has distributed the plums now at his disposal, which includes nine new U. S. Circuit Court Judges as provided by the new law, which purports to be for the relief of the Supreme Court, but Mr. Harrison proposes to try their patience as he is going to Maryland tomorrow for a few days of wild duck shooting, and says he will do nothing in the matter until his return.

Ex Speaker Reed has a pretty thick skin, but he couldn't hide the chagrin he felt when every democrat in the House voted against the usual resolution of thanks that Mr. McKinley, after vainly trying to persuade a democrat to do it, had offered. Served him right is the verdict among democrats.

Senator Vilas is here just as natural as when he so successfully presided over the Interior department under Mr. Cleveland. He says that Wisconsin has cut loose from the republican party for good and all, and that her vote may be confidently counted upon for the democratic candidate next year.

It is pleasing to know that the Fifty first Congress did one good thing. It passed the International Copy-right bill, although it was apparently done under a misunderstanding, and Mr. Harrison signed it with a quill pen, from the wing of an American eagle, which had been provided for the occasion by one of the editors of the Century magazine.

Senator Edmunds is entitled to thanks for having balked Senator Plumb's scheme for transferring the employes of the Census bureau to the regular classified departmental service, without the formality of a civil service examination. Mr. Plumb attempted to hitch it on to an appropriation bill, but Mr. Edmunds raised a point of order against it which was sustained by the chair.

And while giving thanks I must not forget the democrats in the House, who with the aid of a few republicans jumped upon the Pacific cable subsidy "job", after it had been agreed to by a conference committee, and strangled the life from it.

The democratic Senators also deserve well for the smartness they displayed in preventing the mail subsidy bill from being sent to a conference committee, which would surely have incorporated the tonnage subsidy bill in it. It is much better to accept the least of two evils than to take them both.

Senator Ingalls made a very "small" use of his last official hour. He dismissed the clerk of the committee of which he was chairman and appointed his son, Axel Ingalls, clerk to the committee. The object lies in the fact that the clerk draws his salary during the recess, but does no work. Senator Wolcott at once employed the dismissed clerk as his private secretary.

There were some disgraceful scenes at the last night session of Congress, caused by that old time offender, John Barleycorn. The tipsy statesmen were kept off the floor of House and Senate with some difficulty by their friends, but their antics in the committee rooms and corridors were witnessed by many

Collapsed—the pedestal upon which Thomas B Reed once exhibited himself.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Of Valuable Lands in Pocahontas County.

The undersigned Commissioner appointed by the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Va., by decree pronounced on the 21st day of October, 1890, in the chancery cause therein pending in the name of of Enoch E. Moore and wife as Plaintiffs v. Wm. Burr's adm'r and others as Defendants, will proceed, by virtue of said decree, at the front of the Court House of said County, at Huntersville, West Virginia, on

MONDAY, APRIL 6TH, 1891,

(Court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder two certain tracts or parcels of land belonging to the Estate of said William Burr, dec'd, to-wit: One tract of 200 acres, and one tract of 30 acres, both lying & being in the said County of Pocahontas. The first of the above tracts is the same land which was allotted and assigned to the Heirs at Law of the said Wm Burr, dec'd in the partition of the lands of the Estate of Frederick Burr, dec'd.

These lands are worthy the attention of investors, and persons desiring to purchase will do well to examine them before the day of sale.

TERMS OF SALE:

Cash in hand sufficient to pay the costs of the suit aforesaid, and the expenses of sale, and as to the residue of the purchase money upon a credit of Six, Twelve and Eighteen months in equal installments with legal interest on the deferred installments from the day of sale. The purchasers or purchaser to give bonds for the deferred installments with good personal security, and the legal title to be retained as ultimate security.

WM. M. MCALLISTER,
Commissioner.

In the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, do hereby certify that Wm. M. McAllister Commissioner to sell the above described lands, has executed the bonds required by the decree of sale in the above styled cause.

J. H. PATTERSON, Cl'k.

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VALUABLE LANDS FOR RENT.

I shall offer for rent for the term of one year, at the front door of the Court House of Pocahontas County,

ON THE 6th DAY OF APRIL 1891

the lands belonging to Allie McGlaughlin, recently assigned her out of her father's estate situated on Elk, about 3 miles from Edray. This is a valuable tract of grazing and meadow land. The renter, however shall be required to keep no sheep on said land while in his possession.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned, or to H. D. McGlaughlin at Huntersville.

Terms made known on day of renting.

SUSAN McGLAUGHLIN,
Guardian of ALLIE McGLAUGHLIN.
march 5th.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

At the solicitation of many friends in the County, I announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Superintendent. If elected I will perform the duties of the office without fear or favor. Thanking You for past favors, I again solicit your support at the coming election, May 19th, 1891.
M. G. MATHEWS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Superintendent. If elected, I will perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability, without partiality. Election, May 19th.

Respectfully,
J. M. BARNETT.

HOME NEWS

—Mr. Isaac McNeel, of Mill Point, was in town Tuesday.

—Subscribe for THE TIMES and get your county news.

—Mess. Wise and M. F. Herold, of near Frost were in Huntersville last Friday.

—The Baltimore conference M. E. Church South meets to day in Roanoke city, Va.

—A new line of mens', women' and childrens' shoes just received at Loury & Doyle's.

—Part of Mr. Jas. Barkley's mill dam was washed out during the last high freshet.

—Mr. A. M. McClintic, of the firm of McClintic & Co., of Mt. Gove., Va., was in the city Tuesday.

—Mess. R. K. Burns and M. A. Dunlap, of Academy were in the city Tuesday.

—We are sorry to learn that Mr. Wm. Cole, of near this place lost his last and only horse a few days ago. It is supposed that some low flung son of a gun gave it glass.

—Mr. D. B. McElwee has sold his store house and lot at the Lockridge ford to Mr. H. M. Lockridge, also Mr. Jas. Barkley, Sr., has sold his mill property to same.

—In a week or two we will add largely to our job department, and hope that every body that needs nice job printing of any kind will give THE TIMES office a call.

—Mr. A. M. McGlaughlin, of Pocahontas county, was here Saturday. Having sold his valuable farm at Marlinton, he is on the lookout for another. We should be pleased to have him buy in this county, for we like to get in such men as Mr. McGlaughlin.—Independent.

—St. Louis is now the largest fur market in the United States. At a recent sale of pelts in that city more than a million skins of the coon, muskrat, skunk, mink, gray fox and opossum were disposed of.

—A few days ago a half dozen State Senators and a drummer were sitting at a supper table at the Hotel Ruffner, Charleston. The Senators were painfully polite to one another, evidently desiring to impress the drummer with their importance. One statesman would say: "Will the Senator from So and so pass me the salt?" Another would say: "Will the Senator from Blank county pass me the pepper?" This was kept up until the drummer got weary. Turning to the negro waiter he said: "Will the Senator from Africa pass me the butter?" The Senators quit.

—Recent advices from a reliable source are to the effect that owing to the large purchases of real estate in this County by Marshall and McGraw by which the permanent success of a railroad is assured the work on William's River route has been abandoned and all the contracts annulled. It is now proposed to bring the P. & W. Va. from Daisville via. Mingo and Edray to Marlinton, thence it will probably follow the old headlines to Huntersville and will connect with the C. & O. at Covington. It is thought that the Davis road will go down the Vally River headed for Pittsburg.

—The State Senate has agreed on an amendment to the World's Fair bill appropriating $40,000 to make an exhibit of this State on that occasion. That will certainly be the limit to which the Legislature will go. We hardly think that the amount is large enough, but it is better than nothing. The Legislature has hemmed in the appropriation by all safe guards necessary to secure a faithful application of the money.

—We are informed that Mr. Wm. Curry, of this place has sold his large and most magnificent farm adjoining this city to Mr. H. M. Lockridge. We understand that the price paid, was about $23,000; also that negociations are pending for the purchase of Mr. J. C. Loury's farm, also adjoining Huntersville, and that an offer has been on Mr. Amos Barlow's farms, one adjoining this place and the other ½ mile from here. Ere another year rolls around we expect to see these farms laid off into lots and the foundation laid, and the boom, boom, for a grand and glorious city, in the very heart of hundreds of thousands of acres of the best iron ore the State produces and millions upon millions of feet of white pine lumber, as well as a good sprinkling of cherry, walnut, ash, chesnut, locust, white oak and other kinds. Our grand old mountain State is coming out of the ruts faster than any other state in the Union, and ere she is five years older she will be one of the foremost.

—"Many people think newspaper men persistant dunners. By way of comparison let us suppose that a farmer raises 1,000 bushels of corn and sells it to 1,000 different persons in all parts of the country. When the sale is made a great many of them say, 'I will hand you the dollar in a short.' The farmer does not want to appear small and says, 'All right.' Soon the wheat is gone and he has nothing to show for it, and he thus realizes that he has frittered away his whole crop, and that it is due him in a thousand little dribletts, consequently he is seriously injured in his business because his debtors, each owing him a dollar, treats it as a small matter and think it would not help him much. Continue this business year after year as the publisher does, how long would he stand it? A moment's thought will convince anyone that a publisher has cause for dunning." No sensible man should ever get angry because a newspaper man duns him for his money. A dun is not an impeachment of a subscriber's integrity but simply the result of the publisher necessities. He has to have his money to pay expenses. Consequently the subscriber should thank the editor for waiting on him so patiently and pay promptly.—Ex.

Dunmore Doings.

W. J. Pritchard, has returned home.

Walter Bird has moved near Dunmore.

Rev. Lautenschlager was out last week.

Jas. Night, (col.) died at his home near Clover Lick last week. He was about 23 years old.

Y. J.

Marlinton, W. Va.

Some of the good people of Pocahontas are getting things ready to boom Marlinton. This is the name of the postoffice near the bridge across the Greenbrier river in that county. Large tracts of land have been sold in that vicinity, recently, at good prices, and it is supposed that they were bought in the interest of a railroad company who will build a town at that place. It is an excellent location for this purpose, being where Knapp's creek empties into the Greenbrier. The land is comparatively level and very fertile. The boom seems to be fairly on and it will work wonders for that part of the county.—Elkins News.

Farmers Alliance.

At a meeting of the Edray Alliance at Mt. Pleasant school house, the fact of the death of John Simmons, one of our members, having been called to the attention of the order the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

1st. Resolved that it is with the deepest regret that we are called upon to chronical the death of our esteemed brother and co-workes in the I. U. & F. A. but with the humble submission to the will of God, we humbly bow to the decrees of his providance.

2nd. That the death of this man, the community has sustained a loss which will be greatly felt, and the Alliance a faithful, consistent, and devoted member.

3rd. That we as an Alliance and as individuals heartily sympathize with his bereaved family in the great loss they have sustained in being deprived of his faithful example and loving companionship.

4th. That a copy of these resolutions be furnished his family and published in the POCAHONTAS TIMES. By order of the Alliance.

A. M. McGLAUGHLIN,
ANDREW PRICE,
G. W. MANN.
JOHN WAUGH.
Committee.
M. G. MATHEWS, Sec.

Rev. M. D. Dunlap Dead.

We clip the following from the Hillsboro Items in the Greenbrier Independent:

It is with a sad heart that we announce the death of Rev. M. D. Dunlap, which occurred at his residence near here on last Sunday morning the 24th ult., in the 83rd year of his age. He passed peacefully away, his last hours being attended with but little suffering. Death resulted from kidney trouble and a general dibility, occasioned by old age. He leaves no family, his beloved wife and two children having gone on before. He leaves, however, a large circle of sorrowing friends and relatives here and in Monroe county.

Mr. Dunlap was born in Augusta county, Va., in the year 1808. At the age of 25 he graduated at Washington College with high honors, and was shortly afterward ordained as a minister of the Southern Presbyterian Church.

He was married in the year 1844, and he and his wife, a most estimable lady, came to this county in the year 1845. For 11 years he taught school here, during which time he also attended to his duties as a pastor of the Oak Grove Presbyterian Church. As a teacher he gained great distinction and was the founder of the old Academy, one of the finest institutions of learning near here in that day, and from which the postoffice at this place derives its name.

During his ministry, which covered a period of 40 years, he espoused the cause of his Master faithfully zealously, and the Church prospered in his hands. How many of us remember the old brick Church that stood a mile south of here, and the able and sterring sermons that fell from the lips of Mr. Dunlap. He was one of the most exemplary christians we ever knew. If there ever lived a man that showed by his daily walk and conversation that he was trying to lead a true christian life that man was Mr. Dunlap. His life was made up of good deeds and his noble qualities of mind and heart have endeared him to every one who knew him. He is gone but he leaves behind a shining record that will never die, but ever remain fresh and green on memory's page.

It is a waste of space to say nothing of being very unkind for the newspaper to remind "me-too" Platt of the part he took in nominating Harrison.

County Court Proceedings.

The following is a list of the County Court proceedings, which convened last Tuesday.

Geo. W. Callison, qualified as deputy sheriff.

Ordered that Geo. Sheets be paid $111.34 for work done on Snake Den road.

H. S. Rucker and F. J. Snyder were appointed to examine the Clerk's office.

Ordered that Jno. Grogg be paid $100 for work done on the bridge abutments near this place.

Ordered that a voting place be established at Buckeye.

The following commissioners are appointed to conduct the school election to be held on the 19th day of May next:

District No. 1, Traveler's Repose—C. C. Burner, N. B. Arbogast and Henderson Darnell.

Green Bank—J. R. Warwick, Wm. B. Wooddell and B. M. Arbogast.

Dunmore—J. W. Taylor H. N. Moore and Geo. Arbogast.

Dist. No. 2, Split Rock—A. C. L. Gatewood, Frank Vandevort and Harmon Sharp.

Edray—Jno. Waugh, S. B. Moore, and Wm. M. Sharp.

Buckeye—R. E. Overholt, W. C. McNiel, and A. M. Kee.

Dist. No. 3 Huntersville—L. M. McClintic, C. F. Moore, and N. C. McNeil.

Frost—I. B. Moore, W. A. Sharp, and M. F. Herold.

Dist. No. 4 Academy—J. B. Kennison, Howard Clark, and C. W. Eskridge.

Chas. Cook was appointed justice in Edray district.

H. A. Yeager appointed Justice in Green Bank district.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Edray, on the 19th of March and remain 4 days; Mill Point on the 25th 3 days; Levels (Frank Harpers) 28th 3 days; Huntersvill April 1st and remain 4 days Frost April 6th 5 days; Dunmore April 13th 4 days; Green Bank April 18th 3 days, and will be prepared to attend to all Dental work. Call early and make your engagements as his time is limited to the above dates.

It is apparent from the speeches made at the Woman's Suffrage Convention at Washington that the woman of Kansas elected Senator Peffer, the successor to Mr. Ingalls. How long have the women of Kansas been voting.

The death of Senator Hearst was a double misfortune to the country and the democratic party. The party loses the services of an honest level headed Senator, and owing to the Governor of California be a republican, that party will gain the vote of his successor for the unexpired term, which ends March 3, 1893.

Senator Wilcott thinks the Postoffice department has become a little chesnutty under the management of Mr. Wanamaker. Next time Mr. Wolcott wants a new postmaster appointed or an old one removed he expects to get it done more promptly than heretofore.

No wonder Quay got disgusted with his republican colleagues and went fishing. The beginning of the republican Congress was bad enough, but the ending was worse. Well, the people will see that the country isn't burdened with another soon.

Somebody said that Mr. Harrison's selection of ex Gov. Foster, of Ohio, to be Secretary of the Treasury, indicated the adoption by the administration of a new southern policy. If one may judge by the nomination of the disreputable negro, "Jim" Hill, to be postmaster at Vicksburg, Miss., the new policy is a shade or two blacker than the old one.

Knapp's creek was higher Saturday night and Sunday than it has been this winter.

We would suggest to "Buffalo Bill" that he might add a new feature to his "Wild West" show, which is now in Europe, by employing the ex-members of Congress to repeat daily, for the edification of the adherents of the "effete monarchial system," the "riot act," which they have enacted so often during the lifetime of the unlamented Fifty-first Congress. The expense would not be great, as most of the repudiated politicians would be glad to go for their expenses, in order to avoid having to return to their constituents before time shall have kindly glossed over some of their most glaring misdeeds.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to two decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the 23rd day of October, 1889 and on the 21st day of October, 1890, in the Chancery cause of Levi Gay, Adm'r &c. vs. Wm. Skeen, I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree, shall proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House of said County, on the

6TH DAY OF APRIL, 1891,

the following tracts of valuable lands; to-wit: a tract containing 2545 acres, and a tract of 44 acres situate on the waters of Knapp's Creek a tract of 2292 acres situate on Buckley Mountain and a tract of 161¼ acres situate on Droop Mountain, all in Pocahontas County, West Virginia. Any one desiring further particulars concerning said lands may obtain same writing to the undersigned Commissioner.

TERMS OF SALE.

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue the purchaser to execute three several bonds with approved security falling due in 6 12 & 18 months respectively from day of sale; said bonds to bear interest from date. A lien will also be retained on said lands as ultimate security.

C. F. MOORE, Spec'l Com'r.

Bond has been given by above Com'r as required by decree in said cause.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clk.

mar 12-4t Printer's fee $8.85

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

March 12, 1891.

Mary Ravenel.

"Hop-picking?" said young Durell, as he took a rosy August apple from his pocket, and fed it leisurely to the beautiful white horse against which he leaned. "Why, yes, it is rather a romantic business, if you look upon it from a romantic point of view. You're an artist, eh? Come to sketch our little bits of rustic scenery? But there's nothing particularly picturesque about our hop fields. Just sunshine, and the gold green of the clusters, and the curling tendrils reaching out for something to grasp at, and the air so blue and clear that one can almost see the straight lines of the sunshine. Of course, it looks pretty to me, for I was born and brought up in it; but—excuse me—I can't see what there is specially worthy of an artist's pencil!"

Mr. Raymond smiled.

"Do you see those long perspectives of green alleys," said he; "with the figures running in and out, and the old woman sitting among the fragrant heaps, with the scarlet cloak, and the two little toddlers at her feet? And yonder feeble, bent old man, with water-cans on his

...ismal, social and ... dissatisfaction" with the administration.

Nobody seems to have heard of Mr. Harrison having tendered his friend, ex-Senator Ingalls, a plum in the shape of an appointment, nor has any one heard that the vitriolic Kansan proposed employing any of his spare time during the coming year in corralling delegates for the present occupant of the White House, to the next republican national convention.

American Congressmen will show their good sense by keeping their fingers out of the Canadian campaign now raging. We have nothing to do with the fight and no right to interfere in any way. Suppose we had a Congressional campaign going on, would we fancy members of the Canadian Parliament trying to take a hand in it by ... on this, that or the

their last. It's healthy the doctors say. At all events, it's profitable.

In hop season, there isn't a cottage, or a farmhouse garret, nor even a barn untenanted. There are tents, a white sprinkle of them, down in the meadow by the vines, where people sleep at nights. You can see them from here. You are staying in this part of the neighborhood? No? My father will be very glad to see you, up at the house, if you will honor us by becoming our guest to-night."

And raising his light straw hat, Daniel Durell went his way, the beautiful, satin-skinned white horse following, like a docile kitten, at his heels.

"Hugh," he said to a servant who had come down with a hamper from the house, "take a tray of hot coffee and two or three of those white rolls, with my compliments, to that gentleman in the white linen sunhat who is sketching under the trees. And, Hugh!"

"Sir?"

"Did you carry the sardine sandwitches, and the basket of apricots, and the fresh milk, to the young girl in black?"

The man nodded.

"She didn't want to take 'em, Mr. Daniel," said he. "She was all for calling me back, but I minded your order, sir, and made off as fast as I could, pretending not to hear."

Durell smiled.

"That's right," said he. "And don't forget the cold meat and slices of new bread for old Constable. He grows feebler and feebler every day, and there was nothing but the heel of a loaf and a black cheese rind in his dinner basket, for I saw it myself."

"It's all right, sir," said Hugh.

And then Durell, going up to the great house, shrewdly noting all the hop pickers as they sat and lay around under the shadow of the vines, in the *dolce far niente* of the noon intermission, finally came into the great, cool room, where the scent of cheese-making filled the air, and the muslin curtains fluttered to and fro in the breeze.

The Squire himself sat there, gouty, but content. Iced claret and cold chicken were on the table; forced hot-house peaches scented the atmosphere; a plate of deviled tongue, with curry sauce, supplied the fiery element; and delicate cutlets, breaded and fried in egg, were brought in, hot and hot. The old gentleman's face brightened at the sight of his son.

"It has seemed a long day without you, my boy," said he. "Sit down, sit down. Do you know, Daniel, I've been thinking all the morning that I wish you'd bring a wife home to the old place. She would be company for me when you are gone. Why don't you think of it, my lad?"

"I have been thinking of it father," said the Squire's son. "But what would you say, if I were to marry a poor girl?"

The Squire set down his glass of iced claret. Evidently this was a new view of matters.

"A poor girl, Daniel!"

"But a good girl, father, and as sweet and lovely as yonder half-open rosebud. You will perhaps laugh at me," he added, "but I believe I have lost my heart to one of your hop pickers."

"Daniel!"

"Her name is Mary Ravenel, sir. I never saw her before this season. She is picking hops with her aunt, or some elderly relative—a pale and fragile looking girl, but as beautiful as a dream. And—I love her!"

The old Squire nodded his head.

"I can trust you, my son," said he, "and whoever you choose to bring here will be as welcome as flowers in May."

While all this time the artist, strolling idly along to observe the various groups, came upon a pale-faced girl in black—a girl with large, melting, wine-brown eyes, straight, pure features, and tender, dark hair, overhanging her forehead like a mist of jet.

"Miss Ravenel!" he cried, in amazement.

"Yes, 'Miss Ravenel,'" she smiled back. "You are astonished to see me here. But the doctor declared that hop-picking would be the very thing for me. So Aunt Verna brought me, and here we are. And I am really accomplishing wonders in the hop-picking line! Sit down here and eat some of these delicious hot-house grapes. They are sent to us daily by an unknown benefactor. That is," as Aunt Verna smiled meaningly, "not exactly unknown. It is Squire Durell's son. He will persist in sending all these delightful things, although I tell him over and over again that I have no need of them. I believe he thinks I am a starving dressmaker, or something of the kind," with a blush and a smile, "But, oh, he is so good! And I like him so much! Now show us, please what you have been sketching."

Mr. Durell came down, in the warm, red glow of the summer sunset, to the willow shaded curve of the river where Miss Ravenel liked to sit, when her day's work was done.

"I am so much obliged to you," said she, gratefully. "But, Mr. Durell, I have something to tell you."

"Stop a minute," he said. "I have something to tell you—that I love you, that I want to make you my wife. Dear Miss Ravenel, are you surprised at this? Have you not seen it growing out of my heart by degrees? My father is old and infirm, but he is ready to welcome you with all paternal love, and—"

"You really love me?" she cried, with wide-open eyes. "Me, a poor, pale, little hop picker?"

"You my queen and my ideal!"

"Then," she said, all smiles and blushes. "I think I ought to repay you by loving you a little. And *I* think I do—nay, I am quite certain of it."

"My darling! Oh, my darling!" he murmured.

"But wait; you have not heard what *I* am," she urged.

"You are Miss Ravenel."

"I am General Ravenel's daughter. I am here by the doctor's orders, not because I need the daily wages of a hop picker. But you won't like me any the less will you for that?"

Mr. Durell stood amazed. Miss Ravenel, the great heiress!

"We are stopping at the 'Clancliff Hotel,'" said she. "I have my phaeton and ponies there. I will drive up to the house to see your father, since he cannot come to see me."

"But I thought you were a poor girl hiring one of these tents at so much a night," said Daniel, in perplexity.

"That is where you were mistaken," said Miss Ravenel, smiling. "But the hop-picking has done me a deal of good. Aunt Verna says my cheeks are redder than they used to be; and I must be better, because——"

"Well?"

"Because I feel so happy," said Mary Revenel, coloring like a rose.

And so Daniel Durel found his life's treasure out among the garlanded hoppoles.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 8. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, March 19, 1891. Terms of subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 33.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

A Determined Woman.

In one of the back settlements of South Carolina, in the days which rendered the names of Marion and other heroes forever glorious in the annals of their country, dwelt a brave and devoted family of patriots named Hart.

Abijah and Abigail Hart were scarcely past the prime of life, although they had been blessed with a large family of children, only three of whom, however—two boys and a girl—had survived the common ills incident to childhood.

The elder son would have been two and twenty had his life been spared, but eight months before he had fallen an innocent victim to the rage and malice of the Tories who swarmed in predatory bands throughout this section.

Upon these murderous wretches, who had wantonly deprived them of their eldest born at a time when he might have been of inestimable service to them, the father and mother and only remaining son, Silas, now in his nineteenth year—afterward the celebrated Indian fighter of Hardin county, Ky.—swore to be revenged whenever and wherever an opportunity afforded to wreak their vengeance.

Leah, the second remaining offspring, was a beautiful and warm hearted maiden of seventeen, and the affianced bride of Randolph Darrell, a brave young officer, at one time upon the staff of General Marion.

Yong Darrell was in the habit now and then, whenever he could make an excuse to obtain a furlough, of paying a visit to Gum Tree farm, the humble though comfortable home of the Harts.

On one of these occasions a party of seven mounted Tories pursued him nearly the entire distance from the American camp to the residence of the Harts, he, however, contrived to elude them in a piece of woods just before reaching the farm.

The Tory horsemen now wheeled about and retraced their way to the farm house, which was only a short distance, just as Randolph Darrell was on the point of emerging from the wood; but luckily he discovered them in season to escape their notice by abruptly retreating back again under cover.

Alighting at the door of the farm house the Tory leader ordered Mrs. Hart to prepare dinner for the party and bestride herself.

"How can I give you dinner when I've nothing to cook!" retorted the resolute woman, angrily. "I should need a full larder to satisfy a half dozen such dirty rascals as you are."

"Silance woman!" thundered the Tory in a commanding voice, "and do our bidding. I'll soon give you something to cook," he added, leveling his carbine as he spoke and bringing down a plump turkey gobbler that was strutting along under cover of the garden wall. "There, now, go and pluck that fine fellow my beauty, and don't be long about it or we may be tempted to serve you in the same way."

Leah, who had shrunk timidly into a corner, started up in alarm when she heard his threat and made her way out to the spot where the bird had fallen.

With great alacrity, but with an anxiously beating heart, Leah spread the homely board and brought forth the promised viands, which she laid out temptingly before them. She then placed what chairs and stools the house afforded around the table and politely invited her unwelcome visitors to be seated.

Complying with her invitation the Tories carelessly stacked their carbines near an open window and seating themselves at the table, fell to greedily devouring the repast.

Mrs. Hart, in the meantime, with a heroism superior to her sex, had watched her hungry guest till she saw she was not observed by them when she slipped out slyly from their midst, and cautiously approached the open window and succeeded in drawing out three of the carbines before her little game was discovered.

The moment the Tories perceived the deadly purpose of the giantess the three nearest the windows prang to their feet in terrified astonishment.

"Stand back!" she cried in a threatening tone, presenting one of the loaded carbines with an air of resolute determination. "The first villian of you that stirs a step I'll shoot, and the first one that touches a mite of that pork I'll blow his brains out!"

Without heeding her blazing eye or her stern verbal warning the Tory leader sprang fearlessly toward the stack of arms, but before he could reach them there was a report of a carbine and the advancing ruffian fell to the floor, while the slug which had entirely passed through his body, struck another in the temple who was sitting at the table, killing him instantly.

A third rendered desperate by the trying situation, made a reckless attempt to get hold of one of the carbines, and instantly paid the penalty with his life.

Throwing the second empty carbine aside Mrs. Hart caught up the third one, with which she covered what remained of the terrified party.

There were but four left, and not one of the four dared to move a finger,

"Leah, blow the dinner horn!" cried the mother in a tone of resolute triumph. "It is safe now to call in Silas and your father."

The young girl, half frightened out of her wits, promptly obeyed the maternal command, and a long winding blast echoed and re echoed through the intervening woods.

She had left the house and joined her mother on the outside before she essayed to blow it, and as she lowered the horn from her lips, now rendered colorless from her recent fright, her anxious eyes were bent in the direction of the distance corn field, where her father and brother and a faithful negro servant were at work, although a narrow belt of timber stretched between them.

She uttered a quick exclamation of joyous pleasure, for at that moment she saw all three strike out of the wood and start on a rapid run toward the house.

Hearing the first shot that had been fired and then alarmed at the other two which had followed in such rapid succession, they caught up their loaded carbines and started on a run from the field where they were then at work.

The moment they had quitted the timber they saw at a glance by the several horses hitched to the fence and the belligerent attitude of the heroic giantess at the window pretty nearly how matters stood at the house, and they all three sent up an encouraging shout to the women.

Just at this point they heard the ringing sound of a horse's hoofs in an opposite direction, and turning suddenly Leah beheld her lover, dashing furiously toward the house. The additional enforcement, coming so opportunely, yet so unexpectedly, filled the heart of the timid maiden with increased confidence.

In another moment Randolph Darrell had alighted at their side, and in the next the blushing and happy Leah was enfolded in his manly embrace.

While the lovers were thus preoccupied Abijah, Silas and the negro arrived, fearfully excited and wholy out of breath

Silas recovered first, and was about to shoot down one of the Tories when his mother resolutely interfered.

"Don't shoot them! Leave them to me, Silas. I will mete out their punishment to them. We haven't forgotten Eben's murder yet, and shooting's too good for 'em. We will just hang them like a pack of dogs, the whole cowardly kit of them. Get the clothes line, Leah; we can afford to cut it on such a righteous and heaven sent occasion."

Randolph shuddered, for he understood the determined character of the woman, and knew that she would not be long in putting her terrible threat into execution. Nor, indeed, was she, for within the ensuing hour, in spite of their prayers and protestations, the bodies of the four Tories were dangling from the nearest tree. And thus at the hand of a resolute and heroic mother was the death of a beloved son simply and satisfactorly avenged.

SERVED HER RIGHT.

The happy lovers were Janet Elwood and John Wentworth. It remained for a young artist to seperate them.

Ugene Raycliffe came down to board with the Elwoods for a few weeks, and found it very enjoyable to make love to the daughter. This was too much for John, who, finding his betrothed so ingrossed with the stranger, kept away from her home. But she had little time to think of him, while Mr. Raycliffe devoted himself so entirely to her amusement. He painted her portrait, and while she sat for him, beguiled the time reciting in melting tones yards of tender, sentimental poetry; they went on sketching tours; they sat on the piazza in the twilight, and sang together, for Janet had a sweet alto voice, which the boarder was not long in finding admirably suited to his own.

Things went on until Janet's mother, with many a nob and beck and wreathed smile, intimated that there was an "understanding" between the young people. John Wentworth was well enough in his way, honest, sober and industrious, and shrewd as need be, but she looked higher for Janet. Janet had been to boarding school, she had the education of a lady, she could sing and play the piano, and Mr. Raycliffe had praised her drawing more than a little. And, by the way he hung around (his time to go back to the city was up long ago, but he had engaged the room for another month), she was sure something would come of it. She could sniff a wedding in the air, and went so far as to ask Mrs. Brown's opinion as to the most fashionable way of making dresses.

Time is a great healer, and when, one hazy October day, Janet rode over in her little phaeton to ask John and his sisters to her wedding, he looked her straight in the eyes, and wished her "a happy future," without a tremor in his hearty voice or a quiver of his eyelid.

"Eugene has gone to Boston," said Janet, flicking the flies off her gray pony, and leaning forward. "We should have heard from him yesterday. I feel a little worried. He had a good deal of money with him. We sent to the city by him for things we could not get here, and several of the neighbors—Judge Jordan, 'Squire Ellis and others—paid him in advance for portraits. I dreamed last night of his being robbed and killed. Ugh! it makes me shiver. I know I am foolish, but I can't feel easy."

Two days went by, and no news of the prospective bridegroom. The wedding preparations lagged. Three days—Judge Jordon and Squire White had a consultation.

Bills began to fall due, and Mr. Eugene Raycliffe was still like the unknown quantity represented by X. People began to talk. Janet's mother took to her bed with an illness' sudden, and a nature unexplained and obscure.

Janet grew pale, waiting for a letter. Finally one bright Saturday morning, Sunnydale, endividually and collectively, was agape over a startling headline in the Boston Journal:

"Arrest late last night of Joseph Raymond, otherwise known as 'Dashing Jo,' and having his latest alias, Eugene Raycliffe. Several well-to-do residents of Sunnydale victimized by the accomplished and gentlemanly scoundrel."

The affair was a nine day's wonder. But after a month or two had passed away, and the excitement had quieted, people began to wonder if John Wentworth would "take up with his pretty early love."

Encouragement for him to do so was not lacking (so the matrons Sunnydale will tell you) from Janet herself wrote a little note on perfumed paper to John, and this was the closing part of the reply:

"I do not want to reproach you for your throwing me over as you did. You have beeen punished enough. But for a man like you it's no use trying to go on with things as they are now. Better each go our own way. And although I can't feel toward you as I did once, believe that I bear no ill will toward you, and regard me, if you will, as a friend still."

"When, a year after, on another still October day, John told Janet of his approaching wedding to a young lady of Boston, Janet cried a little, and offered faint, lachrymose congratulations, with a fury of regret and jealously in her heart that the young lady of Boston fortunately knew nothing about.

An Irish lover remarked that it is a great pleasure to be alone, "especially whin yer sweetheart is wid ye."

She—"A pretty time of night for you to come home."

He—"A pretty time of night for you to be awake."

"I have staid awake for the last four hours waiting for you to come home."

"And I have been keeping myself awake for the last four hours at the club waiting for you to go to sleep."

"Are you acquainted with this?" asked Banks, as he displayed an unpaid note to its maker.

"No," replied Kyting; "I never met it."

Patient—"I am ever so glad to be up again, doctor. You wouldn't do anything to cause a relapse, would you."

Doctor—"Why of course not."

"Then don't bring in your bill for about twelve months."

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
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2 in.	2 00	4 00	5 00	10 00
1 column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

March 19, 1891.

Some Republican blatherskites having claimed that, "whatever may be the faults of President Harrison, there are no scandals connected with his Administration," the New York World gave two pages of fine type to a brief summary of the following fifteen scandals—all of them dirty, some of them infamous—though it does not take into account the Force bill and several other infamous jobs which failed because Harrison could not carry them through without the unanimous support of his party in Congress. Here is the World's list of scandals:

1. Selling protection for cash to a class of monopolists.

2. Appointing to a Cabinet position the vulgar hypocrite, John Wanamaker, who was the largest contributor to the fund that purchased Harrison's election.

3. Expending the money thus procured in the open purchase of votes.

4. Utter disregard of civil service reform pledges, and a galaxy of disreputable party service.

5. The shameful administration of the great Pension Bureau for the benefit of pension sharks.

6. Prostituting the most honorable office in the world to a purely family affair.

7. The President of the United States as a gift-taker and tool of real estate boomers.

8. Stealing the representation in the United States Senate of a new State [Montana.]

9. Creating new States of mining camps for the sole purpose of retaining partisan control.

10. Evicting Democratic members of the House of Representatives for the same purpose.

11. Usurpation of power by the Speaker to insure the passage of partisan measures.

12. Disgraceful scenes and gross vulgarity in the House, the direct result of the Speaker's actions.

13. Making a fraudulent census for partisan advantage through a reapportionment of Congressional representation.

14. Government officials having public lands, regardless of a very mild rebuke.

15. Squandering the money of an overtaxed people to get rid of a troublesome surplus.

The whole history of Harrison as candidate, as President-elect, and as President is simply a huge scandal, and these specific scandals are merely a few of the spots on the skin of the leopard.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., M'ch 13th.—Mr. Harrison was fortunate in being out of town this week. He escaped the first explosions of the Blaine howlers, who have gone completely wild, because the alleged reciprocity treaty has been formally accepted by the Brazilian government, instead of being rejected as has been rumored, and because the British government has agreed to submit the Behring sea dispute to arbitration, reserving the right to insist upon the payment of damages by this government for what it calls the illegal seizure of vessels sailing under the British flag. Before crowning Mr. Blaine king of the world of diplomacy the Blainites should procure a copy of the dispatch of Lord Salisbury, sent to the British Minister here last summer, which was a part of the correspondence submitted to Congress at the last session. They will find that the proposition then made by Great Britain to arbitrate was, with dispute, substantially the same as that now accepted by Lord Salisbury. If there has been any diplomatic victory won in these negotiations Mr. Blaine was not its winner.

Notwithstanding the statement that Mr. Harrison had concluded not to make the appointments of the nine United States Judges until Congress met again the republican applicants for these life time positions are patiently waiting for his to return to the White House in order to renew the seige. His ostensible reason for going to Maryland was to shoot wild ducks, but I think that his real reason was to escape the importunities of the "Tame duck" of his party. It is thought here that he will make these appointments before going to the Pacific Coast in search of voters in the next republican national convention, and the vote hunting just is to begin, very appropriately in the neighborhood of the first of April. Attorney General Miller is said to be studying the law under which these judges are to be appointed as doubts have been expressed of its constitutionality.

Secretary Foster is in Ohio, but there is quite as much consternation in the Treasury Department as there usually is upon a change of administration, and the impression is general that many heads are to fall in order to make places for Foster's machine republicans. Treasurer Huston is expected to return to Washington to morrow but he will not, they say at the department, again resume his duties, although his resignation has not been officially accepted. There is a well defined rumor here that Mr. Harrison will try to get rid of Huston by tendering him an important foreign mission. Private Secretary Halford says there is nothing in it, but it finds many believers nevertheless.

Last night at the Hotel at which Hon. William R. Morrison, lives there was a gathering of delighted Illinois democrats exchanging congratulations upon the election of Gen. Palmer to the United States Senate, and no one expresses more pleasure than Mr. Morrison, who had been prominently mentioned as a candidate in case of the withdrawal of Gen. Palmer.

Republicans here take a special delight in the knowledge that the extravagant appropriations of the last Congress will make a deficit in the Treasury which the incoming democratic Congress will have to provide for, either by reducing expenses or increasing taxation, and they actually have the "gall" to express their delight to the democrats. Perhaps when the democratic House begins to show up some of the financial crookedness of the majority in the last Congress, as it is almost certain to do these fellows will not feel quite so gleeful.

The Treasury Department has notified the claim agents that all payments under the direct tax act will be made to the States in trust for the citizens there of from whom they were collected and that no one will be allowed to examine the direct-tax records of the department unless authorized by one of the States to do so. This is a black eye to the fraternity of claim agents as it would be safe to bet that copies of favored individuals before the order was issued.

The illegal sealers in Behring sea will have a lively time this season as pending the arbitration the ships of Great Britain will assist those of the United States in putting an end to the business.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Of Valuable Lands in Pocahontas County.

The undersigned Commissioner appointed by the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Va., by decree pronounced on the 21st day of October, 1890, in the chancery cause therein pending in the name of Enoch H. Moore and wife as Plaintiffs v. Wm. Burr's adm'r and others as Defendants, will proceed, by virtue of said decree, at the front of the Court House of said County, at Huntersville, West Virginia, on

MONDAY, APRIL 6TH, 1891,

(Court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder two certain tracts or parcels of land belonging to the Estate of said William Burr, dec'd, to-wit: One tract of 286 acres, and one tract of 30 acres, both lying & being in the said County of Pocahontas. The first of the above tracts is the same land which was allotted and assigned to the Heirs at Law of the said Wm Burr, dec'd in the partition of the lands of the Estate of Frederick Burr, dec'd.

These lands are worthy the attention of investors, and persons desiring to purchase will do well to examine them before the day of sale.

TERMS OF SALE:

Cash in hand sufficient to pay the costs of the suit aforesaid, and the expenses of sale, and as to the residue of the purchase money upon a credit of Six, Twelve and Eighteen months in equal installment with legal interest on the deferred installments from the day of sale. The purchasers or purchaser to give bonds for the deferred installments with good personal security, and the legal title to be retained as ultimate security.

WM. M. MCALLISTER,
Commissioner.

In the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, do hereby certify that Wm. M. McAllister Commissioner to sell the above described lands, has executed the bonds required by the decree of sale in the above styled cause.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clk.

mar 5-4t Printers fee $14 40

VALUABLE LANDS FOR RENT.

I shall offer for rent for the term of one year, at the front door of the Court House of Pocahontas County,

ON THE 6th DAY OF APRIL 1891

the lands belonging to Allie McGlaughlin, recently assigned her out of her father's estate situated on Elk, about 5 miles from Edray. This is a valuable tract of grazing and meadow land. The renter, however shall be required to keep no sheep on said land while in his possession.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned, or to M. D. McGlaughlin at Huntersville.

Terms made known on day of renting.

SUSAN McGLAUGHLIN,
Guardian of ALLIE McGLAUGHLIN,
march 5th.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

At the solicitation of many friends in the County, I announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Superintendent. If elected I will perform the duties of the office without fear or favor. Thanking You for past favors, I again solicit your support at the coming election, May 19th. 1891.

M. G. MATHEWS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Couty Superintendent. If elected, I will perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability, without partiality. Election, May 19th.

Respectfully,
J. M. BARNETT.

HOME NEWS

—Sheriff J. C. Arbogast was in the city Tuesday.

—Send us the news from every post office in the County.

—Two weeks from Monday until circuit Court.

—One murder trial for the April Court.

—Lewisburg is playing havoc with the illicit whiskey men.

—S. J. Payne, Esq., of Academy, was in city the first of the week buying furs.

—Mess. J. C. and Chas. Arbogast and Jno. R. Rock of near Green Bank, were in the city today.

—Mr. Geo. R Curry of Academy called to see us Tuesday on his return home from visiting relatives at Green Bank.

—Gilbert Sharp Esq., has returned from Buchannon, Va., where he has been for several months past, working at the carpenter business.

—A. T. Staard Esq. a logger who works in the lumber camps of this county, advertises himself as the best man in Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties.

—Rev. Absolom Sydenstricker Missionary to China, will preach at Huntersville Sabbath night March 22, and at Marlins Bottom, Sabbath morning March 29th. Usual services at Sunset, the fourth Sabbath.

—Mrs. Julia S. Larue, wife of C. S. Larue Esq., three miles from Lewisburg died on the 7th inst., aged 70 years 5 month's and 18 days. Also Mr. Robert McVey, of Muddy Creek Greenbrier Co., on the 6th inst., aged about 70 years.

—Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore, and the negro pugilist Godfrey of Boston fought a finished fight in San Francisco on the 13th inst., for a $5,000 trophy. Kilrain knocked the negro out in the 34th round.

—Next week, we expect to add a new Keystone Job Press, and other job material to our already good job office. So if you want nice job printing of any kind, and as cheap as you can buy it in the city, give us a call.

—The corn crib of Mr. J. P. Wooddell near Green Bank, was broken into a few nights ago, but Mr. Wooddell's discovered the thief before he had made way with any of the corn, and fired a few shots at him. The thief decamped.

—The case of Frank Barrett vs. Wm. H. McAlister, which has made its second trip to the Court of Appeals, was finally decided by that Court last Saturday in favor of Barrett. The amount in controversy was considerably, approximating $4,000. Messrs. F. B. Knight, of Charleston and C. F. Moore, of this place conducted the case for Barrett.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. J. H. Way [illegible] will be at Edray, on the 19th of March and remain 4 days; Mill Point on the 23rd 5 days; Levels (Frank Burgess) 28th 3 days; Huntersville April 1st and remain 4 days; Frost April 6th 5 days; Dunmore April 13th 4 days; Green Bank April 18th 5 days, and will be prepared to attend to all Dental work. Call early and make your engagements as his time is limited to the above dates.

Gleanings from Hillsboro.

Mr. Henry White, of Douthard's creek, was visiting in Hillsboro.

Miss Daisy Yeager, of Traveler's Repose entered this morning as a pupil of the H. M. & F. Academy and also Miss Roxie Rogers, of Hill's creek at the Hillsboro Training School.

Mrs. Birdie Ballengee is visiting relatives in the Levels, while her husband is a'tending conference at Roanoke city.

Before these last cold snaps the frogs and the brass band run a pretty even race.

Rev. C. A. Sydenstricker and R. W. Hill are absent attending conference.

The teachers are much gratified by seeing the announcement of Mr. M. G. Mathews for Co. Supt. He has won the regard of all the teachers in this section.

There is talk of a string band for the upper end of town. Several dollars have already been subscribed toward the enterprise. Let her come, as it is the sweetest music.

Mr. Dassonville, of Frankford, is laying the foundation for a large and commodious barn for the American House, owned by C. W. Callison.

Mr. Wm. H. Overholt has returned from Ronceverte where he has spent several days looking after his interest in the lumber business.

The dogs attacked Capt. Edgar's sheep one night last week and killed four. As your correspondent does not own a dog, he thinks the tax on the dogs should be rased to $50.00 and stop this mischief.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church have finished and presented to Mrs. Sydenstricker, the pastor's wife a handsome silk crazy quilt. The finishing of the quilt was due to the energy of Mrs. Emma Beard, although most of the ladies of the congregation had a hand in it.

Mr. Preston Clark is quite ill at the time of this writing.

Dr. Wallace is improving.

Dr. McClintic was called to Clover Lick to-day by the illness of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Dr. Ligon.

Dr. Larue received the sad tidings of the death of his mother at her home near Lewisburg last week of heart disease.

MAX.

Marlinton Mentionings.

During the recent rafting tide but one raft could be gotten up, owing the scarcity of material at the four yards. It was a jumbo of a raft however, belonging to Giles Sharp, and piloted by John Callison.

Nearly fifteen thousand dollars worth of material has been sent out, during the season.

It grieves many friends to hear that Mr. J. C. Price, has been bereaved of his youngest child, Edgar a very bright, beautiful little boy.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, of such is the kingdom of heaven."

There is a boy at Marlinton, who is interested in the almanac, on clear morning. He has found out that the sun in one hour, passes a space covered by the palm of the hand. He learns from the almanac the time the sun rises, then observes how many palms, or parts of a palm the sun is above the horizon, and thence calculates the hour. If the sun rises at 6:15, and its position is two palms above, he decides it to be 8:15 o'clock. For the afternoon time he subtracts the palms and parts of a palm, from the time the almanac gives for sunset. The result serves all practicable purposes and he wants no better Waterbury watch than the grand old timepiece hung out in the skies.

The new store building is going ahead at Kee's run. All day and far into the night, it is hammer and saw.

It looks now as if there might be a chance for a railroad, from some recent developments, the writer does not feel at liberty to speak of very definitely just at present.

It gratifies all his friends to hear that Fred Wallace made a fine speech at the recent celebration of the 22nd, at Hampden Sydney College.

The Hon. L. C. Draper of Wisconsin is editing a revised edition of Border Warfare and is corresponding with parties for more information than what that book gives. Persons who could give interesting items not mentioned in that book would do well, to send them to W. T. Price, at Marlington. He would take pleasure in giving all such historical material to Dr. Draper, at the earliest time, in his power.

Many friends sympathize with Mr. J. C. Price in the death of his two little boys, Forest and Edgar, recently, at the home of their grand father, Adam See, in Randolph Co.

"Suffer little children &c."

Yours as ever,
J. K. S.

Meat House Broken Into

On last Friday night the 13th inst. the meat house of Mr. Jno. Rock, near Green Bank was broken into and several pieces stolen. Tuesday night David Rader who came from the same place a day or two ago to work on the bridge abutments at this place was arrested for the crime and given a hearing before Justice Grose in which he confessed the whole thing, saying that he and Wm. Rexroad anothes hand on the abutments, committed the crime, but before a warrant could be issued Rexroad skipped out, but it is hoped that he will be arrested to-day or tomorrow.

Rader was committed to jail.

CAN THIS BE TRUE.

The New York Sun of the 4th inst has the following:

Seven Bohemians who were sent from an employment agency in Greenwich street to labor on the railroad near the Pocahontas coal mine in West Virginia have written a letter to a Bohemian newspaper in this city that is like a chapter from the blackest records of slavery. They arrived with emmigrants of several other nationalities, at Elkhorn, W. Va., in the latter part of November under the impression that they were to receive $1.20 a day and an allowance of $9 a month for board. They signed a paper which was not read to them, but which bound them, they afterward found out to servitude.

"We were put on the train at Norfolk after our arrival from New York," the letter reads, "and taken to Pocahontas. After leaving the train we were told that we would have to travel one day on foot, and that we would have to leave our trunks behind. Instead of traveling one day we traveled three. The cold was so severe, and most of our shoes gave way, so that we were almost barefooted. At Pocahontas we were joined by two young men who rode on mules and were heavily armed. The agent carried a pistol in his hand. They compelled us to wade through icy water. Those who objected were hit on the head. What happened to us after we reached our destination is so dreadful that it may seem incredible to you. We are helpless here, as we are watched and guarded like prisoners. We did not get a trunk until a month after we got here, and our bodies were covered with vermin. The food is always the same—bitter black coffee and bacon three times a day. Whether a man is ill or not, it makes no difference to our masters. He must go to work, and when he is not able to work he is flogged until he is blue, and told that he has signed the contract and must abide by it. We have received no money, and when we ask for it we are told that we owe $11 for railroad fare and $11 for board.

At the store we are charged double for what we get, so that we have debts amounting to $35. Our labor is in vain, as hard as it is; we are hungry, and our nights are sleepless because of cold and dirt. We eat breakfast at 5 o'clock in the morning and go immediately to our work; which goes far into the night. "Two men tried to escape on January 18. One was a Russian Jew and the other a Pole. They were caught and brought back. For punishment they were compelled to wade in water up to their waists and draw large boats after them. After this their coats were taken off, and they were whipped until they begged on their knees for mercy. At night they were chained together so they could not escape. When we asked about our trunks and received an unsatisfactory answer we refused to work. We were confronted with pistols, and told that we would be shot down like dogs unless we resumed work.

"We have been sold like slaves. Is there no help? Oh, if we could flee from here and save others from a similar fate! Perhaps this letter may be published, and through Providence, we may yet be saved. We sign ourselves very respectfully,

"WILLIAM HOFFMAN,
"JOSEPH LANGER,
"J. P. MAYER,
"MIKE HRANYO,
"J. MRAZ,
"J. GERRY.

Our address is Elkhorn, McDowell county, W. Va., care of J. Bowell, Purcell's Camp (No. 2)."

NOTICE.

I will be in Pocahontas Co. the first of April for the purpose of castrating horses and spaying cows and calves in the latest style.

G. B. WALLACE

A deplorable tragedy was enacted in Wheeling last Saturday morning. Dr. Geo. I. Garrison shooting and killing Dr. Geo. Baird, Bothmen were well known in the city, having held prominent puplic offices. The shooting was the culmination of the personal animosity existing between the two men they having been rivals for public honors.

—Many people in the upper end of Pocahontas county, W Va., have been almost reduced to starvation by the recent storms. People can scarcely get flower, sugar, salt or soda, and feed for domestic animals is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.—Wheeling Quest.

Our esteemed contemporary The Quest, has been misinformed as we have heard nothing of the kind. The deep snow of December caused some inconvenience but there was no suffering as we know of.

At a County Court continued and held for the County of Pocahontas at the Court house thereof, on the 4th day of March, 1891.

On the coming in of a petition signed by John W. Welford and more than twenty other voters, of Edray district praying that a polling place be established at the store house of R. E. Overholt & Sons at Buckeye in said district this said polling place is hereby established according to the prayer of said petition; and the Clerk of this Court is hereby directed to have notice published in the POCAHONTAS TIMES, a newspaper published in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, in accordance with Chapter 3, Section 8, of the Code of West Virginia.

A Copy Teste:
S. L. BROWN, Cl'k.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to two decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the 23rd day of October, 1889 and on the 21st day of October, 1890, in the Chancery cause of Levi Gay, Adm'r &c. vs. Wm. Skeen, I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree, shall proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House of said County, on the

6TH DAY OF APRIL, 1891,

the following tracts of valuable lands: to-wit: a tract containing 2845 acres, and a tract of 44 acres situate on the waters of Knapp's Creek a tract of 2292 acres situa'e on Buckley Mountain and a tract of 161½ acres situate on Droop Mountain, all in Pocahontas County, West Virginia. Any one desiring further particulars concerning said lands may obtain same writing to the undesigned Commissioner.

TERMS OF SALE.

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue the purchaser to execute three several bonds with approved security falling due in 6 12 & 18 months respectively from day of sale; said bonds to bear interest from date. A lien will also be retained on said lands as ultimate security.

C. F. MOORE, Spec'l Com'r.

Bond has been given by above Com'r as required by decree in said cause.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clk.

mar 12-4t Printer's fee $9.95

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

Lizzie Lightner,
vs.
Wm. J. McGlaughlin's heirs, &c.
IN CHANCERY.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the above styled suit, now pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County that on the 19th day of March, 1891, at the law office of F. J. Snyder in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas Co., W. Va., the undersigned Commissioner of said Court acting under a decretal order in said suit made on the 21st day of October, 1890 will proceed to take and state for report to Court the following matters of account, viz:

1st. A statement of the accounts of L. M. McClintic and C. F. Moore as administrators of Wm. J. McGlaughlin, dec'd.

2nd. An account showing the distributive interest of each of the heirs of said Wm. J. McGlaughlin in the personal estate of the intestate;

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

F. J. SNYDER, Com'r Cir. C't P. C.

feb. 19-4t. Printer's fee $7.95

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

March 19, 1891.

WHAT A HORSE WOULD SAY.

Don't hitch me to an iron post or railing when the mercury is below freezing.

Don't compel me to eat more salt than I want by mixing it in my oats I know better than any other animal how much I need.

Don't think because I go free under the whip that I never get tired.

Don't think that because I am a horse that iron weeds and briars won't hurt my hay.

Don't whip me when I get frightened along the road, or I will expect it next time and may be make trouble.

Don't trot me up hill, for I have to carry you and the buggy and myself, too.

Don't keep my stable very dark, for when I go out into the light my eyes are injured, especially if snow be on the ground.

Don't say "Whoah!" unless you mean it. Theach me to stop at that word.

Don't make me drink ice cold water nor put a frosty bit in my mouth. Warm the bit by holding it a half minute against my body.

Don't forget to file my teeth when they get jagged and I cannot chew my food. When I get lean, it is a sign that my teeth want filing.

Don't ask me to "back" with blinds on. I am afraid to.

Don't run me down a steep hill, for if anything should give away I might break your neck.

Don't put on my blind bridle so that it irritates my eye, or so leave my forelock that it will be in my eyes.

Don't be so careless of my harness as to find a great sore on me before you attend to it.

Don't lend me to some blockhead who has less sense than I have.

SOME CHESTNUTS.

The optician is the eye-deal tradesman.

Brought to light—An after-dinner cigar.

Foot prints—Boot and shoe advertisements.

It is a wise old saw that knows who filed it last.

"Yes, my child, yes; dun is the future tense of due."

A man doesn't have to understand military tactics to drill a hole.

How can a man follow a calling and yet be at the head of his profession?

The capitalist who loaned money to the cattle man referred to it as a beef stake.

When a brainless individual gets a cold in the head, it is case of a long felt want being filled.

It sounds rather paradoxical, but is a fact, nevertheless, that the stoutest man is the one who has to move the slimmest.

After you have discovered that your coal merchant is an honest man, never contradict him. Let him have his own weigh.

"You're always full of news," said the letter to the box. "I'm glad you dropped in," replied the box. "I'll keep you posted."

A DEAD CAT MINE.

It was the man on whose land natural gas was first struck in the Findlay, O., district, and he was telling some of us about it as we waited in the depot at Columbus.

"Wall, you know," he began, "my son Bill was a great hand to read. One day he laid away a book he had been reading and says to me:

"'Dad, I've been reading up on minerals and I'm goin' to find suthin' right here on our farm.'

"'Shoo, Bill,' says I, 'but you won't strike nothing outside of cobble stones and worms.'

"But he went at it and begun to dig and bore and fool around and leave me to hoe the corn and one day he struck suthin'. There cam sich an infernal smell that both of us was driven to the house, and then the smell got so bad that we was drove to a neighbors and we had to let the hogs out of the pen, or they would have keeled over.

"'Bill,' I says, when I got where I could breathe again, 'you said you'd strike sunthin', and you have. You've wasted three months gettin' down to whar Christopher Columbus buried about a thousand tom cats, and we've all been driv off the farm in consekence. It's my turn now to strike suthin', and you kin git ready for the all-firedest lickin' a boy ever got.'

"I give it to him gentlemen, and then I went spookin' around to find somebody who'd buy the farm at about the cost of the barn. A feller who seemed to hev catarrh and didn't mind the smell closed up a deal with me, and I had to grin as I walked off with his money under my arm. I kept on grinnin' for about a week, but then I heard some news that stopped me, and I guess it's three years since I've opened my mouth sideways. Them dead cats was worth a hundred thousand dollars to me, and I sold 'em for $800 and walked around patting myself on the back fur bein' so all fired cute."

A MODERN FABLE.

One day a peasant carried a basket of potatoes to the field and dug holes in the soil and planted them. His young son watched the operation for a time and then inquired.

"Pop, why do you put those taters in the ground?"

"By so doing each one will bring me back ten," replied the father.

The boy went away and when his father came up to dinner he found him digging in the yard and asked:

"Sonny, what are you seeking for?"

"Why, pop. I have planted the clock, the bootjack, two umbrellas, the teapot, your sunday hat, ma's shoes and a tablecloth, and each one will bring me back ten."

"You young idiot, come out and be paralyzed," shouted the father, and he tanned that boy up and down and crosswise and sidewise until the supply of peach limbs gave out.

"Pop planted 'taters to get back ten," mused the boy, as he sat down under the low shed to think, "but I planted clocks and hats and shoes to get a licking. It must be the difference in the soil."

Moral—And the next fall, when the father cut down his corn stalks to save them, and the son cut down the currant bushes for the same object, as got licked again.

Tompkins—"When I called at the Smythes' to-day, I noticed that Mrs. Smythe had a black eye."

Mrs. Tompkins—"You don't suppose her husband beats her, do you?"

Tompkins—"Oh, I guess not; her mother's eyes were of the same color."

The chance of a man being struck by a tornado is one in 29,000,000. And the chance of his recovery when struck is about the same.

Jimson—All this talk about young wives' biscuits being as hard as bricks is a slanderous lie.

Simson—I'm glad to hear you say so, Jimson.

Jimson—Yes, I've been married four weeks now, and every loaf of bread that Mrs. Jimson has made so far has been as soggy and soft as apple dump.

"Why did you assault this man?" was asked of a prisoner in the police Court the other morning.

"He hurt my feelings, Judge."

"In what respect?"

"Well, I had pawned my overcoat, socks and undershirt to get money to get out of town, and he came up and chargea me with picking his pocket of $10,000 in clear cold cash."

"Well?"

"Think of it, Judge! I stood there hungry and shivering, and he demanded his $10,000 back! Ten thousand dollars! Why, the most I ever had at any one time was $17! I suppose I hit him, but how could I help it? Ten thousand dollars! Wanted me to go down into my pocket and pull up $10,000. in greenbacks. Great Scot! but I haven't got over the feeling yet!"

Sentence suspended.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 8. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, March 26, 1891. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 34.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

TOM'S WIFE.

Uncle Trotcombe came driving up to Miss Medbury's employment office in an irritable frame of mind. He had not had any previous experience in engaging help, but as his wife was laid up with the rheumatism, and there was no one to look after farm, kitchen or house work, the case became one of necessities to look for a hired girl.

The women, young and old, waiting for employment, were none of them anxious to accompany Uncle Trotcombe home, because a farm was so lonely in winter, and a girl would die for want of society in such a place.

Miss Medbury was about to announce to the old man that it would be impossible for him to get suited that day, when a pale, lady-like looking girl whispered a few words in her ear. The speaker was willing to work on the farm, and though Uncle Trotcombe vowed she looked too delicate for hard work and too much of a lady for the position, he engaged her.

So Mary Linn went out to the old one storied farm house, with the huge butternut trees standing above and the little cataract roaring down the glen behind, and strange to say Uncle Timothy Trotcombe's "old lady" fell in love with the pale, sweet stranger at first sigh.

"I made sure you wouldn't like her," said Uncle Timothy.

"That shows just how much a man's judgment is worth," said Aunt Betsy.

"To be sure she hasn't had much experience doing housework, but she is quick to learn, and handy in the kitchen, and, I declare, her hands are that soft and her ways that gentle and coaxing, it's a pleasure to have her to wait upon one!"

And by degrees Aunt Betsy wiled this stranger's sad story from her with womanly sympathy and artifice.

"Poor lamb! She's got a husband somewhere, but she don't exactly know where," said Mrs. Trotcombe there was meddlin' friends, and he was jealous without a reason.

"Or with one," said Uble Timothy shrewdly.

"Don't tell me," said Aunt Betsy. "And she ran away to her own folks; and they was dead, and she was too proud to go back and tell her husband of all she suffered; and finally she fell sick and nearly died in a hospital. And when she came back to life, as it were, she saw everything in such a different light; and she begged and worked her way back to her husband's house; and when she got there—lo and behold the house was shut up and he was gone to Europe. And she wrote to him, and she never got no answer; and now poor lamb, she's supporting herself as best she can. I wish you could a seed her cry, with her head on my lap. I cried too."

"I'll venture you did," said Uncle Timothy.

"Well, nobody could a helped it. And then I told her the story of our nephew, Tom, as we brought up just like a child of our own, and how he went west and married the play-actin' beauty, and how she ran off and left him, and broke his heart; and how he was wanderin' around now in Switzerland and Y'roop, and them furrin parts tryin' to forget her. And Mary looked up at me with her big eyes, and, says she, 'Oh, dear, dear Mrs. Trotcombe, don't judge the poor girl too hardly. Look at me and think what she too, may, have suffered.' And I declare to you, Timothy, it never occured to me before that there might have been two sides to that question too."

"Humph!" said Uncle Timothy Trotcombe, and he took snuff. "Did you tell her as Tom was comin' back this week?"

"No," said Aunt Betsy. "Why should I?"

"Did it ever strike you as possible that he might come to-day?"

"No." Aunt Betsy answered wondering more and more.

Uncle Timothy wheeled the old lady's invalid chair a step or two forward so that it was on a range with the window, and then he pointed out toward the garden gate, where the crimson honeysuckels were just bursting into bud and a white lilac waved its crest of bloom back and forth in the soft spring wind. A tall figure bronzed in the face, and bearded as to the chin was striding through.

"It's Tom!" said Aunt Betsy spasmodically.

"Yes, it's Tom," said Uncle Timothy. Hush!"

For at that instant a slight figure which had been stooping over Aunt Betsy's white lillies, rose into the bland May sunshine, and the two young people stood face to face.

"Tom, oh Tom!"

"My Mary!"

And the next moment they were clasped in each others arms.

Uncle Timothy and Aunt Betsy stared at one another.

"Old lady,' said Uncle Timothy "did you ever suspect this?"

"Never!" cried the old wife, with a mist fast gathering on her spectacle glasses.

"I did," said Uncle Timothy; "long ago. Well, it's all right now. Pull down the shade, old lady. It ain't hardly fair for old folks like you and me to be peeping. And Tom will think of us now.

"Well," said Aunt Betsy, huskily, "I'm glad of it. For I always liked that girl."

"So did I," said Uncle Timothy Trotcombe.

THE CIRCUS DID IT.

Nathan, you are married, I understand," said the Governor of Tennessee to a hillside constituent, according to the Arkansas Traveler.

"Yes, sir; captured the best looking girl in the whole community. Old Lige Peterson's daughter, Rose. You know her, I reckon."

"Yes; I thought she was engaged to Sam Parker.

"She was, but I got ahead of him. Tell you how it was. She loved Sam powerful, for he is the best circus-rider we have ever had. I loved Rose, and was mightily downcast for I thought there wasn't no use in buckin' agin him. Well the day for the marriage was set, and a passel of us come to town to see the weddin', for Rose 'lowed that she wanted to be married in town, then take the cars for home thereby gettin' a ten mile bridal tower. When we got to town lo and behold there was a circus with mo' horses than a strong man could shake a stick at. Rose was mighty keen to go to the show but Sam says, says he, 'Rose, you know it's agin my religin. Stay here 'till *I* go and git the license.' Rose's under jaw dropped. When Sam was gone, I says, says *I*, 'Rose wouldn't you like to go to that show?'

"Yes, but Sam won't take me.'

"That's bad; they've got a world of horses.'

"Then she turned up and begun to cry.'

"Rose', say's I, "if you marry Sam you can't go to the show, but if you marry me I'll take you."

"She studied awhile and says, says she, 'An' let me stay to the concert airter the big show's over?'

"'Yes.'

"'An' let me look at the monkeys all I want to?'

"'Tibby sho."

"'An' won't pull an' haul when I get interested?'

"No, sw'ar I won't.'

"'An' when the show's over you let me look at the monkey agin?'

"Yes.'

"Nath,' said she putting her hand mighty lovin'ly on my arm, 'I'm yourn.' Then I jumped up, popped my heels togather, an, in less'n half an hour we were dun married an' a lookin' at the monkeys.'

MAKING IT PLEASANT.

Owing to a confusion in the names of stations, I got off at the wrong one in Tennessee, and as there was no public house in the hamlet, the station agent said I could go home with him. His house was a humble one, as seen in the darkness, and as we reached the gate he halted and said:

"Stranger, perhaps I ought to tell you——"

"What?" I asked, as he hesitated.

"Well, never mind. Come along in.'

He took me into the front room which did not seem to be much used by the family. As we entered there came a loud yell from an adjoining room, and he explained:

"It's only my wife boxing the oldest gal's ears for sassing her. Let me take your hat.

He had scarcely taken it when a boy was heard whooping, and he explained:

"It's only wife pulling young Tim's hair for not bringing in the night wood.

The whoop was followed by a yelp and a howl, and my host calmly explained:

"One o' the dogs got in the way, you see, and she lifted him.'

I was trying to make his position a little less embarrassing, when there were two yells in quick succession, followed by a scramble, and he crossed his legs and remarked:

"The twins was proably hooking vitles off the table and got caught at it."

Half a minute later, just as I had got ready to ask about the crops in that locality, the door was banged open and a woman, who had a fork in one hand and a baby on her shoulder, bounced in and shouted out:

"You onery, lazy Jim Murdock, if you don't help take keer of those brats I'll——!"

She saw me and stopped and retreated, and when she had gone the husband explained:

"That's what I was going to tell ye at the gate—that ye'd have to take chances on her being in a tantrum. She's got one, and if you don't mind being called squint-eyed, bald-headed, gander shanked, and hump backed, and if you can kick the dogs off, when she sets 'em on and put up with the children climbing over you, I'll try to make it pleasant otherwise."

"Did you ever see anything like that?" asked a young lady to her escort at a church fair where raffling was in progress.

"Only once."

"When was that?"

—It was when a bunco man in New York steered me into a little game of [illegible], and I was robbed of $25."

After all, [illegible] absence of body, there is nothing so desirable in moments of danger as presence of mind, says the San Francisco [illegible].

THAT BLESSED BABY.

"Oh, Mr. Wilkins," said a young Madison avenue mother, as one of her husband's bachelor friends arose to say good evening, "you must see baby before you go."

"I should be obliged," he answered rather meakly, "but isn't it too late?" he inquired, looking about for his hat.

"Not a bit," she insisted, and after a moment's absence the fond mother returned with a bundle of dainty wraps and lace, and presented an infant countenance for inspection.

"You never saw a dearer baby in your life," she declared, putting the mite of humanity into her guest's unwilling arms.

"I'm not up on babies," he ventured feebly, holding the infant as if it would explode, "but I should say it was—was beautiful."

"*I* knew you would think so," said the pleased mother.

"I hope it hasn't a fever," he rashly added.

"Fever?"

"Yes, looks flushed you know."

"Nonsense," said the mother indignantly, "all babies are pink, and besides Mr. Wilkins," she continued coldly; "you keep saying, 'it.' My baby is a boy."

"I beg your parden," stammered the unhappy bachelor, the prespiration beginning to stand out on his brow, "there wasn't any thing in the—the attire to indicate—but then,' he blundered, "I might have known it was a boy because it—he is bald.

A look of horrified amazement came on the young mother's face.

"Don't let me detain you, Mr. Wilkins," she said, quickly relieving him of the burden, "and when you get home if you will read up on babies you will find," she added a significant glance, "that red faces and bald heads are mostly confined to middle-aged bachelors.

She—Mr. Jones, look at that impudent man on the other side of the street. He has been following us for the last ten blocks.

Jones—Why didn't you tell me so before. I'll teach the impudent puppy a lesson.

Walking boldly across the street Jones says to the man: Look here, Snip, I am very sorry I've not got the money to pay you for that last suit, but you ought not to follow me up and dun me when I'm trying to capture that girl. She has got lots of money, and if I succeed you will not only get your money but also an order for a wedding suit."

Snip goes off satisfied.

Returning to the yong lady Jones says: "I am glad you called my attention to that cowardly scoundrel. I don't think he will ever stare at you again. I had great difficulty in restraining myself."

She—Dearest Frank, if I were to suppose for a moment that you were going to marry me for money, I should in despair put an end to my wretched existence.

"Calm yourself, dearest; let us get married as soon as possible, and you shall see what efforts I'll make to get rid of your money."

Stern Parent—Hello, you young reprobate! Where are you going with that fishing pole on Sunday morning? My pole, too!

Erring Son—Going' to do as you and Solomon told me.

S. P.—The mischief you are!

E. S.—Yessir. Didn't you say that Solomon said that if a man didn't let his boy have the rod he'd spoil the kid?

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Those terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville. W. Va.

March 26, 1891.

The German legislative news will assume a new interest if Bismarck becomes the leader of the opposition in the Reichstag.

U. S. Treasurer Huston thinks this country presents greater opportunities than Russia for the political dyna miter, therefore he refuses to accept the Russian mission. He thinks probably that his proper mission is to prevent the nomination of Benjamin Harrison again.

The newspaper scrapping match between those sharp tongued republicans, ex Senator Ingalls and Murat Halstead, is growing interesting. They can say nothing about each other so bad that the people of the country will not endorse it.

The election of Gen. John M. Palmer to the United States Senate by the Illinois legislature was worth all the patient waiting through the apparently endless deadlock. Patience, persistence and popularity are valuable aids in "getting there", and don't you let it slip from your mind.

The British steamship Utopia, from Italian ports, bound to New York with 700 Italian emigrants aboard, collided with the British ironclad Rooney, anchored in Gibraltar Bay, and sank soon afterward off Ragged Staff. A southwest gale was blowing at the time of the collision. Many women and children were drowned. A large number, clinging to the rigging, have been rescued by boats from the channel squadron.

The Italian government has protested and Mr. Harrison has forwarded a communication to the Governer of Louisiana calling his attention to the treaty obligations which compel us to protect citizens of foreign countries. Mr. Blain now has an opertunity. Let him show the world the why and wherefore of this unfortunate occurrence, and give the citizens of New Orleans the hearing they are entitled to.

The son of the late Senator Hearst will, it is said, shortly begin the publication of a great daily newspaper in the city of New York. As the young man has just inherited $20,000,000 he will not be hampered by lack of capital, and if his paper shall be as sound politically as the San Francisco Examiner, the paper he now owns and edits, it will be a decided acquisition to the democratic party.

Mr. Benjamin Harrison is looming up in the republican mind as the next candidate of his party. That suits us to a dot. It would hardly be possible for the republican party to put up a weaker man than Harrison, unless it took Tom Reed. Were for Harrison, tooth and toe nail, because we know that we can lick him out of his boots, and because we will enjoy "showing" him more than any other man, because of the accident that placed him where he is. Oh, yes, by all means give us Harrison.

The negroes who foolishly went to Oklahoma expecting such great things are many of them actually starving while all of them are suffering from one or another cause. The negroes, in large bodies can never thrive and prosper in any place where the climatic conditions are widely different from those of the Southern States, and they will find no place in any of the other states where it is possible to live with as little work as they can in the South, which is their natural home, and to which the sensible members of that race will stick.

A terible riot occured in New Orleans on the 14th inst. in which thirteen Italians were shot and killed. These parties had been on trial for the assassination of David C. Hennessey, a policeman, which occurred some time ago. The proof against them was strong and convincing, but through the influence of money which was used to corrupt the jurors in the case, they were acquitted and would have been released on that day. This manifest attempt to defeat the ends of justice provoked the deepest indignation among the best people of the city, and in a few minutes a large crowd of representative citizens collected and proceeded to the city prison. They forced an entrance and the work of death soon began. When all was over they dispersed and went quietly to their homes. The action of the mob seems to have been jutifiable.

Lynch law is always to be deprecated, even though the course of justice be sometimes turned aside by or through corrupt methods, but there are mitigating circumstances in the case of the citizens of New Orleans who recently lynched twelve members of "Mafia", an outlawed society organized for plunder and murder. These men had been acquitted by the intimidation and bribery of the jury, in the face of evidence of the most positive and convincing kind of the guilt of a number of them of having been in a conspiracy which resulted in the cold blooded murder of the chief of police of that city. The mob which lynched these prisoners was composed of the leading citizens of New Orleans, many of whom carried in their pockets the "death warnings" issued by the "Mafia", and who deemed it a question of life or death, whether they or the "Mafia" should be exterminated. Before condemning the action of these threatened citizens who have for months been compelled to take every precaution to prevent their own assassination it is well to read the opinions of those great commercial bodies, the Board of Trade, the Sugar Exchange and the Stock Exchange, of New Orleans, as expressed in the following preamble and resolution unanimously adopted by all on the afternoon of the day the lynching took place:

"Whereas the deplorable administration of criminal justice in this city, and the frightful extent to which the bribery of juries had been carried, has rendered it necessary for the citizens of New Orleans to vindicate outraged justice.

Be it resolved, That, while we deplore at all times the resort to violence, we consider the action taken by the citizens this morning to be proper and justifiable"

The Pert Young Man.

See that half grown man? He never will know as much again as he does now at the ripe age of 20.

When he gets to be 50, when his hair is grizzled and his hopes are like the dead leaves that cling to November trees, he will look back upon those years of rare wisdom and colossal effrontery and blush a little, perhaps, at the recollection.

Now he has no reverence for a woman or for God. He sneers at good in a world whose threshold he has barely crossed, as a youngold child might stand in the doorway of his nursery and denounce what was going on in the drawing room. Most of the seathing things that are said about domestic felicity, and the sneers that are bestowed on love, and the gibes that are flung at purity, and the scoffs that are launched at established religions; all the jokes at the expense of noble womanhood and the witticisms that are lavished upon the old fashioned virtues, spring from the gigantic brain of the youth of the period. —Ex.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Of Valuable Lands in Pocahontas County.

The undersigned Commissioner appointed by the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Va., by decree pronounced on the 21st day of October, 1890, in the chancery cause therein pending in the name of of Enoch H. Moore and wife as Plaintiffs v. Wm. Burr's adm'r and others as Defendants, will proceed, by virtue of said decree, at the front of the Court House of said County, at Huntersville, West Virginia, on

MONDAY, APRIL 6TH, 1891.

(Court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder two certain tracts or parcels of land belonging to the Estate of said William Burr, dec'd, to-wit: One tract of 266 acres, and one tract of 50 acres, both lying & being in the said County of Pocahontas. The first of the above tracts is the same land which was allotted and assigned to the Heirs at Law of the said Wm Burr, dec'd in the partition of the lands of the Estate of Frederick Burr, dec'd.

These lands are worthy the attention of investers, and persons desiring to purchase will do well to examine them before the day of sale.

TERMS OF SALE:

Cash in hand sufficient to pay the costs of the suit aforesaid, and the expenses of sale, and as to the residue of the purchase money upon a credit of Six, Twelve and Eighteen months in equal instal ment with legal interest on the deferred installments from the day of sale. The purchasers or purchaser to give bonds for the deferred installments with good personal security, and the legal title to be retained as ultimate security.

WM. M. MCALISTER.
Commissioner.

In the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, do hereby certify that Wm. M. McAllister Commissioner to sell the above described lands, has executed the bonds required by the decree of sale in the above styled cause.

J. H. PATTERSON, Cl'k.

mar. 5-4t Printers fee $14 40

VALUABLE LANDS FOR RENT.

I shall offer for rent for the term of one year, at the front door of the Court House of Pocahontas County,

ON THE 6th DAY OF APRIL 1891

the lands belonging to Allie McGlaughlin, recently assigned her out of her father's estate, situated on Elk, about 5 miles from Edray. This is a valuable tract of grazing and meadow land. The renter, however shall be required to keep no sheep on said land while in his possession.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned, or to M. D. McGlaugtlin at Huntersville.

Terms made known on day of renting.

SUSAN McGLAUGHLIN.
Guardian of ALLIE McGLAUGHLIN.
march 5th.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

At the solicitation of many friends in the County, I announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Superintendent. If elected I will perform the duties of the office without fear or favor. Thanking You for past favors, I again solicit your support at the coming election, May 19th, 1891.

M. G. MATHEWS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Couty Superintendent. If elected, I will perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability, without partiality. Election, May 19th.

Respectfully,
J. M. BARNETT.

HOME NEWS

—Next Sunday is Easter.

—Mess. Loury & Doyle are building a new barn.

—We are haveing some beautiful spring weather now.

—Don't forget that April 6th is Circuit Court day.

—Several new subscribers since our last issue.

—Advertise your spring goods in THE TIMES, it will pay you.

—Lewisburg, has a total population of 949.

—The bridge abutments across Knapp's creek near this place, will soon be finished.

—Attorney N. C. McNeil, spent a few days at his home at Buckeye, last week.

—We hope some one from every post office in the county will send us the news from their locality.

—Richard Beard, Esq. of Academy, was in town last week, also F. W. McCoy of same place.

—Wise Herald, Esq., of near Frost, and brother Bedford were in town last week.

—Rev. I G Michael, of the Baltimore Conference was sent to the Huntersville Circuit.

—Rev. W. H. Ballengee and wife passed through town Tuesday, on their return home to Green Bank from conference.

—J. K. Campbell Esq., dentist is in town to remain but a short time. Parties wishing dental work done will do well to call on him at once.

—C. L. Austin, of Green Bank, who has been visiting in Florida, for several weeks, passed through Huntersville, last week on his return home.

—G. F Eakle Esq. of Ballar' Va. was in our city last week, selling stock for the Charlestown Building and Improvement Co.

—Read the Auction Sale ad. this week, of Mr. Jno. A. McNeel, to take place at the Seebert farm on Knapp's creek on the 31st inst.

—In the Supreme Court, the case of Hull's adm'r vs. Hull's heirs, it al., from this county, opinion by Brannon; decree of Circuit Court reversed and cause remanded.

—There are three prisoners in jail at this place, for trial at the April Court: One for murder, one for incindiary, and the other for breaking into a meat house.

—Monday night a young man registered at one of the hotels at this place by the name of J. Simmons of Peachtree, Cal. He claimed to be a minralogist and from everywhere except here, and when one of the clever and accommodating proprietors, J. H. Doyle, Esq., went to collect his bill, he found that he was also from here.

—The U. S. Commissioner of Internal Revenue is ascertaining the names of farmers who are likely to produce 500 or more pounds of maple sugar, as there is a provision in the law passed Oct. 1st, 1890, allowing a bounty of two cents per pound to those who produce this amount. Farmers who intend producing this quantity of maple sugar should at once notify the nearest Internal Revenue officer.

—Mr. Jno. Hutton, of Huttonsville, was in the city last week.

—The work on the Pittsburg W. Va. Southern railroad is progressing very rapidly. It will be completed to Sutton, Braxton Co., by the first of May. From there at will be pushed as rapidly as possible to the mouth of William's river, then up William's river and across to this place. We expect it to reach this place at the longest calculation in a year and a half.

—Why is a newspaper lake a pretty girl? To be perfect it must be embodied in many types; it is chased through it is inclined to be giddy; it enjoys a good press, and the more rapid the better; it has a weakness for gossip; talks a great deal; it can stand much praise and is awfully proud of a new dress. But the greatest resemblance is, it can't be kept in a good humor without cash. Delinquent subscribers will make a note of this, and call and settle their accounts when they come to Court April the 6th.

—Huntersvill seems to be on a boom. Several valuable farms lying near that place were recently sold for big prices and it is proposed to lay them off into town lots. It is said that a number of industries and companies will be located there with a view to the development of many valuable resources of that section of the state.—Tucker Democrat.

You're right brother Democrat. Old Hunaersville is going to be among the foremost of W. Va. towns some of these days.

NOTICE.

I will be in Pocahontas Co. the first of April for the purpose of castrating horses and spaying cows and calves in the latest style.

G. B. WALLACE

DENTISTRY.—Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Edray, on the 19th of March and remain 4 days; Mill Point on the 25th 3 days; Levels (Frank Harpers) 28th 3 days; Huntersvill April 1st and remain 4 days Frost April 6th 5 days; Dunmore April 13th 4 days; Green Bank April 18th 3 days, and will be prepared to attend to all Dental work. Call early and make your engagements as his time is limited to the above dates.

Green Bank Items.

Dr. C. L. Austin, retuaned home from Florida, several days ago.

Will Gladwell had the misfortune last week to cut his hand very badly while cutting feed for his horse.

Mrs. James Curty and Enos Tallman, are on the sick list.

J. P. Wooddell, will start his truck wagon to Monterey, to bring in supplies for the people soon.

A. M. Oliver will leave today for Virginia, where he will boss a lot of hands on the railroad.

Why don't our TIMES come on Thursdays as it used to do. [Because we have got no postmaster at this place. We hope it will be all right after a while again.—ED.]

We have plenty of rain and mud but not much bacon and flour.

We hope to see Tom Sawyer's railroad soon puffing down our valley.

Keep watch on your corn cribs and meat houses, if it is only a waterberry.

L. Bartlett is painting J. H. Halston's house.

Judy.

Dunmore Doings.

Soap boiling is the order of the day, and a little sugar occasionally.

Some plowing is being done and more ought to be done.

Miss Cora Jones was called home from her school, owing to the illness of one of her brothers.

Quite a lot of our people went to Frost this week to buy store goods.

Quite a number of our people are going to [illegible] city to build up with the town.

Rev. [illegible], preached a very able sermon for us last Sunday night. He will preach again the 2nd Sunday night in April.

Mess. Jno. A. Noal and Morgan Wakeman are off in the interests of their Patents.

Swecker will blow his horn on Knapp's creek the 28th inst.

Miss Minnie McElwee and brother Howard have gone to their home at Driscol.

Y. J.

The Wheeling Register has the following to say of the Rev. J. G. Armstrong, a noted minister, who died recently at his home in Atlanta, Ga.:

Rev. J. G. Armstrong was for years a paster of this city, and was remarkable for his resemblance to J. Wilkes Booth; many people maintaining to this day that he was Booth. There certainly was a strong resemblance, even to a gun shot wound in the leg and a scar on the neck. When confronted with the stories here he always declined to talk on the subject, and all efforts to trace his past history were futile. He refused to talk of Lincoln's assassination."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., M'ch 20th—Mr. Blaine made a bad brake in the injudicious and undiplomatic language he used in the telgram which Baron Fava, the *Italian* minister, stampeded him into sending to Governor Nichols, of Louisiana, in relation to the unfortunate lynching bee at New Orleans that as soon as he realized his error, he took to his room and it was given out that he was unwell, and he has peen invisible to callers ever since. Members of the diplomatic corps say that Mr. Blaine's telegram will give the Italian government all the ground it needs to demand a heavy indemnity if it can be proven that any of the men killed were its subjects. But demanding and getting are two things. No democrat in Congress is likely to pass an appropriation to pay indemnity for the killing of a lot of thugs and murderers who had mane murder their chief occupation even if they were killed outside of the law. But it is not believed that the Italian government will desire to take any further action when it is fully informed of the "Mafia" acts which led up to the massacre, as it has had some experience with the "Mafia".

I was told today by an eminent republican who is friendly to neither Harrison nor Blaine that the deluge of Harrison talk which has recently emanated from republican Senators and Representatives in the colums of republican newspapers in all sections of the country is the direct result of a bargain between Harrison and Blaine, whereby the latter agrees to give the former a chance to get himself renominated if he can, and the former agrees that in the event of its becoming impossible for him to get the nomination he will withdraw in favor of Mr. Blaine. I cannot vouch for the truthfulness of this story, but circumstancial evidence is strong in its favor. It is not at all probable however that Mr. Blaine would have made such a bargain if there was any probability of the election of the republican nominee.

Representatives Springer and Spinola, who have been dangerously ill in this city are both convalescing.

General Joseph E. Johnson, whose erect figure has been familiar in Washington for some years is a very sick man, owing to his extreme age—nearly 85—his physicians haven't much hope of his recovering. He was a pall bearer at the funeral of the late Gen. Sherman and at that time was in good health but a few days afterward he contracted a cold which resulted in his present illness, which is aggravated by a heart trouble from which he has suffered more or less for years.

The administration has struck a dangerous snag in the negotiations for reciprocity with Cuba. The Spanish minister will hear of nothing that does not include the free admission of Cuban tobacco; which is a concession that is beyond the power of Mr. Blaine to grant. Not having any confidence in the ability of Gen. E. Bird Grubb, of New Jersey, the present minister to Spain, who is ignorant of the Spanish language and without a diplomatic experience, ex Minister J. W. Foster has been sent to Spain with the ultimation of Mr. Harrison, in the shape of a threat to retain the present duty on Cuban sugar if reciprocity is not agreed to by the Spanish government. The outcome of this matter is looked forward to with concerable interest, as the sugar schedule of the tariff law will go into effect April 1, and Cuban sugar will be admitted free just the same as sugar from Brazil and other countries, unless Mr. Harrison shall take advantage of the power conferred upon him by the tariff act and order the present duty continued.

Although it has been nearly three weeks since Congress adjourned it is still impossible to get a correct idea of all the pernicious legislation enacted into laws or of the exact amount of money carried by the appropriations tucked away in corners of bills of all sorts. Every day something is discovered showing a new and unexpected appropriation or a new piece of unexplainable botch legislation. Secretary Noble has discovered what he considers a $3,000,000 steel in connection with one of the Indian bills, and he says the money shall never be paid if it is in his power to prevent it, but owing to the fact that several prominent republicans are to get a big slice of the money in the shape of attorney's fees, it is doubtful wether any remonstrance on the part of Mr. Noble will prevent the steal being consummated.

It is not believed that Mr. Harrison proposes taking any action upon the congressional reports of the investigations of either the Civil Service Commission or the Pension office, notwithstanding the public verdict against Raum, of the Pension office, and Lyman, of the Civil Service Committee.

The two Indiana "H's", Harrison and Huston have it is said, made friends and that oft offered resgnation has again been withdrawn.

The spring business boom has started all over the South, and the season promises to be one of unexampled prosperity in the States south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Auction.

I will sell at Public Sale on Tuesday, March 31st, 1891, at the Seebert farm on Knapp's creek, all my personal property, consisting of Household and Kitchen furniture, Farming utensils, 17 Cows 7 yearlings, 5 two-year-olds, 1 thorough bred Bull, 3 horses, &c.

TERMS made known on day of sale.

I will also offer to rent at Public Auction, on Monday, the 6th day of April, first day of Cir. Ct., my entire grazing lands on William's river.

Respectfully,
JOHN A. McNEEL.

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COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.

Pursuant to two decrees of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the 22rd day of October, 1889 and on the 21st day of October, 1890, in the Chancery cause of Levi Gay, Adm'r &c. vs. Wm. Skeen, I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree, shall proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House of said County, on the

6TH DAY OF APRIL, 1891,

the following tracts of valuable lands: to wit: a tract containing 3545 acres, and a tract of 44 acres situate on the waters of Knapp's Creek a tract of 2222 acres situa'e on Buckley Mountain and a tract of 161½ acres situate on Droop Mountain, all in Pocahontas County, West Virginia. Any one desiring further particulars concerning said lands may obtain same writing to the undersigned Commissioner.

TERMS OF SALE.

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue the purchaser to execute three several bonds with approved security falling due in 6 12 & 18 months respectively from day of sale: said bonds to bear interest from date. A lien will also be retained on said lands as ultimate security.

C. F. MOORE, Spec'l Com'r.

Bond has been given by above Com'r as required by decree in said cause.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clk.

mar 12-4t Printer's fee $9.95

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

Lizzie Lightner,
vs.
Wm. J. McGlaughlin's heirs, &c.
IN CHANCERY.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the above styled suit, now pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County that on the 19th day of March, 1891, at the law office of F. J. Snyder in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas Co., W. Va., the undersigned commissioner of said Court acting under a decretal order in said suit made on the 21st day of October, 1890 will proceed to take and state for report to Court the following matters of account, viz:

1st. A statement of the accounts of L. M. McClintic and C. F. Moore as administrators of Wm. J. McGlaughlin, dec'd:

2nd. An account showing the distributive interest of each of the heirs of said Wm. J. McGlaughlin in the personal estate of the intestate;

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

F. J. SNYDER, Com'r Cir. C't P. C.

feb. 19-4t. Printer's fee $7.95

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UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at Reasonable prices.

At a County Court continued and held for the County of Pocahontas, at the Court house thereof, On the 4th day of March, 1891.

On the coming in of a petition signed by John W. Walford and more than twenty other voters, of Edray district praying that a polling place be established at the store house of R. K. Overholt & Sons' at Buckeye in said district the said polling place is hereby established according to the prayer of said petition; and the Clerk of this Court is hereby directed to have notice published in the POCAHONTAS TIMES, a newspaper published in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, in accordance with Chapter 3, Section 3, of the Code of West Virginia.

A Copy Teste:

S. L. Brown, Cl'k.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville. W. Va.

March 26, 1891.

A FEW YEARS HENCE.

He was sitting before a great fire at the club, with eyes half closed, when a friend roused him.

"Dreaming, old man?" asked the friend.

"Half dreaming, half musing," was the reply as the young fellow stretched him self. "My grandfather has been telling of the hardships of early days, and I was wandering what I'd tell my grandchildren in that line."

"Couldn't think of much, could you?"

"Well, I don't know. Hardship is hardship only by comparison with luxury. The luxury of one age is the hardship of the next. Now I conjured up a picture of my grand child sitting on my knee asking me for a story.

Several men had gathered around the armchair and one asked:

"Did you tell a story?"

"Oh yes," replied the dreamer. I rememer I told him that about 1890 I had a brother in New York. One day I received a dispatch that he was dying. I took the limited, and for twenty-six hours I was in an agony of doubt, fearful lest he should die before I arrived. I dilated a little on the terible suspense and then how my appetite seemed to have left me."

"And what did the boys say?" asked one of the party.

"The boy? O, he wouldn't believe it at first; wanted to know if it was possible that there was an accident that delayed me, and if there was, why it delayed me so long. He figured it out, too. He said:

"Regular time from here to New York, two hours. O, they couldn't have delayed you twenty four hours, grandpa.'

"And when I told him that twenty-six hours was the regular time he looked sorry for me and said:

"Poor grandpa. You must have had an awful hard time. And how slow you were in those days. Ate on the train, too! Dear me, I can go from here to San Francisco without getting hungry! Didn't the pneumatic tube work well?"

"And then?" was the query as the dreamer paused.

"Then I explained that the pneumatic tube route wasn't in operation at that time, and drew out a little more sympathy by telling him about an exorbitant gas bill that I had received and had to pay, because if I didn't the company would cut off the supply. O, but he was surprised!

"Gas! he exclaimed. What did you want of gas?'

"I explained that we used to light our houses with gas, and the boy couldn't pity me enough. Said it must have been awful to have to depend on gas for light.

"But it was when I told him about going home one night when the electric light on Clark street went out that his heart bled for me.

"You must have had a terrible time grandpa,' he said. 'I wouldn't have lived in those days for anything.'

"My boy,' I said,' we didn't have the comforts then that we have now, but those hardships are what made us the hardy race that we are.'"

Then the dreamer asked the crowd to leave him while he figured out another hard-luck tale for his grandson.

HE CARRIED IT.

Three or four of us had closed our umbrellas and gathered under a store awning at the lower end of Market street, Philadelphia, to wait for a grip car. Along came a colored man, carrying a faded and rent old umbrella, and we all noticed that he carried the shelter tipped forward at such an angle that his feet were protected at the expense of his back.

"Stop, sir!" shouted the man at my left, who had the look and bearing of a Judge.

"Yes, sah—what's wanted?" queried the colored man.

"I want to show you how to carry an umbrella. Your toes are dry, while your back is all wet. I don't believe that one person in fifty knows how to carry an umbrella so as to get the most protection out of it."

"It's an old one, sah."

"Yes; I see, but you don't grasp the handle right. Here—take mine."

"Yes, sah."

"Take the handle with your right hand, and carry it on a line with your right shoulder. There—that's better."

"Can't git along wid sich stiffness, sah."

"Yes, you can. Now walk up to the corner and back. Hold the handle on a line with your shoulder. That's it—go ahead."

The negro marched off at a steady pace, and while he was stepping off the gentleman turned to us with:

"It's a knack to shelter yourself under an umbrella, particularly if it rains hard, and the want of this knack provokes me when I see it."

We agreed with him, and the minutes passed by and a car came down.

"Why, where did the nigger go to?" asked the owner of the umbrella.

We looked up and down, but he had disappeared. The man ran up the street two squares, but there was no African carrying a fine silk umbrella with a gold handle—not as he could see. We started to rally him a bit as we went up on the car, but he checked us by saying:

"If any of you think I can't lick you in one round all you have to do is to step off the car! I won't detain you three minutes.

CONSIDERATE.

In a certain school the teacher always went to her pupils when they needed help, instead of having them come to her. This habit led one day to a rather amusing incident.

Little Tommy Page was being punished by "standing in the floor", while he got his spelling lesson. Finding a hard word he raised his hand, and the teacher at once came to his assistance. A moment later this was repeated, and soon his calls for the teacher became frequent.

But, by and by, Tommy's legs began to get tired and he longed for a seat. A little later he walked boldly up to the teacher's platform and calmly seated himself on its edge.

When asked by the surprised teacher what his strange conduct meant, he replied:

"Well, seems to me you're walking too much, and I thought I'd get nearer. I don't want you to get all tired out, same as I am."

Since we are all made of dust it must be that our colored brethren are made of coal dust.

Young Bigley, the commission merchant, was walking in from a little poker party—he had captured the entire "kitty"—in the Western addition about 2 a. m., the other night, when he observed that he was being followed by a couple of suspecious-looking characters who wore rubber shoes.

"Great Scott!" muttered Bigley, breaking into a cold prespiration.

"If they are footpads I'll be stood up and sandbagged, if they're policemen, and I run, I'll get shot sure."

But a successful poker player has loads of nerve, so Bigley struck an idea. He quietly made a pad of some letters in his pocket, slipped a pencil behind his ear and walked boldly up to the men.

"Can you gentlemen show me the house where the bank clerk suicided this evening?" he asked.

"Holy smoke!" said one of the highwaymen. Here we've been following a——journalist all this time."

And striking Bigley for a couple of cigarettes, the disgusted boodles pocketed their sand-bags and hurried off to lay for an assemblyman who had come down from Sacramento since the fire commissioners' bill passed, and was sure to be well fixed.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Swift was 59 when he published "Gulliver's Travels."

The first geographical map of England was made in the year 1520.

M. Eiffel, who built the tower, is seeking an election to the French senate.

When art is a day old it is a daub. When it is 200 years old it is a masterpiece.

The once mighty Indian population of the United States has dwindled to 244,075.

The population of London is greater than that of Norway and Sweden combined.

John Start Mill was 53 when his essay on "Liberty" was published, and 56 when he gave us that on "Unitarianism."

The difference between a man's mind being turned on politics and his mind being turned is not a very, very vast one.

Black slippers are worked with pink beads, lined with pink and have a fluted bow lined with the same rosy shade.

The French chouvinists rebel against the use of English word "yacht," and in deference to their feelings the word will probably be spelled "yaute."

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Vol. 8. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, April 23, 1891. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. No. 39.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

IN THE NIGHT.

As I enter the shadowy portals of night,
To stray in her solitude vast,
Pale memory whispers a vanished delight
And summons a shade from the past.

Let my Marguerite plays the sweet passion and skill
That we loved speak again in her art.
How the strains of her violin sound, at her will,
Like the chords of a human heart

It is only a dream, such as travelers say
Thirst gives in the lands of the sun;
And the sad, sweet face and the form pass away—
The music and glory are done!

I call on my love in grief's passionate words,
If only one moment to stay;
But all that I hear is the twitter of birds
That wake in the morning gray.

Where the far distant Alps seem a cloudland of snow,
Are a lake, and a valley so fair,
And a sculptured stone, with its record of woe,
To tell she is sleeping there.

—W. Gow Gregor in Once a Week.

WAYLAID.

"Chip, you'd better start at once. Don't be on the road after dark with so much money about you."

The window was high from the ground, and the disreputable looking tramp who had entered the garden heard Mr. Stockwell's remark and came to a stop on the graveled walk.

Neither Mr. Stockwell nor his trusted clerk, Chip Ferris, saw him as he half crouched beneath the open window, from which place their tones were plainly audible.

Mr. Stockwell had the largest grocery in Lebanon, and Chip Ferris, though only 17 years old, was his right hand man.

He owned another grocery in Milldale, a thriving little village eight miles away, and Chip had just been directed by him to go over and collect the month's receipts from the man in charge.

"Tell Hanley I'll be in Milldale to see him just as soon as I can get out of the house," said Mr. Stockwell, who had been overcome by his old remedy, the rheumatism. "I've instructed him in the note to turn over the collections to you, and if any stock is needed he can let you know."

The man at the window did not wait to hear more, but went noiselessly to the gate, all thought of begging removed from his mind.

A companion, as ragged and vicious looking as himself, stood waiting for him some distance down the street.

"What kept you so long?" he growled. "Any luck?"

"I should say so," was the response.

"You didn't get any money, did you?"

"No, but we'll soon have plenty if we manage things right."

And he proceeded to confide what he had overheard, whereat the other worthy's eyes glistened.

"Well, that is luck, and no mistake," he said. "If he's only a boy it will be as easy as rolling off a log. There he comes now."

At that moment Chip Ferris was closing Mr. Stockwell's gate.

He walked down the street in the direction of the two men, giving them no more than a casual glance as he passed by, for tramps were no rarity in Lebanon.

"Those fellows are pretty rough looking customers," he thought. "It's a wonder the constable hasn't got them."

It was 3 o'clock then, and he went to the stable in the rear of the shop and harnessed the horse to a light vehicle.

The drive to Milldale was a pleasant one, and Chip enjoyed the prospect of it exceedingly.

About a mile from town, resting under a leafy tree by the roadside, were the two tramps he had seen some time before.

"Hello!" he said to himself. "There are those fellows again. I wonder what they're up to now."

He passed by in a cloud of dust, and, looking back, saw that an animated conversation had suddenly sprung up between the two.

Somehow Chip got it into his head that they were talking about him.

"They can't know about the money, of course," he said, uneasily. "Such men look evil enough to do anything."

When he reached Milldale he was disappointed to learn that Mr. Hanley had gone into the country to look at a colt that he thought of purchasing.

The money was locked up in the safe and he had the key with him, so that there was nothing for Chip to do but to wait for his return, which he did with a good deal of impatience.

It was nearly 6 o'clock and the sun was far down in the west when Mr. Hanley came back, and Chip lost no time in transacting with him the business on which he had come.

"Better stay with me to supper, Chip," said Mr. Hanley. "There'll be a moon [illegible] back."

"No, thank you," said Chip. "I don't want to be out late with this money. I'll just take some bread and cheese with me."

He bade Mr. Hanley good-by, and, giving his horse the reins, was soon going at a smart pace through Milldale, until the last of the straggling houses at its outskirts was left far behind.

The sun sank behind the distant blue hills and twilight came on.

"It won't be long now before it's dark," said Chip. "I hope I won't meet those tramps again. They'd stop me in a minute if they thought I had so much money about me."

As the light faded he grew more nervous, and, with an idea in his head, he reined in the horse to carry it out, first looking around to satisfy himself that no one was in sight.

In his pocket was a copy of the village paper, which he carefully tore into strips the size of bank notes.

He selected from the roll of notes Mr. Hanley had given him four of the least valuable and wrapped them around the strips, placing them in his pocketbook.

The money he hid in one of his shoes.

"Perhaps I'm over cautious," he told himself, with a smile. "Those men have likely enough taken another road, but if they should try to rob me this bogus roll may fool them."

He was half way home when he came to a large tract of woods, through which the road passed for some distance.

The thick foliage of the over arching trees shut out the light, and the road was so bad that Chip was obliged to let the horse walk.

There was an absurd story which had long been current of a headless horseman who appeared in these very woods, and Chip could not help recalling it with a shudder in spite of its utter improbability.

Suddenly the horse shied, and the startled boy caught sight of two dark figures lying in wait at the side of the road.

The horse gave a leap forward, but a hand seized the bridle and swerved the animal to one side, so that the vehicle was nearly overturned in the deep rut.

"No, you don't, youngster," a gruff voice said. "Just you give up that money you got at Milldale or it will go hard with you."

"How do you know I got any money?" asked Chip, with a fast beating heart, for he saw the gleam of a revolver that was in the man's hand.

"None of that," replied the rascal angrily. "You just give it up, that's all. If you don't you'll never drive this wagon again."

Chip took his pocketbook out with trembling fingers, and the man greedily snatched it from him.

"You'll let me go now, won't you?" the boy pleaded.

"Not much," said the robber coolly. "Get out of that vehicle, and don't waste any time about it. Do you hear me?"

With shaking limbs Chip obeyed and submitted to a thorough search of his pockets, after which he was bound, with his arms behind him, to a tree.

"There, I fancy that'll do," said the man, with a chuckle. "Turn the vehicle round, Bill, and let's be off."

"Are you sure you've got all?" his companion asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "If we hadn't used up all the matches trying to get a light for our pipes I'd count what was in the pocketbook."

The two rogues jumped into the vehicle and drove off in the direction of Milldale, leaving Chip straining and tugging at the rope that bound him.

His fear that the robbers would return when they discovered the deception that had been practiced upon them made him almost frantic, but all his efforts to free himself were in vain.

Helpless and exhausted he awaited the outcome, turning pale at every noise that he heard in the woods.

He was as brave as any ordinary boy, but beads of perspiration were on his brow and his hair almost stood up on end when at length he heard the ominous sound of wheels drawing near.

"Good gracious!" he said in terror. "It's they; and they'll kill me."

Nearer and nearer came the sound, and then, as the vehicle passed by, there was a sudden transition from despair to hope.

"Stop!" cried Chip wildly. "Help, help!"

"Who is it?" a startled voice called back. "What are you doing there?"

"It's I—Chipman Ferris," said the boy. "Two men, who tried to rob me, have tied me to a tree."

He heard some one alight, and the next moment footsteps came crashing toward him.

Chip was overjoyed to recognize Mr. Bolton, a farmer well known to him.

"How did you come to get in such a fix, Chip?" he asked, as with a few cuts of his knife he released him from his uncomfortable position.

Chip explained to Mr. Bolton how he had been waylaid, and the farmer said indignantly:

"The villains! They must have taken the road to Maiden, for I didn't pass them."

Just as they were getting into the farmer's vehicle they heard the sound of angry voices from behind.

"Quick, Mr. Bolton!" cried Chip, excitedly. "They are armed, and they are coming back."

The farmer needed no urging, but gave his horse the whip.

As they flew on they still heard the desperate men venting their rage in angry threats, and they knew they were in hot pursuit.

They emerged into the open, and looking back in the light of the moon that had risen, Chip could see the men as they beat their jaded horse in their effort to overtake them.

The rascals shouted out for them to stop, and discharged their revolvers to intimidate them, but Mr. Bolton's horse was the fresher of the two, and they soon gave up the chase.

Chip was glad when he saw at length the lights of Lebanon shining out from ahead, and it was not long before every one in the village knew of the attempted robbery.

The constable and several men at once started out to arrest the tramps and found the horse and vehicle abandoned by the roadside, the men having feared capture and taken to the woods.

But the telegraph is effective, and the very next day the robbers were arrested in another county and got the punishment they so richly deserved.—New York World.

He Didn't Purchase the Shoes.

It was nearly 6 o'clock one evening when a gentleman, apparently 60 years of age, entered one of our leading shoe stores. He wanted a pair of shoes, he said, and the clerk proceeded to supply his wants. The customer selected a pair of $3 shoes, and while the clerk, who was in a hurry to get home, was hastily doing them up the man hunted his pockets over and after much exertion pulled out thirty coupons in payment for the shoes. The clerk protested that the coupons were of no use, and the man insisted that they were. The clerk explained that the firm had published coupons in an evening paper with the announcement that they would deduct ten cents from each dollar purchased. The man had cut the coupons from thirty papers and saved them to secure a pair of shoes, and was deeply disgusted that he couldn't get them.—Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.

Charity in the Rockefeller Family.

John D. Rockefeller's method of disposing of charity is described by The Cleveland Plaindealer. It says that the great bulk of his mail is examined by his private secretary, and only the few appeals which impress the latter gentleman favorably are passed along to Mr. Rockefeller, who takes a stack of them to the breakfast table every morning and distributes them among his children. These members of his family are charged with the duty of opening the letters and consulting their contents. Then each child decides what shall be done with the application, and the decision is written on the envelope and the name signed for reference if need be.

After breakfast, Mr. Rockefeller gathers up the mail and personally inspects each application. He then weighs the case and then acts as his conscience dictates. This dictation is frequently contrary to the decision rendered by his child, but that doesn't end the matter, not at all. The father gathers his children about him and reviews the case, announcing his decisions, and when they conflict with those given by the children he explains the reason for the departure from the recommendation.

A Double Dog.

Tom Wyly, of Johnsonville, has a most remarkable freak of nature; it is a double female dog pup, about six months old. It has four well developed legs in the proper place. Aside from these there is another well developed leg protruding from near the root of the tail and has grown about half the distance to the ground, at which point two well developed feet began to form and have grown in perfect shape, and both feet now drag on the ground as she walks. She is in perfect health and is a well developed double female, each part of her organism performing in unison the separate functions.—Nashville American.

A Bargain in High Life.

Mr. Highup—You said that thing would not cost over $50.

Mrs. Highup—I gave exactly $50 for it, but then I paid the modiste [illegible] extra for her promise to tell everybody that it cost a hundred.—New York Weekly.

The Old Woman and the Earthquake.

At Ischia they disinterred an old woman, uninjured. "Lord bless you!" she said, as they helped her out. "But [illegible] [illegible]," she added [illegible], "dig a little deeper and save my [illegible]!" "What! Is there any one else alive buried?" they inquired anxiously. "My hens!" [illegible] the old dame.—Cornhill Magazine.

NATURE.

I know she loves me. Every day she fills
My soul with joy that only true love thrills
So free, I cannot measure if I would
This love unspoken yet well understood.

'Tis never once the same, this tale of love,
For now 'tis written in the blue above;
And if the hand be hid, yet still I trace
The clearest lineaments of her lovely face.

Or yet she breathes it on my raptured ear,
No sweeter romance can we mortals hear,
For when among the trees the south wind plays
Each little trembling leaf her love betrays.

Or now she drops, all loverlike, a flower,
As if to company some quiet hour;
Or yet the throat of some sweet singing bird
Repeats the tale, and all my soul is stirred.

So, like a courtier, everywhere I stray
She smiling meets me, as for holiday,
As if to draw me in her close embrace,
And, like a lover, woos me face to face.

Mary Woodward Weatherbee in Boston Transcript.

A Saved Man Cries for His Hat.

"Yes," said an old lake captain, "a drowning man will catch at a straw. I have seen many illustrations thereof. Most people think the old proverb is merely a figure of speech, but it is a living truth."

"Is it true, captain," was asked, "that the first thing a rescued man thinks of is his hat?"

"Yes, sir," replied the captain, his face lighting up, "that is a fact, too. I have seen it emphasized many times in the course of my experience. Over and over again I have been called to the assistance of a drowning man. I would plunge in and rescue him just, let us say, at the last instant. Dragged on the dock, gasping for breath, his voice choked with water, the man, if he follows his instincts, will, as soon as he regains the least degree of strength, suddenly rise from his prostrate posture and stretch his arms toward his head, then, missing his hat (usually lost in the struggle), he will cry out desperately, pointing to his hat floating down the river, 'Oh, save my hat! save my hat!'"

"And he will never think of himself, captain?"

"But seldom, sir," was the reply. "A rescued man is the most obstinate and headlong being imaginable. He wants to do all sorts of foolish things. He generally wants to rush up and be away before he has had time to recover his strength. He means well enough, no doubt, but he nearly always forgets to present his obligations in tangible form."—Detroit Free Press.

Who Originated the Upas Tree?

Perhaps the deftest artist in the department of fabrication was George Steevens, the Shakespearian commentator. Animated by an impish spirit of trickery, to which jealousy of rival annotation may have lent a spice of malice, he industriously devised cunning snares for their feet. He would, for example, disseminate fictitious illustrations of Shakespeare's text in order that Malone, who was his chief butt, might be entrapped into adopting them, and give him the gratification of correcting the blunder in his next edition. Under the pseudonyms of Collins and Amner he would insert paragraphs in the daily press purporting to be curious extracts from rare books, copies of which no one who wished to verify the passages ever succeeded in discovering.

Among these curiosities was the romantic story (that has found its way into Todd's "Life of Milton") of the poet having been seen asleep under a tree by a lady who became enamored of his beauty and placed in his hand some impassioned verses of Guarini, which, when he awoke, so fired his fancy that he made a journey to Italy in the hope of tracing her. Another was the story of the deadly upas tree of Java, which long obtained credit as one of the fairy tales of science.—Nineteenth Century.

Three Skulls.

There are three human crania in the Washington museum which were found in the gravel at Trenton, one several feet below the surface and the others near the surface. The skulls, which are of remarkable uniformity, are of small size and of oval shape, differing from all other skulls in the museum. In fact they are of a distinct type, and hence of the greatest importance. So far as they go they indicate that paleolithic man was exterminated, or has become lost by admixture with others during the many thousand years which have passed since he inhabited the Delaware valley.—Washington Letter.

Cream of tartar is the tartaric acid of grapes, and may be used in water with sugar as a substitute for grape juice. It is the substitution of mineral acid for those of fruits and vegetables that is so injurious to health; for instance, sulphuric acid in wine and vinegar for the natural fruit acid.

After fifty-nine years of labor Bartholomew [illegible] has finished his translation of "Adelaide," a work in thirty-five volumes.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ADVERTISING RATES.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Huntersville, W. Va.

April 23, 1891.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

At the solicitation of many friends in the County, I announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Superintendent. If elected I will perform the duties of the office without fear or favor. Thanking You for past favors, I again solicit your support at the coming election, May 19th, 1891.

M. G. MATHEWS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Couty Superintendent. If elected, I will perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability, without partiality. Election, May 19th.

Respectfully,
J. M. BARNETT.

HOME NEWS

—County Court met in special session Monday.

—Mr. Jno. Warwick, of Edray was in the city Tuesday.

—Now is a good time for working roads.

—Several wagons passed through this place this week for Millboro Depot.

—Attorney L. M. McClintic has been confined to his bed for 10 days with influenza.

—Mr. J. W. McAlpin, of Split Rock, passed through Huntersville, to day, on his way to Va.

—B. F. McElwee, of Dunmore, passed through town the first of the week, on his way to Ronceverte.

—Jas. W. Loury, Esq.,of Brown's creek, was in town to day, and wants to come back, again, if possible, when it rains.

—WANTED, a few lbs. of nice, fresh butter at THE TIMES office. Will pay 20 cts per lb. for it if brought this week.

—Mr. Amos Barlow, merchant, of this place is in Northern cities, this week buying spring and summer goods.

—Geo. W. Wagner, Esq., proprietor of Hotel by Wagner left the first of the week for a two weeks trip to Pennsylvania.

—Mr. J. H. Patterson, Cl'k Cir. Ct., left the first of the week to spend a couple of weeks at his home at Green Bank.

—We understand the farmers of this County expect to put out large crops this year. This certainly is a move in the right direction, as grain is always saleable and at good prices.

—The foundation is being laid and the carpenter work commenced on the POCAHONTAS TIMES printing office, adjoining the Court House square and law office of Atty. McClintic.

—New and the latest improved presses have been added to THE TIMES job office, and we are prepared to furnish as neat and as cheap printing as can be bought elsewhere.

—Sheriff J. C. Arbogast and son Earl left Monday morning for the State penitentiary having in custody David Rader who was sentenced to one year at our last term of Court.

—Died, Mrs. Mary W. Sharp, at her home near Odessa, Mo., on the 15th inst. Mrs. Sharp, was formerly a few years ago,of Beaver creek, this County.

—Mr. Jno. Gragg has finished the bridge abutments across Knapp's creek near this place and the work men will commence the bridge about May 1st.

—The city papers are all right if you want them, but it is the local paper that advertises your business, your schools, your churches, your numerous societies, sympathizes with you in your affliction and rejoices in your prosperity. In short, it is your local paper that mentions the thousand and one items in which you are interested during the year, and which you do not find in the city papers.

—We learn from our Edray correspondent that Dr. J. M. Cunningham is making a good start there as a physician. Also that Mr. J. F. Hull, who has been very ill is able to be out again, and is improving in general health. We hope he will continue to gain health until perfectly restored. Drs. McClintic and Cunningham have attended him faithfully.

—Should any of our subscribers fail to get their paper regularly they will please notify us by postal card, and as far as lies in our power we will cheerfully supply all missing numbers. Occasionly papers get lost in the mails, and without investigating the matter the subscriber jumps to the conclusion that his paper was with held by the publisher. Make your complaints direct to us and we will see that you get the paper regularly.

—If people could buy lots at anything like a reasonable price Huntersvile would improve rapidly and a genuine boom would be upon us. We know of at least a half dozen families who would like to locate at once with us if they could get houses, or lots to build on. There are a few parties in our town, who own all the building property and wont sell it for three times the real worth of it. They seem to think our town will become a city some day,and they can become wealthy off of a few acres of real estate. How is a town to build up if you don't give it a start! Sell a few lots at something like a reasonable price and give the town a start, and your property will become valuable as the town grows.

Swago Siftings.

As Buckeye has some one to send you brevities, so Swago, must be emulous, and furnish some siftings.

This romantic stream retains its Indian name, and perhaps, means playful water. It rushes towards its home in the Greenbrier like a playful child to its mother.

The valley and its contiguous hills are occupied by a quiet and interesting people, bearing very worthy names, and much is to be expected of persons claiming such an ancestry.

Persons visiting Swago, have nothing but complimentory words for the people unles a buggy wheel comes off. Then prayers are ejaculated for the saving of the world and heavenly wrath invoked upon those having monkey wrenches.

The worthy and well known citizen Capt. Gratton Miller has not been well since the deep snow. His family are greatly bereaved by the recent decease of the dutiful son Hermit, his loss is irreparable to his aged parents, who have now five sons in their graves.

Solomon has said "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This person made a mistake, if some parents on Swago have done their full duty, as any one may see, who attends church.

If matters do not change, pious people like your correspondent, will be afraid to go to preaching for fear of being called before the grand jury to give evidence against, friends and neighbors.

The penalties for such disturbances are very severe, and the present Judge seems determined to let the law take its full course in all cases come before his Court, hence it is a serious matter to be a witness these times.

The aged Mrs. Sadler, a pensioner as the widow of a soldier in the war of 1812, is quite infirm, at the home of her son William.

Yours truly.
CLARK [illegible].

Mr. Harrison is getting a taste of Southern hospitality, but that does not indicate that he will get any Southern electoral votes next year, should he succeed in getting himself renominated.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Mr. Andrew Price spent Sunday in our town. He was on his way to the depot after his mother. He was accompanied from this point by Miss Annette Ligon, who was leaving for Virginia to study stenography.

Mrs. Sallie Ligon and daughter Eva, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Lizzie McClintic.

Mr. E. I. Holt and wife left this morning—Mr. H. for Baltimore to buy his spring goods and Mrs. H. to visit at Hamlin W. Va. until his return.

Mr. Jas. Bright, of Lewisburg, and Willie Wade of this place, left last week for Harrisonburg with nine fine horses and two mules for sale for Mr. Wm. H. Overholt, of this place. Unfortunately one of them got water foundered at Huntersville and is now in a bad fix.

Mr. Wm. H. Overholt and son Clarence left this morning for Baltimore to buy goods.

A large wild cat has been visiting the grove on the east side of town and creating quite an excitement, the past few days.

Messrs. Mathews and Barnett, our candidates for County Supt. have been in town and vicinity the last few days electioneering.

Mrs. Phœbe Overholt,of Buckeye, spent last week in town visiting relatives.

Miss Minnie Shrader who has been attending the H. T. school returned to her home at Dilley's Mill, Monday.

Peach trees are in full bloom and apple trees in leaf. Spring has come again sure.

Stock of all kinds have been turned to pasture.

MAX.

Notice To Teachers

According to the decision of the State Supt. all applicants for first grade certificates will have to pass an examination in book keeping and civil government this year, and applicants for a second grade will have to pass an examination in civil government and applicants for third grade will not have to pass on either.

Will let the teachers know other changes soon as I receive them.

M. G. MATHEWS Co. Supt.

ROADS.

Public attention is invited to the action of the grand jury at the April term, 1891, of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, in regard to violation of the law, in placing or allowing to be placed, on, in, or near any public road, any obstruction or nuisance, in the shape of wood pile, plank or rail pile, pig pens, hog troughs or anything else calculated to frighten horses, or impede public travel.

The attention of the jury was called to a number of cases of trespass on public rights and would have made a number of indictments in this direction, as well as for placing fences, inside of 25 ft. from center of road, had it not after careful inquiry concluded that it would be the better way to give public notice that these things must abate, and the trespassers have time to comply with an enforced statute, before action be taken in this direction. Subsequent grand juries will inquire diligently into this matter hereafter.

This is written at the request of the jury by

A MEMBER THEREOF.

Canadian reciprocity is not even to be talked about by the administration until McKinley has had an opportunity to bamboozle the Ohio farmers by telling them of what they owe him for the clauses in his tariff act shutting out Canadian agricultural products. It remains to be seen whether the Ohio farmers will swallow this "taffy" to the extent of voting for McKinley for governor. We don't believe they will.

Hints To Correspondents.

Write on only one side of the paper.

Do not refer to people by their initials.

Be brief; do not abbreviate any words.

Avoid personal items as far as possible.

Write legible, especially all proper names.

Get the news, the whole news and nothing but the news.

Do not write an item that will be under stood by only a few of our readers.

Always sign your name, not necessarily for publication, but for the protection of the public.

Subscription Laws

Dr. Tuckerman, editor of The Workman, Cleveland, has taken some paines to collect and compile the decisions of the United States court on this subject, and gives to the Washington Post, as the result of his investigations, the following:

First—Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to renew their subscriptions.

Second—If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them until all the arrearages are paid.

Third—If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the post office to which they are directed, they are responsible until they have settled their bills and order them discontinued.

Fourth—If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former address, they are held responsible.

Fifth—The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office or removing and leaving them uncalled for is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Sixth—If subscribers paid in advance they are bound to give notice at the end of the time, if they do not wish to continue taking it; otherwise the publisher is authorized to send it, and the subscriber will be responsible until express notice, with payment of all arrearages, is sent to the publisher.

The latest postal laws are such that newspaper publishers can arrest any one for fraud who takes a paper and refuses to pay for it. Under this law the man who allows his subscription to run along for some time unpaid and then order it discontinued, or orders the postmaster to mark it "refused," and have a postal card sent notifying the publisher, leaves himself liable to arrest and fine the same as for theft.

Should Italy and the United States go to war it would be a sort of eagle and monkey affair

There will be a corner in hay seed if the Farmers Alliance continues to grow.

It pays to be a humbug. P. T. Barnum left an estate worth more than $5,000,000.

Will senator Sherman's new barn be large enough to store the fall crop of Ohio Farmer's Alliance votes?

Ex-senator Ingalls may cover himself with hay seed and talk about the crops, but it takes more than that to make a farmer.

Representative Belden, of New York, who was chairman of the republican Congressional Committee last year, aptly but inelegantly expressed the present condition of the republican party when he said; "the republicans are all pretty well in the dump heap now".

There's a heap of work for the political bad killer this year, and he can't return from his long vacation too soon.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville. W. Va.

April 23, 1891.

UNCONQUERED.

High o'er the city's roofs a storm blown gull,
Driven landward from the sea,
Battles against the winds without a lull,
Yet inland farther, ever back
Helpless is tossed with flying rack:
But, messenger of constancy to me,
I joy to see him facing ocean still,
As beaten souls through storm and night
May changeless face the hidden light
By heaven sent power and strength of steadfast will.
—M. A. De Wolfe Howe, Jr., in Youth's Companion.

CLEVER AUNT KATE.

"It ain't no use in a-goin' agin your pa, Jennie—he's had his own way 'round here continual, for more'n thirty years, an' you'll jest hev to give in; no use talkin' at him. 'T only makes him wuss."

Poor little Mrs. Olcott had been accustomed during the whole of her married life to "jest give in," and her only chance of peace was in yielding to her selfishly determined husband and allowing him to carry his point without opposition.

Jennie was differently constituted. She inherited her father's strong will, and he had, much to his surprise, suddenly discovered an opposing force in his youngest child.

She had been away from home for nearly three years—this pretty, brown haired girl with the determined face and graceful carriage, and the father secretly admired and almost feared her. A wealthy and childless aunt in the city had besought Jennie to share her home, and Hiram Olcott's pretty daughter, though clinging to the farm, with all its dear memories of childhood and childhood's joys, chose wisely when she yielded to her aunt's request. It was better, far better for her, for even after her going there were plenty of children to keep the miserly old farmer in a perpetual grumble about money matters.

It was May and the country wore one glad smile, and Jennie hailed with delight the prospect of a visit to her home, assuming very willingly the responsibility of housekeeping while her two unmarried sisters attended the wedding of a cousin in a distant town.

This morning she was cooking, and with her sleeves rolled above her elbows stood beside the kitchen table. In one hand she held an earthen plate while the clip, clip, clip of a fork sounded noisily as she whipped some eggs to a froth.

"Yer sisters hed to marry to suit him," wailed the nervous little woman, "an' you'll hev to, too; ef you don't there be awful fusses, so you'd jes better give in."

That morning the father had spoken to Jennie of a young farmer, whom he termed a "likely catch." She had expressed her opinion of him in so decided a way as to alarm Mr. Olcott for the safety of his much prized authority.

He was wont to speak of himself as a marvelous example of the patriarch. "Make 'em mind," he would say. "Keep yer household beneath yer feet; govern 'em well, an' they'll git along."

Jennie's boldness in opposing his judgment so stupefied him that his anger had not yet had time to blaze forth; but Mrs. Olcott knew it would come, and so after her husband had left the kitchen she pleaded with the girl to "give in." Jennie had been very thoughtful during the little woman's appeal, but now she was roused, and it was the Olcott in her nature which spoke. "I wouldn't marry Jordan Moggs though father should threaten to murder me."

The eggs were stiff now, and as she set the plate down on the table she turned from her mother and busied herself among the ingredients for cake baking which were before her. Jennie was blushing as she began softly. "There is some one in Poole I like very much, mother, and he's coming out here to"—

"He needn't mind comin'," said Farmer Olcott grimly as he stepped quietly into the kitchen. His face wore a scowling look, and his wind reddened cheeks were distorted by the sneering curves of his hard lined mouth. Seating himself on one of the painted wooden chairs, he drew the bootjack toward him and took off his heavy shoes with a calmness and deliberation which warned Mrs. Olcott that he was thoroughly aroused. The poor little nervous, broken spirited woman had learned that this particularly quiet and inoffensive manner of removing his footgear always preceded a burst of passion.

Hiram Olcott set his cowhide boots by the stove to dry, kicked the jack under the table, and, turning toward his daughter, shouted:

"Don't let me ketch none o' yer city fellers comin' to see you. Ef they do, I'll talk to 'em; not a word now," he growled, shaking his long finger menacingly at Jennie, as she essayed to speak. "I'm master in my own house, an' you'll not talk till such time as I'm done. You've been away an' kinder forgot how things is run here, but you might as well get broke in now. I tell you I won't hev any city fellers a follerin' you; an' ef I ketch yer aunt Kate makin' matches fur you I'll jest fetch you home from bein' a fine lady down there an' set you workin'."

Before Jennie could speak he had gone into the dining room, slamming the door behind him.

Tears of mortification and rage stood in her brown eyes and hot words leaped to her lips, but as she glanced down at the agonized face of the little woman beside her the fierce mood changed. She bent to kiss the pain drawn lips, murmuring, "Never mind, mother dear, I'll be patient for your sake."

"That's a good girl, Jennie," replied Mrs. Olcott, with a sigh of relief, "try and git along peaceable like, an' jest give in for the sake of quiet. Yer pa's gettin' wuss and wuss."

Jennie wrote a partial account of what had occurred to her Aunt Kate, and this was the answer of that clever woman: "My Dear Niece—Your father needs managing, and I will undertake to do it. I have written to him to come down to the city and advise me about the sale of a piece of property, and you need not be surprised at anything that happens."

Mrs. Kate Calding was the only one in the world who ever did understand her brother Hiram, and she had planned a clever little ruse to be played on the unsuspecting farmer.

Mr. Bryan, whom Jennie had confessed to her mother she cared a great deal for, was well suited to her. He had not yet declared his love, but it was not unguessed by the shrewd little maiden. To Mrs. Calding, however, he had opened his heart, and she bade him wait a little. She knew how prejudiced her brother was against all arrangements not conducted by himself, and rightly concluded that he might put serious difficulty in the way of the young people. After satisfying herself that the name of Jennie's lover was quite unknown to her brother, she resolved to introduce him as a young man who would be a good match for Jennie, if only the girl could be wise enough to think so. Allowing him to believe they had never met she trusted to his unequaled obstinacy to do the rest.

"I've wanted so much to talk with you about Jennie," said that lady, as she and Hiram sat in her well appointed drawing room the night of the arrival.

"Yes, and I'm willin'. She ought to be settled," said the old man decidedly.

"It does not do, Hiram," began Mrs. Calding, watching the hard lined face intently, "to depend on a girl's choice, and"—

"Well, I guess it don't," he interrupted with a sneer.

"There is a young man in town who I know admires Jennie, and if he should meet her I think something would come of it." Very quietly, yet with the utmost caution, she made this statement. The old man was interested. "Rich?" he inquired, rubbing his hands gently together.

"Yes," was the answer; then she went on.

"Of course it's so very uncertain, Hiram. You see, Jennie might refuse to have a word to say to him, and"—

"Now, Kate, look here," interrupted the thoroughly excited old man, as he drew his chair nearer hers and emphasized his words with decisive gestures, "ef I like that young man I'll jest take him out home with me, an' I'd like to see Jennie tell him to go, if I'm livin'."

Mrs. Calding was delighted at her success thus far. The next day Mr. Bryan was introduced, and became the old man's ideal of a son-in-law.

On the farmer's return to his home Mr. Bryan accompanied him, having accepted the hearty invitation of his new friend to "jest run out an' take a look around our part of the country."

Jennie had been apprised of Mr. Bryan's coming, and of the little deception in which she was to play her part. She met him as if he were a stranger, while her father secretly rejoiced at the thought of subduing his proud young daughter.

Mr. Olcott took an early opportunity to enlighten Jennie as to her duty toward his new friend, and with a twinkle in her eye she promised to do her best to please him in the matter.

A week passed. Jennie and Mr. Bryan were very happy. The days were delightful ones to them, and the old farmer rubbed his hands at the success of his scheme, and gave his consent to an early marriage with no hesitation.

He often speaks now of his match making. "There's Jennie," he will say. "She'd hev picked up with some empty noddled city chap ef I hadn't jest took her in hand. I brung Bryan out an' told her that she'd got to behave to him. It's the only way to do—jest make 'em mind, an' they'll git along."

They would not deceive him for anything—the happy young couple; but when he boasts they think with loving gratitude of clever Aunt Kate.—Frances Burton Claire in Drake's Magazine.

Horses That Like Human Flesh.

There appeared in the papers some time ago a story of a horse which, standing in a Toronto street, mistook for new mown hay the blonde hair of a young lady on the sidewalk, seized it in its watering mouth and was rewarded by a blow between the eyes which could have been possible only in the days of roomy garments. One of the beauties of that story was that it was rigidly true, although the name of the horse's owner was withheld. But since then either the same animal or a full brother by the same sire and out of the same dam has been making a name for himself as a luncher off melton coat sleeves, sealskin caps, bearskin boas and tweed capotes.

He is a pretty little roan beast, owned by Larry Cosgrave, and a very snapping turtle in harness. He stood hitched to a little cutter in front of the Bank of Commerce and had five minutes of solid enjoyment, during which time he nearly pulled the arm out of an advertising agent. The arm looks as if it had been vaccinated. But Larry Cosgrave's horse is not the only one in the city that has fallen into evil ways. It is a common thing to see these ferocious animals sprawled half way across the sidewalk, seeking whom they may devour.—Toronto News.

Effect of Plenty of Air.

A marked improvement is at once noticeable in those who, having previously existed in small, air tight rooms, timely avail themselves of an abundance of nature's most generous gift. Pure air will not only prevent disease, but effectually overcome feelings of languor and faintness. It will brighten the intellect, and make new creatures of the old wrecks, who by their very presence will exalt, ennoble and glorify the general conditions of mankind.—Hall's Journal.

A Matter of Charity.

Teacher—Why does Great Britain support royalty?

Pupil—Because royalty cannot support itself.—Epoch.

Cutting.

Ethel—Why, are you so foolish as to be afraid of the dark? I am not in the least.

Mabel—You forget that the dark is not so kind to me as to you.—West Shore.

A Plea for Indifference.

A little indifference to one's self, to one's food, one's personal appearance, clothes, and even one's mental and moral condition, is a wonderful aid in life. When I refer to indifference to one's moral condition I do not, of course, wish to be an advocate of license; but I do protest that it is well, having done one's duty to the best of one's ability, to await the issue with tranquility.—All the Year Round.

The Earliest Lens.

The earliest known lens is one made of rock crystal, unearthed by Layard at Nineveh. This lens, the age of which is to be measured by thousands of years, now lies in the British Museum, with its surface as bright as when it left the maker's hands. By the side of it are very recent specimens of lens which have been ruined by exposure to London's fogs and smoke.—St. Louis Republic.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 8. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, April 30, 1891. Terms of Subscription. $1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. No. 40.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

HOW I SAID YES.

My godfathers and my godmothers in my baptism called me "Olive," and I they lived to be heartily ashamed of themselves for it, for never was there a child with a more mistaken name. A belligerent state was my normal condition. I do not remember my nurses, but I have grace enough to pity them. The mildest of my teachers considered me "unruly," and you can ask Geoffrey what he thought of me a year ago. Now it is different. I have found my master, and I believe I rather like it. This is how it came about:

Geoffrey had asked me three times to marry him, and three times I had said "No" in the most decided manner. But that never made the least difference to him. He only laughed, and said I would know my own mind better next time.

"I suppose," I said, you mean to ask me once a quarter?"

"Is that enough?"

"Too often, a great deal, sir."

"Well, then, we will say once in six months, Miss Olive."

And then he walked smilingly away, and began some nonsensical talk with father about Dr. Koch and his bewildering theories.

The last asking was just at the beginning of warm weather, and father, who thought Geoffrey's opinion infallible, asked him where he would advise us to go for the summer.

I had made up my mind to go to Long Branch, and I said so very distinctly, but Geoffrey proposed some out of the way place in the Virginia mountains. Then he painted it in such glowing colors that nothing would satisfy father but a personal investigation. It was all Geoffrey's doing, and I told him so at the railway station.

"It is your doing, sir," I said, "and I shall remember you for it."

"Thanks, Olive," he replied; "there is nothing I fear but forgetfulness."

I wanted to speak unmistakably to him, but the train moved, and I felt that it would be only waste of material.

At the end of the second day we got to our destination. It was a pretty place, I must acknowledge that. Nature had done all she could for it, but art and civilization had passed it by. The men were simply "frights," and the women were—well, none too good for the men. The houses were log cabins, through which daylight peeped and the wind blew as it listed. But there was of course a big white hotel—there always is. I have no doubt if we had gone to Stanley falls or Guthrie we should have found a hotel and a proprietor—the institution is ubiquitary. We procured rooms, and my trunks were with some difficulty got up the hill and the flight of wooden steps into the hall.

"I suppose," I said, with a resigned look at father, "there is no use in taking them upstairs. I can have no use for my dresses here?"

"As you like, Olive," he replied, in one of his meek and mild ways, "as you like, dear; that gray thing you have on looks pretty well, and it does not show the dirt."

After this remark of course I had every trunk, bonnet box and satchel taken upstairs; and the noise and confusion, and even the occasional bad word their size and weight called forth, were quite grateful to me.

"It is not my fault," I explained. "If people will build stairs like corkscrews I am not responsible."

In this amiable mood we took possession, and I think, if Geoffrey had known what I was thinking about it, as I did up my hair and put on my white evening dress, he would have lost a trifle of his self complacency—that is, if men ever do make a loss of that kind. The first thing that pleased me was the supper. It really was good, particularly the berries and cream, which are a specialty with us.

"But, sir," I inquired, "are there any Christians here besides ourselves?"

"It is to be hoped so, Olive. I saw a little church in the valley."

"Pshaw, father! I did not mean church Christians, I mean society Christians."

"Ah, they are different, are they? Well, what do you think of Augusta Pennington for a Christian?"

"Augusta Pennington! Is she here?" I asked, alarmed.

"No, she is not, but her brother lives within two miles, and he has a daughter about the same age as yourself. Mrs. Pennington wrote them we should be here today; they will doubtless call in the morning."

Well, I did not care if they did. The dresses in my trunks were sufficient to impress any woman with considerable [illegible]. The next morning I made a beautiful toilet, but neither Mr. nor Miss Lacelles called. Just after supper I heard a little stir and bustle on the stairs, a rippling laugh, the rustle of silken robes, and, leaning on her father's arm, Miss Lacelles entered. She was beautiful. I saw that at a glance; tall and pale and ladylike, reminding you of a full white lily.

We soon struck up a friendship—a girl's friendship, I mean. Some one has said that there is no friendship between the sexes, and some one is mistaken, I think, for the world holds no safer friend for a woman than an honorable man. A woman's friendship is very likely to be the result of convenience, contiguity, or of being, as my father rather sneeringly remarked, "the only Christian within hail of each other." Mary showed me all her dresses and told me her secrets, and I returned the compliment, mindful of Burns' advice to still "keep something to mysel' I wadna tell to ony."

Life settled down into an unexciting but endurable routine. Mary and I visited each other and arranged our next winter's campaign, for I had invited her to pass the cold weather with me in New York. One day, in the middle of one of these pleasant chats, a servant came in and handed me a card. The name on it roused at once all the antagonism in my nature. It was:

GEOFFREY GARDNER.

Now, it so happened that the existence of this gentleman was the one thing I had kept back in my confidences with Mary. So I had now to explain who and what he was. I wanted her to come into the parlor with me; but no, she would go home first and dress; but she promised to be back to tea.

I disliked Geoffrey, yet I was glad to see him. My mental faculties were rusting for want of attrition. Father would not quarrel with me, and Mary was my only face card. I could not throw her away. Besides, I liked to see his great, handsome figure in the room. He was so full of life that he seemed to vitalize even the chairs and stools; they tumbled about and got out of the way in the strangest manner. I told him about Mary Lacelles, and warned him that he would lose his heart. He gravely told me he had none to lose.

Imagine six feet two inches of manhood without a heart!

We waited tea for Mary, but she did not come till quite dark, and we had begun tea. She said she had been detained by company, but I knew better than that. She was dressed with reference to candle light effect, and would not lose its influence on her first appearance. I never saw her look so lovely. Her rose colored dress, with its broad shimmering bands of white silk, wonderfully enhanced her charms. Geoffrey looked delighted, and she gave him the full benefit of both her upward and downward glances.

When tea was over I left the room a few minutes, and when I came back found Geoffrey and Mary sitting opposite each other, with the chessboard between them as an excuse for flirtation. The move had been so rapid that I was astonished, and a little angry, too; and father did not improve matters by whispering as I passed his chair:

"Checkmated, Olive!"

It was not a pleasant evening to me, and it was the beginning of many unpleasant ones.

"How it came let doctors tell," but I began to like Geoffrey just as soon as he began to like Mary. I called up pride to the rescue, but it did not help me much, and I suffered a good deal in watching Geoffrey's attentions to Mary and listening to her prattle about him. I thought her supremely silly, and I told her so. She was astonished at my petulance, but I don't think she suspected the truth. Only father did that, and he looked so "Serve you right, miss," that I longed for him to be a woman for an hour or so, that I might talk back to him.

One day, after Geoffrey had been a month with us, a riding party was proposed to the top of the mountain. Father and I, Geoffrey and Mary—that would be the order, of course, and I was prepared for that; but there is a last straw in every burden, and my last straw was this incident: They were mounted and waiting for me, when Mary dropped her glove. From my window I saw Geoffrey pick it up, put it on the hand laid so confidingly in his, and then kiss it. After that I was not going to ride for king nor kaiser. I sent a positive refusal to all entreaties, and as soon as they were out of sight indulged in a good, refreshing cry. I cried myself to sleep, and woke about dusk with a new born purpose in my heart which comforted me wonderfully, the keynote of which was, "She stoops to conquer." Yet I did not dress again. I knew they were to take tea at Mr. Lacelles', so I threw my dressing gown around me, and taking a novel in my hand, I ordered a cup of strong tea and went into the sitting room. As I walked in at one door, Geoffrey walked in at the other.

"I come to take you to Mr. Lacelles', Olive," he said.

"How do you propose doing it, sir? For unless you bind me hand and foot, and get a couple of [illegible] to take me there, I really don't think you will succeed."

"I could carry you myself."

"Could you. I don't think you would enjoy the journey."

"Will you dare me to do it?"

"Not to-night. I should like to insure my life first."

"Olive, you have been crying."

"I have not, sir," indignantly. "And if I have, what is that to you?" reproachfully.

"A great deal. Oh, Olive, you teasing, provoking, bewitching little mortal! How often must I tell you I love you? How often must I ask you to marry me?"

"It is not six months since the last time, Geoffrey."

"I don't care; it seems like six years. And, oh, Olive, you know that you love me."

"I do not."

"You have loved me ever since you were 8 years old."

"I have not."

"Now you must take me forever or leave me forever to-night. I have asked you three times before."

"Four times, sir."

"Well, four times, then. Old numbers are lucky; here is the fifth time. You know what I want, Olive—your promise to be mine. Is it to be? Now or never!"

I suppose every one has a good angel. Mine must have been at its post just then, for a strange feeling of humility and gentleness came over me. I glanced up at the handsome face all aglow with love's divine light; at the eyes full of gracious entreaty; at the arms half stretched out to embrace me. Yet pride struggled hard with love. I stood up silent and trembling, quite unable to acknowledge myself vanquished until I saw him turn away grieved and sorrowful. Then I said:

"Geoffrey, come back; it is now."

That is the way I said "Yes," and I have never been sorry for it. If I live to be as old as Methuselah I shall never be a meek woman; but still I suit Geoffrey, and I take more kindly to his authority than I ever did to paternal rule. Father laughs with sly triumph at Geoffrey's victory, and he sent me as a wedding present a handsome copy of "The Taming of the Shrew."—Amelia E. Barr in New York Ledger.

THE BLACK RIBBON.

The gentlemen of Cove house sat upon the piazza, smoking and looking at the sea as it tumbled in, when the evening coach, laden with piled up baggage and passengers, came rattling down the turnpike and made the sweep which led up to the hotel. This in itself was matter enough for attention, but when, in the wake of the yellow old coach, just beyond its clouds of dust, a glittering little pony carriage rolled swiftly on, a dozen pair of lazy eyes grew interested and expectant.

The coach drew up with a scientific flourish, and the sweating horses stood panting with the tug through the heavy sand, while the driver leaped down, and with much tumbling and crashing of trunks the old stage was unladened. Meanwhile the pony carriage, holding two girls, rolled smoothly up to a side door, and three waiters were instantly in attendance upon them.

The ladies alighted, and the two disappeared at the private door of the Cove house.

"Who are they?" asked Paul Hanover, withdrawing his cigar from his mouth and turning his handsome blue eyes on the friend at his elbow.

Fane King, who was looking thoughtfully out at the sea, replied quietly that he did not know.

"It's Miss Payson, of New York," said Will McKenzie, who knew everybody. "At any rate, that's her turnout."

"Which one?"

"The blonde, I suppose. I never met her, but she was at Newport with my sister last season. Nice, ain't she?"

"Who is the other one?"

"I don't know. Poor cousin, I presume."

Hanover and King relapsed to their cigars; but everybody was thinking more or less of Miss Payson.

The ladies appeared at supper. There were only five of their party—the old gentleman, the two young ladies and an invalid child of 12 with her nurse. It was soon remarked that they appeared sufficient for themselves, and neither sought nor received acquaintances. The face of the blonde girl was as blue without the jockey hat as with it, but the profile of her companion only was to be seen. A broad black ribbon bound around the cuts and nearly concealing a wealth of rich brown hair revealed only the side view of a set of regular features and one smooth, fresh cheek.

"What can be the matter?" queried the ladies one of the other.

So, without the least possible [illegible] on the subject, Alice Payson was decided to be an object of [illegible] and compassion, while [illegible] all attention and admiration were offered the other one.

I cannot say that either appeared much affected by the regard of those around them. Certainly they spoke to no one for at least three weeks. People became discouraged about making their acquaintance, and few more attempts were tried.

But things inevitably changed. One evening when all Cove house was in the surf a scream arose. The scream was followed by a frantic cry:

"Alice! Oh, Alice! She is drowning! Save her! save her! save her!"

"Who can swim?" was the cry.

Long before it was answered Fane King was seen striking out boldly for the spot.

But he had some forty rods to swim, and it was probable that Alice Payson had sunk for the second time while the strong tide swelled against the rocks.

"Swim, man, swim!" shouted the old uncle upon the beach.

"Save her, oh, for God's sake!" cried Maud, wringing her hands.

But within a few strokes of Fane King's outstretched arms Alice disappeared.

There was already death upon her closed eyes and pallid forehead. He thought it was a corpse he clasped as he dropped beneath the surface and caught her sinking figure.

It was with difficulty he arose to the surface. Thrice the great billows rolled over his head before he appeared. He could only hold himself and his burden off the cruel rocks. Already his arm was lacerated with their sharp teeth.

They had put out a boat, and it at last came to his relief. As they lifted the senseless girl into the wherry they saw that the black ribbon had been torn from her face, and a large, dull red, discolored mark appeared. It showed more plainly in the otherwise deadly pallor of her sweet face, for sweet it was, and pure as a child's. They covered face and figure reverently, thinking her quite dead, and rowed back while Fane found his way up the rocks to have his hand wrung speechlessly by the agonized old man.

"I don't think she is dead, Mr. Payson," said Fane, remembering with a thrill the silken hair which had washed against his lips. "She cannot be dead!"

She was not dead. In three days she appeared among them again, fairer, gentler, sweeter than ever, and frankly grateful for the interest everybody betrayed in her. And then it came out that there had been a mistake. It was Alice who was the heiress and Maud the poor cousin, though as beautiful, as radiant and perfect as a Hebe.

Miss Alice Payson, with the black ribbon replaced, tried to thank Fane King on the first day of her reappearance, but her brown eyes filled and she only said:

"You are young; life is sweet to you; it was noble in you to risk yours for me, Mr. King."

Fane's heart swelled so that he hardly knew what was the matter with him. But, somehow, the friendly clasp of Alice Payson's light hand and the gaze of her sweet eyes affected him as no hand or eyes had ever affected him before.

The ice once broken, a bevy of gentlemen strove for the attention of the cousins. Paul Hanover was foremost.

He was very handsome, fair, brilliant, graceful. He was not poor either. Fane remembered that bitterly as he saw him strolling with Alice on the beach or driving for her the little pony carriage. His own peace and comfort seemed suddenly gone. Miss Payson's gentle friendliness only made him worse.

He was startled one day as if shot by Hanover remarking:

"If you're not altogether gone with the blues, Fane, I'd like you to congratulate a fellow."

"Have you won your bet on the trotting match?"

"Pshaw! hang trotting matches! Don't be stupid, Fane. Haven't I been riding with Miss Payson?"

"Well?"

"Well it is," pirouetting around the room and snapping his fingers like castanets. "I'm the first betrothed of a lovely girl, after the latest novel. Now, what have you to say, my respectable, carping friend?"

Fane tried hard to command himself and not betray his secret.

"Alice Payson is too good for you, Paul," he answered, with an attempt at being easy and composed, in which he succeeded but indifferently.

"I dare say, but it isn't her, Fane."

"Isn't her!"—looking electrified.

"Certainly not. The money's very well, but that defect of hers—it's a delicate subject, but I really couldn't marry a girl with a disfigurement like that."

"You mean that you are engaged to Maud?" asked Fane, hardly believing his ears.

"Exactly."

"Why, I congratulate you, with all my heart," jumping up excitedly.

"They are going away to-morrow. Don't you want to see them again?"

Continued on 4th page.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

April 30, 1891.

In a Nutshell.

Here is the tariff question in a nut shell. The New York Sun a high protectionist newspaper, says: One of the benefits of the protective tariff is that it enables millions of men whose sole stock of goods is their day's labor to sell that stock at an advanced price.

This is the protectionist's claim. Suppose it to be well founded in regard to manufacturing goods what is the result? The laborers who sell their labor consume most of what they manufacture and pay a larger price for the products of their own labor than they would pay if prices were not artificially advanced. At the same time they make it impossible for what they produce to be sold in other countries and thereby greatly limit the possible production of manufactured goods in this country. It is asserted by the advocates of lower tariff rates that the laborers would be benefitted and the prosperity and growth of the country enhanced by abandoning the attempt to maintain the prices of all exportable goods at a higher rate than they are sold for in the markets of the world.

But it appears that a prohibitory tariff does not really maintain the higher wages that the tariff protectionists claim for it. The united silk workers of North America have held during the present week their quarterly convention in Paterson, N. J., and here are the resolutions which they adopted:

WHEREAS, The silk industry of the United States, despite the high protective tariff, is at present in a most deplorable condition, wages being so low that skilled operatives are seeking other occupations and in view of the fact that since 1889 the wages of ribbon weavers have been reduced 25 per cent, be it

Resolved, That the representatives of the United Silk workers of North America, now in session appeal to the friends of American labor not to purchase silk fabrics of foreign manufactures which are actually inferior to those made here and be it further

Resolved, That in our opinion neither protection nor free trade benefits the workingmen, and we therefore call upon all silk workers who are unorganized to band themselves together in the national body. And it is our further opinion that the only protection workingmen will ever receive will be that they give themselves.

In as much as the experiment of free trade has never been tried in this country and no one proposes at present to try it the expression of opinion concerning its benefits to workingmen need not be considered. But there is an opportunity here for the New York Sun and all the high protectionist newspapers to explain on what grounds they found their assertions in regard to the benefits of McKinleyism.

If the condition of the silk workers is so bad as they describe it why should they be compelled to pay an artificial price on all the woolen clothing they wear and a multitude of other things which they have to buy? We are glad they are studdying the tariff question.—National Democrat.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Apr. 24th—The news of the snubbing given Mr. Harrison by the National Republican League convention at Cincinati caused no surprise here, where every one who is at all posted on political matters knows the contempt felt for the present occupant of the White House by the leaders of the republican party, chief of whom is Mr. Blaine, who in now believed to have intentionally deceived Mr. Harrison when he promised him that he would not oppose his nomination. It is now conceded that Blane may have or dictate the republican nomination next year, and if he allows Mr. Harrison to be nominated it will be simply because he will have become convinced of the impossibility of electing a republican

A gentleman who is a warm personal friend of Mr. Harrison tells me that he is not the dupe of Mr. Blaine to the extent imagined by that gentleman and his friends, and that if after a careful observation of the political field he does not think he can be re-elected he will refuse to allow his name to go before the next republican convention. That may be Mr. Harrison's intention, but it would be impossible for a man with his overwhelming egotism to believe that he could possible be defeated. So that it may be put down as certain that he will gladly take the nomination, if Blane will let him have it. That's where the uncertainty comes in. Will Blaine let him have it?

The effect of the legislation of the billion dollar congress is beginning to be felt at the Treasury department, and already Secratary Foster has began to scheme as to how he can get the $30,000,000 that must be paid on the 1st of July for pensioners. He has decided to utilize the $18,000,000 in silver half dollars now in the Treasury by dispositing it in the National banks, thus making them available for the Government's current expenses.

Another item, aside from the Congressional appropriations becoming payable after July 1, that is taxing Mr. Foster's ingenuity to provide for is the $50,000,000 of 4½ per cent bonds that will mature in September. Although it has for some weeks been given out that all of these bonds would be taken up at or before maturity. I have it on good authority that it is the present intention of Mr. Foster to allow those in the hands of the National banks to remain outstanding at a reduced rate of interest, if the banks will consent to it. Whether he can legally do this without the passage of a special funding act of Congress is a debatable question.

Nobody has ever had much confidence in the honesty of Secratary Tracy's alleged reform in the employment of the foreman and master mechanics of the navy yard of the country, and now that it has been endorsed by Senator Chandler there is not an atom of confidence left in it.

If Jerry Simpson isn't careful somebody will charge him with being in the pay of the Washington [illegible] lobby. He made a speech here this week in favor of the Government's paying the Union soldiers at their [illegible] the difference between the value of the greenbacks paid them during the war and of gold. He says it will only take $1,000,000,000 to do it. Only!

It has leaked out through the State department that the [illegible] is extremely anxious to dispense with the services of Fred. Douglass, minister to Hayti, because of the [illegible] made of the negotiations for a coaling station on the island for the United States. It fears, however, to dismiss him now lest it may effect the negro votes in next years convention.

The remnants of the Sixth Massachusetts regiment, of which Lieut. Gov. Jones of New York was commander when it was attacked by the mob in the streets of Baltimore in April 1861, visited Washington this week and was royally entertained. They left for home this morning.

The Senate Finance committee has designated as a sub-committee to investigate the working of the McKinley tariff law, under the resolution adopted by the Senate at the last session. Senators Allison, Aldrich, Hitchcock, Carlisle and Harris. The sub-committee begins work next week, and it is already apparent that an attempt is to be made to make republican camaign thunder, but the two wide awake democrats—Messrs. Carlisle and Harris—will see that their end is held up.

Thomas Garfield the only brother of the late President, who has lived on a farm in Jamestown township, Ottawa county, Mich., for the last twenty five years, is slowly dying. He is 68 years old and all his life has been a hard-working farmer.

The Pennsylvania World's Fair Bill provides an appropriation of $300,000, and makes the Governor and Lieutenant Governor ex officio members of the commission.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

At the solicitation of many friends in the County, I announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Superintendent. If elected I will perform the duties of the office without fear or favor. Thanking You for past favors, I again solicit your support at the coming election, May 19th, 1891.

M. G. MATHEWS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Superintendent. If elected, I will perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability, without partiality. Election, May 19th.

Respectfully,
J. M. BARNETT.

HOME NEWS

—Drummers are plentiful.

—Mr. R. V. Hill, of Academy, was in town to day.

—Jas. Stretch Esq., has moved with his family in the Hogsett house at this place.

—C. B. Swecker sells the best big plows made. They are manufactured at Ronceverte.

—Mess. R. C. Blair, of Mowcow, Va., and J. C. Baxter, of Mt. Solon, were in town Monday.

—Large droves of cattle are daily passing through town for the Elk pastures.

—Mr. M. G. Mathews our genial Co. Supt., was in the city to day and made us a paying call.

—Rev. I. G. Michael, will preach at Edray, next Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.

—Mr. Henry Grose, is going to build a new house this summer. As is also Beckly McComb, Esq.

—Attorney C. F. Moore, has been at Clifton Forge for several days past.

—We are sorry to note that Attorney L. M. McClintic isn't able to be out yet.

—William Muscoe, alias William F. Jourdan who murdered policeman Seal in Charlottsville Va. a couple of years ago was hanged in that place Tuesday 21st inst.

—A competitive examination for an appointment of a cadet at West Point will be held at Charleston, May 15th. We understand one or more young gentlemen of this county have applied for the appointment.

—Mr. Amos Barlow returned last week from Baltimore and New York where he had been buying his spring and summer goods. He is now on the sick list.

—The price of THE TIMES has not increased on account of the McKinley bill, but we wish to correct the misapprehension of some of our subscribers who appear to think it was placed on the free list.

—About a dozen wagons from near this place hauling for Mr. Amos Barlow, and from Edray, hauling for Barlow and Moore passed through this place this week for Millboro Depot.

—George Ervine Esq., the cedar oil man has quit the rendition of his oil and gone to plowing, and we understand he says he will plow 3 acres or die in the furrow.

—We have it from good authority that the Pittsburg W. Va. Southern and the C. & O. railway companies met in Baltimore last week and came to the determination following: That the Pittsburg W. Va. Southern Company build their road up Williams river and across to Marlinton, 6 miles west of this place and the C. & O. Company build their road to the State line 7 miles east of here, and then the two Companies are to make and build the 13 miles between, by way of this place. We understand that the former Company are surveying up Williams river now, and the latter have been camping and locating their road to the state line for several weeks. We understand these contracts will be let in connection in the near future.

—Some of our farmers are planting corn.

—A move is being made to build a Southern Methodist parsonage at this place. A parsonage has been needed for a long time and we hope to see it up before long.

—Extensive forest fires have been raging around the town for several days, endangering the fences of many of our surburban residents.

—The Governor has appointed Att'y C. F. Moore, of this place, agent to represent this State in all matters partaining to the Southern Inter States Exposition to be held at Raleigh, N. C., October first to December first 1891.

News From Dunmore.

What has become of Tom Sawyer and his railroad?

Garden making and corn planting seems to be all the go.

We had two big frosts this week, and fear the fruit is killed.

Rumor says there will be about three wedings this summer, here.

Some improvements going on.

Robt EcGlaughlin has built himself a splendid barn.

Rev. Lautenschlager will preach at Dunmore, Sunday night, May 10th.

Mr. B. F. McElwee and wife and W. H. Cackley and wife are visiting at Ronceverte.

Miss Kittie Lakin has returned home.

The Misses Ligo ,of Clover Lick, spent Sunday at Dunmore.

Lee Nottingham has moved his stock of goods to the Swecker store house.

Several wago''s are off for Staunton this week.

Your correspondent last week struck the nail on the head in regard to obstructing public roads.

Overseers of roads should have all hands out now with plows and scrapers, putting them in good order.

Auctioneer Swecker is going to attend the Circuit Court at Beverly.

The Sunday schools at Dunmore and Cross Roads are in a flourishing condition.

Singing at Cross Roads, Sunday, May 10th, at 2 p. m. All come and bring your books.

Hon. H. A. Yeager is moving to Marlinton.

Andrew Geiger is off for New York, to lay in his spring goods.

The road around Snake den is done.

Let every body subscribe for THE TIMES. It is the only paper that gives you your County news.

TRAVELER.

A Earnac A Poor Rank

CLARKSBURG, W. Va., April 25. —The residence of Asa Sutton aged 80, living near Caseville, was entered by a body of masked men Wednesday night, revolvers placed at the heads of Sutton and his wife, and the bureau robbed of $1,500 in cash and notes. They got a substantial lunch and partook of the same before leaving. Sutton was thought by his neighbors to be in the habit of keeping considerable money in the house, and several parties are under suspicion, although no arrests have been made.

Lively Lincoln.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., April 24. —A sensational affair was enacted in Lincoln county a few weeks ago, when two Mormon elders, who have been preaching their doctrines over in the fastnesses of that county, were visited at night by sixty-two armed horsemen and forced at the points of their guns to leave the county. The elders had been in the county over a year and had been quietly at work preaching their doctrines and proselyting among country people. They were well-educated, clever fellows who were always ready for a debate with any of the country people on Scriptural subjects, and by their superior education and sophistry usually managed to outargue their opponents.

They were succeeding in getting quite a following of disciples but in so doing they only gained the hatred of others, who determined the Mormons must go. The constitutional guarantee of religeous liberty could not prevent the detirmened band of sturdy mountaineers from ridding their county of the polygamous Mormons, who were trying to lead into their hideous practices the wives and daughters of the Lincoln farmers. Accordingly, a few nights since, sixty two mounted men appeared about midnight at the house were the elders were staying and told them to leave. They left and have not been heard of since, and the people over there hope they never may.

Mr. Blaines Reply.

Mr. Blaine's elaborate and careful reply to the latest representation of the Italian Government on the New Orleans affair will scarcely prove satisfactory to the Marquis di Rudini, and it will please him the less because it will not be easy for him to answer it. From the American point of view, Mr. Blaine's position appears impregnable. After showing distinctly that the United States had never acknowledged, as the Italian Minister assumed, an existing obligation to indemnify "those Italian subjects who may have been wronged by a violation of the rights secured to them under the treaty," Mr. Balaine goes on to a minute consideration of what those rights are and whether the treaty has been violated.

He finds a precedent exactly to his hand in the attack upon the Spanish residents of New Orleans by a mob in 1851, and in the successful contention of Mr. Webster at that time that while an official resident, like the Spanish Consul, may claim special indemnity, the subjects of a foreign State "who have come into the country to mingle with our own citizens and here to pursue their private business and objects" have no such claim, but are simply entitled to be "protected by the same laws and the same administration of law as native-born citizens of this country." This is almost precisely the language of the treaty between the United States and Italy, which guarantees to the citizens of the contracting powers in the territory of each equal treatment and free access to the Courts of justice. "Foreign residents," says Mr. Blaine, "are not made a favored class," although they have one advantage over native citizens in that they have access for redress of grievance not only to the State Courts, but also to the Federal tribunals of the district.

The Secretary of State does not, however, dismiss the subject here as of no further concern to the Government of the United States. The President, he says, has instructed the District Attorney at New Orleans to make full inquiry into the facts and to ascertain whether any action lies with the Federal authorities. It is understood meanwhile that the State tribunals are investigating the matter, and while it is possible that they may accomplish nothing, it cannot be assumed that such will be the case. It will be only when the ordinary administration of the law has failed to do justice to Italian subjects that the United States can be called upon to consider whether some other form of redress may be asked.

What are the conditions under which such a duty might be recognized Mr. Blaine defines in terms of precise trait the Italian Government will have to make out a much clearer and stronger case than has yet been presented, to command consideration. If it should appear, he says, that among those killed at New Orleans that there were some Italian subjects "who were resident or domiciled in that city agreeably to our treaty with Italy and not in violation of our immigration laws, and who were abiding in the peace of the United States and obeying the laws thereof and of the State of Louisiana," and that the public officers connived at the work of the mob, or on proper notice failed to take any steps for the preservation of the peace and afterwards to bring the guilty to trial, "the President would, under such circumstances, feel that a case was established that should be submitted to the consideration of Congress."

As these are conditions that did not exist, or that certainly cannot be made to appear, the concluding paragraph of Mr. Blaine's letter comes as near as possible to a diplomatic disavowel of responsibility. And yet it is logicaly supported by all the facts and arguments that have preceded it, so that it throws upon Italy the burden of beginning anew to prepare and present a case for consideration. And the letter is all the stronger because, with the utmost courtesy of expression, it yet practically convicts the Italian Government of ill considered bluster if not of actual misrepresention and juggling with quotations. Possibly it may provoke Rudini to an angry rejoinder, but if harm should come of that we cannot feel that the United States would be to blame.—Phila. Times.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

April 30, 1891.

Continued from 1st page.

Fane went down upon the piazza where the ladies sat, unreasonably happy.

The ladies were standing upon the piazza, in the early sunlight, when he approached Alice Payson to say good-by. Paul was talking to Maud, saucy and beautiful in her jockey hat as Fane found his way to Alice's side.

"Good-by, Mr. King. You will come and see us, with your friend?" she said.

There was no one very near. He answered:

"No; I love you, and so I must say good-by forever, Alice."

He saw the delicate features pale. At that instant old Mr. Payson came hurrying out, followed by a porter with a large valise in each hand.

"Ready, girls!" he called. "Come, hurry, or we'll miss the train."

Alice, with downcast face, gathered up her gray trailing skirt. He thought she was going without a word, but suddenly she looked up into his eyes.

"No. Come," she said. And then in a moment she was gone, the dainty carriage glittering down the beach.

A week later he waited for her in the costly splendor of her drawing room. She came down, giving him her soft hands, nor resisting his embrace.

"I love you so!" he murmured.

"Do you, really—with this disfigured face?"

"I never think of it, Alice."

She laughed then and slipped off the black ribbon, and there was one smooth cheek as fair and perfect as the other.

"I had blistered my face for the toothache. It was nothing lasting, you see."

When Fane told Hanover his happiness, or as much of it as can be expressed in words, he looked as if there was something unsaid upon his mind, but when he beheld Alice under her bridal veil he seemed suddenly enlightened.

"If I hadn't been afraid of a black ribbon," he murmured. "I might have been fifty thousand dollars richer."

Perhaps.—E. E. in New York News.

THE BARBER'S MANIA.

John Rhett, the handsomest young man in the county, he of the raven locks and with the beautiful black mustache that the women adored—John Rhett walked into the barber shop in Yorkville for a shave.

It was a cold day and there were three or four of his friends, besides several tonsorial artists, standing around the stove at the time, but the man who always did his work being idle he walked directly over and threw himself into the comfortable chair.

The barber was a tall, well built young fellow by the name of Henry Casey, whom Rhett had known for a long time. The usual preparatory process was gone through with and then he sharpened his razor and went to work, but he started off in a manner that made Rhett uncomfortable from the first. This was due to the unusual and seemingly reckless way in which he handled the razor. There was entirely too much flourish about it to make one feel easy. He would whirl it round in one or two circles before it touched the face, and then take it off again in the same artistic style. This may have looked very pretty to a spectator, but to the person who formed the center of these concentric circles, Rhett thought it was anything but pleasant. At first he was inclined to think the fellow was drinking. But he soon dismissed this idea, for the work was being done well and skillfully and no [illegible] could do it. Finally he told Casey that he didn't like any such flourishes around his head, and to stop it.

But the only reply he received was the press of the barber's finger against his throat, and a short hissing "keep still."

This made Rhett mad, and he started to [illegible] himself very forcibly, but when he looked up at the man who stood throwing the sharp razor over his face his anger gave way to a far more fearful feeling. The words died on his lips and a sudden chill crept over his heart.

He had looked into the wild, excited eyes of a maniac.

"Don't you move or say a word; if you do I'll cut your throat," came again in a suppressed whisper, as that sharp, cunning face bent near to his.

"Do you know," said the barber as he kept on with the work; "do you know that this will be your last shave—that I intend to kill you with this same razor the moment I have finished?

"I have long wanted to make the experiment," he continued as he went rapidly on, "just to see how quickly it could be done. Perhaps you think I am crazy, but you are wrong. I only want to do this work in the interest of science. I believe it will prove to be the most painless and quickest of all deaths. If I succeed today, as I expect to do, my method may become the public mode of execution in this country, supplanting the gallows. You see what an honor it will be to have started such a reform in capital punishment. My name will become immortal. There will be none of the suspense attending executions now; none of the terrible scenes at the gallows. You simply take the condemned man in for a shave and before he knows it he is in eternity."

He kept on talking in this rapid, excited way, and kept on shaving.

Rhett heard his friends conversing on the other side of the room, and he turned his head to see if he could tell them of his danger. But it was quickly jerked back in position, and the barber told him if he did that again or tried to get out of the chair it would be the signal for his death. And the wicked gleam of his eye more than his words showed that he was in terrible earnest. Under the circumstances the intended victim thought it best not to move again, and so he laid there as still as death.

But his brain was not idle. It was working with the rapidity of lightning, and well it might.

Rhett had always been regarded as a cool and brave young man; he had proved it on more than one trying occasion. And he determined in this last extremity to be himself and to meet the sharp cunning of the maniac with an equal cunning.

Then commenced a fierce and hidden game between those two—a game in which one knew the prize for him was life, and, if he lost, the profit death.

"Henry," said the young man, and he smiled, though his heart was beating fast, "you shouldn't try to frighten a good customer in that way. You know you wouldn't kill an old friend like me."

"I'll show you, Mr. Rhett," half shrieked the barber, and the gleaming eye grew fiercer and the voice trembled with passion.

Rhett saw that this had only added fuel to the flame, and he began to despair of conciliating the madman.

"Yes," said Casey, and his wild hand grew wilder and the razor pressed harder upon his victim's face; "yes, you must die this very hour for the sake of science. Why, it will be a noble death. You ought to feel honored to perish in such a cause."

The young man was now thoroughly frightened, and he watched for an opportunity to spring from the chair and escape. But he looked in vain. Though the barber occasionally relaxed the stern grip upon his throat, yet he still held him with his glittering eye.

"You see, the criminal will not know that his hour is at hand. The barber will be taken into the jail to give him a shave, and without a fear or tremor, without a single thought of doom, he will be hurried into another world. Talk about executing by electricity, but my method will not only be quicker, but more painless."

"Just a stroke like this, and it's all over," and Rhett's heart gave a wild leap, for he thought his end had come.

Casey, however, had only drawn the back of the razor across his throat, but with such force and rapidity that it burned like fire.

The situation was growing desperate. In a minute the barber would be through with his work. With one hand he had Rhett by the hair and with the other was finishing up the job, while his lips kept muttering and his body swayed with excitement. Rhett knew with the next sweep of that infuriated arm he would meet his doom. Whatever he did must be done instantly.

"Well, Henry," he said, as lightly as he could, "sharpen up your razor well before you start, for I don't want any bungling job." For he thought when the barber turned to do this he could leap from the chair and get away.

"It's sharp enough for you, Mr. Rhett," and the madman grew madder as he spoke; "it's sharp enough for you, sir."

He had already finished shaving. Rhett's heart almost stood still.

"Now we'll see if it needs to be sharpened," said Casey with a demoniac laugh, and Rhett felt a sharp sting as the keen blade cut the skin on his throat.

"But, Henry," he rapidly ejaculated, "I want you to make a success of this, for it will be a blessing to the world—but if you go on now I tell you it will be a failure."

The razor stopped.

"Why?" asked Casey.

The maniac was interested. Rhett saw that he had gained a point and he knew his life depended upon how he used it. He had touched upon the man's pet scheme. It seemed strange to him now that he had not thought of it before.

"You will make a failure," he continued, "because you have told me all about it, and I have already suffered as much suspense as the criminal on the gallows. Besides, when I feel the razor giving me the fatal wound I will shriek out in agony, and the people will say that I suffered a terrible death. They will not believe you then that it would be the most painless mode of execution. So you see, Henry, you would defeat the very object you are trying to accomplish."

The barber withdrew the razor and held it motionless in his hand. Rhett breathed easier and became eloquent on the subject of the experiment.

"Now, the next man you shave, Henry, don't say a word to him on the subject, but all at once, in the twinkling of an eye, put him out. And I believe you will become a greater man than the inventor of the guillotine."

"Well, Mr. Rhett, I believe you are right about it," and he began to close the razor.

The mania was wearing off, and in its stead there came a playful and mischievous humor.

Patting his customer under the chin, "Ah, Mr. Rhett," he said, "you would look so much better without your mustache. Now, don't you want me to take it off for you?"

Afraid to cross him in his humor, Rhrett replied, though it almost broke his heart to say it:

"Why, certainly, Henry, if you think it will look better."

On went the lather, and in another minute the beautiful silken strands were no more than the withered leaves of the forest.

"Now, Mr. Rhett, if you had your hair clipped you would look splendid. Don't you want me to take it off?"

"Of course, Henry, clip it," came from those anguished lips. He was willing to say or do anything to get that razor back into its case.

So the clippers were brought out and in less than two minutes he was slicker than a new born rat.

But if his head was light his heart was too, when he arose from the chair, and never in all his life did he feel so willing and happy to pay for a shave and hair cut.

Of course everybody laughed at him when he went out on the street, and the wind blew cold about his head. To his friends, when they gathered around him, he told his harrowing experience, and he was still as pale as a ghost.

A committee forthwith waited on the barber, but they did not find anything in his words or actions to denote insanity. So some believed the story and some didn't—and the barber kept on shaving.

But never again did he put his razor upon the face of John Rhett.—W. M. Hobby in Atlanta Constitution.

Well to Know.

Not all may know that a hot iron—poker, if nothing better—run around window glass will loosen the putty, when it may be easily scraped and the broken pane removed. The new pane may be inserted, putty neatly and carefully laid on, and the work is done. This may be convenient to know when one becomes the family "handy man," or one's own, as is sometimes the case.—Good Housekeeping.

HUMAN NATURE.

If life were not [illegible] a three,
Who then would think of being merry!
If God's will would hear [illegible],
His plans we should not try to vary!
Were we once free from pain and care,
We straight would seek some cross to bear!

If upon love's seal were set,
How many seals would then be broken!
If gentle speech were hard to get,
How many kind words would be spoken!
If heaven were once denied us all,
How we should then to heaven call!
—Mary A. Mason in Youth's Companion.

THE WISE MAN.

What is the good man and the wise?
Ofttimes a pearl which none doth prize;

Or jewel rare, which men account
A common pebble, and despise.

Set forth upon the world's broad mart,
It mildly glances, but no one buys;

Till it be anon heaven withdraws
From the world's undiscerning eyes;

And in its shell the pearl again,
And in its mine the jewel lies.
—Richard Chenevix Trench.

Hard work is not so apt to injure a horse as the failure to receive proper attention after the work.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

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Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

Going To Leave The Farm.

The work of he farm house was over for the day; the children—with the exception of the eldest son, who had gone to the village—were in bed and in the big comfortable kitchen Farmer Harewood, his wife, and his wife's sister, Mrs. Lucas, were sitting around a center table. The farmer was reading a paper, his wife was putting a patch on the knee of little Harry's diminutive knickerbockers, and Mrs. Lucas was crocheting a hood of blue and white zephyr for a small niece.

There was a silence in the kitchen save for the snapping of the fire in the stove, the ticking of the big, eight-day clock in the corner and the rustle of the farmer's newspaper, and when Mrs. Harewood sighed deeply, both her sister and husband looked up in surprise.

"What's the matter Sarah?" asked the latter. "That sigh was the loudest I ever heard you give. Has anything gone wrong? You look as though you had a big load on your mind."

"I have," answered the wife. "And it is a load which you must share, Eli; I have borne it alone as long as I can bear it. There is a great trouble in store for us, husband—George is going to leave the farm."

The newspaper fell to the floor, and for a moment the farmer looked at his wife, too much surprised to utter a word.

"Going to leave the farm!" he replied at last. "Sarah, you must be dreaming."

Mrs. Harewood shook her head sadly.

"I wish I were," she said "No, Eli, it is true. George has made up his mind to leave us. I have noticed for months past that he seemed dissatisfied and restless, and since you sold Vixen he has grumbled a great deal about the work and the dullness of his life. And to-day I heard him say to Jasper Flint that he would not be here a month from now; that he had enough of farm life and intended to leave, and if we refused our consent to it he would run away, and take his chances."

"We'll see about that," said the farmer angrily. "Consent to it! I rather think not! I won't consider it for a moment. What would he be worth a year from now if I let him go? He'd fall in with all sorts of rascals in the city, and get us all into trouble. Besides, I need him here. It'll be ten years at least before Harry can take his place, and he's got to stay if I have to tie him down."

"Why dont you make him want to stay, Eli?" asked the gentle voice of his sister in law.

"If he's got the city fever on him all the talking in the world wouldn't do any good," rejoined the farmer. He wouldn't listen to a word."

"Don't talk. Don't let him ever suspect that you are aware of his desire to leave you. Try a new plan, Eli, a plan I have been thinking of all day.

"The best plan I know of is to tell him my mind freely, without any beating about the bush; and the sooner its done the better."

"Now, Eli, don't be above taking a woman's advice. Let me tell you how to deal with George. I have been here three months now and have taken a deep interest in the boy. I have seen his dissatisfaction, and [illegible] the cause. I have overheard him talking to Jasper Flint more than once, and only yesterday I heard him say that if he went to the city what he earned would be his own, but that here he worked from dawn to dark and was no better off at the end of the year than at the beginning. He said that Tom Blythe, who is in a grocery store in the city gets $12 a week, and Tom is only seventeen. Now, if you want George to stay on the farm, give him an interest in it, Eli. He is eighteen years old, and has worked faithfully for you ever since he could talk plain. He has had his food and lodging, and two suits of clothes a year, to be shure, but all he actually owns is that collie dog which is always at his heels. You even sold the only horse you had fit for the saddle. And George was extraordinarily fond of Vixen."

"It seemed a pity to keep a horse that no one but George ever rode," said the farmer, "and she was too light for work. I'm a poor man, Hester, and can't afford playthings for my children."

"You can better afford to keep an extra horse than to have your son leave you, Eli. Whom could you get who would take the interest in the work that George has? You have thought it only right that George should do his share toward running the farm, and have considered your duty done in giving him a home. You are disposed to think him ungrateful because he wants to leave you now that every year makes his services more valuable. But the boy is ambitious, and is not satisfied to travel in a circle. He wants to make some headway. And it is only natural."

The farmer leaned his head on his hand, a look of deep thought on his grave, weather-beaten face. His gentle sister in law's plain speaking had given rise to thoughts which had never before entered his mind.

"I believe you're more than half right, Hester," he said at last. "I'll think it all over to-night, and make up my mind what to do. I'd be lost here without George, and he shan't leave the farm if I can help it."

"Force won't keep him, Eli, remember that," and Mrs. Lucas, feeling that she had said enough, folded up her work, and taking up a lamp from a shelf by the stove, went up stairs to her own room.

Just at daybreak she was aroused from a sound sleep by the sound of horses' hoofs in the yard, and looking out of the window she saw Eli trotting away on old Roan.

"Where can he be going at this hour?"

When she went down stairs at 6 o'clock George was standing by the kitchen table, having just come in with two full pails of milk. His face wore a discontented, unhappy look, and he merely nodded in return for his aunt's cherry "Good morning."

A few minutes later his father entered, but George, who had gone to one of the windows, and was looking out dejectedly, did not even glance up.

"You were out early, Eli," said Mrs. Lucas. "I heard you ride away at daybreak."

"Yes, I went to Pine Ridge on a matter of business."

"That's where you sold Vixen, papa, isn't it," asked little Harry, and Mrs. Lucas saw a queer pass over George's face as the child spoke.

"Yes, my boy, I sold Vixen to Lawyer [illegible]. George," turning to his son, "I've made up my mind to part with that fifty acre lot by the river. What do you think of that?"

"Of course you are to get a good price for it, sir," said the young man indifferently. "Its the best piece of land you have."

"But I have'nt sold it. I am going to give it away."

"Give it away!" repeated George, roused out of his indifference and staring at his father as if he thought he had not heard aright.

"Yes, deed it over, every inch of it to some one I think a great deal of, and who deserves it," laying his hand on his son's shoulder, and his voice breaking a little. "I am going to give it to my son, George Harewood, to have and to hold as he sees fit, without question or advice."

"To me! You intend to give that fifty acres to me, father?"

"Yes, my boy, and with my whole heart. You've been a good son, George, and I only wish I were able to do more for you. But I am not a rich man, as you know, and I have your mother and the three little ones to provide for, too. Still, I want you to have a start, and this fifty-acre lot will yield you a handsome profit. You can have three days a week to call your own, and that will give you a chance to work and if you choose to break that pair of young oxen I bought the other day from Bagley, you can have them for your trouble."

"This—this seems too much sir," stammered George. "I don't know how to thank you."

"Too much! Then I don't know what you'll say to this," and the farmer took his son by the arm and led him out on the porch. "There's another present for you my boy."

"Vixen!" The words came from George's lips with a long sigh of joy, and with one bound he was at the side of the black mare he had thought never to see again, and had both arms around her neck. "Oh, father, I'd rather have Vixen than anything else in this world!"

And he buried his face in the pretty creature's mane, and in spite of his eighteen years, fairly broke down and sobbed.

That ended George's desire to leave the farm. He was never again heard to mention the subject, and he grumbled no more about the hard work and the monotony of his life, but in every way tried to show his appreciation of his father's kindness.

In fact, Eli Harewood was wont to say occasionly in confidence to his wife, that he had reasons to bless his sister in-law for her good advice, and that he owed it to her that he had a stalwart arm to lean on in advancing years.

But George never knew to what he owed the change in his fortunes.

MIND READING IN CHICAGO.

F. Alexander Johnstone, the wonderful young mind-reader, gave an exhibition of his powers on an Indiana avenue horse car that resulted in the complete demoralization of a prominent South Side business man, and furnished infinite amusement to several of his friends. This business man is very fond of his wife, whom he affectionately calls Jennie, and is exceptionately proud of his three interesting children, the eldest of whom is an auburn haired miss of 15. When he seated himself beside Johnstone, facing his friends, he ventured a remark that led up to an animated conversation. Mind reading was finally broached, when Johnstone, concealing his identity, said he could duplicate the mind reader's work. The business man's [illegible], was [illegible] his [illegible].

"Take one of those letters [illegible] hold in your hand," said Johnstone, "and think intently of the signature." The man complied, and in an instant Johnstone repeated the name at the bottom of the epistle. The man looked a little surprised, but presently, glancing at the envelope, saw the signer's card on the upper left corner. "That's only a trick," he said, "now tell me the signature to this," holding out a dainty missive.

Johnstone took the man's wrist, closed his eyes, and after thinking a moment, asked if he really wanted the full signature mentioned. "Why, yes," said the man, doubtfully, and betoken by a certain apprehension.

"Your loving little sweetheart, Edith," Johnstone replied.

The business man looked at Johnstone in wild-eyed amazement, and then hastily left the car, followed by the uproarious laughter of his friends. "It's a good thing for Ned that Jennie isn't here," commented one of the friends.

[Po]cahontas Times.

JO[H]N E. CAMPBELL,
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Hunte[r]sville, W. Va

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According to a census bulletin [t]he real estate mortgage debt of [c]itizens of Alabama was on Janua[r]y 1, 1890 $39,027,983; and at the same period the same class of debt in Iowa footed up $199,034,956.

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Dr. Talmage has cut off his whiskers. It is now in order that the whiskers should be cut off some of his sermons sent out as new.

The groth of the democratic clubs of the country is phenomenal when one comes to consider the fact that the democrats have no favored class to draw upon for funds to be used in pushing their organization or adding to their membership, as their republican opponents have, in the protected manufacture. The democratic clubs have been up to this time entirely self supporting, a spontaneous uprising of the people, as it were. They are doing a great and good work for the party and all members so situated that they cannot take an active part in club work should aid them by becoming contributing members. Remember that Clarkson, Duly and company are "in the saddle" on the other side well supplied with audacity and "boodle."

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This danger arises from his desire to protect the financial interest of his friend Stephen B. Elkins, who is a leading member of the syndicate that now has the government sealing privilege in Behrng sea. But for this desire all the trouble might have been avoided for the coming season in Alaskan waters, as it is known that the British minister was ready to pledge his government to stop all British vessels from capturing seals for one year if Mr. Blaine would make the same pledge for American vessels. Last year, before Elkins became interested in the sealing industry, that was what Mr. Blaine was asking for, but now he doesn't wish to stop the sealing, because his friend hopes this season to take an enormous number—a courageous Treasury agent blocked the game last season by stopping the catch, but a more accomodating agent in the person of J. Stanley Brown, once the private secretary of President Garfield, and now the husband of Mollie Garfield, has been selected for duty with the sealers this season, and Mr. Elkins and his partners anticipate no trouble in taking all the seals they can catch, if Mr. Blaine can only maintain the status quo until the fall.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

At the solicitation of many friends in the County, I announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Superintendent. If elected I will perform the duties of the office without fear or favor. Thanking You for past favors, I again solicit your support at the coming election, May 19th, 1891.

M. G. MATHEWS.

To the Voters of Pocahontas County.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Conty Superintendent. If elected, I will perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability, without partiality. Election, May 19th.

Respectfully,
J. M. BARNETT.

HOME NEWS

—Mr. Isaac McNeel, of Mill Point, was in town one day last week.

—A few cases before Justice Grose lately.

—The forest fires have all died out in this vicinity.

—Several wagons are out to the railroad this week.

—Preaching next Sunday at Bethel 10 a. m.; at Sunset 3 p. m.

—Rev. Jacob Cohn, of Baltimore, was in town this week.

—We have had a good run of job printing the past few weeks.

—We done a lot of printing for Mr. U. S. McNeel, who opened a store at Marlinton last week.

—Everybody subscribe for THE TIMES and get your county news.

—Read the advertisement of Mr. M. W. Beard's, found in another column.

—Mr. Levi Gay, of Marlinton, called to see us Tuesday.

—The contractors have come on to put the bridge on the abutments at this place.

—Mess. B. M. Yeager and Jacob Arbogast, of Traveler's Repose were in town today.

—Capt McCormick and Chas. E. Steinmeyer, Esq., were in town a few days last week and this.

—The big frosts we have had in the last week have killed most of the fruit.

—The thermometer hovered closely around freezing Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

—Messrs. W. C. Hull and son J. F. and Patterson Poage, Geo. S. Taylor, A. C. Waddell and others of Edray were in the city last Saturday.

—License to marry were issued to Jas. [illegible] Philips and Miss Florida Sheets, and S. F. Hevener to Miss Maggie F. Wanless last week.

—E. A. Friel, Esq., who has been running a steam saw mill near Green Bank for two months past visited his home near this place this week.

—Work on THE TIMES' new printing office is going ahead. We want to have it ready to move in by the middle of June. When finished, for convenience and appearance it will be equaled by but few in the State.

Elk News.

As I notice nothing in your valuable paper from this section of the County, I deem it a pleasure to give you a few items that will likely be of interest to some of your readers.

Quite a number of cattle have been driven to the Elk pastures in the last two weeks.

C. W. Callison is moving his cherry lumber to the banks of the Greenbrier river preparatory to rafting to Ronceverte.

A very large eagle measuring 7½ feet from tip to tip was killed on Samuel Varner's place. He had a trap fastened to him.

It is high time the good people were organizing a Sunday school at this place. We have always had one heretofore and don't see why we need fail this year.

S. H.

Gillispie News.

Garden making is a thing of the past, and corn planting is in full blast.

The fruit was mostly killed by the big frosts last week, and the briers are all burned up by the forest fires, so that fruit of all kinds will be scarce here this year.

Last Thursday fire broke out from where C. W. Slaven was burning brush, and the flames swept through the fallen timber and tree tops to a lot of lumber belonging to Mess. F. B. Scott, of Beverly and R. B. Kerr, of this place, and burned two or three thousand dollars worth.

Married, Mr. Squire Hevener and Miss Maggie Wanless, on 29th April, by Rev. C. B. Collins, at the home of the bride's parents. Also Mr. Moses Phillips to Miss Florida Sheets, on April 30th, by same at the residence of the bride's parents.

Messrs. B. M. and H. A. Yeager have just completed the sale of the Seebert lands on the head waters of Greenbrier river, to Jno. T. McGraw for $16,000.

Mrs. Keller is seriously sick with pneumonia.

NOW AND THEN.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Mr. S. J. Payne, of Frankford, spent Sat. and Sun. in town.

Lovers Repose has gotten to be quite a fashionable Sunday evening summer resort. If any one wishes to find more pretty girls and handsome young men to the square foot than can be found anywhere else in the State let them go up there some balmy Sunday evening, between 4 and 6 o'clock.

Mr. C. L. Stalting, the Hillsboro brass band instructor left Monday morning for his home in Virginia. The band advanced rapidly under his instruction and can play better now than some bands with a long practice. Mr. S. also taught an excellent writing school while with us.

Mr. Wallace Moore of Kansas has been visiting his brother E. H. Moore, of this place the past week. He expects to spend some time in this county visiting relatives.

Rev. Absalom Sydenstricker, missionary to China left this week for the Lexington Presbytery.

The merchants are receiving their spring goods and are kept right busy.

The members of the Methodist church are preparing to build a new church this summer. Some of the members are in favor of a new site for it and some still wish it on the old site on the hill.

Mr Wm. Wysong lost a fine milch cow this week by getting her foundered.

Farmers are all through planting corn several days ago. We have a fine prospect for fruit if it doesn't freeze, and it feels very much like it to-night.

A number of people have been suffering from grip lately.

MAX.

No queerer convention has ever been held than that of the Republican League at Cincinnati; after deliberately insulting Mr. Harrison and yelling itself hoarse for Blaine it elected a man president, who had, in a long letter, read to the convention, sneered at Mr. Blaine and reciprocity and declared himself in favor of making the Force bill the issue next year. It was the advice of this same man—J. S. Clarkson—that led the republicans into water loo of last November; we are pleased that he was elected president of the league, and we hope that he will be allowed to run the republican end of the campaign next year.

It will not be Senator Mills this year, the governor of Texas having named Mr. Horace Chilton for the vacancy caused by the resignation of Senator Reagan, but it may be Speaker Mills next winter.

RAILROAD BUILDING.

Senator Camden Says the West Virginia and Pittsburg

Will be Built to Potts Creek Within a Year.

The following is from the Charleston Gazette of the 2nd inst:

"Ex U. S. Senator Camden was in the city yesterday in conference with Judges Snyder and Holt of the Supreme Court of the State, and the Messrs. Thayer and Savage of Charleston, and Judge Harmon and Mr. Paxton of Cincinnati and others, members of the Potts Creek Iron Ore Syndicate.

A Gazette reporter saw Senator Camden who talked freely of the consummation of the purchase of the iron ore district, and railroads to be built for its development. He spoke enthusiastically of the iron ore on Potts Creek and of its early development by railroads; that the present object is to complete the titles to the property and to commence the development of it at once; that the West Virginia and Pittsburg Railroad Company now has surveyors in the field locating the line from Gauly to a connection with the Chesapeake & Ohio road, and that the railroad would be built up Potts Creek and in operation within twelve to 15 months. The West Virginia and Pittsburg road will form a direct line from the iron ore regions of Virginia through the center of West Virginia to Pittsburg, and with its arrangements with the Chesapeake & Ohio road will make this iron ore development one of the largest and most productive in this section. The length of road in West Virginia, from Morgantown to the Virginia State line, will be about two hundred miles, passing through the largest undeveloped coal and timber region of the state.

There is to be expended in West Virginia about five million dollars, which has all been raised, and one hundred and thirty miles of the road constructed and in operation, the road now being completed to Braxton Court House and under contract to the Gauly river.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of the transfers of real estate for the month of April:

A deed from Mary J. Seebert and others to H. M. Lockridge, for 324 acres of land on Douthard's creek.

From Geo. W. Shin and wife to Wm. A. Parsons, 270 acres of land.

From Mary M. Pullen and husband to Jno. F. Cutlip for land on Droop mt.

From J. C. Curtis to C. L. Curtis, for land on Back Allegheny mt.

From Sabina Kertner and husband to Peter Hill for land on west side of Droop mt.

From Alice McGlaughlin to Mary A. McClintic for land near Marlinton.

From H. A Yeager and wife to Samuel Cooper for house and lot in Green Bank.

From H. A. Yeager and wife to S. E. and P. L. Williams for land on west side of Alleghany mt.

From Sarah E. Johnson to F. J. Allen for land near Edray.

From Jas. W. Hughes and wife to Maggie L. Ervine for land on Buffalo mt.

From Wm. A. to Jas. H. Gum for lands on Back Allegheny mt.

From R. B. Kerr &c. to Wm. A. Philips &c. for land on Buffalo mt.

From Wm. [illegible] and wife to the heirs of Margaret [illegible] for lands on Droop mt.

From Cynthia E. Cardwell and husband to F. T. McClintic for lots in Hillsboro.

From Wm. A. [illegible] and wife to Allen Gillilan, for land on Elk

Lick run.

From Wm. C. McClure and wife to A. R. Smith for land on headwaters of Stamping creek.

From A. P. McGlaughlin and wife to Wallace H. McGlaughlin, for interest in 60 acres of land on Brown's creek.

From Thos Barrett and wife to W. H. McClintic, for land on Greenbrier river.

From T. W. Hogsett and others to Jno. T. McGraw for land on Alder Lick run.

From A. R. Smith and wife to Wm. C. McClune for land in Hillsboro.

From David Grogg and wife to Preston C. Ervine for interest in land on Dunkins run.

From Levi Waugh to trustees of M. E. Church South, for church lot near Mt. Pleasant school house.

From F. K. Moore to Jno. Driscol for lumber on 259 acres of land on Back Alleghany mt.

From W. H. Grose and wife to H. M. Lockridge for land adjoining Huntersville.

From Jno. B. McCutcheon and wife to David Smith for land on Thomas creek.

From M. M. Burkett and wife to Abraham Burkett for land on Buffalo mt.

From Wm. A. Philips and wife to John S. Griffin for land on Deer creek.

From Levi Wanless to John F. Wanless for interest in land on Thorney creek.

From Jane Ratcliff to Susan J. Loudermilk for land on Dry Fork of Swago creek.

From Geo. W. Beverage and wife to same for land on Spruce Flat.

From D. F. Wilfong and husband to Louisa C. Pullen for land on west side of Alleghany mt.

From Jno. W. Warwick, com'r of School lands to R. S. Turk for two tracts, aggregating 1156 acres on Thorney creek.

From M. Wallace to D. A. McNeel for lands on Swago creek.

From Wise Herold and wife to Andrew Herold for land eastern slope of Alleghany mt.

From Andrew Herold and wife to H. M. Lockridge for land on western slope of Alleghany mt.

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From F. K. Moore to Thomas J. Moore for land Back Alleghany mt.

From Chas. W. Beard and wife to Geo. R. Curry for land near Hillsboro.

A CARD.—The successful results of the treatment of horses by H. Williams is evidence that he understands his business.

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May 7, 1891.

VICTORS.

Not to the brave who [illegible] the battlefield
Alone the [illegible] of victory belong;
Nor only to the great of earth the song
Of praise and crown should the singer yield.
Greater the souls that, singly handed, wield
The battleaxe against the hosts of wrong.
Unknown, unnoted in life's [illegible] throng,
And only in God's day to stand revealed.
How many such, in [illegible], humble guise,
Beside us walk their brief appointed way
[illegible] enduring; [illegible] to shine
As fixed stars in Heaven's eternal skies!
For these, for this, I reverently lay
On their dear dust this little leaf of mine.
—Overland Monthly

THE CARLYON TRAGEDY.

Just the two men composed the family at Carlyon Hall, and a gay, wild life they led. Not that they were much together, or that good will inclined them to the same course. Truth to tell, there was little sympathetic feeling lost between the two Carlyons.

The elder man gave his select dinners and champagne suppers to his clique, while Ralph, his son, scoured the country for a score of miles about with choice spirits of his own.

The Hall itself was a patched up pile of ruinous masonry. The Carlyons for three generations back had proved a spendthrift race, and their once ample patrimony had dwindled down to a few barren acres, with a village of miserable houses, which yielded the sole income of the present proprietor. Still he could boast a long descent, and we all know how far an illustrious pedigree will go toward propping up a falling house.

This was the state of affairs when Mrs. Mondeville came down from town with a half dozen servants at her back, and pretty Bertha Mondeville, her very reluctant companion.

Bertha was the lady's youngest daughter, and, besides the generous portion of Mondeville property destined to fall to her share, had good prospects of an inheritance from a certain wizened, eccentric old woman who had stood godmother to her at her christening, eighteen years before.

With such expectations, and possessed of natural attractions which drew hosts of sighing lovers to her feet, it was certainly reprehensible in her to give preference to one far beneath her in the social scale. At least so reasoned her lady mother. But Bertha was wilful, and maternal restrictions went for naught. She had given her heart and promised her hand to Henry Bernard, the struggling artist, who as yet was quite unknown to both fame and fortune. He was sanguine, though, and Bertha no less so. She reposed the utmost confidence in his genius and ultimate success, and he toiled with renewed energy for the [illegible] wreath, knowing that her [illegible] was involved in the result of [illegible].

[illegible] Mrs. Mondeville interposed. [illegible] wrath fell harmlessly upon her [illegible] a perverse head, until angered [illegible], she had recourse to extreme measures to break off the proposed [illegible]. Henry Bernard was forbidden the house, and Bertha was placed under espionage for the time.

[illegible] Carlyons were distant relatives of the [illegible], and Mrs. Mondeville fixed upon the Hall as a secure and retired asylum for her wayward child. [illegible] had come [illegible] upon the track [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] had been put in hurried order for the [illegible] of the ladies. The [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] maid to the hospitable charge of the Carlyons.

It was not a pleasant duty for the latter to assume, and for a time they regretted the necessary suspension of their reckless pleasures. Not that either reformed, even temporarily, but the hall could no longer be thrown open to loose comrades and nightly orgies. They clung to their customary habits, but unused to the trouble of concealment, chafed against the bondage which common courtesy imposed upon them.

This state of things did not continue long, however. Bertha's cheery young presence brought a flood of sunshine into the dreary old house, such as it had not known for years. The grim, dark rooms held attractions for their inmates which they had not hitherto possessed.

Certainly, in removing her daughter from the influence of one lover, Mrs. Mondeville had not meant to subject her to the importunities of two. Carlyon, drawn perhaps by visions of the ample dowry destined for, and Ralph—blasé as he was—actually touched with an approximation to noble sentiment, were both soon numbered among her devotees.

Bertha's position was becoming extremely unpleasant. A note smuggled out despite the watchfulness of the maid brought no response from Henry Bernard. Her mother remained unmoved by her urgent entreaties for a speedy return, and meantime the two Carlyons urged their individual suits with persistent ardor.

Ralph, impulsive and passionate, could wait to take no politic moves in prosecuting his wooing. His very earnestness would have pleaded powerfully for him had not the girl's heart and mind been filled with other love and other thoughts. He came in upon her suddenly one afternoon when he knew her to be alone.

"It's the old, old story, Bertha, that I want to tell you," he said. "I suppose I am not worthy of you, for I've been a wild blade in my time, but I will make myself better when you give me the [illegible] I am waiting for. Bertha, love, come to me."

His dark face, handsome despite the lines dissipation had left upon it, grew tender. His eyes looked down in hers with eager, hope-flushed light. Bertha's heart throbbed pityingly as she realized the pain her words must inflict upon him.

"Oh, Ralph, I had hoped you might not subject me to this test! It would be cruel to give you false hope, for I can never be more than your earnest friend. Forget that you have ever cared for me and bestow your love on some one who will make you happier than I ever could."

"Bertha! Bertha! You can't mean to leave me in utter despair? I will wait and work, and prove myself a better man than I have yet been. Only tell me that there is a chance of winning you at last!"

"It never can be, Ralph! Because—because I love another."

The still, white rage which settled down upon his face frightened her more than if he had broken out in angry words.

"I shall not give you up, nevertheless," he said, with quiet intensity. "Give me a little hope and an equal chance, and I will try for your love by fair means; but by measures foul or fair, no other man shall ever ever take you from me!"

With that he returned, leaving her abruptly as he had come, and his quick steps gave back a sharp ring from the [illegible] walk without. At a little distance he encountered the elder Carlyon, who accosted him, timing his leisurely pace to the other's hasty strides.

"[illegible], my son! I have some information which it may be best to impart at once. I happened to overhear your conversation of a moment ago—by the way, you should never make love near open windows—and am gratified to know that Bertha holds such an important place in your estimation."

"Ah!" Ralph waited, knowing that something more lay behind that suave address.

"Yes, but I must warn you against your own impetuous nature, which may lead you to extremes. As she said, it is quite impossible for her to regard your suit with favor."

"May I ask why?"

"Simply because I intend to marry her myself!"

"By heavens, you shall not!"

The elder Carlyon drooped his eyelids a trick of his when angered.

[illegible]

A week wore heavily away. [illegible] Ralph [illegible]

[illegible]

cruel forces he brought to bear upon her.

At last he gained his purpose. How he accomplished it himself and the maid best knew. But the clergyman was waiting at the church, and Bertha, worn to a shadow of her former cheery self, with her face scarce less white than the bridal robes she wore, went tremblingly down the worm-eaten stairs to go and be wedded to the man she both hated and feared. Carlyon met her with a triumphant smile upon his face, but the words of [illegible] he was about to offer never left his lips.

A man, with haggard face, bloodless lips drawn away from his glittering teeth, and dishevelled hair streaming about his neck, rushed up the length of the passage and grappled with him. It was Ralph, who had been confined all this time in one of the vault-like cellars beneath the old hall, and had escaped now to wreak insane fury upon his jealous jailer. There was an inherent madness in the Carlyon blood, and those weeks of solitude and mental torture had brought the curse upon the younger man.

A struggle ensued that was fearful to witness. Bertha crouched upon the stairs, with rigid, blanched face, and eyes never wavering from the horrible spectacle. Servants ran screaming, all was chaos for a moment, and then awful quietude fell upon the hall.

There was a crushed, bleeding, senseless mass upon the floor; and the madman, his rage appeased, unresistingly submitted to the bonds which were placed upon him. The elder Carlyon went to answer for his sins before an eternal tribunal; his son drags out a living death in a lunatic asylum.

But Bertha, sorely tried, found peace at last. Shocked beyond measure by the frightful tragedy which had been enacted, and appalled by the peril her daughter had passed, Mrs. Mondeville recalled Henry Bernard from the fruitless quest he was pursuing. It is needless to say that Bertha's letter never reached him, and that Mrs. Mondeville had sent him as far as possible from the actual track. But the young people could freely forgive all past [illegible] in the happiness which was theirs at last.—New York World.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 8. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, July 9, 1891. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. No. 50

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

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Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C E. Beard. S B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

MISS PARKER GREY.

BY NANNIE S. BARKER.

Jack Melton was Lady Crofton's only brother, and her great wish was to see him happily married, but to a wife who should keep up the Melton establishments in their former splendor. Lord Melton was not wealthy; but his title dated from the Norman Conquest, spread for him by maneuvering mammas.

But for the past eight years he had been attentive, in a lazy, half-indifferent way, to a certain Mrs. Mortimer, one of the beauties. It was to the influence of this bewitching young widow that Lady Crofton attributed her brother's continued state of single-blessedness, and she disliked her accordingly.

Six months before the opening of this story, Lady Crofton and her husband had traveled in California for the benefit of the latter's health, and had there become acquainted with Parker Grey, a Western heiress. Miss Grey lived with her brother, and was chaperoned by a Mrs. Braxton, an English widow, who had formaly been her governess, and to whom she owed her English accent and modulated voice. But in every other respect she was thoroughly American.

Lady Croften became very fond of the girl, and on hearing that she and a party of friends were to sail in April, to travel through Europe for a year, she invited her to come a month sooner, spend May at Crofton, and then join her friends on their arrival in London.

At first, Lady Crofton feared that her potegee had not made a favorable impression upon her fatidious brother. In fact he told her very frankly that he considered her friend the most free and easy young person he had ever had the pleasure of meeting.

"I don't think her conversation style is what one would term elegant. As a sample, I was quoting a French proverb this morning, and she politely asked me to 'come off of that, and talk United States.' Now she may be very beautiful; I don't deny it; but she isn't exactly the style I admire."

"How easily taken in you are, Jack!" laughed his sister. "Parker told me about that, and said she only did it to horrify you. I'll tell her she succeeded. She uses all that dreadful slang for your especial benefit; and as for French, she speakes it as well as you do."

In spite of Miss Grey's collection of slang and typical American manners, Lord Melton became aware that he liked the "wild Indian" more and more every day, until he confessed to himself that she was "exactly the style he admired." there being no other guests at Crofton during Miss Grey's visit, she and Lord Melton naturally saw a great deal of each other's society. Each being a very attractive young person, it was not surprising that the outcome of numerous tete-a-tete walks and rides, and duets in the softly lighted drawing-room after dinner, should be an exceedingly warm friendship, which promised to develope into something more.

So the last two weeks of October drifted happily and swiftly by, and then the climax was reached.

Miss Grey's departure was drawing near, and that gay and laughter loving young lady became [illegible] almost silent, and even pensive. Lord Melton, wise in his generation, smiled quietly to himself at these outward and visible signs of that disturbing malady—love.

One afternoon about dusk, when the only light in the drawing-room was from the open fire, Miss Grey entered, and, sitting at the piano, let her fingers wonder idly over the keys. Evidently she was in a melancholy frame of mind, for she began to sing softly and plaintively:

"I know not why I love thee, thou dost not care for me,
And yet my heart will wander, forever back to the,
For—"

Here the song came to an abrupt end, for an arm encircled Miss Grey's slender waist, and a low voice said passonately:

"But I do love you, my darling. Surely you know it. Will you make me happy, sweetheart? Be my wife."

With a quick exclamation, Miss Grey attempted to rise and to remove the detaining arm, but Lord Melton clasped her trembling hand in his and held it captive. She sank back opon the music-stool, and with averted face, remained silent.

"Tell me, my darling, that you love me," pleaded the voice which had become as music to her ears. But she made no reply. As he waited for her to speak, he could hear distinctly the beating of her heart.

"Answer me," he said at last rather sternly. "My love deserves at least an answer, and this coquetry is unworthy of you, Parker!"

Then slowly she turned her downcast, blushing face, until the fire light shone full upon it, and raising reproachful, loving eyes to his, let him read in them the secret which her lips refused to confess.

But there was one power which had not been consulted in this alliance of England and America, and that power was Mrs. Horatio Mortimer. If men would only realize the wisdom of "being off with the old love before they are on with the new," how many complications might be avoided.

When this lady heard of Lord Melton's engagement to the American heiress, she spent several unhappy days, and then becoming calm, but with a dangerous light in her blue eyes, read over some of his Lordship's recent letters to herself. Lord Melton never wrote on both sides of the paper, and selecting the first page of a certain letter, she carefully cut it in two pieces. The first half read as follows:

CROFTON, Oct. 1st, 1886.

"DEAREST EDNA: Just a few lines to tell you of the arrival of Harriet's protegee, the heiress, whose American gold, metaphorically speaking, is to regild my tarnished fortune. The whole affair is cut and dried. I am to have no rivals while she stays at Crofton, so Harriet, with wisdom which would do the serpent credit, has invited no other guests. She says it will be my own fault if I do not succeed, for she is quite sure Miss Grey will be only too glad to marry an English nobleman. Charming programme, is it not?"

The second half quite altered the meaning of the first.

"And yet I have flatly and positively refused to follow it. Harriet, however, being generously endowed with that most estimable of qualities, perseverance, hopes that by throwing me daily within range of Miss Grey's manifold charms, that young lady may finally bring me down. She is really very handsome, but were she Venus herself I would not marry her for money. As long [illegible] to see you again, so expect me to drop in any day next week.

"As ever, as I am going to ride with the American.

Your [illegible], JACK."

"I think this will answer very nicely," said Mrs. Mortimer to herself, and putting the second half, away among the papers in her desk, inclosed the first in a fresh envelope and addressed it to her successful but unconscious rival.

To a causal observer Miss Grey appeared to be a dejected heap of silk and lace, as she sat curled up in an arm chair before the open fire of her boudoir, Lord Melton had been obliged to run up to London on business, to be gone several days, and his fiancee found that time hung very heavily on her hands. Leaning back with half closed eyes, she thought of her absent lover.

Her revele was soon interupted by a knock at the door, and a maid entering handed her two letters—one from Lord Melton and the other, addressed in a woman's hand right, she did not recognize. On the principle of keeping the best to the last, she opened the note of her feminine correspondent.

"'Dearest Edna'—and no signature! There must be some mistake." And then she recognized Lord Melton's handwriting. Carefully comparing the letter with the address on the envelope she had just received from him, Parker Grey knew the same hand had written both. Then it flashed upon her that some woman whom she did not know had purposely sent her one of Lord Melton's letters to read. She felt the safest and wisest thing for her to do would be to return it to him unread.

"But have *I* not the right?" she argued. "Perhaps it is something I ought to know."

He who hesitates is lost, and so Miss Grey with beating heart. read the severed letter.

When she had finished it she buried her face in the cushioned back of the chair and broke into a passion of sobs. After while she became calmer, and tried to realize the blow she had received.

She could not doubt that the man she had loved and respected had written the heartless, mercenary letter she had just read. There was no possible room for doubt. Nothing Lord Melton could say would alter the fact that he himself had confessed to this woman "Edna" his intention of marrying her for her money. Each phrase of his letter seemed burned into her brain. She particularly resented his saying: "She will be only too glad to marry an English nobleman."

"Does he imagine that I, like himself, am feigning love, but in reality buying his title? Thank Heaven that I have found this out in time to prove that if he does not respect me, I respect myself."

She bathed her eyes in rose-water until all traces of tears had been removed. Ringing for her maid, she ordered her to pack at once. Then going to Lady Crofton's room, she tapped lightly at the door.

"Come in!" cried her ladyship.

"I have come to tell you," said Parker, entering, "that I have just received letters which oblige me to meet my friends in London tonight. I am very sorry to leave so abruptly, and want to thank you for all your kindness; and you have been kind to me, very kind, in many ways."

"Just when you [illegible] to come back [illegible] Lady Crofton, in great surprise. "[illegible], what in the world will Jack say?"

"[illegible] quite impossible for me to [illegible], but I shall write to your brother at once and he will understand perfectly."

"But, my my dear child, you look positively ill!" you look as pale as a ghost!"

"I have a bad headache—that is all. I think I will go now and write to Lord Melton. If it is quite convenient, I will leave to night by the seven o'clock train."

Parker Grey had intended to frankly tell Lady Crofton the reason of her hurried departure, but when the time came, felt unequal to the scene she knew it would create, no decided to let Lord Melton be the one to enlighten his sister on the subject.

Seating herself at the desk, she quickly dashed off the following note to him:

"I write to break our engagement, and to request, if a meeting is unavoidable, that we meet as strangers. Do not attempt to see me, to offer any explanation; and if you write to me, I shall return your letters unopened. The note I inclose makes further comment from unnecessary.

"PARKER GREY."

Putting this and Mrs. Mortimer's note in the same envelope, she addressed it to Lord Melton at his London club. Calling a footman, she told him to take it to the station and mail it at once. But Lord Melton, wishing to give his ladylove a pleasant surprise, had telegraphed that morning to James to meet him with the dog cart at 6 o'clock, but to say nothing about it to any of the family. So it came to pass that Miss Grey's note did not reach Lord Melton at his club, but was handed him that evening on his arrival at the station.

Opening it at once, he read the two notes, and with a muttered impreccation he sprang into the dog cart, and seizing the reins, put the handsome roan he drove to his fastest pace.

While Lord Melton was being whirled home, Miss Grey unconcious of his approach, was waiting in the dressing room, reay ddressed for her journey.

She was alone, her hostess having just left the room to write her a list of addresses which would be of use in her London shopping.

Hearing the sound of wheels, she supposed the carriage had come to take her to the station. As she went toward the door leading into the hall, it was suddenly opened from the outside, and Lord Melton entered, looking pale and haggard. Before she had time to speak, he took her hands in his and began hurredly.

"Parker—my darling—you do not, you cannot, believe that letter was written seriously? The part that woman cut off completely altered the meaning. *I* would never marry for anything but love, and heaven knows I love you my darling! Surely you must know it. Do not let a jealous, unprincipal woman ruin our lives! Can you not trust me, Parker! Will you not believe me?"

"No!" said Miss Grey coldly wrenching her hands free, "although you act your part most excellently."

At first, when Lord Melton entered so unexpectedly, she was taken off her guard, but as he went on speaking, she regained her self-possession.

"I had hoped she continued, "that I should have been spared your explanations of what is unexplainable. I condemn you from your own words written not a month ago. Of course I knew you would explain them away; for although it is a custom here for English noblemen to marry American girls for their money, surely it is a transaction which [illegible]

(Continued on 4th page.)

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.
July 9, 1891.

Travelers Repose Items.

Not seeing any news from this part of the county for some time, I will endeavor to give you a few items.

We are having very warm weather.

Crops are looking well in this section.

Mr. S. M. Yeager ret urned home from Grafton Sunday, accompained by Messrs. Jno. T. McGraw of Grafton and T. S. Riley of Wheeling.

Messrs. J. L. Arboghast and W. J. Yeager of this place returned from Highland Co., Monday.

Misses Daisy and Gertie Yeager attended the picnic on the river five miles below Dunmore on the 4th. They report a very enjoyable time. Also Mr. Guy Burner attended the picnic at Dunmore.

Several persons of this place spent the fourth at Cheat Bridge.

PEAK SISTER.

Dunmore Doings.

The 4th of July came and lots of people to the picnic, and everything thing went off quietly except a few fights. Fortunately no one was hurt.

A party from this place went fishing to the river the 4th inst., and had quite a nice time, catching fine bass.

Mrs. S. G Ligon of Clover Lick and Mrs. C. P. Dorr, of Addison are visiting at this place.

Messrs. J. J. Coyner and Jacob Hill, of Basic City are out on a visit.

Mr. H. M. Moore is off on a business trip to Highland Co.

Jacob K. Taylor is off for Staunton Va.

Revs. J. A. Taylor and W. H. Ballengee are at Staunton this week getting a few points from Sam Jones.

Auctioneer Swecker will blow his horn at Edray the 17th and 18th.

Our new mail carriers are making good time.

TOM SAWYER.

BRIDGE LETTING.

S. L. Brown is ordered by the County Court to receive bids on the painting of the bridge and handrailing thereto. It is to be painted a solid white, with oil and white lead, and to be completed by Nov 1st, 1891. Bids will be opened and contract awarded at the Levy term. Court commencing the 2nd Tuesday in July. The Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

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ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Va. County of Pocahontas, to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of *Pocahontas* County on the first Monday in July, 1891.

Edwin T. Dudley, Rodney H. Dudley, Alexander P. Dudley, Earnest M. Dudley, Geo. W. McDonnald, Aurelius Gilkeson, Andrew G. Crawford and Wm. A. Crawford.

against

Felix H. Hull, L. H. Huff and Lillie E. Huff, his wife, Edgar P. Hull, R. S. Turk, Adm'r of Elizabeth M. Turk, dec'd, J. C. Arbogast, Sheriff of Pocahontas County, and as such Adm'r *de bonis non* of F. H. Hull, dec'd, Benjamin F. Jackson, Levi Gay, late Sheriff of Pocahontas County, and as such Adm'r of Andrew G. Mathews, dec'd, Wm. H. McClintic and Mary Ann his wife, John W. Warwick, Jesse F. Bright, Adm'r of Kyle Bright dec'd James W. Johnston, Sheriff of Greenbrier County and as such Adm'r *de bonis non* of Joseph McClung, dec'd S. W. N. Feamster and Annie E. his wife, Warwick W. McClung, E. G. Brownlee and Mary E. his wife, Sherman H. Clark, L. H. Stephenson, Wm. Skeen, D. C. McClung, Adm'r of James M Seig dec'd, Samuel A. Wilson, John C. Price, Wm. Gibson and James H. Renick.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to convene the creditors of Felix H. Hull, dec'd subrogate the plaintiffs and other purchasers of the land in the case of Hull's Adm'r and widow vs. Hull's Heirs and others in the Circuit Court to the rights of said creditors, and enforce the payment of said debts by sale of the lands of said Felix H. Hull, dec'd, and it appearing by affidavit filed that the defenants Felix H. Hull, L. H. Huff and Lillie E. Huff, his wife, Edgar P. Hull, L. H. Stephenson Wm. Skeen, Samuel A. Wilson, E. G. Brownlee and Mary E. his wife are non-residents of this State, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste:
J. H. PATTERSON, Cl'k.

Robert L. Parish, John W. Stephenson, } pq.
July 9-4t. Printer's fee $14.98.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia, County of Pocahontas, to wit:

At rules held in the Clere's office of the Circuit Court of *Pocahontas* county on thefirst Monday of July 1891.

Wm. M. McAllister
vs.
Sam'l C. Tardy Sr. and Sam'l C. Tardy Jr.

The object of this suit is to inforce the payment of the proportion of certain judgment due by said defendants, recovered by Frank Barrett against the plaintiff and defendants, the said judgment now being the property of said plaintiff; and in satisfaction of the same to sell the interest of the defendants in 2197 acres of land lying in the "Old field fork" of Elk river in Pocahontas county, west virginia, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that the defendant Samuel C. Tardy, Sr. and Samuel C. Tardy Jr., are non-residents of this State, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Teste:
J. H. PATTERSON, Cl'k.

Charles P. Jones, pq.
July 9-4t. Printer's fee $8.94

HOME NEWS

—Mr. Henry Yeager, of Marlinton, was in town Tuesday.

—Rev. I. W. Michael has moved in the Skiles house at Marlinton.

—Mr. H. M. Lockridge, of Buena Vista, Va., is in town.

—B. M. Yeager, of Traveler's Repose was in town Tuesday evening.

—Several drummers have been here lately.

—Mr. J. H. Patterson, Cl'k Cr. Ct., has returned from visiting his home at Green Bank.

—The Pocahontas County Farmers Alliance, will meet at this place, next Friday, the 10th inst.

—Capt. C. B. Swecker and Maj. J. C. Arbogast, were in town last week.

—Capt. J. W. Marshall and Mr. Sam Holt, of Mingo Flats, were in town the first of this week.

—Mr. A. M. McGlaughlin, of Marlinton, was in Huntersville Tuesday.

—Levy term of the County Court convenes next Tuesday.

—We want everybody who comes to Court next Tuesday to call and see us.

—Wm. H Grose, Esq., took a business trip to the "booming" towns of Va.; last week.

—Geo. Foutz, Esq., of Buena Vista, Va., and Dr. Lockridge of Knapp's creek, called to see us to day.

—We notice from the Buena Vista Advocate that Miss Minnia Patterson, of Green Bank, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. W. Warwick, at that place.

—Rev. J. A. Lautenschlager will preach in the Presbyterian church in Huntersville, the 4th Sunday of this month at 10:30 o'clock.

—Josiual Taylor, an old colored lunatic of near Academy, was brought to this place last Monday and confined in the County jail to await removal to the asylum.

—Mr. J. W. D. McCarty, and Jesse Curry, Esq., of Academy, was in the city over night Tuesday. Jesse was on his way to Green Bank, with a load of corn, which, he informed us, would bring him $1.25 a bushel.

—Messrs. Albert and Gilbert Sharp and Geo. Buzzard, who have just completed our handsome new printing office, started to Elk to build Mrs. Susan E. McGlaughlin a dwelling house.

—Wheat harvesting is progressing rapidly, and we are informed that there will be an average crop, notwithstanding the late frosts in May.

—Mess. Jno T. McGraw, of Grafton, and T. S. Riley, Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee, of Wheeling, were in our city Tuesday.

—On account of the plastering of the lower part of our office last week we were unable to run our presses, consequently were unable to get out any paper.

—The picnic at Mt. Grove the 4th inst. passed off, we understand, with an exception of one little fight, which nobody knew anything about except the participants, very quietly.

—Mr. Henry McGlaughlin, of Marlinton, who has been at Hampden Sydney college, for the past two sessions, has returned home for the summer. He will go back next session. Mr. McGlaughlin's high standing in his class speaks well for his intelligence and ambition.

—Enos Sharp, ex-convict and who now stands indicted in several cases for illicit retailing of liquor, was lodged in jail at this place last week on an indictment for forgery, committed before he was sentenced to the penitentiary for horse stealing, several years ago.

—It is announced that General Jubal A. Early will be the orator at the unveiling of the Jackson monument at Lexington, July 21. His subject will be the military achievements and character of General Jackson.

—Died, on the 5th inst., Miss Fannie Hogsett, of consumption, at the home of her parents Mr. W. T. Hogsett's on Brown's creek, aged about 40 years. She was burried near Huntersville the following evening. The sorrowing parents have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.

—Mr. John. A. McNeel, formerly of Pocahontas county, but now of Lexington, Va., arrived in Union last Tuesday. We learn Mr. McNeel anticipates purchasing a farm and locating in Monroe county.—Monroe Watchman.

—Mr. O. K. Lapham, of Staunton recently purchased 7,000 acres of timber land in Pocahontas county, W. Va. The deal was made principally for the bark on the timber, but the land is worth the money when the bark has been peeled. We have no doubt, coal and iron will also be found on the tract.—Valley Virginian.

—Died at her residence on the 6th inst., 12 m. Mrs. Naomi Dilley, aged 72 years and 23 days. She had been a consistent member of the Methodist Church for 54 years. Her illness was brief, but bourn with great patience and christian fortitude and her last moments were calm and peaceful.

—We received a communication from Dr. Jno. Ligon, of Clover Lick last week, which we got misplaced in some way. It was in answer to a communication, which appeared in THE TIMES a few weeks ago from Edray, in regard to the question of building a bridge near Clover Lick. Dr. Ligon thinks a bridge should not be built until the route of the W. Va. Central railroad is definitly determined, as no doubt it will be in the near future, and then, probably a more convenient place would appear. We think the argument of Dr. Ligon is very logical.

—The Staunton correspondent of the Valley Virginian says: The sermons of Sam Jones on Sunday and Monday were the topics of discussion throughout Staunton, on Monday, From the expressions we heard we conclude that Mr. Jones has stirred up a hornet's next and and was provoking the evil in men to find utterance at the mouth. Several very angry controversies, between parties who heard some of his sermons were had on the streets and anything but a christian spirit manifested—Mr. Jones, himself, set the example, as he pitched into anybody and everybody, and denounced indiscriminately, respecting neither persons nor community. We are afraid he has encountered a people who are incorrigible from his standpoint.

Preaching Notice.

Sacramental meeting at Huntersville, second Sabbath of July (12). Preparatory services Friday and Saturday evenings. The assistance of Rev. B. A. Pendleton, is promised.

Providence permitting there will be an all-day meeting at McGlaughlin Church, 1st Sabbath of August, to be conducted by W. T. Price, and perhaps others.

Preaching Saturday afternoon before at 3.30.

DEATH

COMES IN A HORRIBLE FORM

To The Passengers on a Crowded Excursion Train.

But One Passenger on the Train Escaped Injury.

The Death List Numbers 15, The Injured 50 or More.

Awful Scenes of Suffering Among The Injured.

Charleston Gazette of the 4th inst.

The Dead.

The following is a list of the dead:

Col. W. E. Fife, of Buffalo, W. Va.

T. N. Wilson, late city editor of the Bulletin, Gallipolis, Ohio.

Charles Huffman, Blue Creek, W. Va.

Jasper Daughterty, New Martinsville, W. Va.

Walter Wilcher, Elk City, W. Va.

Miss Ella O'Leary, Mason City, W. Va.

Amos Coulter, Elk City, W. Va.

Orville Robinson, Midway, W. Va.

Thomas Thornton, Conductor, K. & M. Railroad, Middleport, O.

Mary Sullivan, Hampten, W. Va.

L. L. Rose, Blue Creek, W. Va.

Jud White, Middleport, O.

Mrs. Mary Walker Elk City, W. Va.

J. D. Jones, Charleston, W. Va.

There were fifty-two wounded, of whom mostly were of this State.

Never before have the citizens of Charleston been called upon to mourn so serious an accident as befell the Kanawa & Michigan passenger train No. 1 yesterday morning near Farm station, eight miles from here, and it is to be sincerely hoped that never again will there be a repetition of any thing so horrible that will appeal to such an extent to the sympathies of the people.

The day dawned bright and clear and with the elaborate programme prepared for the celebration of the Forth of July, a day of the greatest pleasure was anticipated by all, none for an instant dreaming of the terrible tidings so soon to be flashed over the wires that were to bring sorrow to so many homes.

The order of United American work-men had arranged to spend the day at Poca and with their wives and friends were on board the ill fated train. A good many of the K. & M. employese who are working here and live elsewhere along the line of the road were among the passengers and it was found later, were among the killed and injured. The excursion rates offered by the road had drawn out a good many people and it is known that there must have been 75 or 80 persons aboard the train by the time it reached the place where the wreck occurred.

Among the passengers was John E. Norvell, of the Charleston National Bank, who was on his way to Gallipolis to spend the day with his wife. He had carried a bucket along with him, and finding that postal clerk Hayes, whom he knew was in the mail car, went in there to talk with him a few minutes and get a string with which to tie his card on the bucket. This was all that saved him, he being the only passenger in that train load who escaped injury. He had been in the mail car but a few minutes when it began to rock and shake. Mr. Norvell says he voluntarily grabbed the post [illegible] in the mail car for the purpose, while Mr. Hayes stiffened himself up and seized another one. The car jumped the track; they could feel it jolting over the ties. Suddenly it regained the rails when with a sudden jerk and jar the coaches broke loose and left the track. The postal car though it kept the rails was so jolted and jerked that the windows and doors were jarred out. The crashing of the coaches on the earth beneath mingled with the shreaks of the unfortunate victims in the terrible confusion.

The trestle where the accident occurred is probably 60 feet high in the center and about 300 feet long. About in the center of the trestle fire had in some manner broken out and had burned some of the ties. These gave way under the weight of the heavy train. The engine and baggage car passed over safely, but the ties gave way under the coaches derailing them. They jolted along some 50 feet over the ties, shaking the passengers up and giving them the first warning of their fate, then left the trestle, carrying their load of human lives to death. The forward car rolled over the bank of the approach to the trestle, some ten or fifteen feet, turning completely over and stopping upright beneath the trrck. The rear coach tumbled over the right side of the trestle and rested upside down a few feet from the side of the trestle and parallel with the track. The fall was perpendicular and must have been 20 feet. This was probably the cause for all the killed and so many of the injured being cut and mashed about the head. When the car turned over they fell head first to the top of the car and received their cuts on the head.

Immediately after the fall of the cars, these who were able started nobly to the resque. Engineer Pat O'Connor, fireman W. S. Wyatt, postal clerk Hayes and John Norvell, who alone remained on the track, went to the cars, burst open the windows and removed the debris sufficiently to let those who were uninjured to escape. A number of the injured assisted in getting out those who were worse hurt, and persons from the neighboring farm houses also arrived and assisted in the work.

Mrs. Thomas at the poor farm, supplied a number of sheets and clothes for bandages which were used as best could be by the inexperienced hands who were there. It was awful work. Pulling the living and the dead out from the cars, bandaging up the injured, caring for the dead, quieting the disconsolate and doing all they could to relieve the suffering and prolong life, they spent an hour or more before the first relief train arrived from St. Albans bearing Doctors Lee and Clark. It was not long till the first train got in from Charleston with Doctors Thomas, Barber, Putney, Houston, Tompkins and Campe, half a dozen railroad officials, John B. White, John O'Conner and Jesse McLain, all of whom rendered valuable assistance. With the arrival of the physicians the work began to be easier and better care was rendered the wounded. Several of those who were taken out of the cars badly wounded died soon afterwards. A dozen were dead when the train bearing them started back to Charleston and Mary Sullivan died on the way up.

J. D. Jones and Mrs. Mary Wall died before night, making 15 deaths.

About 11o'clock another relief train was sent down with cots and blankets. A gruesome sight met the gaze of those who went down on it. A long row of corpses was lying in a field awaiting the arrival of the train, while in every direction the injured were scattered. They were gotten on the train as rapidly as possible and the ghastly load was brought back to the city, where the dead were put in charge of the undertakers, and the injured were taken to their homes or placed under the care of physicians by the railroad company.

Many harrowing scenes are related by those who were first on the ground. The force with which the ponderous trucks crashed down on the inverted car carried the bottom down with it and the people inside were squeezed in tight between the roof and the floor of the car. Some of the least injured managed to crawl to an opening in the wreck and make their escape, but many of them had to be literally dragged out of their places. One of the bodies in this part of the car was found with the head missing from the mouth up. It was the body of Jasper Daugherty. Some hours later in rummaging through the debris, a gentleman found what he thought was another body. Examination proved it to be the missing head of Mr. Daugherty. The face was mangled beyond recognition and the brains were scattered among the dirt and rubbish of the car. The head was wrapped in a piece of linen and carried to the cot where the body lay.

Most of the bodies of the other dead were terribly cut. Each of them had a cut or bruise in the head. In some ones fingers might have been placed with ease.

About the saddest sight in the whole affair was the little child of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Welcher. The little thing is a beautiful child of about a year, with great blue eyes. It was picked up out of the wreck, slightly bruised, and cut with its little fingers missing from one hand. The little thing seemed to understand what was going on. It never uttered a cry while the surgeons dressed its wounds, nor did a tear drop from its bright eyes. It was placed beside the dead bodies of its parents and tenderly ran its little hand across their blood-stained faces. The little orphan was taken in charge by kind friends and will be given to the relatives of the deceased.

The homeward journey of the funeral train was a sad one. In one car lay nine dead bodies and two injured. In every other car lay from four to eight injured or dead. The news of the wreck spread like a flash and at every station curious crowds were out to catch a glimpse of the train and in some cases to inquire after friends. One woman came up to the train at Glen Elk and inquired for Walter Welcher. "Dead," was the answer. "And his wife?" she asked breathlessly. "Dead, too." "How about Mrs. Wall?" "Badly injured." The woman turned away in tears. Every friend she had on the train was dead or injured. Throughout Charleston and Elk City homes are in sadness. Scores of persons are lying on beds of pain, some of whom will probably never leave them again. Although it was the saddest holiday ever witnessed in Charleston.

The railway company has done everything in its power to allevate the sufferings of the unfortunate victims. Every physician who could be secured in Charleston or St. Albans was sent at once to the wreck; cots and blankets were provided; relatives were given information and permitted to go on the relief train to the scenes of the wreck. Division Superintendent Dawson got up from a sick bed to personally supervise the work, and every official of the road did all he could. Some criticism was made for not having a track walker out. A Gazette reporter called at one of the K. & M. offices and was informed that every section of the road is gone over from one end to the other every day, but that the burnt trestle was at the end of a section and the walker started from the other end and had not reached it when the train came along. The accident seems to have been unavoidable but is none the less to be deplored.

TIN SPOUTING.

A. W. Arbogast, of Monterey Va., will be in the County for several months spouting houses. Parties wishing work of this kind done can do no better than to get him to do it.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville. W. Va.

July 9, 1891.

(Continued from 1st page.)

not reflect credit upon you, and of which neither of the contracting parties can well be proud. You have fallen into the error of thinking *I* cared to buy your title; allow me to inform you that I do not! I believe now we have both said all that is necessary."

"I, at least, have not said all," broke forth Lord Melton, hotly. "Do you suppose I intend to calmly lose the only woman I have ever loved, through a horrible mistake? Never! And if you had loved me, Parker, as well as I love you, you would not have been so ready to doubt me; for there is nothing, no matter how conclusive, which could make me attribute a base motive to an action of yours."

She felt herself weakining, and in desperation took advantage of of the cue he had unconsciously given her. So, in a voice that trembled slightly as she uttered the falsehood said defiantly:

"Perhaps you are right, and the reason I doubted you so quickly was because I did not love you."

"Great God, do you mean that?"

"I mean it," repeated Miss Grey, steadily, but not looking at him. had she done so, she might have been convinced that Jack Melton was no hypocrite, for never were grief and despair more genuine than those expressed in every line of his face.

There was a pause before he replied:

"Then, of course, I release you. I will ask you once again to believe I love you, and that I always shall. Goodbye."

Before she was aware of his intention she was in his arms, and felt his hot, despairing kisses on her lips, her cheeks, her eyes. Then suddenly releasing her, he strode into the library and closed the door behind him.

Five minutes later Miss Grey was being rapidly driven to the station. That night she joined her American friends, and traveled with them a year through Europe before returning to America.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 10th, 1890.

"MY DEAR MABLE: At last I have a few minutes to spare, and I shall tell you something about the wedding. I suppose you have seen by the papers it took place Tuesday. Parker made a beautiful bride and Jack was joy personified. You know they were engaged in England, three years ago, but that horrid Mrs. Mortimer, who used to drag Jack around after her, broke the match off. She told Parker that Jack was only marrying her for her money, and her story seemed so straight and so true that Parker believed it. After that her fortune was a barrier between them; but six months ago, when she lost every cent, Jack came right over, and was able to prove it was not his money he cared for.

"Of course when he was comparatively poor, I wanted him to marry a rich woman; but since he has come into a fortune of his own, I could not have chosen him a [illegible] of more charming wife than Parker; and now that everything has turned out so happily, Jack who has been looking wretchedly ever since their first engagement was broken, is quite his old self again.

"I am the guest of Mr. Grey, Parker's [illegible], who has entertained me most handsomely. I shall be [illegible] ry to leave, but I sail the first of next month, to get Melton House in order by the time Jack and Parker arrive. So I shall see you before very long.

"Hoping you and the dear children are quite well, Your affectionate cousin.

"HARRIET CROFTON.

"P. S. Parker's presents were superb."

Barbara's Test.

Pretty Barbara Ferros would not marry. Her mother was in consternation.

"Why are you so stubborn, Barbara?" she asked. "You have plenty of lovers."

"I want, when I marry, a man who is brave, equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty I want to be taken care of."

"Silly child! What is the matter with big Barney, the blacksmith?"

"He is big, but I never learned that he is brave."

"And you never learned that he is not. What is the matter with Ernest, the gun smith?"

"He's as placid as goats milk."

"There is little Fritz, the tanner; he is quarrelsome enough for you surely?"

"He is no bigger than a bantam cock. It is little he could do if the house was set upon by robbers."

That night Ernest, the gunsmith, knocked early at the door.

"You sent for me, Barbara," he said, going to the girl who stood upon the hearth, coquettishly warming one pretty foot and then the other.

"Yes, Ernest," she replied. "I've been thinking of what you said the other night when you were here."

"Well, Barbara?"

"I want to test you."

"I want to see if you dare do a very disagreeable thing."

"What is it?"

"There is an old coffin up stairs. It smells of mould. They say Redmond, the murderer was burried in it; but the devil came for his body and left the coffin empty at the end of a week, and it was finally taken from the tomb. It is up stairs in the room my grand father died in, and they say grandsire does not rest easy in his grave for some reason though that I know nothing about. Dare you make that coffin your bed tonight."

Ernest laughed.

"Is that all?" *I* will do that and sleep soundly. Why, pretty one, did you think I had weak nerves?"

"Good night, then, I will send a lad to show you the chamber," said imperious Miss Barbara.

Ernest turned straightway and followed the lad in waiting through dim rooms and passages, up echoing stairs, narrow damp ways, where rats scuttled before them to a low chamber. The boy looked pale and scared, and evidently wanted to hurry away, but Ernest made him wait until he took a survey of the room by the aid of his lamp. It was very large and full of recesses with high windows in them, which were barred across. He remembered that old Grandsire Ferros had been insane for several years before his death, so this precaution had been necessary for the safety of himself and others. In the centre of the room stood a coffin, beside it was placed a chair. The room was otherwise perfectly empty.

Ernest stretched himself in the coffin.

"Be good enough to tell Miss Barbara that it's a very good fit," said he.

The boy went out and shut the door, leaving the young gunsmith alone in the dark.

Meanwhile Barbara was talking with the big blacksmith in the keeping room.

"Barney," said she, pulling her hands from his grasp when he would have kissed. "I have a test to put you through before I give you my answer. There is a corpse lying in the chamber where my grandsire died in the unoccupied wing of the house. If you dare sit with it there all night, and let nothing drive you from your post, you will not ask me to marry you again in vain."

"Are these all the conditions you can offer me, Barbara?"

"All. And if you get frightened you need never look me in the face again."

"Ill take them, then."

So Barney was conducted to his post by the lad, who had been instructed in the secret, and whose involuntary stare at Ernest's placid face as it lay in the coffin was interpreted by Barney to be natural awe of a corpse. He took his seat and the boy left him alone with the darkness, the rats and the coffin.

Soon after young Fritz, the tanner arrived, flattered and hopeful from the fact that Barbara had sent for him.

"Have you changed your mind Barbara?" he asked.

"No, and I shall not until I know that you can do a really brave thing."

"What shall it be? I swear to satisfy you Barbara."

"I have a little proposal to make to you. My plan requires skill as well as courage."

"Tell me."

"Well, in this house is a man watching by a corpse. He has sworn not to leave his post till morning. If you can make him do it I shall be satisfied that you are as smart and as brave as I require a husband to be."

"Why nothing is so easy," exclaimed Fritz. "I can scare him away. Furnish me with a sheet, show me the room, and go to your rest, Barbara. You shall find me at the post in the morning."

Barbara did as required and saw the tanner step blithly away to his task. It was then nearly 12 o'clock and she sought her own chamber.

Barney was sitting at his vigil, and so far all had been well.

The face in the coffin gleamed whiter through the darkness. The rats squeaked as if a famine were upon them and they smelled dead flesh. The thought made him shudder. He got up and walked about, but something made a slight noise as if something was behind him, and he put his chair with its back against the wall, and sat down again. He had been hard at work all day, and at last in spite of everything, he grew sleepy. Finally he nodded and snored.

Suddenly it seemed as if somebody had touched him. He awoke with a start, and saw nobody near, though in the centre of the room stood a white figure.

"Curse you, get out of this!" he exclaimed in a fright, using the first words that came to his tongue.

The figure held up its right arm and slowly approached him. He started to his feet. The spectre came nearer pressing him into the corner.

"The d——l take you?" cried Barney, in his extremity.

Involuntarily he stepped back; still the figure advanced, coming nearer and nearer, and extending both arms, as if to take him in a ghastly embrace. The hair started up on Barney's head; he grew desperate, and just as the gleaming arms would have touched him, he fell upon the ghost like a whirlwind, tearing off the sheet, thumping, pounding, beating and kicking, more and more enraged at the resistance he met, which told him the truth.

As the reader knows, he was big and Fritz was little; and while he [illegible] the little tanner [illegible], and Fritz trying in vain to get a lunge at Barney's stomach, to take the wind out of him, both plunging and kicking like horses, they were petrified by hearing a voice say:

"Take one of your size Big Barney!"

Looking around, they saw the corpse sitting up in his coffin. Then [illegible] and opened the door upon Ernest the next morning.

"It's very early; one more little nap," said he turning over in the coffin.

So she married him, and though she sent Fritz and Barney invitations to the wedding, they did not appear. If they discovered the trick they kept the knowledge to themselves, and never willingly faced Barbara's laughing eyes again.—Sheffield Telegraph.

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[illegible]

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 8. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, July 23, 1891. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 52

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cr. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C E. Beard. S B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

TALES OF A GREAT CITY.

STUB'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

It wasn't much to boast of, Stub's sleeping place.

If there had been six feet of Stub instead of only four, there is no knowing what he would have done with his toes.

Stub's sleeping place wasn't mentioned in the city directory. Stub's eyes would have grown as large as his appetite if you had ever suggested looking him up in a book—unless it was the big book at the Harrison street police station.

Stub's sleeping place was in an alley. It had once been rather a respectable box, but teamsters had bunted their truck wheels against it, and janitors had swept filthy water upon it, until its gentility had departed.

Stub had had ideas of his own about art, and he recorded them on the walls of his box. When he had newspapers he couldn't sell, he cut out the pictures and pasted them on the walls of his sleeping chamber. As he changed the pictures every day, his apartment became a humble panorama of passing events.

He allowed only one picture to remain unmolested. At the foot of his bed of papers, where his eyes rested first in the morning, the roughly sketched but motherly and pleasant faced portrait of a woman looked down from the pine wall.

Stub used to think that if he ever had a mother she would look just as the portrait looked.

So you see that even little heathen Stub, who would have thought nothing of stealing your bundle, and who never neglected an opportunity of giving the wrong change or making impish faces behind your back—even little heathenish Stub possessed the mothersome instinct to be observed in the young of all forms of animal life.

II.

There wasn't very much room in Stub's box so he wasn't often annoyed with lodgers. He liked to be alone, and he wasn't afraid of the dark. To be sure it was never very dark in the alley, and never very still, but many boys only ten years old would have cried themselves to sleep there. Stub didn't. He only kept out of the way of the policemen.

When Stub got home that Saturday night he discovered a ragged little urchin curled up in his box. Stub had had a bad day's business, and had been nagged into a fight down on State street, so he wasn't in good humor.

He had fought many a battle for the possession of his box, and was preparing to fight another, when he saw how small the intruder was, and how white and pinched his face looked. So he decided not to attack him, but just to civilly turn him out.

"Come, Cully," he said, giving the box a terrific shaking with his strong little hand, "you sherry your nibs. This is my bed."

The intruder rubbed his eyes and began to cry.

"Cheese," said Stub, "none o' that. Get out. Home's the place for sny babies."

Instead of getting out, the urchin cried harder than ever, so Stub crawled in on his hands and knees and sat down.

"Why don't you go home," he demanded, "and not be around crowdin' 'ona feller's' rooms?"

"I runned away from home," the child finally managed to explain.

Stub couldn't understand how a boy who had a home could voluntarily run away from it, so he sat and stared at the intruder in open-eyed wonder.

"I'll bet," he said, rattling the pennies in his pocket, "that you don't know how to do anything."

The intruder shook his head and rubbed harder than ever at his eyes. Then Stub tried him on another tack.

"I'll bet," he said, rattling his money again ostentatiously, "that you hain't had nothin' to eat."

No; the intruder had had nothing to eat that day. Stub had part of his supper and most of his breakfast in his pocket, and the intruder was soon devouring it, much as a hungry animal would have done.

"Where did you come from?"

"Away out in the country."

"Well," said Stub, almost out of breath with astonishment, "you're a bloomin' bloke to cut away from the country. Can you roll on the grass out there, an' wade in the brooks?"

"Lots."

"Then you go back. Mebbe I'll give you a nickel in the mornin' to ride out on the grip."

And the boys nestled together for the purpose of increased warmth and went to sleep.

III.

The fire must have been burning a long time before the glare and the noise disturbed the occupants of Stub's sleeping apartments.

When Stub sat up and looked about him the buildings on both sides of the alley were a-blaze, and firemen and policemen were helping people out of high windows with long ladders. The air was hot with the breath of the flames and thick and black with smoke. In the distance he heard the thunder of falling walls and the hoarse cries of excited people. His companion started up in terror, but Stub held him back.

"Can't you see the alley is all afire, you little fool," he said. "You would roast out there in a minute. Wait 'till they put the fire out. I'll bet number six will swipe it when she comes. You ought to see number six play on a fire."

The air in the box was stifling. The boys gasped for breath. Walls were falling on all sides. A great iron beam lodged in a low window rent and protected the box for the time being.

"Now," said Stub, after another mighty crash, "there's a place under that wall to get out. No; not that way. There, where the bricks have lodged. You're so little, mebbe you can get through if you skip it lively. I'll go after you; but if you don't see me again; just you get for them brooks where you can wade. Mebbe the gripman'll give you a ride. Now!"

Stub watched the intruder crowding through the tunnel-like place, stumbling over fallen beams and piles of brick, and wondered if the place was large enough for him to pass through, and if the oven-like heat wouldn't take him before he got to the street. At last the tiny figure passed through the blaze of light at the other end and disappeared.

There is another heavy crash, and Stub wonders vaguely if the intruder of the night before has taken the tunnel with him.

There surely is nothing where it was—only a mass of brick and stone, crashing and steaming with the [illegible] water pouring over it. Stub is crowded back into his box, and then a high chimney, standing like a great sentinel high above the crumbling walls, sways and totters in the hot air.

The smouldering ruins are lashed into a sudden flare as the topmost part of the chimney detaches itself and leads the way headlong into the red pit of fire below. In that one burst of light Stub's frightened eyes looked dimly at the roughly sketched portrait of a motherly face standing out on the pine wall. There seems to be a new expression on the face—a look of peace and rest he has never seen there before.

And then the main mass of the structure comes crashing through the hot air, burying a disreputable goods box and a mangled newsboy many feet beneath smoking ruins.

A FISH'S FUNERAL

"Come, Everett, say your prayers, then shut your eyes and go to sleep, for it is almost 8 o'clock," said Everett's mother, leading him to his bed in the small room just off hers.

Everett began a prayer and mama's thoughts wandered off to "I must not forget to tell Mary to have ham and eggs for breakfast, and as tomorrow is ironing day we must do with a picked up"—when she was startled by hearing Everett say; "God bless mamma, God bless papa—but say, God, you needn't go botherin' about Aunt Grace, for she went home this morning—for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen. Two men, three boys."

His voice had grown louder and louder as he neared the close of the prayer, and the last words were in a dreaded scream.

"Why, Everett! What did you do that for? No little boy acts like that," said his mother.

"Oh, yes, they do. Tommy Diddles told me today that God was miles and miles and miles away, and how can he hear me when the window is shut if I don't yell?"

Mamma tucked him in bed and went away.

Everett's goldfish died last Monday, says a writer in the New York Recorder, and he, with Tommy Diddles and Cara Potter, buried it. A lead-pencil box served as a coffin, and Cora wheeled it to the graveyard in her doll carriage. Miss Ellies, the dolly was the chief mourner, and sat on top of the coffin all the way there. Tommy Diddles was undertaker, and followed the carriage in his wagon drawn by the billy goat. The way was a long one, for it took them three times around the house, and once around the barn, thence to the lilac bush, under which Everett had dug the grave.

The ceremony was a solemn affair. Everett made the following remarks:

"Fishy, you are as dead as a door nail, and you can't wag your tail ever any more in the water nor bite my finger in the morning when I feed you your breakfast. Mamma will get another little fish and put in the water and we won't hardly know you are gone up to heaven. [illegible] don't you feel so awfully sorry 'cause petty quick it will swim on its side, and we will send it up after you. I wouldn't try to come back if I were you. I wouldn't try to come back if I were you, little fish 'cause I guess you wouldn't see the [illegible] fish in your [illegible]. Now let us sing."

"All right," said Tommy, [illegible] struck out with "All 'Round the Mulberry Bush." But Cora said she would not play if she could not sing "London Bridge is Falling Down."

"I'll tell you," interrupted Everett, "the fish is dead, isn't it?" "Yes," said both listeners.

"It's going to heaven isn't it?" "Yes" Well, it will be an angel, won't it?"

"Guess so," answered Tommy, and Cora nodded.

"Then let us sing 'I Want to Be an Angel;'" which they did and the funeral was over.

It grew late and mamma called and called, but Everett did not answer. Finally she found him on the ground beside the grave, crying as if his heart would break.

"Mamma, mamma," he said "it takes the fish so long to go to heaven; and now if you put me to bed I won't see it go."

"Never mind, dearie, I suppose it went long ago; it did not know you wanted to watch it."

"No, no, mamma! It is there," pointing to the grave. "I have dug it up 'leven times, and it is always there." And he broke into sobs afresh.

JOKED ON HIS DEATHBED.

Not long before his death, the story runs, Barnum summoned his lawyer to the side of the couch where he was lying.

"I am very much worried," he said, "about a certain matter, and I want to consult you. My neighbor keeps peacocks. Suppose some of them should fly over into my yard—which they are doing all the time—and lay some eggs here. Would these eggs belong to me, or could my neighbor compel me to give them up?"

The lawyer having duly scratched his head, answered:

"Well Mr. Barnum, I must take time to look into this matter. But the best thing for you to do would be for you to keep the eggs and let your neighbor sue for the possession. In that way your rights would be determined, and we should have a very valuable test case."

"Well," said Barnum, "while you are looking into the matter will you find out how it would be if the eggs were laid by peahens?"

The lawyer swore softly to himself, but never made an investigation.

City Editor—The street is all excitement. An electric light wire has blocked traffic, and no one knows whether it is a live wire or not.

Editor—Detail two reporters to go to the wire immediately—one to feel of it and the other to write up the result.

First Plague (on the way to a city)—What are you?

Second Plague (traveling in same direction)—I am a common cold.

First Plague (loftily)—You might as well stay away. Nobody recognizes you any more. I am the grip.

Fully 2,300 persons commit suicide in Russia every year; indeed, the violent deaths of all kinds annually reach 15,000 while 10,000 people die of typhus fever, the most destructive national disease.

A bottle thrown into the Atlantic on Nov. 24, 1887, from the Cephalonia, about 400 miles out from Boston, was recently washed ashore on a little islet in the Caribbean sea, 6,300 miles away.

Cremation is very economically conducted in Japan, and therefore is quite popular. In Tokyo there are six crematories, in which one third of the dead are burned. The highest price for burning a body is $3.75, and the lowest, $1.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville. W. Va.
July 23, 1891.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 17th—"I was not for Campbell first" said a member of the democratic National Committee, "but recently, after looking carefully over the field I became convinced that Campbell's hold on the farmers of the State made him the most available man, that is to say the one who could under the peculiar circumstance surrounding the Ohio campaign this year, pole the most votes, and now that he has been nominated I trust that every democrat in Ohio will recognize the national importance of the election in that State and lay aside all personal objections to the candidate and work as hard as he knows how for the success of the democratic party. The adoption of the free coinage plank in the platform leaves the Farmers Alliance no excuse for putting a third ticket in the field, and if they vote as they have talked Campbell should receive their support. Of course I cannot say that he will; but anyway I am confident that we can elect Campbell and the legislature, if all of the democrats of the State can be persuaded to actively assist."

Secretary Proctor is on one of his periodical visits to the War department, over which he is supposed to preside. It is not known how long he will remain, but it is safe to say that he will only be here for a few days, as it isn't probable that he has any intention of breaking his record by remaining for any extended period.

Representative Crisp, of Georgia, whose chances of being next Speaker of the House have taken such a decided upward spurt recently, is in town this week. He talks confidentally but not boastfully of his Speakership prospects, and has nothing but good words for his competitors in what he calls "the friendly competition." He says that if he or one of the other candidates gets the prize there will be no soreness or hard feelings, as every one of them will cheerfully accept the decree of the caucus as final.

Secretary Rusk is to attend the annual encampment of the G. A. R. at Detroit next month, and he is to help fix up things for Mr. Harrison with the old soldiers.

Look out for a break between the Harrison and Blaine people. It may be avoided, but it may also occur at any time. The Blaine people have long suspected that most of the misrepresentations concerning Mr. Blaine's health were the work of Mr. Harrison's friends, but it was only the other day that they succeeded in running one of the fakes down—the one saying that Blaine had placed his resignation in Harrison's hands because he never expected to get well again—and in placing the authorship mighty [illegible] to "Lige" Halford, it having [illegible] telegraphed from here by the [illegible] respondent who represents the [illegible] Journal, [illegible] which "Lige" used to edit, and which has for years been regarded as Mr. Harrison's personal organ. This correspondent is known to be on the closest terms with Halford and it is charged by the Blaineites that Halford inspired this fake dispatch, which the correspondent did not dare to wire his own paper although it was sent to several other papers in the West. To say that the Blaineites are mad is to draw it very mildly indeed. One of them—a man with an international reputation—has gone to Bar Harbor to lay the facts that he has discovered about the systematic attempts of the Harrison crowd to create the impression that Mr. Blaine is a wreck, mentally and physically, before that gentleman, and to implore him to grant the use of his name as a Presidential candidate, which would of itself put an end to the Harrison candidacy at once.

Senator Call, of Florida, is in Washington. He says that his opponents are at work on several schemes by which they hope to keep him out of his seat in the Senate on the ground that his election was illegal, but that he isn't alarmed as he knows that he was legally elected and hasn't the least doubt of being able to establish that fact before either a legislative or legal tribunal.

The count of cash in the Treasury was completed this week, and some foolish republicans are disposed to shout because the total reaches more than $600,000,000 forgetting that there are liabilities outstanding against this amount in the shape of gold certificates, silver certificates, silver Treasury notes and United States notes (greenbacks) amounting to $813,746,984, which puts a very different face on the matter.

Representative Oates, of Alabama, says if the democratic party in the South does not wake up and do some lively fighting it will be swallowed lock, stock and barrel by the Farmers Alliance.

Eleven more suits were brought against the K. & M. R. R. Co. by persons injured in the recent wreck. The suits aggregate 82,000 dollars, which with the 50,000 dollars already sued for makes 132,000 dollars so far. Among these suits was one of the Welcher baby, who lost both her parents, for 20,000 dollars damages to herself. The suit was brought by her next friend, John H. Ritter who has already brought suit as administrator of the estate of her dead parents.

Ex Govenor Wilson brought suits in the circuit court at Charleston against the K. & M. Ry. Co. aggregating $80,000 for the execution of Walter Welcher and wife, who were killed in the railroad wreck last Saturday; also J. L. Stone and Mariah L. Henson, who was injured in the same wreck. The suits are for $40,000 each for Welcher and wife, $20,000 for Stone and $10,000 Henson. A large number of other suits will be brought against the company for others who were injured if compromises cannot be effected.

Alliance News.

Late Matters of Interest Partaining to the Order

The Edray Farmers Alliance and I. U. will meet at the Edray school house on Saturday, August 1st.

What has become of the Alliance at Huntersville. They should have regular meetings.

The Farmers Alliance of our county is we beleive in a prosperous condition.

We hope all sub alliances of our county will send in any news that they may have, for publication, also the time of the meeting of the respective Alliances.

At least two thirds of our patrons belong to the Farmers Alliance and it is our desire to serve those who patronise us. With this view we propose to vie with them in what we think is best for their interests, and it is an evident fact, as some Alliance speaker says, that there is an undercurrent at work, moving heaven and earth, led by monopolists and plutocrats whose sole aim is to disorganize the people and render futile their efforts to break the shackles of financial and commercial slavery. Success of the Farmers means freedom to the masses and what is good for them is good for every wage worker under the sun.

The work of organizing goes forward very rapidly in Indiana.

There were at last report, more than 2,200 subordinate Alliances.

The F. A. & I. U. has more than 3,500,000 members in the 35 states in which it is organized.

In Ohio there are over 900 subordinate open Alliances and nearly 300 subordinate secret Alliances.

Pennsylvania and New York are being rapidly organized and both will soon be strongholds of Alliance principles.

The Alliance in Nebraska is not connected with either of the great National bodies. They prefer to stand alone.

The Alliance in Texas is taking on a new growth which bids fair to eclipse anything ever before seen in that State.

The Alliance has planted its banner in every state except four in New England, and these will be set afire in a few weeks.

*Oregon will soon organize a Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union and Washington will follow in a short time.

Besides the 2,200 subordinate open Alliances in Iowa, Secretary Lang of the secret Alliance reports nearly 300 secret Alliances. There were but 135 March 20.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Under an order of the County Court of Pocahontas County made July 16th, 1891, sealed bids in writing addressed to the undersign, or either of them, at Huntersville (P. O.) Pocahontas Co., West Virginia, or handed to either, will be recieved until 12 o'clock, Monday, of the 3rd day of August, 1891, for the construction of a Wooden Trestle Approach to the Bridge at its Southern end, over Knapp's Creek near Huntersville in said Pocahontas County.

Specifications for said work are recorded in the Clerk's Office of said County Court which will be shown by the Clerk of said Court on application to him.

Bond with good personal security in a penalty equal to bid conditioned for completion of said work according to said specifications within 60 days from said third day of August, 1891, must accompany such bid.

Right reserved to reject any or all bids.

J. H. Patterson,
A. Barlow,
L. M. McClintic, } Comm'rs.

July 23 2t.

HOME NEWS

—Locals are scarce this week.

—Hay harvesting is in full blast.

—L. M. McClintic, Attorney, is in Va., this week on business.

—We understand the Teachers Institute begins the 10th of August.

—Hon. Jas. E. Campbell was nominated for Govenor of Ohio on the firt bollot.

—Misses Mary and Pauline McNeel, of near Academy, were the guests of Mrs. Jno. J. Beard the latter part of last week.

—Mark M. Pomerey, better known as "Brick" was in Charleston last week. He is well pleased with that portion of the State.

—Mr. H. P. McGlaughlin, of this place is in attendance at the unveiling of the Jackson monument at Lexington, Va., to day (Wednesday).

—Some of the officers of the K. & M. Railroad have been indicted by the Grand Jury of Kanawa county for negligence in causing the terrible accident that occured near Charleston on the 4th of July.

—J. C. Loury, Jr., and Mrs. Wm. A. Grose have returned from the Webster Springs. Mrs. Grose is considerably improved in health, while it did not help Mr. Loury much.

—Josh B. McNeil, Esq., of Beaver Creek, is traveling the county, selling a pat. stove pipe shelf, which is the most convenient thing of the kind we have ever seen. No family can afford to do without it, at even twice the price.

—Lloyd Moore, Esq., son of the late Rev. Jas. E. Moore, and Miss Bessie Bird, daughter of Uriah Bird, of Mill Point, we understand were married today, at the home of the bride's parents. THE TIMES extend congratulations and best wishes for a happy and prosperous married life.

—Mr. R. V. Perkins, the miller at Mill Point, was in town Sunday, and informed us that he had never seen a better wheat crop raised in the Levels than they have this year. Mr. Parkins has already ground some new wheat and is highly pleased with the turn out.

—Attorn ys Capt. Stofer and N.C. McNeel and Squire Grose of this city attended a justice's trial at Marlinton, of Hauf. Waugh of nea r Edray for wilful trespass. He was remanded to awate the action of grand jury in the sum of $200, which amount he gave and was released.

—W. T. Slaven will visit each family in the County with a book called the "New Method" tells how to cure diseases without the use of drugs. He can furnish best of refernce as to the results of the treatment of it. Sold at $2.00 each.

—In our little local notice last week in regard to Miss Duffie Marshall as assistant teacher in the Hillsboro Male and Female Academy, some of the teachers misunderstand its meaning. We meant that Miss Marshall stood first among the teacher of our county; that is we believe her to be as good a teacher as we have, which does not say she is the best. There are many others who no doubt are as good as the lady mentioned, and who got the same grade of certificate at the examination.

—There are five persons in our county jail—two charged with murder, one for forgery, one serving an 8 month sentence for malicious assault and one lunatic. The Bright boys who are in for murder seem to be in good spirits and are confident of getting cleared at our Oct. Court. They will have to be tried at the Oct. court or they go free, as more than two terms cannot pass without a trial, unless the counsel for defense is agreed.

—Dr. John M. Cunningham, of Ekray, Pocahontas county, is now visiting his parents at this place. We are glad to hear that he has been successful in practicing his profession.—Highland Recorder.

Green Bank Items.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ralston are off on a visit to friends in Rockbridge Co.

Mrs. J. R. Slaven and daughter Mrs. S. L. Brown, of Huntersville, who were visiting in this vicinity, returned home Tuesday.

Miss Hattie Patterson returned home last week from an extended visit to relatives in the Levels.

Mr. C. O. Arbagast has purchased and moved to the property near Green Bank, formaly owned by his father.

Messrs. C. A. Lightner, Wm. H. Hull and Dr. C. L. Austin are off to Lexington to be present at the unveiling at that place the 22nd.

Mr. W. A. Gladwell made a flying visit to McDowell last week.

Mr. Wilson of McDowell is boarding at the Central Hotel.

PAULINA.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Miss Fannie Johnson of Virginia is visiting the family of Rev. C. Sydenstricker.

Mr. Theo. Brinkley of Frankford is now weilding the yard stick behinn Mr. Wm. H. Overholts counter. He is an expert clerk and salesman.

Miss G. M. Shearer returned last week from a three weeks trip in the interest of the Hillsboro Training School. Also Prof. Brown returned a few days ago off of a trip of the same kind in the interest of the H. M. & F. Academy.

Rev. D. S. Sydenstrickre has been on the sick list the past week.

Miss Duffie Marshall who has attended three sessions of the Hillsboro Training school taught by Miss Shearer will assist Prof. Brown in the primary department of the Hillsboro Male and Female Academy the coming term. Miss Shearer trains her pupils well and we feel miss Duffie will do her duty in the Academy.

The Hillsboro Cornet Band assisted by the ladies of Hillsboro and vicinity will give a lawn party next Saturday in the afternoon. A nice supper and refreshments of all kinds will be served. The entertainment will be interspersed throughout with amusement and music by the band. The public is cordially invited to attend, and a fine time promised. The band has improved rapidly since Mr. Stulting's return and have learned new pieces for the occasion.

Died, Col. R. G. Miller, Sunday evening at his house near Buckeye. Col. Miller is too well known to say much about him. His numerous friends all feel his troubles are ended and he has found a happier clime where sorrows and troubles are unknown. None of his children were permitted to be with him in his last moments except two daughters. His remains were laid to rest in the old Brick Church grave yard, where three sons are buried. The burial services were read by Rev. Wm. T. Price assisted by Rev. Absalom Sydenstricker. *Requiescat in pace.*

MAX.

County Court Proceedings.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas at the court-house thereof, on the 14th day of July, 1891. Present, S. B. Hannah, president, C. E. Beard and G. M. Kee, commissioners:

J. H. Patterson was appointed a comm'r. to make a settlement with M. J. McNeel, late sheriff.

H. A. Yeager, justice in Green Bank district resigned and Geo. W. Siple was appointed in his place.

A levy was laid of 37½ cents on the $100.

It was ordered that a change be made near Mrs. Mary Bird's residence on the public road leading from Charles Moore's to Frost.

It was ordered that L. M. McClintic institute proceedings against Henry Wooddell and J. B. Bradshaw to condemn land for the Glade Hill and Green Bank road.

On motion of C. O. Arbogast, assessor license were granted to the following persons to keep private entertainment: W. W. McCoy and E. H. Moore, of Academy; Loury & Doyle, G. W. Wagner and H. P. McGlaughlin, Huntersville; J. A. Ralston and P. D. Yeager, Travelers Repose; A. P. Herold, Frost; and J. C. Arbogast, Green Bank.

Charles Levisay to whom a contract was awarded for building the approach at the southern end of the bridge at Huntersville, declared in Court that he did not intend to build said approach, and J. H. Patterson, Amos Barlow and L. M. McClintic were appointed to advertise and recieve bids for its construction.

M. J. White was ordered to expend $25.00 in dressing up the road beginning at the Lockridge ford and ending at the top of the Alleghany mt.

Odrered that the contract be awarded Jno. E. Campbell to do the county printing for the year beginning July 16th '91 and ending July 16th '92, for the sum of $50.

To Build a Town.

PARKERSBURG, July 17.—A company was organized at Blenerhassett Hotel to be known as the Centralia Improvement Company for the purpose of building a town at Centralia, at the mouth of Laurel, on the Elk, on Senator Camden's West Virginia and Pittsburg railway. The following officers were elected: President, Judge W. G. Bennet, Weston; Vice President, C. P. Dorr, Addison; Treasurer, J. S. Hyer, Sutton; Seretary and General Agent, Alfred Rheinstorm, Wheeling. Directors: Judge Henry Brannon, Weston; John H. Holt, Huntington; Judge W. G. Benton, Weston; R. P. Camden, Parkersburg; Jonathan Bennett, C. P. Dorr, A. Rheinstorm, J. S. Hyer, W. Mollohan.

The Fair.

We clip the following from the Greenbrier Idependent:

About six weeks hence the Greenbrier Industrial Exposition will hold its first annual Fair. We have in press, and will have for distribution in a few days the corrected programme. The catalogue offers premiums in every department. Our graziers should take pride in entering their fat, breeding and thoroughbred cattle; our horsemen, their horses, mares, fillies, colts and the finer grades; our housewives should vie with each other in producing from dairy, garden and kitchen some meritorious specimens of their handicraft, and make an interesting exhibit. In the ornamental department should be exhibited embroidery, needlework, chrocheting, rugs and Carpet, the work of the loom, along with flowers, crayons, drawings, etc.

We feel assured every one conceives it a duty to work for the success of the Fair, and show what we can do. The attractions are so varied and numerous that the managers are fully convinced that they will have a large number of exhibitors and visitors, and to secure space, stalls and pens entries should be made at once.

The directors are untiring in their efforts to make the programme superior to that of any Fair held in this section, and to restore the pride of ante bellum days, when the mention of "Greenbrier Valley" was only needed to brand every article from the counties composing it, superior. The district is composed of Greenbrier, Monroe, Pocahontas, Summers and Fayette, and it is the desire of the Exposition to make this a district exhibition, assuring every exhibitor fairness, courtesy and welcome. Prepare for the Fair, the time is short, and for any information you want, write to any of the officers of the Association and you will recieve a prompt reply.

NOTICE.

I have a new Deering Mowing Machine only been used two years which I will sell for $25.00. Any one wanting a machine let me know at once. J. B. Lockridge, Driscol, W. Va.

Harry Christian was hanged in McDowell county for murder on the 17th inst.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Va. County of Pocahontas, to wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in July, 1891.

Edwin T. Dudley, Rodney H. Dudley, Alexander P. Dudley, Earnest M. Dudley, Geo. W. McDonald, Aurelius Gilkeson, Andrew G. Crawford and wm. A. Crawford.

against

Felix H. Hull, L. H. Huff and Lillie E. Huff, his wife, Edgar P. Hull, S. S. Turk, Adm'r of Elizabeth M. Turk, dec'd, J. C. Arbogast, Sheriff of Pocahontas County, and as such Adm'r de bonis non of F. H. Hull, dec'd, Benjamin F. Jackson, Levi Gay, late Sheriff of Pocahontas County, and as such Adm'r of Andrew G. Mathews, dec'd, Wm. H. McClintic and Mary Ann his wife, John [illegible] James P. Bright, Adm'r of Kyle Bright, dec'd [illegible]

IN CHANCERY.

[illegible]

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia, County of Pocahontas, to wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county on the first Monday of July 1891.

[illegible] McAllister

vs.

Sam'l C. Tardy Sr. and Sam'l C. Tardy Jr.

[illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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July 23, 1891.

IN THE CANON.

A Terr fic Battle between Rattlesnakes.

"About the most exciting fights I ever saw," observed old Matt Towle, the prospecter and mountaineer, "was one beteen rattlesnakes. You never seen one?" he continued, interrogatively, observing the look of interest on the part of his listner. "No more did I till a few years ago. Young man even if you have traveled 'bout this coast considerable, you know I started out afore you're born, and what it took me thirty five years to first lay eyes upon you'd hardly expect to see in a few years' skirmishing.

"In '82 me and Jack Jenning went down to Gunsight district a prospecting, and while we took care to keep in Arazona we made camp at a tank not very far—ten miles or so—from the Mexican line. Water being scarce that year we had to locate a tank, even if the indications for minerals was good or not, but as luck would have it we struck a pretty promising lead—it was a true contact—and began sinking a little hole to find out what she was worth. For eight or nine weeks we kept up our work with out seeing a living soul except a coyote or a jack rabit, but as the location was showing up fine we didn't particularly care for company.

"What's the matter with a rattlesnake fight?" said Jack to me one day when we were keeping Sunday for a change, although we had lost all track of Sundays.

"I told him pretty sharply that I had never heard of one, and then he went on to tell how he was in the San Juan country in Colorado, where the boys worked up a fight between two different dens of rattlers and had lots of fun. He said he knowed where there were two sets of serpents, not far from the camp, that were fast coming out for the summer campaign, and he thought there was a good chance for us to have considerable fun with the pizenous devils. I am not struck on rattlers as a general thing, but we set out for the place, Jack carrying a canteen of Mexican whiskey and me one of water.

"Pretty soon we came to a place where the water had cut across a ledge of limestone running across the gulch, leaving precipices about twenty five feet high and about thirty feet apart at the top. At the bottom was a dry sand wash eight or ten feet wide and three or four feet above, irregular shaped shelves had been cut in each wall of the limestone. Sure enough these shelves were literally covered with rattlesnakes, stretched out at full length, warming life into themselves in the sun. I saw that there was two different gangs—those on my side being the black and white kind, short and stubby, which stay in the mountains and are always quick and vicious, while Jack's crowd was made up of the big, lazy, yellow mottled fellows, from five to six feet long, which go out on the deserts in the summer time, camp in holes with the prairie dog and ground owl, and can't crawl around more than three hours in the twenty-four without getting their bellies scorched by the hot sun. I counted exactly twenty of the blacks and calculate that there must have been twenty five or thirty of the larger kind on the other side of the arroya.

"We began dropping clods of dirt, bits of rock and cholla burrs down among the reptiles and soon disturbed their happy dreams. One after another coiled himself up and set his rattle agoing, while they darted their ugly heads around in every direction, trying to find out what was the difficulty. The sharper they looked for something to bite the madder they got and the louder they rattled, till at last their noise sounded like a drum corps leading a Fourth of July procession. When ever they'd slack up a little another chollo burr would start 'em up worse than ever. Finally, as they couldn't see us each gang seemed to conclude that the other was kicking up all the disturbance, and they all started down for the sand wash. Some were so mad and vicious that they didn't even stop to crawl, but rolled down in the sand all in a lump, so as to be on hand when the performance opened.

"When they all got down and it was a dead sure thing the game was 'bout to open, Jack sang out to me: 'Mat, I'll bet you my half in the Silver Stirrup agin yourn that my side wins.'

"Now, Jack is a thouroughbred gambler, but he had more and bigger snakes than I did. Besides this, I thought a good deal of the Silver Stirrup, which was the name of our mine, and didn't like to play big stakes agin such odds. But if I let him bluff me out I knowed I'd never hear the last of it, so I sang back: 'I'll go you,' and plunked a cholla burr square among my gang of reptiles.

"This opened the ball, and at the very start I saw I had a chance for my white alley. The captain of Jacks crowd got out upon a rock behind his men, where he was dead safe, and did nothing but rattle, while my leader a glossy, black fellow, about two and a half feet long, cut a pattern for his band to follow, and then they all went at it like mad, a-rattling and a hissing and a-biting, so you could hardly tell which was which. There eyes were like beads of fire, there tales moved so fast you couldn't see 'em, and their heads shot here and there like flashes of lightning. It was a terrible sight, and mighty exciting, and Jack and me was a yelling and shouting like Apaches.

"Inside of three minutes after the fight opened only two rattlers were alive—Jacks big snake which still stayed upon the rock, and my captain, who had put the kibosh on three or four of the big clumsy sarpents without getting a scratch himself. The little black fellow was dead game, and he kept waltzing around the rock, trying to get the big yellow coward to come off and finish the fight. But Jack's snake seemed to want the best of the game all the way through, and showed no sign of giving up the advantage he held.

"So interested was Jack and me in watching the jockeying and waiting for the outcome that we didn't see nothing else. All of a sudden we heard the 'thud! thud!' of a deer's feet upon the ground, and right before our eyes a big fine buck sprang into the air, and, holding all four feet so close together that they'd strike upon a silver dollar, he hit fair and square upon Jack's big sarpint. There wasn't as much as a button of his rattles left. You know a deer hates a rattlesnake like an Injun does soap. Well, that buck must have been browsing around there when he caught sight of Jack's snake, and thought it a good time to get in his work on his natural enemy, which he did to the Queen's taste.

"'The Silver Stirrup is all mine!' I shouted to Jack, and began cheering."

Tenderer—"I feel it just as much, my dear little boy," said papa after he had spanked Billykins. "Y-yes," sobbed Billykins. "Bb-ut n-not in the s-same p-place."

"Were you ever in an engagement, major?"

"Oh, yes; several. But you see *I* escaped harm."

"Never was wounded, eh?"

"Never was married."

"Why, Mr. Ardent, how ungallant of you to say you thought I was thirty-two!"

"Well, it certainly struck me that you were somewhere near the freezing point."

Returned Traveler—Is your daughter as fond of music as ever?

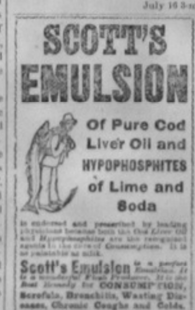
Hostess—She has not touched the piano for two years.

Returned Traveler—Indeed! I did not know she had married.

A great grandmother at the age of 47! This is the record of Mrs. Henry K. Updegrave, of Tower City, Pa. She was married in her 14th year; her oldest daughter was married at 15; her grand-daughter was married at 16, and is now a mother.

TINSPOUTING.

A. W. Arbogast, of Monterey Va., will be in the County for several months spouting houses. Parties wishing work of this kind done can do no better than to get him to do it.



Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interst to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 9. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, July 30, 1891. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 1

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard. / S. B. Hannah. / G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

Letter From Dr. Hudson.

The following letter we clip from Union Star (Mo.) Comet, written by Dr. W. M. Hudson:

GREEN BANK, W. Va., June 27.

EDITOR *Comet*: Here we are, lost right in the heart of the Alleghany mountains, at the headwaters of the Greenbrier and James rivers, the latter coursing east and feeding the Atlantic ocean at York town, the former flowing west through the Ohio and Mississippi to the gulf, and on its way mingling with the waters of Platte and Third Fork.

We left Union Star on the 9th and were just thirty six hours reaching Ronceverte, Greenbrier county, West Virginia, and from there we had an up and down and rough and tumble stage ride of 72 miles over the steepest, wildest, grandest and most picturesque scenery this side of the Rockies, many places so steep that a mishap or upset would have hurled the stage hundreds of fee, to the foot of the mountain.

Since our arrival here we have been hunting fishing and climbing mountains day in and day out, and it is no child's play to climb mountains here, but fine sport to fish. We went up to the creek yesterday and caught 200 mountain trout, the real genuine, speckled, frisky fellows. They give the angler a double dose of sport; first in catching them, and then in eating them. The only fish here are the trout and bass, and the streams are clear and cold and fed by mountain springs, cold as ice, in every direction. You may just whisper to our friends that we are having a big old time. Of course you will know it is high time when I tell you we are on top of the Alleghany range, 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. To give you a rough idea, a very rough idea of what some think of the height of these mountains and depth of the valleys, let me give you a rude but expressive verse, carved on the bark of a tree in one of the deepest recesses of this mountain chain by some reckless poetic wag. It reads thus:

"These mountains are as high as heaven,
And these valleys deep as hell;
But the people living on them
Are very kind and treat us well."

Yes, the chief characteristics of these mountain people are kindness and hospitality. They abhor avarice and selfishness, so much cherished and practiced in many other parts. They live a slower life than we do in the west; they work and eat and sleep slower, they ride and drive and plow slower, and this aids them in living happy and longer than we do. We live two years while they live one. We tax our energies and exhaust our strength in the middle of the heat; they reserve theirs for the home stretch.

There is still a good supply of game in these mountains, such as bear, deer and wild turkeys, but hard to find at this season of the year. If it was fall or winter, the boys vow they would never return home without a pair of buck horns and a bear skin with which to astonish their school mates.

They have had an excellent season here and crops look well. It is a fine grazing country, but inferior in all other products of the farm. As an evidence of this, corn is worth $1 per bushel, while hay is plenty and cheap. The stores are like everything else here and away behind the age. Their trade is nearly all barter and but little cash, and to the honor of Pocahontas county, be it said, there is not a saloon in it; and furthermore, there is not one drug store or distillery in the county either, and yet there are plenty of rattlesnakes. Is this not strange? How paradoxical it seems. Many in the west would not beleive it. Just think of it—the mountains full of snakes and not a saloon, drug store or distillery in the county, and 72 miles to the drug store. Why, I knew men in Missouri who would die from the sheer thought of such a predicament. And yet it ought to teach a wholesome lesson to all who think they cannot and dare not live in a snaky country without a jug full of antidote hid about the house or stable. What do people drink here? Beer? No; there has not been a keg of beer in the country for ten years. They go to the pure, cold springs, so abundant here, and drink the pure liquor distilled up in these mountains by the Almighty, and that is what paints the rosy blush of health on their cheeks instead of there noses. Let us profit by their example by doing likewise.

We see but few familiar faces and friends whom we left thirty five years ago. What sad and wonderous changes these years have wrought. Here and there one with some of the old landmarks in his face, but alas! how few. Ah me! so many have crossed over the dark, silent and mysterous river while some have taken Greeley's advice and floated west with the tide of empire, till nearly all familiar faces are gone and nothing remains as it was in my boyhood, except those dear old hills and mountains and springs and creeks and rivers. May God bless them and their people. I will soon leave the, and only on the tablets of my memory will I see them hereafter, I fear. But it may be I will come again, for there will soon be a railroad through here and then the trip will be short and easy. We leave for home in about a week.

W. M. H.

PUNGENT POINTS.

The devil has lots of silent partners in the world.

A great many people get into the swim who can't swim.

The hill of life never has been graded and never will be.

A pessimist is a man who says it hurts to have teeth pulled.

If we are true to the present, we can expect much of the future.

Does any man ever know when he stops being agreeable and becomes a bore?

Suspicion of wrong doing breaks up more homes than actual wrong doing.

There are a thousand and one ways of making money; there is only one way to save it.

The sooner we learn the fallibility of all human kind, the sooner we respect ourselves.

The best friends a man has are those who are never called upon to prove their friendship.

No man ever forgot to charge his friends up with all the things he promised to do for them.

When woman obeys a man, she is his delight; when man obeys woman, he earns her contempt.

Love is a sacred matter, but it is difficult for a woman to make her fourth or fifth lover believe it.

If a man can learn to forget himself, he is in a very fair way of earning popularity by remembering others.

If it gags a man to kiss a woman, why doesn't it gag a woman to kiss a man? Women are much more [illegible] than men.

Alliance News.

Late Matters of Interest Partaining to the Order.

The Montezuma Record, (Ga.) says: Why not boom farming for awhile? It has been run down long enough. Let us turn off the chronic grumblers who have had sutch a glorious feast for the past fifteen years. There is no sense in running down the best business on the earth. Now is a good time to talk up farming and keep talking it up until we make it easy for a farmer to borrow money at a reasonable rate.

Garden City Alliance: The government is now loaning money to the people, through the medium of national banks as loan agents, at the rate o f 10 per cent per annum. The people demand that this money shall be loaned direct to them at the rate of 2 per cent per annum. The difference to the borrower is this: $1,000 loaned at 10 cent per annum, compound interest, in twenty years amounts to $6,722.50, while the same amount loaned for the same length of time at 2 percent, amounts to but $1,485. The difference between these two sums is the profits of the banks for acting as loan agents for the government. The people simply demand that the government shall act as its own loan agent and save them these enormous profits.

If the movement inaugurated by the Alliance is right, and we believe it is, none should be more ready to give it their sanction than our merchants, who are aware of the fact that anything that will rebound to the good of our farmers will be of good to them also. If the sub-treasury idea will, as a means for which it is intended, get more money in circulation in the country, no one will feel the good arising from it more perceptibly than the merchant. And it is offered by the Alliance as a way to get more money into circulation, and at a low rate of interest which the producer can stand. If the Alliance is the means of getting $50 per capita in the circulation there will be more to spend and more goods will be bought. No one will question this statement. Then would not the merchant profit by it? He most certainly would, and we believe that in a majority of cases the farmers and laborers have the good will of the merchant in their endeavors to bring about these measures.—Commercial.

More than 1,000 voters join the colored Alliance every day that the sun rises. Suppose, then, that twice as many join the Farmers Alliance, Total 3,000 daily. Surely the traitors who are trying to stay among us and oppose our demands will take this hint and pull out. Politicians who have mocked stay at home, and partisan newspapers who have spent their energies to throw contempt upon us may prepare for earnest work. Ministers of the gospel who have left their sacred calling to heap scurrilous remarks upon our members and officers because we tried to help and save the downtrodden poor, may find their roads to the warm climate they speak of shortened many leagues. Surely the pulpit that feels no interest in 2,000,000 American citizens turned into common tramps, that hears without a tear of 3,000,000 American maidens driven to bawdy houses and other dens of shame for shelter and food, that preaches about charity and the sorrows of the Irish while [illegible] and officers in holy Pennsylvania are spending the holy Sabbath evicting thousands of American families, nee the ax at its roots. Lord send us another John the Baptist with an ax. Or if more in accord with "Thy providences," water the Alliance with Thy truth that they may continue to and do Thy will. Amen!—National Alliance.

The Laboring Man Gets Left.

It is reported that the employees in one of the big cloak-making establishments of Cleveland were recently notified that a reduction of wages was necessary.

The toilers were under the impression that their pay was small enough any way and so walked out of the shop in a body.

This is one of the protective industries and it furnishes a good illustration of the kind of prosperity we shall enjoy when the McKinley bill gets a good head of steam on.

Mr. McKinley has crowded his pet illusion down the throats of a patient people and it is bringing about a condition of affairs which is just what we don't want.

The wage earner looked forward to a higher reward for labor, but instead of that his income is cut down ten per cent.

However, he may possibly like it, and if he does we have nothing to say.—N. Y. Herald.

THE LIEUTENANT LOST HIS BEER.

"How is it, Lieutenant," asked a young man of a gray-mustached naval officer, "that with your many years of sea life, involving, no doubt, many strange adventures, one never hears you relate your experiences of the sea?"

"Well," was the answer, "I will relate to you a little instance of misplacing confidence. Some years ago I was attached to a ship on the China station. One night it was my turn to take the midwatch. I settled myself on the starboard bridge-rail.

"In a few moments I noticed a commotion in the water close to the ship. There appeared not more than a half cable length from where I was standing a most gigantic sea serpent. I had often read of such things, but had never believed in them, but I could not doubt the evidence of my own eyes. In a moment it vanished, to reappear the next instant almost under our bow. The moon was shining brightly and I got a good look at it. The monster's head was full the size of an ordinary flower barrel and it was at least twelve feet above the water.

"It disappeared in a few moments. The next morning at breakfast I related my experience to my brother officers, and soon after turned into my bunk. Just before lunch I felt like drinking a glass of beer, and ringing for the boy, ordered him to bring me a bottle. The rascal didn't appear in a reasonable time and I rang again. 'What's the matter with the beer, Jim?' I asked.

"'Nothin' de matter wid de beer, Mr. Bolstay.'

"'Then why don't you bring it?'

"'Can't do it, Mr. Bolstay. De doctor done stopped yore beer. Said dat a pusson dat sees such snakes as you was talking about dis morning ain't to hab no more beer.'

"And that is the reason I don't like to tell remarkable stories.—N. Y. Times.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville. W. Va.
July 30, 1891.

THE TIMES' NINTH YEAR.

With this issue THE TIMES passes its ninth year of existence, and it is now in a more healthy condition than it has ever been before.

It has been a little less than two years and a half since we took charge of it and since that time we have paid for it, nearly doubled its circulation, built as good an office as there is in any country town in the State added as good a job press as there is made, and a large amount of new type and many other things necessary to make up a printing office; we have increased our job printing at least one half, and are daily being complimented both on THE TIMES and the work we turn out.

We expect to enlarge THE TIMES as soon as circumstances will permit, and in the meantime we are going to give you a newsy little paper, worth at least, the dollar you pay for it. We want one thousand subscribers by this fall, and are going to have them if it is in our power.

Thanking our friends and patrons very much for their patronage and past favors, and believing we can do better in the future, we ask them to stick to us as we will to them and do for us as we will do for them.

Senator Hall makes a very big mistake if he realy thinks, as he recently said, that reciprocity is to crowd out the tariff and silver as issues in the presidential campaign.

"The republican party is in a bad shape at the North," writes a republican correspondent of the New York Tribune. He might just as well have added East, West and South, for the g. o. p. is in bad shape everwhere.

The hardest thing for republican speakers and editors in Ohio to explain is, why wool is cheaper now than it was before the McKinley bill became a law, instead of higher, as Maj. McKinley had assured his wool-raising constituents that it would be.

Will the next republican national convention dare to put the one cent letter postage plank, which was conspicious in its last platform, and which has been utterly disregarded by the present administration, into its platform?

It will certainly be queer if woman suffrage becomes one of the issues upon which the next parliment of Great Britian is elected, and yet recent remarks of Lord Salisbury in favor of the issue and of woman suffrage make it apparent that such an issue is probable.

The farmers of Ohio will have an excellent opportunity this fall to express their opinion of the high tariff legislation of the republican party, which taxes them for the benefit of a few "protected" manufacturers, and there is little doubt that the opinion will be most emphatically expressed at the ballot box.

One by one the big republicans are declining to accept the nomination of their party for Govenor of New York. The meaning is plain. These gentlemen are not ambitious of leading a political forlorn hope, nor of opening their barrels for nothing. New York is naturally a democratic state, and this year the party is so thoroughly united that victory is assured in advance.

The New York Herald has been doing a bit of excellent service for the poor of this country by showing up a number of the coporations organized solely to catch the savings of the honest and industrious working man and woman by glittering promises of great benefits to follow small investments in their stock. Only a paper as wealthy and as widely circulated as the Herald could afford to expose these concerns, which are often bolstered up by the names and influence of men of prominence.

When the amendment to the McKinley tariff bill provided for the payment of a bounty to the American sugar producer was before Congress it was estimated and so stated in public by republicans that it would not cost over $7,000,000 a year, and a longheaded democrat who predicted that the payments under the amendment, if it became a law would not be less than $10,000,000 for the first year and after that much larger, was hooted at by the republicans. Now let us see which statement was nearest the truth. The Internal Revenue at Washington has made up from official data an estimate of the sugar product of the present fiscal year and its figures are 539,710,000 pounds on which the bounty will be $11,134.000, or nearly twice as much as the largest republican estimate.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 24th—The Harrison crowd were badly stampeded by the publication in this correspondence last week of the fact that the Blainietes had in the slang of the day "got onto" their scheme of making Mr. Blaine too ill, in the newspapers, to think of being a candidate next year, and denials have been the order of the day ever since, but the Blaine fellows are by no means satisfied with denials because they have in their possession a number of republican papers which printed Washington specials supposing them to be sent by "Lige" Halford's protege and therefore be not only true but to be strictly in accordance with the sentiment of the administration, or rather its head, and they refuse to believe that it is a mere coincidence that these papers are all anti-Blaine sheets. They don't think the excuse that "Lige's" protege was out of town and that these anti-Blaine specials were sent by a substitute is a satisfactory one. The oddest part of this comedy of errors "is that these super-serviceable Harrison men have offended the man they were trying to help and they have been sharply lectured, by the proxy, by Mr. Harrison, who however much he may fear Mr. Blaine doesn't approve of this method of disposing of him. The whole affair is furnishing no end of amusement for democrats.

It is now stated at the State Department that the arbitrators in the Behring sea controversy will soon be appointed, an agreement having been reached between the department and Syr Julian Pauncefote, the British Minister, and the papers sent to Mr. Harrison.

A gentleman from Texas, who although prominent in that State is so modest that he doesn't wish his name mentioned, has, by a few words more or less carelessly spoken, given those interested in the Speakership contest something to think about. He said: "There is considerable pressure being brought to bear upon Gov. Hogg to persuade him to call an extra session of the legislature. He has not given no intimation of his intentions, but if he calls the extra session one of the duties will be to elect a United States Senator, and I rather think that Representative Mills would be elected although a combination of the other aspirants, among whom are the Govenor and Mr. Chilton, who was so promptly named by the Govenor as successor to Senator Reagan, might result in his defeat." If the legislature of Texas should meet in extra session any time before next December it is certain that some very strong democratic influence from outside of that State will be brought to bear to get Mr. Mills elected Senator, because that would remove him from the Speakership contest and a number of other gentlemen are ready and willing to go into a good natured catch-as-catch can scramble for the votes that have been pledged to Mr. Mills for speakership, which would de released by his election to the Senate.

Representative Oates, of Alabama, who is here on business, loses no opportunity to warn the Southern democrats of the danger which he thinks menaces it in the Farmer's Alliance. He said: there are certain men who have joined hands with the Alliance simply with a desire to advance their personal interests and pull down every man who has gained any political prominence. Unless the democrats of the South come to some understanding and determine to live up to the principals of the democratic party, the Alliance, in its efforts to dominate that section may capture Alabama, Georgia and the two Carolina's.

It caused little surprise here to lerrn that Secretary Foster will become a candidate for the Senate,—in case the republicans elect the legislature in Ohio this year, as it has been known for some time that the administration influence would be thrown against Foraker.

The Spanish minister hurriedly returned to Wash'ngton this week from Cape May where his family are now staying, and there is an unverified rumor that there is a hitch somewhere regarding the reciprocity agreement with Spain, which for some reason Mr. Harrison has never yet made puclic. The usual mysterious silence is preserved at the department and the minister will sap nothing further than that he was called to Washington on important business.

It is extremely difficult just now to find a cabinet officer in Washington; they flit in one day and out the next and are mone intent upon having a good time than in attending the busines of the Gonernment.

Under the reorganization of the Postoffice departmeht just completed the First Assistant Postmaster General will attend to many things that hane been looked after by Mr. Wanamaker and that gentieman will have more time to look after his private busines, in order that he may be in a position to make a large campaign bontribution next year. This is reform!

The Mew Jersey girl who eloped with a Chinamen certainly took the wrong cue.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Under an order of the County Court of Pocahontas County made July 16th, 1891, sealed bids in writing addressed to the undersign. or either of them, at Huntersville, (P. O.) Pocahontas Co., West Virginia, or handed to either, will be recieved until 12 o'clock. Monday, of the 3rd day of August, 1891, for the construction of a Wooden Trestle Appaoach to the Bridge at its Southern end, over Knapp's Creek near Huntersville in said Pocahontas County.

Specifications for said work are recorded in the Clerk's Office of said County Court which will be shown by the Clerk of said Court on application to him.

Bond with good personal security in a penalty equal to bid conditioned for completion of said work according to said specifications within 60 days from said third day of August, 1891, must accompany such bid.

Right reserved to reject any or all bids.

J. H. Patterson,
A. Barlow,
L. M. McClintic, } Comm'rs.

July 23 2t.

HOME [illegible]

—Subscribe for THE TIMES.

—Read the Alliance news on the first page.

—Mr. M. G. Mathews, County Supt. was in town Monday.

—Mr. Jno. J. Beard and daughter Mrs. C. F. Moore, started Monday for Webster Springs, where they will spend several weeks for their health.

—In this issue will be found an interview with ex-Senator Camden by a Wheeling register reporter, in regard to the West Virginia and Pittsburg railroad, which will be very interesting to the enterprisidg citizens of our county.

—Mrs. Minnie Early and little son Forest who have been visiting her parents at this place for several weeks past, started for her home in Union, Monroe Co., Monday, accompanied by her brother J. C. Loury, Jr., Esq.

—E. M. Rutledge, Esq., the mail carrier between this place and Dunmore, had the misfortune to let his horse run off Monday, near Mr. Jno. McCutcheon's. No serious damage was done except to smash up his cart considerably.

—On the first page will be found a letter from Dr. Hudson, who moved from the upper end of this County to Mo., about 35 years ago. He came back on a visit a month or two ago, and wrote back to his home paper of his trip and our country.

—The Huntersville Farmers Alliance met last Saturday and elected officers for the ensuing year. It will meet again the 2nd Saturday in August, and at which time there is important business to transact, and it is earnestly requested of every member to be present. It is the duty of every Alliance man or woman to be present at these meetings, and do everything in their power to promote its interests. There is no use in having an order if we do not attend the meetings and take interest enough in it to keep it up.

—Mr. Decatur Axtell, vice President of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, of Richmond, Va. and Dan'l O'Connell Esq., were in Huntersville last Friday night. Mr. Axtell was looking over the survey of the extension of his road, made a month or two ago to this place. He also visited Marlinton, six miles below here, and was very much pleased with the grade between here and there; it being only a fall of 20 feet to the mile, which is a most excellent grade for a rail road. It is not deffinitely known yet, as we understand, whether the C. & O. will meet the West Virginia and Pittsburg road at this place or at Marlinton; but it is an assured fact that the roads will be built next summer. Mr. Axtell was very much pleased with our country, and remarked when he started the next morning that the next time he came he would come on the railroad.

—The County Court of Bath County, have built a most excellent road from Warm Springs to the top of Allegheny mountain, about 8 miles above here, and placed mile posts on the same, which would be very convenient to the traveling public, if they would keep a man at each one to explain the signs, or probably a card tacked on them with explanations in detail would answer: The following is a facsimile of the first post you come to going east, and if any one can explain the meaning they can do more than we can:

G
11
and
15
and
44
M

H
7
1/2
1/2
M

[illegible] very much dislike to [illegible] of our patrons to trouble, and therefore hope they will settle as soon as they are presented, as we mean business. It is not our plan to continually dun our patrons through THE TIMES; but to notify them by letter, of their indebtedness, and give them ample time, and then if they do not pay up, place their acc'ts in the hands of an attorney for collection. We have built a first class printing office this spring and added largely to our printing material which cost us a considerable sum of money, a part of which we still owe and which must be settled at once, and we hope our patrons will take a business view of the matter and not take offence at the presentation of their accounts, but pay them and order THE TIMES for another year.

—W. T. Slaven will visit each family in the County with a book called the "New Method" tells how to cure diseases without the use of drugs. He can furnish best of reference as to the results of the treatment of it. Sold at $2.00 each.

Dunmore Doings.

The roughest road that we have traveled over since the war is up Clover creek and across Elk mt.

We found the road good betwen Split Rock and Edray, and much improvement going on in that section

We found lots of business going on at Edray.

The Farmers Alliance is booming all over the County, except in Green Bank district. We must get a hustle on us or we will be left.

Rev. J. A. McCall has returned to his circuit.

We notice the Court did not make any arrangements to have a bridge built across the river at Sitlington's creek.

Prof. G. E. Swecker, of Crabbottom, Va., was out this week and got a load of furniture for the Lutheran parsonage at that place.

Morgan Wakeman leaves today for his new home in Orange county, Va.

Mr. B. F. McElwee leaves to day for Ronceverte. He has had patented a section box for mowing machines which beats anything in the U. S.

Dunmore is about to get on a boom. We have one store and will soon have two more. Oposition is the life of trade.

Singing at X road school house Agug. 2nd, at 2 p. m.

Singing at Baxter church the 9th of August.

The furniture and organ for the new church at this place have come.

Capt. Smith is off for Ronceverte.

T. S.

INSTITUTE NOTICE.

The Teachers Institute for Pocahontas County will convene in Huntersville, August 10th, at 10 o'clock a. m.

The law requires that all teachers attend some Institute. Those who hold four years certificates not exempt.

Teachers will be required to put in full time or no certificates granted. Examination at close of Institute.

All applicants for first grade certificates must attend this examination.

M. G. MATHEWS, Co. Supt.

H. T. SCHOOL.

The fifth session of the Hillsboro Training School will open Sept. 2nd 1891. For further information address,

Miss G. M. SHEARER, Principal.
Academy P. O. W. Va.

[illegible] Camden Talks

[About] the Great Railroad Developement in West Virginia.

A Wheeling Register reporter interviewed ex-Senator Camden, the 24th inst, in regard to railroad building in W. Va., in which the following will be of very great interest to the people of Pocahontas County. In speaking of different railroads in which the ex Senator is interested the reporter asked him about the density of the forests along the line of the Pittsburg W. Va. road:

"It is very dense," said Mr. Camden. "There are four or five hundred square miles that is practically an unbroken forest. Cherry, poplar, ash, oak and pine are very abundant—and the very finest cherry and oak. From the Gauley river the road will extend to a connection with the Chesapeake and Ohio road at Covington. Arrangements have just been completed between the Chesapeake and Ohio road and the West Virginia and Pittsburg road to form a junction at Marlin's Bottom, or some point on the Greenbrier river, where perhaps the largest town in the interior of the State will be made. This junction is expected to be made next summer. The C. & O. road will have only about twenty-five miles to complete from its warm spring branch on Jacksons river, and the West Virginia and Pittsburg road about thirty-five miles from the Gauley."

It is a very handsome location. The country between the Greenbrier river on the west, and Alleghany summit on the east, in Pocahontas county, is a pretty and productive plateau. It has fine limestone and is a good grassgrowing country, and has a large amount of iron ore.

"What effect will this connection have upon the future developement of the State?" asked the reporter.

"This connected with the C. & O. road," said Mr. Camden, "will open up a direct line through the center af the State, from the iron ore regions of Virginia, including Potts' creek, Craig's creek and the Low More and other furnaces in that section, to Wheeling and to Pittsburg while it will also develope and make accessible about 150 miles of the State between Weston and the Virginia State line, which has heretofore been inaccessible to exportation."

"How soon do you expect to have all that completed?"

"We expect to have it all completed next summer. The junction on the Greenbrier will be made next summer or fall."

In Europe they are talking about the feasibility of making sailors out of women. The idea will never become popular with the women of America, because the first duty of a sailor is obedience.

Cleanliness is next to godliness, but we should stick to soiled linen a long time before patronizing the Chinese leper who is allowed to conduct a laundry in New York City.

The news from every section of Ohio is encouraging to democratic success. Of course there is no objection; some don't enthuse over the platform and other's wanted another candidate, but now that both candidates and platfor mare accomplished facts there is a decided and praiseworthy disposition to lay aside personal prejudice and work for the good of the party.

SCHOOL HOUSE BUILDING.

Sealed and marked bids will be received at the office of the Secretary of the Board of Education of Huntersville District, until September the 1st, 1891, for the erection of a School house near Frost, to be completed by January 1st, 1892, according to the following plans and specifications: The house is to be 24x18 ft., 10 ft. high in the clear, 3 sills 24 ft. long and 10x10 in, 2 sills 18 ft long and 10x10 in; to have under the sills 18 good stone pillars, each with a 12 in. face, to be 2ft. under ground and 18 in. above ground, (no cobble or small stones to be used in filling centres of said pillars); to have 4 pillars under each side sill, 4 under centre sill and 3 under each end sill; sleepers to be 35 in number 9 ft. long and 10x3 in, to rest on side sill and centre sill 16 in. from centre to centre; floor to be laid lengthwise of good flooring lumber, 6 in. wide by 1¼ in. thick, broken jointed; to be ceiled with ceiling 7¼ or 6¼ in. wide, leaving a scuttle hole in ceiling above 2 ft. x 18 in. 4 ft. wide across rear and must be ceiled out of lumber entirely free from knots, and this space shall be blacked by contractor for use as a black board: upper joists to be 10 ft. 6 in. long 8x3 in. and 16 in from centre to centre; plates to be good and substancial, studding to be 11 ft. long 4x3 in 16 in. apart; to be weatherboarded horizontally, with lumber 6¼ or 7¼ in. wide; to contain 16 desks 8 ft. long, made according to the plan of those in the house on Beaver creek near Huntersville and two benches 8 ft. long for recitation purposes. House to contain 6 windows of 12 lights each, each light to be 9x14 inches; to contain 1 4 panel door 7x3 ft.; boxing to be what is called rail road boxing; to be covered with good white pine shingles either shaved or sawed; to have a good flue to extend 3 ft. above roof and well secured against fire where pipe enters. All lumber for weatherboarding ceiling or other inside work shall be well seasoned and nicely dressed, and all work to be done in good and workmanlike manner.

The contractor must file seperate bids for school house and desks and an aggregate bid for both. He must also file with said bid, bond with good security in double the amount of his bid. The Board obligates itself to pay $150 00 on completion of the work the residue, if any, in one year from that date. It also reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the board.

C. F. M[illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.
July 30, 1891.

FOILED.

The train was over crowded. Even if she had walked to the other end of the car, instead of stopping, shy and irresolute, as soon as she entered it, she would not have found an empty seat. She was somewhat nervous, too, for although her eyes wandered searchingly around she did not notice that an elderly gentleman had moved his plaid and satchel from his seat, and he gently touched her arm before she saw the offered place. If this had been a bit of trouble to him he was amply repaid by the bright smile that lighted up the troubled young face and thanked him more than her "Much obliged, sir." She was a pretty girl of the sunny, cheerful, healthy type that pleases not only the eye but warms the heart and calls forth sympathy everwhere, and she brought with her into the close car a whiff of fresh, fragrant May air without and a bit of morning sun entangled in her soft brown hair.

"Good bye, Martha."

She raised the window, and although the smile did not leave her face, a bright tear came to her eye as she looked at an old lady who stood on the platform gazing anxiously at the various heads at the window, and raising her hand to attract her friend's attention—"Good bye, mother, I'll soon be back."

At the sound of her voice a young man who had dozed away the long hours of the night on the seat behind her opened his eyes with a start and looked around in the crowded car with a bewildered face before a smile crept over it. "Just a dream, I was sure I heard mother's voice," he muttered.

The train now slowly pulled out but soon sped along at a 30-mile rate, and the uniform motion and noise of the wheels on the rails that acts like a lullaby on old travelers and like a nerve-crusher on a novice, had set in.

"Are you going far?" asked the old gentleman.

"... from going to Chicago ... world be.

involuntarily drew together and let slip a peculiar little whistle of surprise.

"Earnest Case." That was his father, so the girl before him must be his cousin Martha, the daughter of his mother's sister. Yes, and that was the explanation of the riddle that had puzzled him for the last half hour. Should he make himself known to her? "No, just wait," he muttered, and an arch smile flitted over his face as he thought of the indignant look with which she turned toward him when she heard the whistle and caught his curious glance over her shoulder. This, then, was Martha, the little Martha he knew so well, although he had never seen her.

As the train whirled on the old man knew how to draw out his young protege until she had told him nearly every event of her innocent young life and even her plans and expectations for the future.

"We'll be there soon now, Miss Martha," he remarked. You just keep close to me. Let me carry your shawl and satchel.

"Ah!—I must have dropped my bunch of violets. I told you, you know, that my uncle was to recognize me by flowers," and she began anxiously to hunt on the floor while the passengers all hurried into the aisle to get out of the car as quickly as possible.

"Never mind the violets; I'll see to everything," consoled the old gentleman. "Come on now."

He had taken hold of her bundle, and, letting her go before him, he handed her out of the car and in an instant more was lost in the crowd which had thronged to reach the open doors.

Young Case nearly lost sight of her as he looked around for the well known stately figure of his father, and it was only when he stepped out on the pavement that he saw the old gentleman and Martha get into a cab, which immediately drove of at high speed. For a moment the young man stood motionless, as if thunderstruck by a thought which flashed through his mind, but only a moment. The next found him already in a second cab whose driver had orders to follow the vehicle which was just turning into

... aisle have been the ... day ever since, but the Blaine fellows are by no means satisfied with denials because they have in their possession a number of republican papers which printed Washington specials supposing them to be sent by "Lige" Halford's protege and therefore be not only true but to be strictly in accordance with the sentiment of the administration, or rather its head, and they refuse to believe that it is a mere coincidence that these papers are all anti-Blaine sheets. They don't think the excuse that "Lige's" protege was out of town and that these anti-Blaine specials were sent by a substitute a satisfactory one. The oddest part of this comedy of errors is that these super-serviceable ... rison men have offended the ... they were trying to help and have been sharply lectured, by proxy, by Mr. Harrison, who ... ever much he may fear Mr. ... doesn't approve of this method of disposing of him. The whole ... is furnishing no end of amusement for democrats.

It is now stated at the State Department that the arbitrators in the Behring sea controversy will be appointed, an agreement having been reached between the ... ment and Sir Julian Pauncefote, British Minister, and the pa... to Mr. Harrison.

A gentleman from Texas ... though prominent in that ... modest that he doesn't ... name mentioned, has, by ... words more or less ... ken, give those interested ... Speakership contest ... think a bout. He said: ... considerable pressure being ...

Will the next republican national convention dare to put the one cent letter postage plank, which was conspicious in its last platform, and which has been utterly disregarded by the present administration, into its platform?

It will certainly be queer if woman suffrage becomes one of the issues upon which the next parliament of Great Britian is elected, and yet recent remarks of Lord Salisbury in favor of the issue and of woman suffrage make it apparent that such an issue is probable.

The farmers of Ohio will have an excellent opportunity this fall to express their opinion of the high tariff legislation of the republican party, which taxes them for the benefit of a few "protected" manufacturers, and there is little doubt that the opinion will be most emphatically expressed at the ballot box.

most immediately.

The knight of the club ... from one to another.

"Tell the young lady if this is La Salle Avenue."

"LaSalle Avenue! Why, no. Who told you that, miss?"

"Excuse me," whispered the old gentleman to Martha. "I must speak a few words to the cabby about this." He shook off her arm, and before any one can prevent him he had jumped into the cab, which started off as fast as it came.

Mrs. Smith disappeared with equal alacrity.

"You did a good piece of work here," remarked the policeman. "You want to go La Salle Avenue? What number?"

Poor Martha was so utterly distracted that she was unable to answer.

"She want's to go to —— LaSalle Avenue," said the young man, "and I think it would be best to send her there at once in my cab."

"Here's the card," sobbed Martha, opening the satchel, but no card could be found. Perhaps it had followed the bunch of violets.

"Take this instead, Martha," said the young man with a pleasant smile.

"Charles Case," she read.

"That is my name, Miss Martha, but I am afraid you won't believe I'm your cousin Charley till Uncle Henry himself tells you so. Get into this cab," he added. "I'll take the cars, and shall be home soon after you."

Martha found her uncle's house without further difficulty.

TINSPOUTING.

A. W. Arbogast, of Monterey Va., will be in the County for several months spouting houses. Parties wishing work of this kind done can do no better than to get him to do it.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 9. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, [illegible] ville, West Virginia, Thursday, August 6, 1891. Terms of Subscription: $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. No. 2

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court,	A. N. Campbe[ll]
Prosecuting Attorney,	L. M. McClint[ic]
Sheriff,	J. C. Arbog[ast]
Deputy Sheriff,	Geo. W. Callis[on]
Cl'k Co. Court,	S. L. Brow[n]
Cl'k Cir. Court,	J. H. Patters[on]
Assessor,	C. O. Arbog[ast]
Com'rs Co. Ct.	C E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor,	Geo. Bax[ter]

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the [illegible] Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in J[une] and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of deeds entered to record for the month of June:

A deed from Wm. J. Sponaugle and wife to O. P., W. L. and G. L. Chew, for land, on east branch of Greenbrier River.

Thos. W. Hogsett and wife to J. B. Bradshaw for land near Traveler's Repose.

Salina Kertner to Robt. Barnes's trustee, for 33½ acres of land near Locust.

M. R. Malcomb and husband to Jno. T. McGraw, for land on Greenbrier river.

Hannah A. Waugh and husband to Levi Gay and Jacob Marshall for land on Greenbrier river.

Henry McNeel, to J. T. Hogsett for land in the Little Levels.

J. T. Hogsett and wife to H. [illegible] land near Hunte[rsville]

[illegible] nish?"

Her eyes were resting on the sewing machine when she replied:

"I want to varnish my machine; it is looking awful rusty."

"It is, for a fact," I assented looking closely at that piece of furniture trying in vain to see a scratch upon it; "it is looking horribly bad; I wonder you would allow it to stay in the house at all. It strikes me as singular you have not mentioned it before. Why that machine is a disgrace to the family! I hope none of the neighbors have seen it!"

"Oh, it is not so bad as all that, sir; besides, I never asked for an opinion from you," she said giving me a box on the left ear. "Will you send me the varnish?"

"Why certainly. What else can I do but send it—havent I got your orders?"

"Well now don't forget it."

Oh the short sightedness of man! Had I known of one-tenth the trouble that cup of varnish was to cost me, how gladly I would have forgotten to purchase it!

As I was leaving for the office my wife called out:

"Send it as early as possible, dear, and don't forget the brush!"

I did not know then that there were two kinds of varnish—a quick drying and a slow drying, so I simply ordered varnish and a brush. They would be sent imediately.

I went to the office.

I took dinner at a down town restaurant, and the varnish and brush had not entered my mind during the whole day.

Just as *I* entered the gate in the evening I thought of them.

It was "good dark" but the hall lamp had not been lighted.

And I think that was part of the plot.

I opened the door hurriedly and started in on a brisk walk down the hall.

I had hardly taken a step when I rammed my knee against a chair. Another step—another chair, both shins skinned and in the dark! I took another step, and my foot landed squarely upon baby's little rocker, which proceeded to turn bottom upwards causing me to lose my equilibrium, and I went sprawling to the floor, striking two or three more chairs in the meantime.

It made a terrible racket, and my wife inquired:

"What is the matter, dear?"

"Oh, nothing. Just swinging corners with chairs and things," I answered, as calmly as possible.

I scrambled to my feet and started again, when I struck that blasted machine, varnish and all, which landed me this time smack into the baby carriage, breaking the springs and very nearly breaking my neck.

"Did you hurt yourself dear?" came that voice again, which had the effect of making me feel like choking the life out of something or somebody.

"Did I hurt my self, you ask? Oh, no, not much," said I, "only broke a leg and arm, and punched one eye out—that's all."

"Why don't you come in?" she inquired in a tone of voice that was remarkable for its calmness, under the circumstances.

"Come in!" I screamed, "how in the name of sweet Solomon can I? Haven't I been trying for the last ten minutes to come in, and don't I run a great risk of losing my life every time I try it? Why in the name of all the saints didn't you tell me this morning you were going to move out in the hall, so I could have governed myself accordingly?"

Then she came to the door with a lamp, and I succeeded in getting myself untangled from that baby carriage, which presented the appearence of being kicked by a Georgia mule.

I stepped into my room with a weary bruised feeling, and laid my hand on the back of a big rocker.

"Don't touch that—it is varnished!"

"So I discover," said I as I pulled my finger from it.

I went to another chair and was preprring to sit down.

"Don't sit there—it is varnished!"

I made a dive for another chair, and was stopped—varnish!

The clock was ticking very lazily, and I knew it wanted winding. When I endeavered to take my hands from it, it came with them. My fingers had again stuck—varnish!

I was becomieg desperate.

My next move was to try a trunk. I dared not risk any more chairs. I took a seat before she could interfere, this time, and ruined a new pair of britches by the operation—the trunk was varnished!

This was two much.

"Now then," said I after pulling myself loose from the trunk, "will you please tell me, while I stand right still, where and what you have varnished? I should like to move inteligently after this. I see the baby has escaped, which is explained *I* suppose, from the fact that your stock of varnish was exhausted before it came her turn?"

She looked at me a moment with a pitiful smile, which smacked somewhat of contempt, and replied:

"Don't talk foolish, now. Go and sit on the front door stoop; every thing will be dry tomorrow morning."

"Sit on the front stoop, indeed! have you then in reality, smeared that stuff over everthing?"

"Don't my machine look better?" she said ignoring my question, and pointing with a satisfied air at the machine, which, by the way, was minus a leaf, jerked off in my last dignified fall into the baby carriage.

"Machine? Hang the machine! You did not stop with that; you've varnished everything in the house, including the house cat and window curtains!" I exclaimed with more vehemence than dignity.

At this outburst from me she laughed with a heartiness that was quite unusual with her, and replied:

"Well every thing needed it. I want you to send me another cup tomorrow, for the dining table and safe."

"You do? Well, I won't! I wouldn't trust you with another ounce of varnish in this house for four million dollars! Do you understand the amount—four million dollars! Now, that's a fact I wouldn't!"

It turned that I had purchased the slow drying kind, of course, and for the next month my fingers stuck to everything I touched, and some of the articles that fell prey to the brush of that amateur artist are not thoroughly dry yet—three months afterwards.

Alliance News.

Late Matters of Interest Pertaining to the Order.

FARMER'S ALLIANCE DEMANDS.

The following communicat on, we clip from the Monroe Watchman, which shows that the difference between the true Democratic principals and the Farmers Alliance with a single exception, could not be found with a fine toothed comb:

Editor Monroe Watchman.

You do not seem to be much in earnest in discussing the Alliance demands. As you yourself admit, you did not have my communication before you when you wrote an answer to it, and of course you missed the whole length of Europe, from Sweden to Switzerland. The truth is, you are two much of an Alliance man to seriously attack its demands. I am satisfied if you would follow your inclination, you would be in the ranks fighting the enemies of the people. Consider a moment. You are in favor of free coinage of silver, so is the Alliance. You are opposed to National banks, so is the Alliance. You are opposed to the political leaders, so is the Alliance. You have no faith in the machinery of either party, neither has the Alliance. You want more money so does the alliance. You are opposed to Aliens, Railroads and Corporations gobbling up the public lands, so is the Alliance. You are opposed to high tariff. The Alliance demands "a removal of the existing heavy tariff from the necessaries of life that the poor of our land must have." You are opposed to any iniquitous pension legislation. The Alliance demands "that the national revenue be limited to the necessary expense of the Government economically and honestly administered." Now you have swallowed the whole dose with the exception of the Sub-Treasury plan, and at that you do not scramble much. And when you study that (you have never done it) you will take it down too.

You say "the world is progressing." So it is. It has progressed so far as to know that gold and silver alone are no longer sufficient as a basis for the Nation's currency. Ninety seven per cent. of the business of this country is now done with credit paper, and hence the financial panics that visit us periodically. If it had not been for the silver certificates—it is now admitted by the bankers—we would have had a financial crash a year ago when Baring Bros. of London, failed. So the Alliance has determined to have a better basis for its money, one that England cannot steal from us, one that gold men cannot corner, one that will prevent usury, one that will prevent panics, one that will have more than a dollar's worth of product behind every legal tender dollar, one that will enable the man who has all his wealth in land and farm products to get the money of his Government without interest just as the man who has Government bonds can do now. Yes, one that will be a good basis until we all have become angels and need neither food nor clothing. This is the Sub-Treasury plan with its basis for a money issue found in the "raw materials" that go to make food and clothing for man.

Now as to the National banks not being agents of the Government, I would say: All banks of issue are now taxed ten per cent. upon their circulation. Why do not the National banks pay the tax? Simply because, as the agents of the Government, they are discharging a governmental function in issuing the "National Currency." The United States not only creates the bank but also the currency. Act they, in some places, are denominated "Financial agents of the Government."

As to the third party movement, I have said before the Alliance has not declared in favor of it. Until February, 1892, the Democratic party has a chance to put itself on the Alliance platform. If it fails to do this then the Alliance, as an independent organization, will support men who do stand on that platform. The Republican party, by its platform in the present Ohio campaign, declared against the Alliance. The Alliance has no leaders. It is a ground swell. The leaders are in the ranks.

But as to your condition, Mr. Editor, I am truly anxious. You are opposed to the Republican party, you want to destroy the leaders of the Democratic party, and are opposed to most of the legislation they by their votes held to enact. You are in a measure opposed to the Alliance, and finally opposed to the third party. I do not know where you will stand in 1892 unless you start a fourth party. But as you seem to stand with one foot and the toe of the other on the Allisnce platform, allow me to suggest that you come down flat footed with both feet on our platform, and turn your batteries loose upon the enemies of the people. We need all the help we can get. Every banker, every bond holder, every salaried office-holder, every millionair, every man, in short, who is making money out of the distress of the people is against the Alliance.—Fall into the ranks of the people. Put some "has seed" in your hair (alas! alas!) and if the terrible necessity shall come in 1892, be ready, as the one hundred thousand Republicans and Democrats did in Kansas last year, to sing "Good bye Old Party, Good bye."

S. A. HOUSTON.

THE OLD CRY.

It it a curious fact, according to the thick and thin party organs, that the farmers never know what they want. Is it out of order to ask the reason why? If the bankers of the United States assemble in convention and make a statement of their wants, no one doubts that they know what they want. So of the merchants; so of the lumberman; so of the manufacturers (those puny infants that have to be protected at everbody's else expense); so of everybody but the farmer, mechanic and laborer. If the farmers, mechanics and laborers conclude that they have certain wants and will make an effort to compass their wishes, all the big party organs begin to shout, "You dont know what you want!" Then all the little parties take up the chorus, "They don't know what they want." Well, will some body tell us why?

We want to say that if the new party formed at Cincinnati the other day shall sweep the country like a tornado there will come from such sweeping no harm to Democratic principals. There may come harm to democratic organizations, but there can come no harm to democratic principals. With one single unimportant exception, the principals laid down by the conference at Cincinnati are democratic to the core. We want this to be distinctly understood. Any real persons party is a Democratic party. Let this simple fact be kept in mind.—Progressive Farmer.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Three in.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Qr. column	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Half col'n.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
One col'n.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

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One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50.

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

August 6, 1891.

Under a new law in Georgia, when a doctor is convicted of drunkenness he can no longer practice medicine in that State. The idea is rather to diminish the number of drunkards, or the number of doctors, or the death rate, or something of that sort.

Charles Leonard, a burglar, broke into a New York Saloon, and before opening the Safe sat down and smoked a couple of cigars from the case on the bar. Soon after a policeman found him sick and helpless on the floor. Any man who has smoked an ordinary saloon cigar will admire the burglar's courage while denouncing his indiscretion.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints [illegible]

Words of The Alliance.

[illegible]

[illegible]

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

For the year ending June 30, 1891.

M. J. McNeel, Late Sheriff, in account with Pocahontas County.

[illegible]

The following persons were paid amounts opposite their names respectively for services [illegible]

[illegible]

List of persons to whom County Drafts were issued which were paid and returned by the Sheriff for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891.

[illegible]

[illegible]

$3000 [illegible]

—The H. T. [illegible] building is being enlarged in order to accommodate its own boarders for the coming session.

Faculty:

Miss G. M. Sheaver Prin. Miss [illegible] Sheaver Prim. Depart. Mrs. E. V. Le Grand, of Roanoke, assoc.

Miss Fannie Sheaver Domestic Department.

Charges:

Board $12 per mo.

Prim. Depart $1.50

1st Advanced $2.00

2nd Advanced $2.50

Music $2.50 for boarders in the institution. $3.00 for all others.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held in the Clerks office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in August 1891.

[illegible] Thompson Executrix of Wm. Thompson Deceased, Plaintiff

vs.

W. G. Gillespie, Defendant.

[illegible]

Teste: J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

Printers fee $7.00

HOME NEWS

—Attorney B. S. Turk, of Staunton, Va., is in the city.

—Farmers are about done cutting grass.

—Edwin Booth is reported dying from the effects of smoking.

—Call to see us when you come to the Institute next week.

—W. T. Slaven, Esq., of Mill Point called to see us today.

—A Randolph county firm is raising polecats for their pelts.

—Drummers are quite plentiful now.

—Mr. Price McComb, of this place has been sick for some time with rheumatism.

—Mr. J. H. Patterson Cl'k Cir. Ct., has returned from a few weeks visit to his home near Green Bank.

—Attorney L. M. McClintic returned last Saturday from a fishing expedition on William's river.

—The Farmers Alliance is hand in hand with the democrats in Ohio.

—Charleston voted $80,000 towards building a Railroad from that place to Sutton.

—Messrs. Uriah Bird and Mott Wallace, of Mill Point were in town Tuesday.

—Mr. D. J. Cochran, of Locust called to see us today.

—The St. Lawrence Lumber Camp two miles below this place has started up.

—Mr. H. W. Lockridge, of Buena Vista, Va., is spending a few weeks at his farm on Knapp's creek.

—There was a basket meeting at Buckeye last Sunday by Rev. Otto McKeever, of West Minister, Md.

—Attorney H. S. Rucher and family have returned from a six weeks visit to his parents at Lewisburg.

—Staunton, Va., will decide by its vote on the 22nd inst. whether the town will go dry or continue damp.

—B. F. McElwee passed through town last Saturday on his way home to Dunmore, from a trip to Ronceverte.

—Mr. Carlisle McKeever had the misfortune to get his leg broken at Mr. D. O'Connell's camp on Spice Run one day last week.

—Died, Mrs. Della Underwood, wife of Howard Underwood, Esq., at her home on Beaver Creek, of paralysis, aged about 25 years.

—Capt. E. A. Smith, of Dunmore had the misfortune to loose the fine iron grey stallion, with colic, he bought of G. W. Siple some time ago.

—Mess. G. W. Callison and J. C. Keaniser of Locust, called to see us last Thursday. They brought Sabina J. Kertner, lunatic to this place and placed her in jail to await removal to the Asylum.

—Remember the Farmers Alliance meets at this place Saturday. It is desired that all members be present, as there is important business to transact.

—Rev. W. T. Price, of Marlinton, contributed, to the State Historical society at Charleston a paper containing an account of the heroic services of Jacob Warwick, of Bath Co., Va., in the battle of Point Pleasant in 1774.

—One of the largest coal mines in this country is at Elk Garden W. Va., which has lately been opened. It has a capacity of 2,000 tons a day. A number of small veins are under the one just put in operation. The entire length of the main heading is at present 5,330 feet. It requires three shifts of men to do the work every twenty-four hours to keep the mine in running order. No horses of any consequence are used, as two 40-horse power engines are used instead of horses, mules, etc.—Ex.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of deeds intered to record for the month of June:

A deed from Wm. J. Sponaugh and wife to O. P., W. L. and G. L. Chew, for land, on east branch of Greenbrier River.

Thos. W. Hogsett and wife to J. B. Bradshaw for land near Traveler's Repose.

Salina Kertner to Robt. Burns trustee, for 35½ acres of land near Locust.

M. R. Malcomb and husband to Jno. T. McGraw, for land on Greenbrier river.

Hannah A. Waugh and husband to Levi Gay and Jacob Marshall for land on Greenbrier river.

Henry McNeel, to J. T. Hogsett for land in the Little Levels.

J. T. Hogsett and wife to H. M. Lockridge for land near Huntersville.

Wm Skeen and wife to G. M. Whitescarver for land near Huntersville.

C. W. Callison to J. L. Rumbarger for Lumber Co., for land on Greenbrier river.

Peter Beverage to his son Jno. A. for land upon which the said Peter Beverage now resides.

A. J. Moore and wife to Wm. H. Collins for land on Back Allegheny.

J. H. Morris to J. W. Morris for land on Droop mountain.

C. P. Jones to C. T. Shewmaker for land near Frost.

Rachel L. McClure and husband to J. C. McClure for land on Briar Knob.

R. F. Adkinson to Hannah Cloonon for land on Swago creek.

C. W. Beard and wife to E. B. Beard and others, trustees for one acre of land in Little Levels.

M. C. Wooddell to B. C. Hill trustee for land in the Little Levels.

G. C. Clark and wife to W. W. Beard for one acre of land near Hillsboro.

Aaron Rydey and wife to Wilson Ryder for land near Frost.

Wm. S. Grimes and wife to R. S. Turk for land on Thorney creek.

Allen C. Barner and wife to McCurdy Hunter and others for her dower interest in certain lands on Alleghany mountain.

M. M. Barkett and wife and A. Barkett to R. S. Turk for land on Buffalo mountain.

Randolph Myers and wife to J. G. Myers for land on Big Spring branch of Elk.

J. W. Warwick to C. P. Dorr for land on Clover Lick and Greenbrier river.

J. F. Slaughter to A. C. Rucker for land on East side of Greenbrier river.

C. C. Rucker and wife to S. B. Moore and Wm. A. Rucker for land on west prong of Greenbrier river.

J. F. Moore and wife to A. S. Buzzard for land near Frost.

S. Harper and wife to Jno. T. Dixon for white pine timber in a certain tract of land on Alleghany mountain.

R. S. Turk, com'r to Uriah Bird for land on Thorney creek.

W. T. Gilkeson and wife to H. B. Hanger for land near Travelers Repose.

The Historical Society.

Rev. W. T. Price, of Pocahontas county has sent the State Historical society 15 copies of the Young Virginian, a monthly magazine published at Mt. Clinton, Va., in 1874, and 8 copies of The Faithful Word, also published at Mt. Clinton, together with the report of the Lexington historical committee of the Presbyterian church for the year 1844. It is a valuable contribution to the literature of Scotch Irish Presbyterianism in Virginia. Numerous visitors from a distance have been in the society's rooms to-day, all of whom expressed surprise at the collection and promised to lend the society all the assistance possible.—Charleston Star.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 31st—"Help me Cassius, or I sink" was the substance of a communication from Mr. McKinley, of Ohio, to the National Executive committee of the republican party, which met here this week. The story, as it is told here, is that Mr. McKinley sent a very urgent appeal to the committee for a large sum of money to be used in the Ohio campaign and that he sent along with a very broad intimation that unless it was forthcoming the jig was up with both himself and the legislature in that State. He is also said to have suggested that the committee might easily raise the money by putting the screws on the manufactures specially benefited by his tariff bill. And that was not the only appeal for money presented to the committee. Mr. Clarkson told his colleagues that unless a good sized barrel of cash was rolled into Iowa that State would take its place permanently in the democratic column, and Secetary Fassett presented bills for a considerable amount left unpaid from last years disastrous campaign. But these were minor things and excited but little interest compared with the resignation of Quay, not only as chairman of the two committees, but as a member of the National committee; and the resignation of Dudley as Treasurer of both committees. There was a good deal of pretended regret at being compelled to accept these resignations, and high flying resolutions were adopted referring to both of them, which will probably be regarded by the retired officials as "vindications".

Mr. Harrison tried to stem the Blaine tide which controls the republican committee by appointing one of its members—J. Sloat Fassett, of New York—to be Collector of the port of New York in place of Erhardt whose resignation has been accepted. Harmony of the monkey and parrot kind is prevalent in the Treasury department just now. At least three of Secretary Foster's most surbordinates would hail with pleasure the news that he had resigned, and they would resign themselves if it wasn't for the fact of their having to give up their salaries if they did. The surbordinates mentioned are Assistant Secretary Crounse, Treasure Nebeker and Immigration Commissioner Owens, all of whom are recent arrivals at the Government trough. The trouble with the first two is that Mr. Foster, with the warning of the Raum case fresh in his mind, refused to allow them to appoint their sons to be their paivate secretaries, and Mr. Owens is disgruntled because his opinion that Welch tin-plate workers could be brought to the United States under contract without violating the alien contract law has been repudiated by the Secretary who has written another letter to the party who made the enquiry stating that the department was not prepared at this time to answer hypothetical questions such as the one propounded. It is said that Mr. Foster also took occasion to give Mr. Owens a very sharp lecture on the duties of surbordinate officials.

Mr. Wanamaker has led a delegation of Alabamians, headed by Senators Morgan and Pugh to believe that he would favorably consider their request to make Mobile one of the ports from which a subsidized line of steamships will run to South America.

With a great flourish of trumpets the announcement is made that a reciprocity by treaty has been negotiated with the mighty republic of San Domingo, which will go into effect September 1.

Members of the administration have already begun to discuss the ways and means of raising the money [illegible] it will be absolutely necessary to have in the near future to meet pension payments under the present laws. Some sort of a new tax has got to be imposed, and the most of them seem inclined to put it upon whiskey by raising the revenue from 90 cents per gallon to something between $1.20 and $1.50 per gallon. However, all that the administration can do is to make suggestions; the democratic House of Representatives will determine what shall be done.

Senator Sherman's friends are trying hard to make it appear that they look lightly upon the opposition of the Farmer's Alliance to his re election, but in reality they regard it as such a serious matter that unless they can succeed in patching up some sort of a reconciliation before long one of them said that Sherman would be compelled to withdraw in order to save himself the ignomy of defeat.

Had Mr. Harrison been able to circulate incognitia among the prominent republican politicians who were here this week consequent upon the meeting of the National Executive committee he would certainly have arrived at the conclusion that he was no longer "in it", as far as a nomination is concerned. It was unquestionably a Blaine week in Washington, and if the National committee can bring it about Blaine is to be nominated, and one of their number—Col. Conger, of Ohio—is authority for the statement that he will accept the nomination if it is tendered him.

INSTITUTE NOTICE.

The Teachers Institute for Pocahontas County will convene in Huntersville, August 10th, at 10 o'clock a. m.

The law requires that all teachers attend some Institute. Those who hold four years certificates not exempt.

Teachers will be required to put in full time or no certificates granted. Examination at close of Institute.

All applicants for first grade certificates must attend this examination.

M. G. MATHEWS, Co. Supt.

SCHOOL HOUSE BUILDING.

Sealed and marked bids will be received at the office of the Secretary of the Board of Education of Huntersville District, until September the 1st, 1891, for the erection of a School house near Frost, to be completed by January 1st, 1892, according to the following plans and specifications: The house is to be 24x18 ft., 10 ft. high in the clear, 2 sills 24 ft. long and 10x10 in, 2 sills 18 ft. long and 16x10 in; to have under the sills 18 good stone pillars, each with a 12 in. face, to be 2ft. under ground and 18 in. above ground, no cobble or small stones to be used in filling centres of said pillars; to have 4 pillars under each side sill, 4 under centre sill and 3 under each end sill; sleepers to be 28 in number 9 ft. long and 10x3 in. to rest on side sill and centre sill 16 in. from centre to centre; floor to be laid lengthwise of good flooring lumber, 6 in. wide by 1¼ in. thick, broken joints; to be ceiled with ceiling 7¼ or 6¼ in. wide, leaving a scuttle hole in ceiling above 2 ft. x 18 in. 4 ft. wide across rear and must be ceiled out of lumber entirely free from knots, and this space shall be blacked by contractor for use as a black board; upper joists to be 10 ft. 6 in. long 5x2 in. and 16 in. from centre to centre; plates to be good and substantial, studding to be 11 ft. long 4x2 in. 16 in. apart; to be weatherboarded horizontally, with lumber 6¼ or 7¼ in. wide; to contain 16 desks 8 ft. long, made according to the plan of those in the house on Beaver creek near Huntersville and two benches 8 ft. long for recitation purposes. House to contain 6 windows of 12 lights each, each light to be 9x14 inches; to contain 1 4 panel door 7x3 ft.; boxing to be what is called rail road boxing; to be covered with good white pine shingles either shaved or sawed; to have a good flue to extend 2 ft. above roof and well secured against fire where pipe enters. [illegible] lumber for weatherboarding ceiling or other inside work shall be well seasoned and nicely dressed, and all work to be done in good and workmanlike manner.

The contractor must file [illegible] for school house and desks [illegible] separate bid for both. He must also file with said bid, bond with good security in double the amount of his bid. The Board obligates itself to pay [illegible] on completion of the work [illegible] if any, in one year from that date. It also reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the board.

C. B. Moore, Sec.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
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Huntersville, W. Va.
August 2, 1891.

IT WAS A SURE SIGN.

A very learned professor of astronomy—one who was skilled in the signs of the skies and the winds and the clouds—was once travelling. While on his journey he lost his way, and wandering about, came across a simple looking countryman, who was sitting under a tree tending a flock of sheep.

"Friend," said the professor, "can you inform me of the direction and distance to the nearest adjacent town?"

Now the countryman perceived that the professor was very wise, from the long words that he used; but he presently managed to understand him and replied:

"Yes, sir, it is all of five miles; but," he added "you will get a good wetting before you will get there."

This surprised the professor. He could not discover any signs of a storm, and he was so sure of his own knowledge in such matters that he laughed at the countryman and started his horse on the road pointed out to him.

But before he had gone two thirds of the distance a sudden black cloud covered the sky, the rain poured in torrents, and the wise man reached the inn soaked and disgusted.

The next morning, before he had proceeded on his journey, he determined to ride back and if possible find out by what hidden signs—of which he a great professor was ignorant—this foolish countryman had foretold the storm.

So he road back, and after spending a day in the search, found the countryman and explained what he wanted to know.

"I will not tell you my sign," said the countryman, "without a good sum of money."

They struck a bargain. The professor was so anxious to hear this valuable secret that he willingly paid the large amount demanded.

"Do you see, sir," asked the countryman, "that black sheep with a white face over there—the only black sheep in my flock?"

The professor said he did.

"Well sir," said the countryman, "when it is the fairest day in June, and when there is not a cloud in the sky, I surely know it going to rain if I chance to see that old sheep caper around with her tail held strait up in the air!"

"There's no flies on me," said the fly paper. "I wish I could say the same," answered the butter.

Mamma—"Don't you know what becomes of people who tell lies Mabel?"

Mabel—"Yes, m'a'm; they go to hell, and I know where hell is. It's in papa's library."

Mamma—"Why, daughter, how can you say such a thing?"

Mabel—"Well I went into there the other day and my music teacher was sitting in papa's lap."

Mamma (visibly moved)—"Well—?"

Mabel—"Papa said, 'Here's h—l!'"

... Earned Wealth.

... Rockefeller is worth $125,000,000 and Jay Gould $160,000,000. Now, let's see how much the sons of our great millionaires will be worth in, say, fifty years. George Gould will, in all probability, get the bulk of his father's wealth. Say Jay Gould don't die for five years more. He will then be worth fully $150,000,000 if his fortune rolls up as rapidly as it is doing now. If George Gould can manage to control and increase his father's millions, I have figured out that in forty years he will be worth a billion of dollars. John D. Rockefeller's heir, if his $127,000,000 goes to him in a lump, will be worth nearly two billion dollars in fifty years. The Rockefeller millions have accumulated very rapidly. Most of the great fortunes have rolled up in one generation, but the Rockefeller fortune has been made in less time. Allowing for an increase as rapid as in the past, and large rates of interest, I am pretty sure that the two billion dollars estimate will be correct. Well, William Waldorf Astor now has a fortune of $125,000,000. He will get at least seven per cent. on the estate, and will in all probability, live for twenty five years more. Now, the son, John Jacob Astor, will then be about forty five years old. Making computations at the rate of seven per cent. and compounding the interest semi-annually to allow for reinvestment the Astor millions in twenty-five years would roll up to $698,012,500. Then in twenty-five years John Jacob Astor could become a billionaire and have a few millions to spare. The chances are that nearly all the great fortunes will be augmented every year far beyond their natural increase. Investments by these men of millions are constantly being made that earn one hundred per cent. a year, and there are some no doubt that different percentages all the way up to five hundred or even one thousand.—N. Y. Telegram.

HE SMELLED FIRE.

The bobtailed blue car in Hoboken was prancing along at a gait not less than two miles an hour, when a long bodied man most of whom was hidden under a straw hat of the style of ten years ago, and who had a hoe handle standing up in the corner, suddenly sniffed the air to the right and left, and called out:

"Somebody's house along here is on fire!"

The seven or eight of her passengers pricked up there ears and looked around, but no one saw any signs of fire.

"Sumthins's a burnin', and I know it," continued he a moment later.

Everybody exhibited increased interest, and several heads were thrust out of the windows. One passenger finally observed:

"I guess everything is all right."

"Well I don't!" replied the owner of the hoe handle as he stood up. "I smell rags a-burnin', and don't you forgit it! My nose never goes back on me when rags begin to smoke! Hi! there—Its around you!"

The person addressed was a stylish looking young man, and there was a streak of blue smoke curling up behind him. He jumped up and grabbed his coat-tails, and willing hands helped him rub out the fire in the cloth, which had come from pipe or cigar.

"Didn't I tell ye!" said the long bodied man as he looked around the car. "I can smell burnin' rags half a mile off!"

The victim was working for the rear door, and two young ladies were "tittering," but before he could get out the fire smeller hit him again with:

"Smells like a piece of old horse blanket, and its a wonder you sat right there and never discovered anything. Phew! ... Worse than hog's bristles burnin' on the kitchen stove! Youngman you!"

But the young man wasn't there.

Teacher—Cease means to stop. Make sentence, please, with "cease" as the first word.

Pupil—Cease the clock.

Prison Warden—The dinner ordered from Delmonico's has come. Take it to the prisoner who killed a man.

Assistant—All right. Who is this bread and water for?

Warden—That's for the man who stole a ham.

"These monkeys," said Chappie, in the park, "remind me of my boyhood days."

"There's a faint resemblance yet," said Maud, gazing first at Chappie and then at the monkey.

The good die young. The others become oldest inhabitants and lie about the weather, their ages and everthing else.

"My daughter, did John propose last night?" "No mother but I thought I detected an engagement ring in his voice as he bade me good night."

A man in Kansas glories in the possession of a calf that weighs only six pounds and has to be placed on a box in order to reach the "maternal fountain."

Cleveland was the only President to deliver his inauguration address extempor. Fillmore made no inaugural. Garfield was the first President to make any political speeches in a foreign tongue. German was used.

Teacher—Why did Alexander weep?

Class—'Cos he couldn't find any more worlds to conquer.

Teacher—Why could he find no more?

Class—'Cos he dinn't advertise.

TINSPOUTING.

A. W. Arbogast, of Monterey Va., will be in the County for several months spouting houses. Parties wishing work of this kind done can do no better than to get him to do it.

SUBSCRIBE

FOR THE—

POCAHONTAS TIMES,

Every man in the County should take it, and patronize home industry. It sustains your rights, and works for the advancement of your county, which no city paper will do. It gives you the news from all parts of the county, which you could not get otherwise. It furnishes matters of interst to the Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic. It keeps you posted and gives you information, on all general news, and its sections and Miscellany are fit for all ages.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 9. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, September 3, 1891. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. No. 6

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. {C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.}
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

AN EDGED TOOL.

"Miss Morrel wanted immediately in the show rooms!"

Shrill and sharp and clear the message came through the speaking tube into the great room where all of Mrs. Cavendish's young women were at work—the great, bare-floored echoing room, which was lighted only from a skylight of frosted glass from above. Valencia Morel rose at once her pale, olive cheeks suddenly suffused with scarlet, to obey the summons. She felt sure she was to be scolded for slighting the pipings on the skirt of old Mrs. Mickel's blue satin dress. But Mrs. Cavindish sitting at her desk, received her gracefully.

"Miss Morel," said she, "on second thoughts, you may trim Miss Vovassa's moire antique with lace instead of velvet. Miss Gay, the forewoman, will give the necessary instructions." After a moment she added: "My dear, you know that I seldom interfere in the private and personal affairs of my young women. But *I* am informed that you are escorted home every night by a gentleman who must certainly be above your station. Miss Morel, I am not your guardian, neither do I possess any authority over you. But I do know something of the world and bid you beware!"

Valencia Morel was quite silent. If Mrs. Cavendish had for an instant supposed that her favorite "trimmer" was going to confide in her, she was mistaken. Half an hour later, when the girls all swarmed out of Mrs. Cavendish's work room at the sound of the 6 o'clock bell, Valencia Morel contrived to be a little behind the rest, so that it was quite dark when she reached the corner of the street, and a quick, silent shadow, with the fiery end of a cigar burning in front of it, moved up to her side quite as a matter of course.

"Valencia!" softly spoke the phantom.

"Yes, it is I," said Valencia Morel, coquettishly pulling the blue veil a little father over her face. "And Mrs. Cavendish has somehow found out that you walk home with me evenings."

"Well what then?" demanded the owner of the fire-tipped cigar in a debonair and defiant sort of a way. "Is it a capital crime?"

"N-no, I suppose not," said Valencia, dubiously. "But Hector—"

"Well?"

"I do wish I knew what the end of all this was to be."

Captain Hector Maurice lifted his primrose kidded hands depreciatingly.

"So like a woman," said he. "Bless their dear little hearts, they never can be contented to let enough alone."

"No but Hector—"

"Well, if you must know," [...] the gallant Captain, "we [are] nearer 'the end of all this' than [you] have any idea of."

"What do you mean?" Vale[ncia] stood still with a face as white [as] marble.

"I mean simply that I am to [be] married in three months."

"Married!"

"Yes, married. Why not? [...] not as pretty as you are, Vale[ncia] with a sigh and a shrug. [...] she's as old and ugly as Med[usa] you know who that classical [...] [illegible] but she's rich, and I [...] was one of the kind that [...] on love and poetry. Now [...] crazy, Valencia," as she [...] ly drew back. "You kn[ow] desperately fond of you [...] sort of thing, but I m[ust have] money, or it is all up with me. And you must know that we could not go on philandering like this forever."

Valencia looked at him with eyes that shone dangerously.

"Hector Maurice," said she, "you have been playing with me all this time. Beware that I do not turn out an edged tool."

"My darling, only listen to me.

He took both her hands by main force and renewed his caressing protentations while he walked along at her side: Presently she turned with a short, harsh laugh.

"Don't mind me, Hector," said she; "I was a little out of temper. It came so suddenly, you know. And perhaps I was unreasonable. But I'm all over it now. Tell me about her—the bride."

Hector made a grimace.

"Excuse me," said he; I shall have quite enough of her in the future without rhapsodizing on the subject now."

"Is she pretty?"

"Was Medusa pretty?"

"Is she rich?"

"If she wasn't do you suppose I'd marry her?"

"Is she young?"

"Well, she's about the age of my mother."

"Oh, Hector! And what is her name?"

"Aurora, my dear. 'Fair goddess of the dawn.'"

"But her last name, I mean," urged Valencia

"That I shall not tell you." half in earnest. "Lest, to use your own words, you should turn out to be an edged tool."

Valencia made him no answer; she only compressed her lips until they were a mere scarlet thread. And when she came back to Mrs. Cavendish's work room the next day she was a little paler than usual.

"I don't understand it said Mrs. Cavendish, one day.

"Don't understand what?" asked Miss Gay, the forewoman.

"That Miss Morel is so feverishly anxious to attend personally to all the wedding orders. I used to send madamoiselle Florine, but Miss Morel has asked it as a favor, to be allowed to go; and she really has an excellent idea of style and trimmings, and gives great satisfaction. But what her fancy is I can't tell."

"Some girls have an absolute mania on the subject of weddings," said Miss Gay, elevating her brow.

But Valencia Morel's motive was deeper far than any of which Mrs Cavendish and her forewoman could dream. And one day her quest met with its reward. Mrs Dorrance was a widow, fat, fair and 40; and Mrs. Dorrance contemplated a second [matrimonial] alliance. And while she [...] fully old. He says she is about the age of his mother."

"Oh, dear me!" said Mrs. Dorrance; "that is dreadful."

But she was evidently interested, and sat with the samples of white reps and dove colored satin in her hand, looking at Miss Morel.

"And plain, too," added Valencia; "he calls her his Medusa."

"Hateful old thing," said Mrs. Dorrace, briskly. "What business has she to be angling for a husband at her time of life?"

"But she's rich."

"That accounts for it," said Mrs. Dorrance.

"Oh, yes that accounts for it," said Miss Morel."

"You—you never heard him mention her name, did you?" said Mrs. Dorrace a little uneasily.

"Oh, dear, no, ma'am," said Valencia. Did you say you would prefer the stone gray faille, or—"

"I don't know why I should feel and curiosity upon the subject," interupted the widow, laughing artistically; "but if your friend's name isn't a secret—"

"Oh, no secret at all," said Valencia.

"Would you be kind enough to tell me?"

"Yes, indeed, his name is Hector Maurice!"

"Good gracious," said the widow, dropping all her samples in a glistening shower.

"You don't mean to say you know him, ma'am?" said Miss Valencia Morel in well feigned astonishment.

"Know him?" said Mrs. Dorrance, fanning herself violently. "It's the very man that I'm engaged to! But I won't marry him, no that I never will!"

Valencia clasped her hands theatrically.

"Oh!" cried she, "what have I said? Please, please, dear madam, forget my foolish chatter. If I had known—"

"If I had known!" enterupted the widow. "Medusa, indeed! Old enough to be his mother, forsooth. But he shall never have the handling of my money."

And Mrs. Dorrance rang the bell for her maid, and went off into violent hysterics. No wedding outfit was made up for this occasion at Mrs. Cavendish's celebrated establishment—and Captain Maurice was at his wits' ends to know why his plighted bride had changed her mind so suddenly. He did entertain some vague idea of a "breach of promise" suit, but wisely abandoned it. But strange to say he never suspected Valencia Morel, who still walks on pale and silent, in the dreary rooms, and never sees him now.

Captain Maurice had played with edged tools, and he had not come off schratchless.

"Papa," said a West End boy, as he followed his father to the bath room.

"Well, my son?"

"Do you wash your eyes out every morning?"

"Why, certainly."

"Well, papa?"

"Yes."

"How do you get 'em in again?"

"Oh, go 'way, go 'way and don't bother me."

Alliance News.

Late Matters of Interest Pertaining to the Order.

THE PRESENT.

Rise up Thomas Jefferson, from the dead. Face the people whose fathers supported you, and for whose welfare the best days of your life were spent.

Ninety per cent. of the homes of the farmers of this country are under mortgage. Ninety per cent. of the laboring men are without homes, and never will be able to earn them, as their wages are so fixed as to always keep them homeless. The expounders of the democracy you founded say it is paternalism to protect them, and that all the remedies they provide for relief are unconstitutional. Is that so? The farm products of the country, by a combination of capitalists and speculators each year, are bought at cost of production from the producer and sold to the consumer at 100 per cent. advance. The exponents of the Democratic party you led, say that there is no constitutional remedy that can be provided. What do you say? England owns nearly all the manufactories in this country and controls the financial system of the government in her interest and against Americans; and, by virtue of that power, has established a system that will inevitably reduce the great mass of people to serfdom. The leaders of the party now called Jeffersonian democracy are the tools of these English people and doing all in their power to assist them in the consummation of this purpose. What say you about these things? When the people clamor for relief and demand pledges of those who would represent them, these self-same exponents of the democracy you founded, declare that to take off 20 per cent. of the tariff on pocket knives, and put ten per cent. more on crockery will afford a remedy, and that let silver miners coin all the products of their mines into new silver dollars will remedy all the trouble and correct all the evils which have already bankrupted and placing them beyond redemption. What do you say about it? The great statesman would open his eyes in amazement and with the fire of indignation and exasperation flashing from them, would say: These so-called are not of the party I founded. They are false in heart, false in utterance, and false in purpose. They are untrue to my teachings; false to my precepts and perfidious to the proud example I left them. The great masses should arise in their majesty and power and drive this gang of impostors and liars from the temple I assisted in erecting for the safty and protection of the people; for they profane the name *I* love so dear; they prostitute the purpose I labored so earnestly to consummate; they have made my temple the resort of liars, libelers and thieves, and I am ashamed of it. Oh, grave receive me, and let my oblivousness forever remain [un]disturbed, until I can see my [peo]ple and my country redeemed [from] vandals and disentralled from [the] curse of the perfidy and trea[chery] of false and perfidious leaders.—Alliance Herald.

TIN SPOUTING.

A. W. Arbogast, of [...] Va., will be in the County [...] months spouting [...] finishing work of this k[ind] [...] no better than to g[...]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.
September 3, 1891.

Lynchburg, Va., is flooded with counterfeit silver dollars and half dollars.

Jefferson and Berkley counties get the $27,328 of direct tax collected from individuals of those counties, due under the Direct Tax Refund bill. West Virginia will get the remainder due her, as a State, later on, when the now practically bankrupt treasury thinks it can pay it, or is forced by the courts to pay it.

A young Kentuckey girl named Agnes Rankin has been playing some amusing pranks on the other girls in Crockett county. Putting on male attire she secured work as a hired man on a farm, and began at once to court all the attractive young women of the neighborhood, escorting them to church and to places of amusement and acquiring a local reputation as a beau. When her sex was discovered it was found that she had become engaged to marry three farmers' daughters.

An exchange says: Every man should past this in his hat or put it where he will stumble over it about six times a day: Drink nothing without seeing it. Sign nothing without reading it, and make sure that it means nothing more than it says. Don't go to law unless you are forced to and have something to lose. In any business never wade in where you cannot see the bottom. Put no dependence in the labe of a bag, and count money before you receipt it. See the sack before you buy what is in it, for he who trades in the dark asks to be cheated.

Confederate Generals.

A list of Confederate generals supposed to be living, prepared by General W. L. Cabell, of Dallas, Texas, shows that the number of officers of all grades, appointed and commissioned, is 488, viz: Six generals, 1 general with temporary rank, 1 quartermaster general, 2 commissary generals, 2 surgeon generals, 1 chief of ordinance, 475 brigadier generals, of whom 102 arose to the rank of major general and 21 arose to the rank of lieutenant general. One general (Joseph E. Johnston) and 12 brigadier generals are reported dead since January 1, 1891, leaving 177 living of the original number. The survivors first in rank are: General Gustave T. Beauregard, New Orleans. General with temporary rank, Edmund Kirby Smith, of Sewanee, Tenn; Lieutenant generals, Stephen D. Lee, Starkville, Miss.; James Longstreet, Gainesville, Ga.; Jubal A. Early, Lynchburg, Va.; Simon B. Buckner, Frankfort, Ky.; Joseph Wheeler, Wheeler, Ala.; Ambrose P. Stewart, Washington, D. C.; Wade Hampton, Columbia, S. C.; John B. Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Aug. 28th— Secretary Foster is in a fair way of earning the title of the "Colonel Sellers of the administration" from his propensity to see everything in its rosiest light. About the first of July he was telling everyone of the great benefits which would follow the extension of the $51,000,000 of per cent. bonds at 2 per cent. [illegible] the national banks [illegible] take all that might be [illegible] by private parties in [illegible] they might become their [illegible]. Now that the extension [illegible] has proven a fizzle, [illegible] of them having been [illegible] for extension, one would suppose that Mr. Foster would feel bad enough to at least keep quiet. Not he. He is, according to his own statement, not at all disappointed over the failure of his first large financial transaction, and he preaches from the text of what a good thing it is for the "dear people" that $25,000,000 or $50,000,000 is to be put in circulation by the redemption of these bonds and how much good this increase in the circulation will do business circles. He reminds one of the young physician who when asked how he was making out in a family where he was attending a woman in confinement, said: The mother is dead and the child is dead, but I hope to pull the father through."

Representative Mills has gone over to New York and it is probable that while there he will make a little investigation into a statement made here a few days ago that the New York delegation was divided in its choice for speaker, as follows: Crisp 16, McMillin 6, Mills 1. The statement was made by a member of Tammany Hall, but its accuracy was at once questioned by Mr. Mills friends, who claim to have the best of evidence to prove that it was wrong in every case. Mr. Mills will go to Ohio shortly to make speeches in the campaign.

The noble army of "ex's" is again marching upon Washington, each and every member of it anxious to get the place which is to be vacated by Secretary Proctor, who has been formally notified that he is to be appointed to serve out the unexpired term of Mr. Edmunds in the United States Senate, and those who fail will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that they have temporarily got out of the obscurity into which they had sunk, by having their names mentioned as possibilities for the vacant seat in the cabinet by the obliging newspapers. If you have curiosity to see these names get a copy of the last Congressional Directory and check off the names of all the men who retired from Congress with the Fifty first Congress, and you will have a correct list of them. It is said that the New England Senators have demanded of Mr. Harrison that he shall appoint a man from that section to the vacancy and that the republicans of the northwestern States have made a like demand. Mr. Harrison will place the appointment where it will fetch the most votes for Harrison in the next republican national convention, no matter who it may please or displease, and the belief here is that the place will go to ex-Governor Cheney, of New Hampshire, unless Gen. Alger can be persuaded to accept it.

Some queer stories are being told around here of how Prof. Dyrenforth is manipulating his dynamite and gun powder rain-forcer for the purpose of getting a big appropriation from the next Congress to pay all further experiments. It is said, he took advantage of climatic conditions, which made it certain that he could not fail when he made the recent experiment about which so much has been printed. It is also said that none of the party now in Texas with the Professor have any faith in the efficiency of the apparatus to produce rain in a really arid section, and that they regard the whole business as a sort of scientific humbug, which promises to furnish profitable employment for a long time, at least that is said to be the substance of letters that have been received in Washington.

There is clash of opinion between the Interior department and the Department of Justice. Secretary Noble holds that notwithstanding the recent judicial decision that the sale of lager beer in Indian Territory was legal, that he has the power, under a U. S. Statute, to prevent it, and has instructed the Indian agents to seize all liquid on [illegible] Territory. The Attorney General holds that the decision of Judge Bryant of the Eastern District of Texas is good law until it is reversed by a higher Court, and under that decision dealers have a right to sell beer and to demand pay for all the beer seized by the Indian agents.

An Echo of the Johnstown Flood

A day or two ago a well dressed, fine looking couple entered the clerk's office in the court house and asked for a permit for their union. At the time of the Johnstown flood the young man in crossing the bridge in his flight to the hills stopped to rescue a female form in the debris and succeeded in grasping the hair of the head, and lifting the body carried it with him. The body was that of a young girl, then unconscious, but efforts at restoration proved successful and the enamoured youth of first sight then and there commenced a courtship that has resulted in the union of himself and fair lady, though he was compelled to wait till she was of age, not having the guardian's consent. This bit of romance, accompanied by the opposition of authority, would weave a realistic story of great interest, and is in fact, a truthful incident of the great Johnstown disaster.—Cumberland News.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held in the Clerks office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County West, Virginia, on the first Monday in August 1891.

I. M. Thompson Executrix of Wm. Thompson Deceased, Plaintiff
vs.
W. G. Gilkeson Defendant.

The object of this suit is to attach the estate of the defendant W. G. Gilkeson, in the State sufficient to pay the sum of $4?8.87 with interest thereon at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from the 17th day of June 1889, till paid which is the amount of said Judgment obtained by plaintiff against said defendant in the Circuit Court of Augusta Co., Va. including $7.80 cost on said judgment, and the cost of this suit.

And it appearing by affidavit filed, that the defendant, W. G. Gilkeson, is a non-resident of this State, it is ordered that he do appear here at the next rule day, after the first publication of this Order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Teste:
J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

R. S. Turk, p. q.
Aug 13 4t
Printers fee $7.85

HOME NEWS.

—Quarterly meeting at this place last Sunday and Monday.

—Col Jno. T. McGraw, of Grafton, was in town Tuesday.

—C. B. Swecker Esq., of Dunmore called to see us Monday.

—C. P. Dorr, Esq., and wife, of Addison, Webster Co. was in our city Monday.

—Attorneys Capt. Stofer and L. M. McClintic were down at Marlinton, Tuesday.

—There was a show on the Apperson farm near Marlinton Tuesday, which was very good.

—Prof C. A. Brown, of Academy, called to see us Monday. He was on his way from attending District Conference at Dunmore.

—Mr. Isaac McNeel, and wife and little daughter, of Mill Point, were in the city Monday.

—Mr. Stuart Wooddell, of Pennsboro, Jackson Co., formerly of Geen Bank, this county, was in Hentersville Monday.

—Capts. Geo. M. Whitescarver, of Grafton, and J. W. Marshall, of Mingo Flats called to see us Monday, while they were in the city.

—Mrs. C. A. Damarou, of Alleghany Station Va., and children are visiting her parents Mr. J. C. Lourys', at this place.

—We are informed that about 800 people attended the Dedication of the Methodist Church at Dunmore last Sunday, Aug. 30th. Dr Young of Randolph Macon College, preached the dedicatory sermon.

—We are authorized to announce that Rev. J. F. A. Lautenschlager, will prech at this place next Sunday at 11 o'clock and at Dunmore next Sunday night.

—The following is the program of Huntersville circuit, M. E. church South: Fist Sunday, Huntersville, 10:30 a. m.; Mt. Pleasant 3:30 p. m.; second Sunday, Bethel, 10:30; Sunset, 3; third Sunday, Huntersville, 10:30 a. m.; Mt. Pleasant 3:30 p. m.; fourth Sunday, Sunset, 10:30; Bethel, 3. I G MICHAEL, P. C.

—We are requested to announce that the Sharon M. E. Church, South, located at Locust Creek, this county, will be dedicated on Sunday the 13th, inst. The dedicatory sermon will be preached by Rev. J. R. Van Horn, of Shepherdstown, this State, one of the former pastors of the Hillsboro charge.

—Mr. Jas. Barkley, Jr., an aged citizen living about two miles from this place is very seriously sick and it is thought that he cannot recover. His two sons Wm. and Edward, of Buna Vista, Va., are attending his bedside.

LATER—Mr. Barkley died Tuesday night. The sorrowing family have the sympathy of the entire community.

—On Millett's contract of the W. Va. and Pittsburg railroad extension, on Laurel Creek, Webster county, on Aug. 28th, a negro shot and killed another. He was arrested, and the impression prevails that there will be a hanging.

—The engineers who are surveying the route of the proposed extension of the railroad from Gauly through to Virginia, are now in this county, and the route as far as they have gone is reported to be a good one.

—The West Virginia and Pittsburg Railroad Company will immediately commence to erect a saw mill near the mouth of William's river, on Gauley. The mill will be one of the finest in the State and will have a capacity of over 100,000 feet per day. The Company have immense tracts of timber land on Williams's, Gauley and Cherry rivers more than 100,000 acres in all. It is, perhaps, the richest timber section in the State. The timber is mostly cherry and pine and it is [illegible]

very abundant.—Braxton Democrat.

—Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mr. Chas. Hegsett, now of Roanoke, Va., to Miss Duffey Marshall, of Renick's Valley, Greenbrier county, in the Methodist church at Academy, on the 9th inst. Both are formerly of this county, and held in high esteem by their many friends, who will wish them all the happiness and prosperity this world can afford.

—The following persons were in Huntersville, on their way to attend and returning from District Conference at Dunmore: Revs. S. G. Ferguson, Lewisburg; W. J. Young, of Randolph Macon College; C. L. Dameron, Hinton; J. F. Baggs, Alderson; C. M. Bragg, Ronceverte; T. J. Lambert, and W. T. Gover, Union; C. M. Sarver, Centreville; W. H. Garing and Mr. A. E. Huddleston, White Sulphur; S. B. Williams, Richlands; Jno. McNeel and a Mr. Long, Green Sulphur Springs; and I. J. Michal, Marlinton.

Green Bank Items.

Rev. Jno. V. McCall, preached his last sermon, last Sunday at Liberty Church, and will leave soon for Hampden Sydney College. Our best wishes go with him.

A. M. Oliver is home on a visit.

Steven Lockridge and wife, of Jackson's River, passed through our villiage to attend District Conference at Dunmore on last Friday.

Dr. O. J. Campbell, of Monterey, Va., was in our villiage last week pulling, filling and putting in teeth.

G. C. Cooper has started a steam saw mill on Rosen run, and is getting some fine timber out.

The buzz of the thresher is heard in our neighborhood. Grain is only tolerable.

Our farmers are about done making hay. Owing to so much rain they are late this season.

Wallace Blair of Traveler's Repose, reports about 25,000 trout caught out of Greenbrier river at that point this season, by different parties, and the finest ever caught before.

James Patterson, while returning home from preaching last Saturday night was thrown from his horse and badly hurt, but not dangerously.

W. A. Gladwell, our enterprising merchant, has purchased the Bradshaw lot, and the Yeager lots adjoining, and is having a fine house erected, which will add much to our villiage.

Your correspondence had the pleasure of attending the Dedicatory service of the new Methodist Church South, at Dunmore on last Sunday. The service was conducted by Rev. R. W. Young, who preached a very fine sermon to a very large assembly. The collection taken amounted to $728.00—seventy-five dollars more than was asked for. It is the finest church in the county costing $2.000.

Success to your paper.

BIG FOOT

Valuable Kerr's Creek Farm.

On Saturday last Mr. William M. Dunlap, of Roanoke, sold to Capt. Jno. A. McNeel the valuable farm owned by him at Dunlap's store on Kerr's Creek in this county. It is the old home of Mr. Maddison Dunlap, long one of the leading farmers and citizens of Rockbridge, and contains 253 acres of his estate. Upon it is a large brick residence. The price paid was $6,000, practically cash. Capt. McNeel is a well known and prominent citizen of Pocahontas county, W. Va., who has recently sold his farm there. He has bought the Dunlap property for the purpose of making his home in Rockbridge.—Rockbridge County News.

SALISBURY, N. C., August 27, 1891.—The New York limited passenger train on the Western North Carolina railroad was wrecked at the bridge near this place. Forty passengers were instantly killed and twenty five others seriously injured.

To Teachers.

Since our last examination the State Superintendent has suggested to County Superintendents that they examine teachers only on the branches that they have been required to be examined on heretofore, and issue one year certificates.

We are sorry that we did not get this instruction sooner.

At our next examination we will issue Nos. One, Two and Three, teachers certificates, good for one year, and applicants will not be required to pass on the new branches.

This examination in no way effects the certificates issued at the first examination.

M. G. MATHEWS, Co Supt.

Death of Mrs. Agnes Livesay.

This morning at about 5 o'clock Mrs. Agnes Livesay died at her home in Lewisburg, of gastric fever. She was taken ill at the residence of her neice, Mrs. Wm. N. Correll, near Frankford, last week. Against the protest of her relatives she insisted upon coming home. She was brought here on Sunday last, and since that time until her death was delirious, with flitting periods of consciousness. Mrs. Livesay was well known to our readers, and possessed many excellent traits of character.—She was about 56 years of age. Funeral services to-morrow at 10 a m.—Independent.

STOCKHOLDERS MEETING of Bank of Pocahontas.

A meeting of the Stockholders of the "Bank of Pocahontas" will be held at the law office of John T. McGraw, in the town of Grafton, in the county of Taylor, in the State of West Virginia, on the 5th day of September, 1891, at ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors, making by-laws, and transacting such other business as may lawfully be done by said stockholders in general meeting.

Given under our hands this 11th day of August, 1891.

FRANCIS M. DURBIN,
GEO. M. WHITESCARVER,
C. R. DURBIN,
JNO. T. MCGRAW,
L. MALLONEE,
THOS. E. DAVIS.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held in the Clerks office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in August 1891.

GEO. W. TRIMBLE, Plaintiff
vs.
W. G. GILKESON, Defendant

The object is this suit is to attach the estate of the defendant, W. G. Gilkeson, in this State sufficient to pay the sum of $520.23 with interest thereon at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum from the first day of December 1890, till paid, which is the amount of a judgement obtained by the plaintiff against said defendant in the Circuit Court of Augusta County, Virginia, including $7.80 cost on said judgment, and the cost of this suit. And it appearing by affidavit filed, that the defendant W. G. Gilkeson, is a non-resident of this State, it is ordered that he do appear here at next rule day, after the date of the first publication of this Order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in the suit.

Teste:
J. H. PATTERSON Clerk.

R. S. Turk p. q.
Aug 6-4t.
Printers fee $7.90.

H. T. SCHOOL.

The 6th session of the Hillsboro Training School will open Sept. 2nd 1891. For further information address,—

Miss G. M. SHEARER, Principal.
Academy P. O. W. Va.

ESTRAY

I have on my form on Knapp's Creek, an estray, roan yearling steer, which has been there over two months, which the owner can get by paying for the keeping, and paying for this ad.

J. B. LOCKRIDGE.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

September 3, 1891.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

"They finally brought up that bedstead this afternoon," said Mrs. Bowser after dinner the other evening.

"Did, eh! Just a week since you picked it out, isn't it?"

"Only four days."

"Curious how everbody takes advantage of you. They wouldn't have have dared fool with me that way!"

"That—that carpet isn't down yet."

"There's another specimen of your style of running things! The infernal falsifiers agreed to be here two months ago!"

"O, no, dear. They said some time this week."

"And they'll fool arond till September! Mrs. Bowser I don't want to find fault with you, but I do wish you knew more about business. You let everybody walk on you as if you were a worm of the earth."

"But can I bring the men up here?" she protested.

"How is it that everything I order gets here on the minute! Because, Mrs. Bowser, I do busines in a business way. If I should let you have full swing here where do you suppose we'll land at the end of six months? However I will show those carpet men that they can't fool with Jonas J. Bowser, no matter what excuse they can palm off on his wife. I'll slip up and put that carpet down in seven minutes."

"[illegible] don't mean it!" she [illegible]

[illegible]

pet on the bare floor. There's the lining on the window sill! You'd have made a nice job of it now wouldn't you?"

He couldn't crawl out of it, and he contented himself with rising up and pointing sternly toward the door. She went out but listened and heard the rip! rip! rip! as he pulled up his work. It was a quarter of an hour before she dared enter again, and then it was in response to a yell which made the cook drop seven plates and the dog howl mournfully.

"W—what is it?' she gasped, as she rushed in to find Mr. Bowser standing on one leg against the wall.

"What is what?"

"Why, you whooped like an Indian. Your face is as red as fire, and somethings's happened."

"Mrs. Bowser, I am not in the habit of whooping," he sternly replied, "and nothing has happened. When I want your valuable services I'll call you. The exclamation you heard probably came from some one in a balloon passing over the house.'

He had hammered away for about ten minutes when she looked in on him again. He had three sides of the carpet down and was tacking the fourth. Just as she reached the head of the stairs he rolled backward out of the bedroom door with a yell and a great crash.

"What on earth are you trying to do, Mr Bowser?" she asked.

"You up here again?" he shouted in reply. "Didn't I tell you to go down stairs and stay there? Does it take forty million people to put down one confounded old carpet?'

"But can't I help?"

"No you can't help! I'll put the thing down alone or pull the side of the house down! No wonder the carpet men doesn't come up here to lay it. They cut it a foot tro short on this side and a foot too long on the other! Lemme catch 'em around the house and I'll— What's the matter now?"

"It's got to be turned around! You are trying to fit it the wrong way!"

"No I ain't!"

"Why of course you are! It's exactly the fit the other way! I told you not to do it. You knew you,d —"

"Mrs Bowser" he began, as he crossed his hands behind his back and gazed at her with a benign expression, "do I run this house or do you?"

"Well, I suppose you do."

"Very well. When man was created the idea was that he should run the house. That's how he came to know so much more than a woman. If I am not competent, however—if you have put down fifteen or twenty million carpets, and I never saw one in my life, why you'd better finish this job and ask the court to appoint a guardian over me!"

Hadn't you better wait till morning to finish it?"

"Not by a jugfull! I'll put 'er down if it kills me stone dead."

He banged the door after her as she went out and when he grabbed hold of the carpet and ripped it up it seemed as if the house lifted up a foot or more.

"Darn ye, I'll wallop ye to rags pay for this!" she heard him growl as she listened at the door.

He whirled the carpet around the right way, upset his saucer of tacks, [illegible]

[illegible]

"Your old carpet is down, Mrs. Bowser, down out of the window."

"Didn't I tell you before you begun, that—?"

"No! You wanted it down!"

"Didn't I say you would get mad and blame—?"

"Never! Mrs. Bowser this is the last time I ever lift my hand to do anything around this house! I've rubbed more'n a yard of hide off my knees, skinned both elbows, and driven 13,000 tacks into my feet, besides getting a crick in my back which will lay me up the rest of my life!"

"But I told you in the beginning that—"

"That you wanted the carpet down! It is down! I am down! That ends it! I'll nail the old room up with sidewalk spikes, and if you even ask me in the future to sharpen a lead pencil I won't be responsible for my actions. Mrs. Bowser good night!"

And as he limped upstairs and threw himself on the bed with a jar which shook the house and stopped the kitchen clock she heard him groan:

"And this comes from having a wife who doesn't know anything about managing a house."

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[illegible]

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 9. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, September 10, 1891. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 7

WHAT FRED SAW.

The day was very pleasant but I could not enjoy it.

Long, weary months I had been in the darkened room, and still they kept me there, allowing no breath of the pure, cool air to reach my feverish head.

I tried to open the window, but I was not strong enough, and I fell back in my chair, breathing the stifling air, which every moment became more impressive.

I thought I could not endure it, yet how could I avoid it? There was only one way without danger of discovery, a step into the hall, and those spiral stairs would take me to the house top—to the observatory.

Waiting until I was sure the way was clear, I stepped softly into the hall, and, ascending the stairs, through much dificulty, I was soon enjoying the forbidden pleasure of breathing the fee air, untainted with the fumes of the nauseous drugs that had been dealt out to me with an unspairing hand all through the long, cold winter.

How exhilerating! I wondered that I had been housed so long. I looked down upon the group of young ladies who were sporting on the lawn.

Jennie Magrair was there, the daughter of my host, the only woman I ever loved, but I was nothing to her. She knew not how I worshipped her, and I should keep my secret well, for she was the betrothed of Gerald Macburn.

How I envied him and perhaps hated him a little, for I knew that he had not won her love. She had pledged her hand to save her old father from poverty.

She had consented to the sacrifice and Macburn was satisfied.

Turning away *I* tried to banish the painful, hopeless thoughts that had been awakened.

Adjusting the telescope I took a survey of the farming and woodland that streched far away to the east for many miles.

I caught sight of two men whom I recognized as Gerald Macburn and John Layton.

They were evidently in search of game. The glass was small, yet a very superior instrument, and I could see them very plainly, notwithstanding the distance.

I presume I should have thought no more about them had I not known that but a few months before they were bitter enemies. I wondered how the reconciliation had been effected.

While puzzling my brain with these thoughts *I* had unconciously moved the glass to keep them within range. I saw them stop, and I knew by their motions that they were angry.

I became interested. I could see them so distinctly that I found myself listening to catch their words.

I could see their lips move, and I saw John Layton's clinched hands. He was evidently much excited, but he did not offer to strike; and if one can judge by sight alone he was inclined to avoid any altercation, while Macburn appeared to seek a quarrel.

For full five minutes they stood there, gesticulating vehemently. They were some distance apart, Layton all the while endeavoring to widen the space and Macburn following him up.

At last Layton goared beyond all endurance, wheeled about and shook his fist menacingly at his tormentor. Macburn was so exasperated at this that he raised his rifle and shot him.

I saw the poor fellow fall out of sight in the bushes, and I saw Macburn calmly reload his rifle and walk toward the spot where his victim was lying.

Then I staggered and fell to the floor, and all was blank.

When I awoke to concionsness I was in bed. Clothes were all about my head, and in the dim lamplight I saw a watcher sitting beside my bedside. *It* was my old chum, Harry Wilmot.

"How is this?" said I; when I realized the situation.

"Thank God, you are coming around again," said Harry; "but it has been a hard case, *Fred*; you have been crazy as a 'loon' for a whole week. I advise you not to try the observatory again till you are strong enough to crawl back."

At these words, what I had seen from the housetop flashed upon my mind and for the life of me I could not then have told that it was not a dream. To convince myself I inquired for John Layton.

"He is—no one knows where," replied Harry; "but you are too weak to either talk or listen."

"No, I'm not, Harry; tell me about it."

He yet hesitated, but I urged him, and he yielded.

"John Layton disappeared a week ago," said he. Absconded is the better word, for he took with him quite an amount of money belonging to his father. The old gentleman is very wroth, and has used every means to find him, but has not succeeded. Fannie Morton—they were to be married soon, you know—is almost crazy about it, and will not believe that John intended to do anything wrong. This is all that is known about it. But, speaking of marriage, did you know that Gerald Macburn and Jenny Magrair are to be married tomorrow?"

"John Layton is dead," said I, without answering his question, though it had sent a pain through my heart that was agony to me. "He is dear, Harry Wilmot."

Harry gazed at me pityingly.

"There, Fred. I wouldn't talk any more," said he. You are very weak yet. Try and sleep."

"You think I am still crazy, Harry?"

"Don't, Fred, don't! If you ever expect to get off this sick bed you must be more reasonable."

My question was answered. I turned my face to the wall and tried to determine in my own mind whether I was sane or not.

I went to sleep thinking of it, and when I woke the sun had gone down.

Harry, who had been out during my sleep, had just returned, and his entrance had probably waked me.

How do you feel now, Fred?" said he, drawing a chair to the bedside.

"Much better and stronger, Harry. I have had a most refreshing sleep."

We talked a while, and then I abruptly asked him if he would grant me one favor on the morrow.

"Certainly, Fred, if it isn't asking too much."

"It will be quite easy, though none the less important. Will you promise to carry out my directions faithfully?"

"If reasonable, yes. But could n't you postpone it for a day? You know the wedding comes off tomorrow."

"Not an hour, Harry, after sun rise in the morning, and it should be done tonight, if it were not too late."

"Well go on Fred, and let us hear what it is."

I did not tell him what I had seen from the housetop, for I did not consider myself competent to make an accusation against any one; but I discribed the spot where I firmly believed that I saw Gerald Macburn murder John Layton; and I requested him to take three or more companions with him—men that could be trusted—and explore the spot thoroughly.

"Will you promise, Harry? Now, don't say you will, and then forget it, thinking I do not know what I am talking about, for I tell you I am not insane now."

"Well, *Fred, I* promise."

I knew that Fred could be depended upon, and I felt much relieved, passing a very quiet night.

Gerald Macburn was to be married at 9 o'clock, and at 10 to start on their wedding tour.

This was why I was in such haste. If he was guilty as I firmly believed I wished to prevent the marriage, or at least to arrest him before he stepped aboard the train.

I hardly know how I passed the time till Harry's return, I was so impatient.

I heard the carriages of the guests drive up to the door, and I could faintly hear the busy hum of preparation below; and then the old town clock, striking the hour of 8, startled me.

Only one hour longer, and Harry had not returned. What if he had missed the spot?

I watched the hands of the little clock, and for once they went too fast. I could almost see them move. Twenty—twenty five—thirty minutes past 8, and would he never come? Yes, thank God! I heard the gallop of a horse on the graveled road, and in a moment Harry entered the room flushed with excitement.

"What did you find, Harry? Quick! Quick!"

"The body of John Layton!"

"*I* knew it, Harry! I saw the deed —I saw the murderer. But there is no time to lose. The wretch must be secured before it is too late. Bring a majestrate and an officer as quick as you can."

He was not long away, and he brought with him the old doctor, who was also a justice, while an officer entered by the back door and adroitly made his way to my room, unobserved.

I made my deposition, the warrant was issued and handed to the officer, and he went softly down the stairs to make the arrest.

He was not a moment too soon, nor too late, and he laid his hand on Gerald Macburn's shoulder just in time to prevent Jenny Magrair from becoming the wife of a murderer.

Macburn was tried, convicted and executed.

My testimony was sufficient, for the power of the telescope was tested, proving beyond doubt that I had been an eye witness to the murder, though miles away from the spot.

Jenny quickly recovered from the shock, and I from my sickness, and —we are married.

He was a handsome, rosy checked old broker.

She applied for a position as typewriter.

And she was plump as a partridge and pretty as a picture.

"Will you give me your name?" he inquired kindly, after a few preliminary questions.

She blushed.

He was[illegible].

"I'd rather take yours, sir," she said with a [illegible] smile.

And [illegible] a [illegible] if she didn't get it [illegible].

TRAGEDY ON THE GREAT RIVER.

A THRILLING EPISODE OF TRAVEL ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Moonlight on the raging Mississippi!

The magnificent sidewheel steamer Lone Pelican, bound for New Orleans, sped swiftly down the Father of Waters, whose turbid waves, as if angry at the intrusion, lashed the crumbling shores with a fierceness that changed the geography of the country at every awash.

The great steamboat, with its precious cargo of human lives, mess pork, hides, furniture and agricultural implements, was full of life and gayety. High rose the spirit of the passengers. The supper tables had been cleared away, but the faint odors that still pervaded the long and elegant saloon of the Lone Pelican there lingered grateful reminiscences of the sumptious banquet.—*Myriads* of cut glass pendants reflected the light from the chandeliers and twinkled and danced merrily to the music of the paddle wheels that churned the water in obedience to the impulse of the great engines, whose ceaseless throb proclaimed the mighty steamer a thing af life, and the white and gilded interior, that streched away in georgious perspective, reflected the twinkling lights and mirrored as well the happy faces of the throng that lingered within, while along the wide promenade outside and on the hurricane deck overhead wandered the sentimental and the moonstruck.

Far in the distance astern trailed a dense, black cloud of smoke from the tall smoke-stacks. Far ahead pierced the vision of the keen-eyed pilot, whose trained judgment, memory and skill guided the floating palace through the wide waste of waters.

Silence reigned in the Lone Pelican. Naught but the monotonous chug chug of the engines and the tremulous beating of the paddle-wheels disturbed the reposeful stillness that brooded over all.

Suddenly arose a wild, unearthly, appalling clamor. Fierce, angry, demoniac yells and execrations roused from their slumbers the hundreds of sleeping passengers on board. Crash followed crash.—Sounds as of heavy falling bodies were heard in quick succession, and the din grew louder and louder.

Frantic men, women and children half clad came out of their staterooms, and with pallid lips and trembling voices tried to learn from each other what had happened.

Had the boat been boarded by river pirates?

Had she struck a snag?

Was the steamer on fire?

The captain had not yet retired.—With drawn revolver he approached the state-room from where the terrible uproar seemed to come.

He listened a moment, then burst open the door and disappeared on the inside.

There was a momentary lull.—Then voices were heard in fierce expostulation, the din broke loose again with tenfold violence, and the captain, with his hair standing on end, his eyes starting from their sockets and his face pale as a sheet, came tumbling out through the broken door.

"Save yourselves!" he gasped, as he hurried toward the rear. "The clerk has put two traveling men from different baking powder factories in the same berth!"

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Huntersville, W. Va.

September 10, 1891.

The "Statemen out of a job" all have their eyes longingly cast upon the War portfolio.

Harrison and Blaine must greatly enjoy the pastime of playing shuttle-cock with the republican Presidential nomination.

In selecting a new Secretary of War Mr. Harrison should try to get a man, without large private business interests which requires his constant attention.

Henry Clews the New York broker has a $40,000 bath room. Many of those who contributed the money to pay for this luxury are doubtless obliged for want of a better or more expensive place, to take their baths in nature's bath room.

If there is ever any occasion for making a geneological tree for "reciprocity", the searchers will get stuck at the start, as there are al ready several men who claim to be the father of the bantling.

Senator Plumb is attempting the impossibility in trying to ride the republican horse and the Alliance filly at the same time. It would be difficult enough even if they were going the same way, but they are traveling in directly opposite directions and no man can keep a footing on both of them at once.

If it is true, as charged by the New York Times, that politics controls the assignment of Naval officers, then indeed is Secretary Tracy shutting off the spigot and leaving the bunghole open in all the alleged placing of the master mechanics in the navy yards under the merit system. The top is the proper place to begin reforms.

Mr Harrison informs the people at every oportunity that he favors a dollar worth a hundred cents everywhere but he doesn't say anything about the silver dollar issued by his administration, which lacks considerable of being a hundred cent dollar everywhere, or indeed anywhere. Honesty, like charity, should always begin at home.

It is said that Secretary Proctor has not spent one third of his time at the War department since he entered the Cabinet, and that the business of the war department has been almost entirely directed by the subordinates, one of the exceptions being when the Indian trouble of last fall was on, and then Mr. Harrison took personal control.

Republican newspapers are showing more interest in the election of the Speaker of the House, and, as their party has considerable less than one-third of the members of the House it is clear that the suddenly developed interest bodes no good to the democratic party. It is a noticeable fact that the newspapers which are the most industriously engaged in stirring up strife, or in trying to do so, among the friends of the several candidates, are in every case run by men who are either republicans, or in sympathy with that party. This of itself should be sufficient to prevent any unseemingly fighting among democrats for or against any candidate. Every democratic Representative should call to mind the saying of a bygone statesman: "In politics it is always good to find out what your opponents wish you to do, in order that you may avoid doing it." It is clear that the republicans wish to see the democrats quarrel over the Speakership. It is equally clear that it is the imperative duty of every democratic member of the House of Representatives to disappoint them by refusing to quarrel.

COUNTY SEAT REMOVAL.

The suggestion of the removal of the county seat from this place to Marlinton, is being agitated, and petitions to that effect are being circulated to get the required number of signers, asking the County Court to submit it to a vote of the people, which election, we suppose, will take place about January 1st '92.

Col. Jno. T. McGraw, Capt. Geo. W. Whitescarver and others of Grafton, and Capt J. W. Marshall of Randolph county, who own Marlinton, and are having it laid off into town lots, are the principal agitators.

Their proposition is, that when the election is submitted, to desposit with the sheriff $5,000 in cash and a deed for 2½ acres of land for public buildings &c., to be given to the County if the required three-fifths vote carries; which is of course a valuable consideration, if the county wants the court-house removed.

It is not our place, we think, in publishing a newspaper in the county and for the county, to make suggestions as to what is its best interests in regard to this mattter, but to give the facts, honestly, plain and simple as they stand. Therefore, at present, we will take and independent stand-point, only reporting matters of interest as they occur. These gentlemen who are agitating this movement, as they tell us, will only use fair and honerble means to accomplish their end, and we think we can say, so far as we know, that the opposition will meet them in the same way.

First, it is the voters of the county to say, whether or not the county can stand a tax, that will probable exceed $25,000.

Second, whether or not it will be more convenient to the people of the county.

Third, will it enhance the worth of your property, with this tax upon it.

And fourth, is it to the best interest of the county that this movement is agitated, or is it to enhance the value of property owned by a few individuals.

We would like to hear this question discussed by both sides, and we therefore throw our columns open alike to both.

A Philadelphia man is responsible for the statement that men in Boston are putting an imitation coffee, made of clay and flour, on the market, which is sold for six cents a pound and is mixed with genuine coffee at a ratio of about one pound to four. A man caught engaged in such business should be fed on bread and his fraudulent product for the rest of his life.

There is a growing suspicion that some of the members of the New York Grant monument committee have got places on the World's Fair building committee.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held in the the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, on the first Monday in September, 1891.

T. J. Williams
vs.
H. B. Hanger.

The object of this suit is to attach the estate of the defendant H. B. Hanger and subject the same to the payment of a debt due from said Hanger to the plaintiff T. J. Williams on an open account for $92.41, with interest thereon from the 28th day of August, 1891, and it appearing by affidavit, filed, that the defendant H. B. Hanger is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, It is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interests in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 7th day of September, 1891.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p.q.
Sept. 10 4-t Printer's fee $7.65

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in September 1891.

Jacob Taylor
vs.
Margaret M Carpenter and Charles Carpenter.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to assign Margaret M. Carpenter her dower in the lands of which her husband Hugh Carpenter, dec'd, seized and to partition the said lands among those entitled thereto, and it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant Charles Carpenter is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of said Court this 7th day of September, 1891.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

Moore & McNeil, p. q.
Sept. 10 4t. Printer's fee $7.95

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in September, 1891.

State of West Virginia
vs.
Paul McNeil's Heirs,

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to sell for the benefit of the School fund 611 acres of land forfeited in the name of Paul McNeel's Heirs, lying on Spruce Run, in this county, and it appearing by affidavit filed that Eliza L. Penick, John A. McNeel, Donald McNeel, Julia McNeel, Geo. McNeel, Russell McNeel, Lydia McNeel and Mrs. Kate McNeel, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 7th day of September, 1891.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

R. S. Turk, Attorney for Com'r of School Lands.
Sept. 10 4t Printer's fee $8.75

COMMISSIONERS NOTICE.

Wm. W. Sutton, Ex'or
vs.
Henry Sheets & others,

IN CHANCERY.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the above styled suit, now pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, that on the 19th day of September, 1891, at my office in the town of Huntersville, West Virginia, the undersigned Commissioner of said Court will proceed, pursuant to a decree entered in this cause on the 8th day of April, 1891, to take, state and report the following matters of account, viz:

1st. An account showing the amount due the plaintiff from the defendants, and to whom payable.

2nd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the commissioner or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.
Aug. 20 4t. Printer's fee $5.40

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in September, 1891.

R. P. G. Shafer, ... Plaintiff
vs.
H. S. Rucker, Lizzie C. Rucker, Uriah Devener and Isaac P. Dean .... Defendants.

IN CHANCERY.

The defendants having appeared and suggested that the plaintiff is not a resident of this State and that security is required of the said plaintiff according to law for the payment of the costs and damages which may be awarded to the defendants in this suit and the fees due or to become due in this suit to the officers of this Court and the defendant H. S. Rucker having filed an affidavit that the plaintiff R. P. G. Shafer is not a resident of this State and requiring publication of this order. It is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of said Court this 7th day of September, 1891.

J. H. PATTERSON Clerk.

Sept. 10 4t. Printer's fee $8.16

HOME NEWS

—Jno McNeel Esq., of Academy was in Huntersville Monday.

—Attorney C. F. Moore, has returned to Clifton Forge.

—Mr. Jno. J. Beard attended the fair at Lewisburg last week.

—Mr. Henry Grose, of this place is in Covington, Va., this week on business.

—Messrs. Loury & Doyle have just received a fine line of fall and winter goods.

—Wm. Gladwell, Esq. and wife, of Green Bank, were in town Tuesday, on their way home from attending the fair at Lewisburg.

—Mr. J. C. Loury, Sr., is going to lay off a part of his farm into town lots soon. He has already had several applications for lots.

—Jacob Boner, Esq., merchant at this place is now in Baltimore buying his stock of fall and winter goods.

—Rev. J. A. Lautenschlager preached a very interesting sermon in the Presbyterian church at this place last Sunday.

—The funeral sermon of the late ~~Jno. Harkley~~, Sr., was preached in the Methodist church at this place by Rev. I. G. Michal, last Sunday.

—Mrs Sabina Kertner a lunatic of near Academy confined in the jail at this place, died this morning.

—Messrs Thomas Hogsett, of Mill Point, and son Chas. of Roanoke, Va., were in Hunteasville last Friday.

—I have for sale at my house on North Fork of Anthony's creek about 150 head of fine sheep, ewes, weathers and lambs.

W. H. BUZZARD.

—Several parties from near this place attended the auction sale of Mr. A. M. McGlaughlin, at Marlinton, Monday and say there was a big crowd in attendance and things went moderately cheap.

—Miss Anna Mary Patterson, of this place, started Monday, for Winchester, Va., where she will attend school the coming session. She was accompained by her sister Miss Maggie, who will return shortly.

—Mrs. A. N. Dameron, who has been visiting her parents at this place for a few weeks, started for her home at Alleghany Station Va., this morning, accompained by her brother, Mr. J. C. Loury, Jr.

—The Greenbrier Industrial Exposition held between Lewisburg and Ronceverte last week, far exceeded the expectations of the promoters, and persons from this community say it was a success in every particular. The Independent says that Mr. A. C. L. Gatewood, of Split Rock, this county had a fine Holstein bull there which was a beauty.

—Rev I. G. Michal, has left the the Huntersvill Circuit and gone to his home in Maryland, because he could not get a house to suit him. This leaves the Huntersville circuit, M. E. Church South without a preacher, all because of not having a parsonage. This speaks badly for this community, and steps should be taken at once to build one.

—We have received a pamphlet entitled "Information and Advice relating to Patents" from C. A. Snow & Co., well known patent attorneys of Washington D. C. It contains directions for procuring patents and the cost of the same in the United States and foreign countries, information about the registration of trademarks, copyrights, caveats, and designs; also abstracts of court decisions in patent cases, and much other matter of interest to inventors, patentees, manufacturers and others interested in patents. It will be mailed free to anyone addressing C. A. Snow & Co. Washington D. C.

—Go to Loury & Doyle's for nice fresh new goods.

DENTAL NOTICE.

Dr J. H. Weymoth will be at Edray on the 5th of Oct., and remain 4 days; Mill Point Oct. 10th, 3 days; Little Levels, (Frank Harpers) Oct. 14th 4 days; Huntersville, Oct. 20th 4 days; Frost, Oct. 26th. 3 days; and will be prepared to attend to all operations in Dentistry. Teeth extracted with but little pain, by use of Cocaine.

Sept. 10-3t

Examination Notice

I will hold my last examination for this year at Edray, Sept. 29th. and 30th, beginning at 8 a. m. Applicants must present a cirtificate of attendance of some Institute, or have a lawful excuse.

Examination conducted under the old law.

M. G. MATHEWS, Co. Supt.

Hillsboro Chips.

Several people from here attended the Fair at Lewisburg last week, all report a nice time.

Miss Lena Kennison left for her school Saturday morning.

Our popular merchat Wm. H. Overholt is making alterations and improvements in his store.

~~J. F. Sydenstricker, W. S. and C.~~ M. Anderson left for Hampden Sydney College this morning.

Allen & Co's. Show which showed at this place last week was enjoyed by old and young.

The Hillsboro Training School and F. & M. Academy opened with prospects for good schools. We wish them both much success.

Miss Bella Clark vis iting relatives and friends in Monroe Co.

Mrs. —— Creig of Ronceverte is visiting her brother Capt. A. M. Edgar.

PHILLIS.

Green Bank Items.

Mr. J. S. Wooddell of Jackson Co. has been visiting relatives and friends here for several weeks.

Mr. J. H. Ralston started to Highland Friday morning accompanied by his father, who had been visiting him for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Lockridge, of Highland are visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lightner and Mrs. Wallace, all of Highland Co., are visiting at Mr. Geo. W. Siple's.

Mr. David Cleek and daughter and Miss Emma McClintic of, Bath Co., are spending a few days at Mrs. Jno Warwick's.

Mr. G. B. Curry, while attending conference at Dunmore, called on his friends in and near Green Bank.

CONSTANCE.

List of Deeds.

The following is a list of deeds for July:

From A. M. Kee and wife and Samuel Kee to W. L. Kee for land near Marlinton.

W. L. Kee to Sarah M. Apperson for land near Marlinton.

Josiah Dilley and wife to Jno. T McGraw for land on Thorney Creek.

C. L. Austin to J. B. Bradshaw for land near Green Bank.

Daniel B. Friel and wife, of Missouri to Lillie M. Friel for their interest in lands of the estate of Daniel Friel, dec'd.

Benjamin B. Doyle and wife to Wm. Beverage for land on the head waters of Beaver Dam.

Dr. Spencer M. Free and wife to T. B. Williams, all of Pennsylvania, for land in Green Bank district.

Hester E. Poage and her husband to J. B. Apperson for their interests in the estate of J B Kee dec'd.

Hugh Adams and wife to the heirs of J. & M. Adams dec'd for land on Dry Fork of Elk.

B. A. Holt and wife and A. F. Mathews and wife all of Greenbrier Co., to the Cumberland Lumber Co., for timber on certain tracts of land situated in this and Greenbrier counties.

J. B. Bradshaw and wife to wallace G. and J. A. Burner for land near Traveler's Repose.

Jacob F. Cackley and wife of Illinois to Sallie M. Gray of Va. for their one half interest in land on the waters of Elk river.

Isaac P. Boggs and wife to the St. Lawrence Lumber Co., for thimber on land on Greenbrier river.

W. B. Scott and wife to T. S Riley for land on the head waters of Greenbrier river.

Wm. B. Sutton and wife to Eliza Ann Curry, for land on Deer Creek.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE,

At a Circuit Court continued and held for the county of Pocahontas, at the court house thereof on the 17th day of June, 1891.

F. H. Hull, Adm'r
vs.
F. H. Hull's heirs
and
Dudley et als.
vs.
Hull et als.

IN CHANCERY.

Huntersville, w. Va., Sept. 8, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that I will at the court house of Pocahontas county, West Virginia on the

6TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1891,

proceed to take, state and report the following account, and will continue the same from day to day until completed.

And is is further ordered and decreed that this cause be referred to C F. Moore who is appointed Special Commissioner for that purpose, with instructions, that after being first duly sworn, according to law, he shall take, state and report the following matters of accounts to-wit:

1. An account of all the leins upon the lands of which the late F. H. Hull dec'd, seized and possessed, separating general leins, from specific leins, and showing in the bases of specific leins the particular tracts to which said leins relate, and to whom due.

2. An account of all debts due from the estate of the decedent, and not barred by the statue of limitations.

3. An account bringing down to date the accounts of rents and improvements so as to show the present condition of said account, charging against the heirs of F. H. Hull, deceased, all sums of money paid to their mother, Mrs. E. M. Turk on her dower by virtue of any decree of court.

4. An account of the actings and doings of Samuel L. Gibson, late Sheriff of Pocahontas county, and as such Administrator of F. H. Hull, deceased, and also of J. C. Arbogast, Sheriff of Pocahontas County, and as such Adm'r de bonis non of F. H. Hull, dec'd.

5. An account showing what estate was left by said Mrs. E. M. Turk, deceased that did not pass into the hands of her Administrator, together with the character and value thereof, showing what portions thereof, if any, passed into the hands of her children, the heirs at law of F. H. Hull deceased, charging against the said heirs, such sums as their mother received improperly from the money of the several purchasers of lands sold under decree in the cause first named, provided the sum so charged against said heirs at law for money improperly paid to their mother as aforesaid shall not exceed the value of the property and money that they received from the estate of their said mother.

7. An account showing what sums of money were improperly paid to Mrs E. E. M. Turk, from funds arising from the sales of the lands as aforesaid, showing the name of the purchaser whose money was used to make improper payments to the said Mrs. E. M. Turk, and giving the amounts used from each purchaser's money, together with the debts thereof.

8. An account of all the purchase money paid by the several purchasers of land sold under a former decree in the first above mentioned case, giving the amounts paid by each purchaser, with the debts of their respective payments, and the person to whom they made their said payments respectively.

9. An account showing the persons to whom the purchase money arising from the sale of lands sold under a former decree in the first nome case, was paid, showing the amounts paid to each person with dates of all payments respectively, calculating interest to date in all cases.

10. An account of any other matters deemed pertinent by himself or required by any of the parties in interest to be stated.

C. F. MOORE, Commissioner.

Sept. 10 4t — *Printer's fee* $23.20

COMMISSIONTR'S NOTICE.

Augusta National Bank
vs.
Tardy, Urquehart and Tardy.

IN CHANCERY.

Notice hereby given to all persons interested in the above styled suit, now pending in the Circuit Court of *Pocahontas County* that on the 11th day of September, 1891 at my office in the town of Huntersville, West Virginia, the undersigned Commissioner of said Court acting under a degree rendered in said suit on the 17th day of June, 1891, will proceed to take and state for report to Court the following matters of account.

1st. A further statement of liens against the lands of the defendants in bill and proceedings mentioned.

2nd. A restatement of the former account in this suit.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertident by the Commissioner or required to be specially stated by any party interest.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

Aug. 20-4t — Printer's fee $7.60

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County, to wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, on the first *Monday* in September, 1891.

Henry Grose
vs.
S. P. Patterson, et als.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to have a partition of about 49 acres of land, situate in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, near Huntersville, or if said land is not susceptable of partition, to sell the same and divide the proceeds among those entitled thereto according to their respective rights and interests, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that Newton Campbell, Leonidas Campbell, Iella Wade, Amon Wade, Thomas Hickman, Peter Hickman, Jennie Hamilton, Emma Bulger, Matilda Hepler and Laura Hickman are non-residents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that they they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 7th day of September, 1891.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p. q.

Sept. 10 4t. — Printer's fee $ 9.85

TO R. P. G. SHAFER, Esq.

Take notice, that on Saturday, October 3rd, 1891 between the hours of 8 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m. at the office of Dr. Sam'l B Scott, in the town of Reusens, Campbell Co. Virginia, we will proceed to take the depositions of Sam'l B. Scott, Jr., and others; and, on Friday, October 9th, 1891, between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m. at the office of H. S. Rucker, in the town of Huntersville, County of Pocahontas, State of west Virginia, we will proceed to take the depositions of Amos Barlow and others, and on Saturday, October 10th, 1891, at her residence in the town of Huntersville, in said County of Pocahontas, we will proceed to take the depositions of Lizzie C. Rucker and others all of which said depositions, when taken, we will offer as evidence in our behalf in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County west Virginia, in which you are plaintiff and ourselves and Isaac P. Dean are defendants.

If from any cause the taking of any of said depositions shall not be begun or completed on the days aforesaid, the taking of the same will be continued from day to day, and from time to time at the same places and between the same hours, until the several sets of depositions shall be begun and completed.

Respectfully,
H. S. RUCKER,
LIZZIE C. RUCKER,
URIAH HEVENER.
By Counsel.

H. S Rucker, sol.
Sept. 10 4t. — Printer's fee $10.08

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.
September 10, 1891.

THE OLD LOVE.

Hester told Effie she was making a mistake, so did her mother, Mrs. Macgregor, in casting off such an honest fellow as Geo. Duff just because he did not shine in society and was a bad dancer.

But Effie was facinated by Capt. Verschoyle, and when his regiment was ordered away she wept bitterly. The only one in the family who approved of her choice was her aunt, Lady Macgregor, who highly approved of the captain because he was the son of an earl. But time passed and never a line come from the gay captain, and one day Effie heard from her sister's lips that he was married. The news also came that her lover, Geo. Duff, was about to marry his cousin. It was a double blow to the poor girl, and for some time her life was dispaired of.

Effie did not die. She struggled back—thanks to her youth—into health again; but the brightness of her life was dimmed. She was never the gay, happy, lighthearted Effie Macgregor that she had been of yore, and dark days came for the sisters. Mrs. Macgregor died suddenly and they were left almost penniless—pensioners on the bounty of Lady Macgregor, unless they chose to exert themselves personally to procure a living.

Hester would gladly have toiled to save Effie all anxiety and care, but adversity revealed in the latter a strength and character and purpose that no one ever supposed the pretty butterfly of old days possessed. She would do her share, she declared, and when Hester looked out for a governess post Effie did the same.

What a change it was to them, what a pang to say good bye to Inverardoch and to face the world alone—for together it could not be.

Lady Macgregor professed to be offended at her husbands nieces for disgracing their connections by going out as governesses; but she was honest to admit to her intimates that she would have considered it a great hardship to have had to support them; and she was kind enough to procure for Effie a post with a distant cousin of her own who was blessed with a goodly supply of olive branches.

Mrs. Elton was very kind to Effie. She took to her pale, delicate young governess at once, and treated her from the first with more than ordinary kindness.

One day about a year after Effie had come to Mrs. Elton, the latter [illegible] informed her that she expected a bride and bridegroom to dinner. There was to be a party of friends to meet them, and Effie was instructed to appear with her pupils in the evening.

No suspicions as to the bride and bridegroom crossed her mind, and she came face to face with her discarded love, George Duff, who, looking both handsome and happy, was leaning over a low chair, occupied by a pretty girl in bridal splendor.

A cold chill ran through Effie Macgregor's veins. The girl wife looked so bright, so happy, so contented while she, Effie, was miserable and alone, a governess, a dependent, with no one save far off Hester to care for her.

The blue eyes grew misty as she thought of her folly. Like a scene suddenly revealed, she realized exactly the part that Capt. Verschoyle had had in ruining her life. She saw clearly that she had thrown an honest heart, that she had indeed sacrificed the substance for the shadow. But what availed it to reverte mournfully to the past—she who must bravely try to face the lonely future?"

Mr. Duff came forward frankly to Effie. Her pale, sad face smote him to the heart; he guessed her story, and his whole desire was to utter one sentence in her ear; while the bright eyed Mrs. Duff gazed with some curiosity upon Mr. Duff's newly found friend.

He asked after Hester, and then referred lightly to herself. Was she well and happy?

Hester was in England, and she herself was well and—happy.

"And, Effie, have you not relented?" he asked.

Relented! Was he mad? She looked at him indignantly.

"I have never changed," said George Duff. "I loved you from the first day I saw you, Effie. I love you still. I made up mind, despite desertion, that, if I did not marry you, I would never marry any other woman."

"And your resolution broke down? said Effie.

"How?" he inquired. "What do you mean?"

"That you married some one else, after all."

Then Effie found out her mistake. The pretty bride was George's cousin; the lucky bridegroom was not Mr. Duff.

Six months later he and Effie were married, and Hester crowned her sister's happiness by taking up her abode with them until she changed it for one of her own.

Effie looks back now and blesses the day that she did not marry Capt. Verschoyle, though he is an earl at present, and his neglected countess does the honors over a far grander domain than the lovely, homelike Ardlock.

Every man who has a parrot is always telling what a wonderful bird is his. A lawyer in New York owns one of these "talking devils." A friend went home with him to dinner recently and when the two men were approaching the house the lawyer said: "My parrot can recognize my footsteps as soon as it falls in the hall. When I open my door he always cries out from a back room, 'Hallo, Will; come in here.' Now," added the lawyer as he slipped the key into the latch, "just listen." They listened and this is what they heard, "Hallo, Will, you old bald headed fool; come in here." The lawyer for one minute looked as if a house had fallen on him.—And it was all the fault of one of his brothers, who had heard the lawyer boast so often of his parrot that he taught the bird to insert the "bald-headed" part. Now he can't be broken of the habit.

A farmer and his wife who had been doing Central park stopped at the Fifth avenue entrance as they came out and turned for a last look.

"Nice, isn't it?" said the wife.

"Purty darned fine, and no mistake," he heartily replied.

"What's it worth?"

"Wal, that's hard to say, as I don't know what land fetches up the [illegible] round here, but I'll tell ye this. If we had this thing on our farm just as it stands I wouldn't take a cent less'n $1,000 for it, and I'd git $2,000 if I could!"

A NOBLE HEART.

The baby had lost his "dollar piece." Everybody was hunting but Willie. He sat on the stairs and did not move for a long time. Presently he walked into the nursery and said: "You needn't look any longer. I think an Indian has got it by this time." Everbody stared at Willie.

"You see the missionary in Sunday school made me feel very sorry for the poor little Indian papoose, and I thought I'd help him buy a 'spress wagon or something, so I sent him the baby's dollar." "But, Willie," said mamma, "why did you not send your own money?"

"Oh! I'm saving mine to buy a drum with."

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JOB OFFICE.

[illegible]NTAS TIMES.

[illegible] West Virginia, Thursday, September 17, 1891. Terms of Subscription: $1.00 per year, in advance. No. 8

[illegible] Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison. Clk Co. Court, S. L. Brown. Clk Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson. [illegible] C. O. Arbogast. [illegible] Co. Surveyor, [illegible]

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

[illegible]

Dreary and chilly, a dying year! Behind the windows of Mrs. Ougspie's old brown farm house hung cold their "frosty" sighs behind the fringed cotton curtains, and when the kitchen-door opened you could see the blazing logs, the figures coming and going, like a miniature magic-lantern.

It was Dora Ougspie that opened it, and came flitting out to the well with a scarlet shawl over her head. As her light feet pattered over the carpet of autumn leaves in the pathway she sang a snatch of some good old fashioned hymn.

"My goodness alive! What's that?"

For, as the words trilled from her tongue, a tall, dark figure had risen from the low bench under the apple tree, whose boughs overhung the well.

"Don't be alarmed," said a deep, sweet contralto, with a scornful intonation in its sound, "It's only me, Dora."

"Joanna Elfeld?"

"Yes, Joanna Elfeld. What then? Have I fallen so low that I am no longer worthy to sit beneath the old apple tree? If so, tell me, and I'll quit!"

"You know I didn't mean that, Joanna."

"It's hard to tell what people mean or don't mean, now-a-days," said Joanna, picking at the fringe of her frayed rag of a shawl. "I was so tired. I wanted a drink of water. So I came to the old well."

"Joanna," said Dora, hesitating, "are you hungry?"

"Hungry? No. There's a sort of craving, though, in my stomach which is next to it, I suppose."

"Would you like something to eat?"

"I don't beg."

"Wait a minute, Joanna."

Like an arrow Dora Ougspie sped back into the house, where her mother was just setting the teapot on the table. Fresh baked waffles steamed on one side, but biscuits were piled in drifts of snow on the other.

For Mrs. Deacon Peabody and her daughter Comfort were to come to tea; and Mrs. Ougspie was a housekeeper in her especial line.

"Close, Dora, quick, with that water," said Mrs. Ougspie, "and shut the door."

"Mother," said Dora, speaking in a slightly embarrassed tone, "Joanna Elfeld is out by the well! She is cold and hungry and and—"

Mrs. Ougspie's face hardened into lines of stone. Miss Comfort Peabody drew her skirts tight around her, with an involuntary movement, and Mrs. Peabody looked hard into the bowl of the tea-cup.

"Then let her stay cold and hungry. Joanna Elfeld is no associate for either you or me, Dora! She ran away from home, and acted with [illegible] play-actors—she [illegible] her [illegible] instead of keeping that fine voice of hers for the praise of the Lord, and people do say [illegible] has taken to drink [illegible] and you expect me to open my doors to such as her?"

"But, mother," faltered Dora, half affrighted by her own boldness, "don't you remember that he came to call not the righteous, but sinners to repentance?"

"How dare you quote the Scriptures to me?" cried Mrs. Ougspie, her face flushing darkly. "Bring in that pail of water at once, and let us have no more nonsense."

Thus rebuffed Theodora Ougspie crept back again into the frosty twilight, dejected and empty-handed.

"Ah," said Joanna Elfeld, "I thought how it would be. Everybody's doors are shut against me."

"Is it true, Joanna?" whispered Dora, coming close up to her.

"Is what true?"

"That you drink?"

"Of course it's true. You would drink if you were as I am! There are times when you could sell your soul for a chance to forget!—And that chance is only to be found in drink."

"Oh Joanna, I am so sorry for you."

"Sorry! Say that again here! People have mostly left off being sorry for me."

"But listen, Joanna. Won't you try to do different?"

"I am not so bad as some folks think me, except for the craving for drink. I have been nothing worse than wild and wilful. Only when a girl once gets on the down hill, every man or woman thinks it a duty to give her another push!"

"Then will you try to retrieve your old self?"

"How can I? What is there left for me?"

"Your superb voice, Joanna."

"You would have me sing myself respectability, eh! And in the meantime should starve."

"You need not starve, Joanna. Here!"

Quick as lightning she drew a small gold chain, with a gold locket shaped like a heart dangling at its end, from her neck.

"Dear Joanna, take this. It is worth money. Sell it, and use the money for your needs."

"Are you in earnest, Dora?"

"Of course I am. Hush! mother is calling me. I must go."

"God bless you for this," said Joanna, huskily. "And, Dora—one word more; let me kiss you, just once——"

By way of an answer Theodora Ougspie threw her arms around the tall girl's neck and pressed her soft red lips to the other's cold mouth. —And as she did so something splashed on her cheek a hot tear.

The next minute Joanna Elfeld had disappeared into the world of shadows that were hovering over all the autumn landscape. And as she went she murmured to herself:

"Some one believes in me yet! It's a strange sensation, and yet—it gives me something to live for, after all!

* * * * * *

"Dora! Theodora! Why don't you answer? But no one thinks it worth while to pay any attention to me now-a-days."

It was Mrs. Ougspie's shrill, piping voice, as helpless from paralysis, she sat in her cushioned chair by the doorway.

"What is it, mamma?" Dora asked, coming to the door.

The Ougspie farm house had drifted sadly to decay. Fences had fallen; gates hung creaking; sunny pasture lands were neglected; green meadows had toppled over with their own weight of harvest.

"The carriage with those grand people that have bought Elmwood Place. A gentleman dressed like the Prince of Wales, and a lady whose diamonds flashed fit to blind one. Look! the carriage 's stopping! Bless'd I live, the lady's coming back, trailing her purple silk gown like it was Solomon's glory!"

She gave her apron a twist and tried to settle her scant shawls around her poor useless feet as the tall stately lady swept up to the door.

"This is the Ougspie place; and you are Joanna Elfeld?"

"Not Joanna Elfeld, now, but Joanna Avenel," she rejoined, smiling. "Here is my husband George, this is the friend I told you of, whose hand, ten years ago, lifted me out of darkness and set me in the right path."

"Dora," she added, "that night was the turning point in my life. See! I have your little gold chain with the heart yet. I knew then that one human creature had faith in me still, and it renewed the fountain of life within me. Dora, you were my guardian angel.—God bless you for it."

People wondered much that those rich Avenels had Dora Ougspie with them, to say nothing of that tiresome, [illegible] old [illegible], her mother. But Mrs. Avenel was a great lady, and could of course, be excused for having her whims—one of which was always to wear a thread like a chain of gold around her neck, with a heart shaped locket hanging from it.

And Dora Ougspie, although she had settled into a solitary, hardworking old maid, knew that her life had not been in vain.

THE HOMLIEST MAN.

"Ed" Corrigan, the horse-owner, says the Chicago *Post*, is not the model from which the artist fashioned the Apollo Belvedere, and his brother "Pat" would never be mistaken by even a blind man for the Venus de Milo in male attire. This means that "Ed" and "Pat" are homely. It's natural and they can't help it and so are not ashamed of it; but they dress a good deal better now than they did a few years ago. When "Ed" Corrigan first came up from Kansas City he looked like a section hand on a Colorado railway and "Pat" looked like another section hand on another railway in the same State.

Well, one day the two Corrigan brothers came up to Chicago to see the sights. They had been doing pretty well in Kansas City and had plenty of money; and so they went to the Grand Pacific, which at that time was the best hotel in town. As soon as they registered Ed said to Pat:

"Come on, now, Pat, and let's change our breath."

"All right, Ed," said Pat; "I want to wash my face, but you go ahead and get the bottle out on the bar and I'll be with you."

So "Ed" went ahead into the bar-room. When he got closer up to the bar he noticed a peculiar rigidity in the eyes of the barkeeper, but he was not therefore the less surprised when that individual, who was still staring at him, broke out into a loud and long-continued laugh.

"What in —— is the matter with you?" growled the man from Kansas City.

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha! Ha, ha! How, haw!" laughed the bartender, as the tears came out on his forehead one by one.

Corrigan didn't quite know whether to be offended or amused. So he asked again in darker tone.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Haw, haw!" gasped the bartender, the tears rolling down his cheeks. "Where did you come from?"

"Kansas City. What of it?"

"Kansas City, eh! Haw! haw! Well, I'll be eternally [illegible] and [illegible] if you ain't the [illegible] homeliest man I ever saw in my life!"

"Huh, is that all?" said Corrigan. "I ain't a beauty, that's sure; but I'll tell you there are homelier men than me right here in Chicago."

"I'll bet there ain't," said the barkeeper.

"Well," said Corrigan, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If a homelier man than me comes into this bar-room inside of five minutes you buy me a hat. If he don't, I buy you one; see?"

"Who's going to be the judge?"

"I'll leave it to you."

"All right," said the bartender, "I'll have to go you." He thought he had a cinch, you see.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when in walked "Pat" Corrigan.

The bartender threw up both hands.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "I'll buy two hats."

A BIT OF TRUE POLITENESS.

Some time ago a friend of the writer gave a dinner to which a young man, his wife and their little child were invited. The child was a very precocious, bashful and intensely sensitive little one. During the dinner she upset a glass of water upon the table-cloth, and hastily noticing the looks in her direction, her little lip quivered and her eyes filled with tears. At that moment my friend who gave the dinner, knocked over his own glass with a crash that drew every eye in his direction. He laughed over the matter and said it made no difference, etc., and succeeded in withdrawing the attention from the child, who soon smiled again. That I consider to have been the perfection of politeness.

THE BIGGEST ENGINE IN THE WORLD.

It is not strange at all that the biggest engine in the world is exercising its ponderous strength in Pennsylvania. "The President," as it was called, is constantly at work pumping water from the zinc mines at Friedensville, Lehigh county. Its enormous power is that of [illegible] horses, or as is computed, of 35,000 men. In the same county there is still preserved at Hokendauqua the first engine ever used in Lehigh, and set up at Allentown by Eli Sager in 1828.

First Farmer—How's your wife, Farmer Poest?

Second Farmer—Oh, she's complainin' some.

First Farmer—I thought she'd be under the weather when I see her pitchin' hay in the field the other day.

Second Farmer—That didn't hurt her. She walked half a mile after a new bonnet yesterday, and I calc'late the walk was too much for her.

...tas Times.
... CAMPBELL,
...lle, W. Va.
...r 17, 1891.

...ERSVILLE.

...the world there are ... handsomer situa... promising and pleas... than greet the stranger who visits for ... the old historic ...ville.

...of the West Va. ...railroad, Mr. Axtell, ... of the C. & O. and ... prominent gentlemen ... here lately, say they ... a more beautiful ...thriving manufacturing ...

...dates back to the time ... the formation of the ... where it was the camp... the sturdy hunter, who ...

...county seat of Pocahon... and where the first ... County ... John Bradshaw, on ... of March, 1822.

[illegible]

...is one for which they should really be ashamed. They have simply taken advantage of the desire of a young and weak government to obtain the friendship of an older and stronger government to compel the acceptance of their proposition. Mr. Blaine with all his faults would hardly have been guilty of such a trick as that.

Representative Mills has gone to Ohio, where he makes his first speech next week. Representative McMillin and Bynum have gone to Chicago, where they are to meet the rest of the missionary party, which is to leave that city next week on its tour to the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Harrison will have a republican as well as a democrat to appoint to the Interstate Commerce Commission, as bad health has compelled Judge Cortey to resign.

Representative Catchings, of Mississippi, thinks the circular recently issued calling on the colored laborers of the South to increase their demand for picking this year's cotton crop, is the work of republican mischief-makers whose object is to make trouble between the planters and the laborers. He says the price proposed is excessive and unreasonable, being equal to about one sixth of the value of the cotton.

"The threat of a strike", said Mr. Catchings, "among the farm hands is not a matter to be lightly considered. Cotton is a perishable crop and when it is ripe for picking, the picking must be done promptly or their is a heavy loss."

Secretary Foster loses no opportunities to boast of there being plenty of money in the Treasury to meet all demands, but he doesn't tell how shrewdly he has played his cards to prevent a deficit. Every accounting officer of the Treasury was some weeks ago given to understand that the more they delayed accounts which involved the payment of money, the better they would stand with the Secretary, and the result is that very little money, aside from pensions and the redemption of the four-and-a-half per cent. bonds, is being paid out. Appropriations for public buildings are being held up on every possible excuse in order to let a little money accumulate in the Treasury for show purposes. The claim agents are wild over the situation, for they cannot get settlement on claims that have been passed as correct, on account of some quibble which has been raised by some Treasury official acting of course under orders from the Secretary. It ought not to be difficult for Mr. Foster to accumulate a considerable surplus if the policy of paying out nothing is to continue.

There is one democratic official connected with this administration who has been trying without success ever since the 4th of March, 1889, to retire from office. His name is Moore, and he is Third Assistant Secretary of the State, and a remarkably well posted man on international law. He was appointed by Mr. Cleveland, and as soon as Mr. Blaine took charge of the department he handed him his resignation ... [illegible]

[illegible]

Democrats here regard Fassett as an easy man to defeat for the governorship of New York. It will be sufficient for the people to know that he is Tom Platt's man.

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July 18 3-m

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held in the the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, on the first Monday in September, 1891.

T. J. Williams
vs.
H. B. Hanger.

The object of this suit is to attach the estate of the defendant H. B. Hanger and subject the same to the payment of a debt due from said Hanger to the plaintiff T. J. Williams on an open account for $92.41, with interest thereon from the 28th day of August, 1891, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that the defendant H. B. Hanger is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interests in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 7th day of September, 1891.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p. q.
Sept. 10 4-4 Printer's fee $7.65

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in September 1891.

Jacob Taylor
vs.
Margaret M Carpenter and Charles Carpenter.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to assign Margaret M. Carpenter her dower in the lands of which her husband Hugh Carpenter, dec'd, seized and to partition the said lands among those entitled thereto, and it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant Charles Carpenter is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of said Court this 7th day of September, 1891.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

Moore & McNeil, p. q.
Sept. 10 4t. Printer's fee $7.90

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County, to-wit:
At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in September, 1891.

State of West Virginia
vs.
Paul McNeil's Heirs.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to sell for the benefit of the School fund 411 acres of land forfeited in the name of Paul McNeil's Heirs, lying on Spruce Run, in this county, and it appearing by affidavit filed that Eliza L. Fenick, John A. McNeil, Donald McNeil, Julia McNeil, Geo. McNeil, Russell McNeil, Lydia McNeil and Mrs. Kate McNeil are non-residents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 7th day of September, 1891.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

S. S. York, Attorney for Com'r of School Lands.
Sept. 10 4t Printer's fee $6.75

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

Wm. M. Sutton, Ex'or
vs.
Henry Moore & others.
IN CHANCERY.

[illegible]

HOME NEWS

—Levi Gay, Esq., of Marlinton, [illegible]

—Wallace Ruckman, Esq., of Mill Point called on us Tuesday.

—[illegible], of Ronceverte, was in town one day last week.

—[illegible] C. M., of Mill Point, were in town one day last week.

—[illegible], Esq., of Lexington, Va., is out on a [illegible] trip.

—Our young and very highly esteemed friend Geo. L. Foutz, is very low with typhoid fever at Lexington, Va.

—Henry McNeel, of Academy, has a very fine trotting mare which won a premium of $[illegible] at the [illegible] fair.

—We learn from the Greenbrier Independent that Mrs. Christina [illegible], died at her home near [illegible], on [illegible] August 18, aged [illegible] years, [illegible] and 2[illegible] days.

—Capt. [illegible], of Va., is in Huntersville preparing to look after [illegible] for the St. Lawrence [illegible] Co.

—[illegible], Esq., of [illegible], was [illegible] last week, on his [illegible] from taking his sister to school at Lewisburg.

—[illegible], at his home near [illegible], last Friday, at 11 o'clock, of some intestinal disorder, aged about 60 years.

—The Pocahontas County Farmers Alliance will meet in the Court house at this place, Tuesday Oct. 6th instead of the first Friday in October, as previously understood.

—A gentleman of near Charleston, passed through here one day last week close on the track of a man who stole a horse near there. The thief was about 18 hours ahead of his pursuer.

—Among prominent gentlemen in our city last Saturday, we noticed [illegible], Isaac McNeel, M. J. McNeel and N. A. Brown, of Mill Point; H. F. Berold, of Frost; and I. B. Moore, of Sunset.

—Attorney James Woodell, of Addison, Webster Co., was in Huntersville a few days ago. Mr. Woodell, as we understand, was the first clerk of the courts in Webster county.

—[illegible], Esq., who attended the summer medical course at the University of Va., has returned to his home at this place, and we are sorry to say he is now on the sick list, but nothing serious we hope.

—Mr. [illegible], of Knapps creek, who [illegible] [illegible]

—Jacob Ruker, Esq., has returned from Baltimore, and informs us that he has bought a fine line of fall and winter goods. Watch for his advertisement next week.

—Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Mary Lou, daughter of Dr. John [illegible], of Clover Lick, to Mr. J. J. Coyner, we understand, from Augusta Co., Va., to take place [illegible] (Tuesday) at 3 o'clock, in Grace church, Clover Lick, by the Rev. Dr Lacy. The bride is a most beautiful, pleasant and highly accomplished lady, and while we are not acquainted with the groom, we can say from the high social standing of the bride, that he is a gentleman of rare personal appearance with no small bank account.

—[illegible] been forced to place a number of accounts in the hands of an officer for collection, and some of them [illegible] and attached [illegible] amount to. This is very [illegible] a newspaper account can be made when nothing else can be. So after this you had better pay the amount of the account before cost is attached. We are very sorry we have to [illegible] remind you that we have to have money to pay the expenses of the office and also [illegible] eternally live on the atmosphere. As a rule we have the best paying list of subscribers we have ever seen, but occasionally a few, it being a small amount, will neglect it.

—The [illegible] Boom & M'f'g Co's lumber railroad, which starts near the Buzzard place on Beaver creek and which passes near this place, making the terminus at [illegible] a few hundred yards below here, a distance of about three miles, under the management of Capt. T. A. Smith and his efficient foreman Mr. R. R. M[illegible], is about completed. They have been at work on this road something less than two months, with a force of about 35 men, and have built a most excellent lumber railroad, which undoubtedly, considering the [illegible] work it took [illegible] for both the employers [illegible]. Capt. Smith is one of our most highly esteemed and one of the best business men of our county, and believes in and always practices the principal, that if anything is worth doing it is worth doing right.

Miss [illegible] McCutcheon, of Dunmore has enrolled as a pupil of the H. T. School and Miss Ida White of Dris[illegible] at the [illegible] Academy.

Miss Nettie Campbell of Union who has been visiting her friend Miss Jennie [illegible] for some time past, returned home last week. Those who know Miss Nettie regret very much to see her leave.

Mr. N. C. McNeil of Huntersville spent a few days in [illegible] last week.

Mr. Mathew [illegible] of Washington is visiting his many relatives and friends at this place.

Miss Lena Wallis, of Lewisburg, enrolled as a pupil of [illegible] Academy last week.

[illegible]

DENTAL NOTICE.

Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at [illegible] [illegible]

The Ed. put in an ad. for me last week in which he says I will sell goods low down for cash. THAT IS JUST WHAT I WILL DO. He says I am trying to collect old accounts &c., and that is so, and I now find that I will have to get the assistance of an officer to help collect for me.

Respectfully,
AMOS BARLOW,
Huntersville, W.Va.

Notice of Sale.

Of Valuable Land in Pocahontas County, W. Va.

Pursuant to a decree entered in the chancery cause of Paul McNeel's Executors vs. Samuel Auldridge and others on the 4th day of [illegible] and the 6th day of April, 1891, by the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, the undersigned Special Commissioners will sell publicly to the highest bidder in front of the Court-house door of the said County on the

2[illegible]TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1891,

the following lands of the defendant Samuel Auldridge, viz.: 285 acres of land lying in the said county of Pocahontas near Mill point, in what is known as Buckeye mountain and believed to adjoin the lands of Isaac McNeel and others, this tract will be sold separately also two tracts one 17 and one of 90 acres lying near or adjoining the last mentioned tract, these two tracts will be sold together, also a tract of 177 acres, a tract of [illegible] acres, 22 acres, 60 acres and 75 acres on the east side of Greenbrier river in said County near the mouth of Stamping creek, also a tract of about 45 acres of land lying in said County on the west side of Greenbrier river near the mouth of Stamping creek, it is believed that these last tracts [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] place of Samuel Auldridge on which he now resides and that there are valuable improvements on said lands and much of it is valuable for farming purposes. Also a tract of 474 acres of land lying on the mountain near Swago Knob adjoining the lands of Wm. L. McNeel, [illegible] and others said tract is [illegible] timber [illegible].

And there is now being made an accurate survey of these lands that will be exhibited on day of sale, showing the exact locality and amount of each tract.

TERMS:

Cash in hand sufficient to pay cost of suit and sale and for the residue bonds to be given by the purchaser with approved personal security bearing interest from date of sale, due in 9, 18 and 27 months from day of sale, a lien to be retained as ultimate security.

JOHN W[illegible], Spec'l Com'rs.
E. C. TURK,

I certify that bond has been given by the above named Special Commissioners as required by law and the above decree aforesaid.

J. H. PATTERSON, Cl'k.
Printer's fee $16.2[illegible]

Aug. 17 4-t

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

At a Circuit Court continued and held for the county of Pocahontas, at the court house thereof on the 17th day of June, 1891.

F. H. Hull, Adm'r
vs.
F. H. Hull's heirs
and
Dudley et als.
vs.
Hull et als.
IN CHANCERY.

Huntersville, W. Va., Sept. 5, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that I will at the court house of Pocahontas county, West Virginia on the

6TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1891,

proceed to take, state and report the following account, and will continue the same from day to day until completed.

And is is further ordered and decreed that this cause be referred to C. F. Moore who is appointed Special Commissioner for that purpose, with instructions, that after being first duly sworn according to law, he shall take, state and report the following matters of accounts to-wit:

1. An account of all the liens upon the lands of which the late F. H. Hull dec'd, seized and possessed, separating general liens from specific liens, and showing in the cases of specific liens the particular tracts to which said liens relate, and to whom due.

2. An account of all debts due from the estate of the decedent, and not barred by the statue of limitations.

3. An account bringing down to date the accounts of rents and improvements so as to show the present condition of said account, charging against the heirs of F. H. Hull, deceased, all sums of money paid to their mother, Mrs. E. M. Turk on her dower by virtue of any decree of court.

4. An account of the actings and doings of Samuel L. Gibson, late Sheriff of Pocahontas county, and as such Administrator of F. H. Hull, deceased, and also of [illegible], Sheriff of Pocahontas county, and as such Adm'r de bonis non of F. H. Hull, dec'd.

5. An account showing what sums [illegible] Mrs. E. M. Turk, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the hands of her children, the heirs at law of F. H. Hull, deceased, charging against the said heirs, such [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] purchasers of lands sold under decree in the cause first named, provided the sum so charged against said heirs at law for money improperly paid to their mother as aforesaid shall not exceed the value of the property and money that they received from the estate of their said mother.

7. An account showing what sums of money were improperly paid to Mrs E. E. M. Turk, from funds arising from the sales of the lands as aforesaid, showing the name of the purchaser whose money was used to make improper payments to the said Mrs. E. M. Turk, and giving the amounts used from each purchaser's money, together with the debts thereof.

8. An account of all the purchase money paid by the several purchasers of land sold under a former decree in the first above mentioned case, giving the amounts paid by each purchaser, with the debts of their respective payments, and the person to whom they made their said payments respectively.

9. An account showing the persons to whom the purchase money arising from the sale of lands sold under a former decree in the first same case, was paid, showing the amounts paid to each person with dates of all payments respectively, calculating interest to date in all cases.

10. An account of any other matters deemed pertinent by himself or required by any of the parties in interest to be stated.

C. F. MOORE, Commissioner.

Sept. 10 4t. Printer's fee $28.90

COMMISSIONTR'S NOTICE.

Augusta National Bank
vs.
Tardy, Urquchart and Tardy.
IN CHANCERY.

Notice hereby given to all persons interested in the above styled suit, now pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County that on the 11th day of September, 1891 at my office in the town of Huntersville, West Virginia, the undersigned Commissioner of said Court acting under a decree rendered in said suit on the 17th day of June, 1891, will proceed to take and state for report to Court the following matters of account.

1st. A further statement of liens against the lands of the defendants in bill and proceedings mentioned.

2nd. A restatement of the former account in this suit.

3rd. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or required to be specially stated by any party in interest.

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Com'r.

Aug. 20-4t Printer's fee $7.60

DENTAL NOTICE.

O. J. Campbell, dentist, will be at Academy on the 16th inst. and remain one week; Huntersville, 23rd and remain three days; Frost, 27th and remain three days.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County, to-wit:
At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, on the first Monday in September, 1891.

Henry Grose
vs.
S. P. Patterson, et als.
IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to have a partition of about 49 acres of land, situate in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, near Huntersville, or if said land is not susceptible of partition, to sell the same and divide the proceeds among those entitled thereto according to their respective rights and interests, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that Newton Campbell, Leonidas Campbell, Della Wade, Anson Wade, Thomas Hickman, Peter Hickman, Jennie Hamilton, Emma Bolgeri Matilda Hepler and Laura Hickman are non-residents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that they they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 7th day of September, 1891.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p. q.
Sept. 10 4t. Printer's fee$ 9.85

TO R. P. G. SHAFER, Esq.

Take notice, that on Saturday, October 3rd, 1891 between the hours of 8 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m. at the office of Dr. Sam'l B. Scott, in the town of Reusens, Campbell Co. Virginia, we will proceed to take the depositions of Sam'l B. Scott, Jr., and others; and, on Friday, October 9th, 1891, between the hours of 8 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m. at the office of H. S. Rucker, in the town of Huntersville, County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, we will proceed to take the depositions of Amos Barlow and others, and on Saturday, October 10th, 1891, at her residence in the town of Huntersville, in said County of Pocahontas, we will proceed to take the depositions of Lizzie C. Rucker and others all of which said depositions, when taken, we will offer as evidence in our behalf in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County West Virginia, in which you are plaintiff and ourselves and Isaac P. Dean are defendants.

If from any cause the taking of any of said depositions shall not be begun or completed on the days aforesaid, the taking of the same will be continued from day to day, and from time to time at the same places and between the same hours, until the several sets of depositions shall be begun and completed.

Respectfully,
H. S. RUCKER,
LIZZIE C. RUCKER,
URIAH HEVENER,
By Counsel.

H. S Rucker, sol.
Sept. 10 4t. Printer's fee $10.08

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville. W. Va.

September 17, 1891.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser.

Mr. Bowser isn't the least bit particular about his shirts and collars and such things—no husband ever is. Every morning as regularly as clock work, when half past 7 o'clock comes, Mrs. Bowser, who has been up for half an hour, looks in to find him on the broad of his back, with his hands locked under his neck and the bedclothes wrapped around him like some giant mummy.

"Mr. Bowser!"

No answer.

"Mr. Bowser!"

"Um!"

"Mr. Bowser do you know what time it is?"

"E-m-m-m!"

"Come, breakfast will be ready before you are. You wanted to get away a little earlier this morning."

"What matter?"

"Come—wake right up!"

"Lemme 'lone!"

"*Mr.* Bowser!"

He opens his eyes, turns over with a grunt and a growl, and 10 minutes after she has gone down stairs he carefully sits up in bed. He is all there. Then he kicks the clothes down with his leg—then with his left—knocks his pillow *off* on the floor, and "sorter" falls out after it with a growl like some old sore backed bear trying to crawl through a rail fence. Ten minutes later Mrs. Bowser feels the house shake and hears a voice calling:

"Mrs. Bowser are you alive or dead?"

"What is it dear?"

"Don't 'what is it-dear me!'"

"*Is* this a dime museum, cider-mill or the home of a hardworking, respectable man?"

"What is it?" she asks as she arrives on the scene of the total disaster.

"Look—a—there, Mrs. Bowser—look—a—there!" he hoarsely whispers as he hold out a pair of suspenders in his hand.

"Yes—I see. You broke 'em about a month ago and mended them with a string. They've busted again. Go ahead and get on your collar and I'll fix 'em. There they are, and you'd better buy a new pair to-day."

"Some mighty queer things around this house!" he mutters as he buttons them on. "Them suspenders was all right when I went to bed last night. Next time you want to play circus take a piece of clothes line. Where's my front collar button?"

"You must have *flirted* it out when you drew on your shirt. Here it is."

"After this when you go prowling around at night I wish you would leave my things alone! If you want collar buttons just say so and I'll buy you a cart-load!"

"Here's your collar dear."

It is beautifully clean and white, but he has to fit at it and growls. It is one of a dozen he had made to order, and fits him to perfection, but it is no sooner buttoned than he gives it a hitch and a hunch and a yank and roars out:

"By the great horn spoon! but can I never get a collar to fit me! It's bad enough to have to wear an old rag of a shirt, let alone having my throat cut with such collars!"

"But they were made to measure you know."

"Measure! measure! Do you suppose there is a shirt-maker on earth who knows enough to measure a man's neck? The confounded cross-eyed idiot probably thought I wanted to button 'em onto my ears!"

Mrs. Bowser applies the soothing syrup and the third collar is allowed to remain. He growls over his necktie, but gets it on after awhile, and is then ready to inquire:

"I suppose the girl in the kitchen is using my tooth-brush for a poker, isn't she? I'd just like the public to know how this house is run! It's no wonder that so many husbands walk off and are never heard of again!"

"There's your tooth-brush right in front of your nose!" replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Oh! it is! Mighty funny how it go there all at once! Hair brush isn't down in the coal bin, is it?"

"It's right there in plain sight. No one ever disturbs your things, Mr. Bowser."

"They don't eh! Didn't nobody get up in the night and throw my shoes out into the yard, I suppose?"

"Of course not!"

"Then where are they? *I* took them off right here, but they are gone! Such a system of housekeeping! People wonder that strong men become insane, but there is a cause for, Mrs. Bowser—a cause for it. I sometimes"——

"You took your shoes off down stairs last night. Your feet ached and you sat in your stocking feet."

"And those shoes were not deliberately picked up this morning and carried down there?"

"Of course not. Are you ready?"

"I suppose so. If not, I'll have to go as I am. I can't expect any one to care whether I have any comfort or not. No wonder I'm taken for a man 75 years old!"

Three times a week, after Mr. Bowser is in bed, Mrs. Bowser removes the buttons from his shirt, places them in a clean one and hangs the shirt over the back of a chair. The other one is taken away to the hamper in the clothes-press, and she remarks:

"You'll find your clean shirt right here when you get up."

"Yes."

Morning comes and Mr. Bowser gets out of bed. He feels around with his feet; no shirt. He paws around under the bed; no shirt.

"Now, why on earth did that woman go and take my shirt down stairs?" he growls as he gets up and goes hunting.

By-and-by he finds the clothes-press; then he finds the hamper; then he fishes up the shirt and continues:

"It's either got to stop or I leave! Talk about system? Why, that woman knows no more about housekeeping than a bootjack! There it is again—not one single button in my shirt! Mrs. Bowser! Hello, down there!"

"Yes—yes! What's the matter Mr. Bowser?"

"Matter! Matter!" he hoarsely whispers, as she arrives at the top of the stairs—"look at me—at this shirt!"

"Mr. Bowser, do you see that clean shirt on that chair?" she sternly asks. "Didn't I fix it last night? Isn't every button in place? You are the queerest man I ever heard of!"

"*I* am, eh! Queer because I want shirt buttons in my shirt. Queer because I can't have patience with your lack of system. Queer because I put up with a million times more than any other husband in New York. Mrs. Bowser, if you had some men to live with you'd soon find out what's what! Perhaps I can stand it three or *four* weeks longer, but—

But she is gone, and he takes it out in kicking over a chair and knocking everything off the bureau before he is finally dressed and ready to go down to breakfast and inquire why in the name of common sense his knife and fork were put on the left hand side of his plate instead of the right.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

9. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, September 24, 1891. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 9

THE TIMID PASSENGER.

Coaching was not all fun in the days when the Deadwood coach became famous on account of the many times it was held up and its passengers robbed. There was a time when, if the coach made a trip without any interference from the road, it was considered a red letter trip.

The stage pulled out from Deadwood one morning with six passengers and a guard on the box beside the driver. They were all men who looked as though they were used to life at the front, among the mining camps.

One was a tall, brawny, rough Scotchman, with red hair, and a tremendous growth of frowsy red whiskers that were heavy and bristled out in every direction, and only left a small clearing on his face around her nose and eyes; another one of the passengers was a small, wiry, nervous man, not near as large as the Scotchman, but like him had firy red hair and beard; the other four men were not specially noticeable.

As the coach started on its way each passenger fixed himself as comfortably as he possibly could, and no one seemed in a hurry to start conversation and get on familiar speaking terms as men will who are thrown together that way. Everybody seemed at ease and unconcerned, except the little man; he fussed about, changed his seat, stowed his carpet bag in a different place, put his head out of the window, and wiggled about generally like an uneasy small boy.

The Scotchman seemed put out by his uneasiness, and, after several sharp looks, asked crossly:

"What's the matter, mon, canna you keep quiet? Ye gie one the fidgets."

The little man made no reply to the rebuke, but asked the Scotchman:

"Do you think we're likely to be held up this trip?"

"How can I say? ye ken as much aboot it as I do. Keep still and dinna fret yer'sel'."

"Who's frettin', I'd like to know? I guess if you had all you've got about you you'd not enjoy being held up by a pack of cut throats, and have it taken from you."

"Tut, tut, mon! ye have na mair to keep than ithers. Rest yer'sel' and if we're stopped creep under the seat."

This discouraged the little man and dropped the conversation for a time, but he continued his nervous twitching. The other men filled their pipes and kept silent.

The coach rattled along over the trail at a good pace and drew near the dangerous territory. The other passengers, all but the Scotchman, began to show some signs of nervousness, and this did not soothe the little man's apprehension.

"You can say what you like, but I'm durned skeery about here," remarked the little man.

"Will ye no stop yer clatterin'? If we're stopped git yersel' behind me an' they'll na see ye."

"All right. I will if you—"

"Halt!"

"Oh, Lord! I knew it; there they are. It's all up with me now. Every durned cent gone, and just as like as not we'll get pumped full of lead. Durn such a country, anyway."

"Come gentlemen, step out lively, and all in a line, and keep your hands up!" came from beside the road, as the driver hauled up at the command to halt.

"If either of you on the box drop your hands you're gone," was said in a determined voice to the driver and guard.

The passengers turned pale and looked desperate, but there was nothing to do but obey. Few men will attempt to pull a weapon when they know that the least move will make them a target for a load of buckshot.

Slowly the men descended from the stage, standing in a line with their hands high above their heads.

The Scotchman and the little man were the last to alight. The little man was so frightened that he lost his head entirely. He did not seem to have a bit of what plainsmen call "sand." While the others were getting out of the stage he tried to crawl under the seat, but there was no room, then he tried to pull the cushions over him, but they were not large enough to conceal him.

"Come out, ye loon; ye'll na be harmed if ye behave," growled the Scotchman, as he in turn stepped out the stage door.

Just as the Scotchman was descending, with one foot on the steps and the other on the ground, his hands up, the little man in a paroxysm of helpless fear threw both arms about his neck.

The sudden and unexpected load upon the Scotchman's back threw him off his balance and both fell to the ground, the little man on top.

Up to this time the coach party had not seen any one, but had obeyed a voice that issued from the thicket. As the pair rolled on the ground a man with a double-barreled shotgun leveled at the driver and guard stepped out to view.

"Here, stop that monkey business, or you'll git hurt!" he shouted, still keeping the drop on the men on the box.

"I'll be killed! I'll be killed!" cried the little man as he pawed about on the back of the Scotchman, who was lying face down and vainly trying to get the fellow off his back.

Just how it happened none of the passengers could tell, though they were all standing looking on, smiling at the sight, even in the face of their predicament. There was a gleam in the little man's right hand a pistol cracked, and the man with the shotgun sank in the road with a red spot between his eyes, and the little man was sitting astride the Scotchman with a smoking pistol in his hand.

"Keep still, Reddy, or you'll git it next," was addressed to the struggling man under him.

He placed the muzzle of the revolver at the Scotchman's ear.

You feel that. Well, it's loaded. Not a quiver.

He reached back to his hip pocket with one hand, and brought out a pair of handcuffs. Snap, snap, and the Scotchman's hands were cuffed behind his back.

"Now you can get up, Reddy."

It all happened so quickly that the on lookers could scarcely comprehend it.

"You're all right now, gentlemen; you can pull your hands down. That chap out there is harmless now, and Reddy's claws are cut."

"Ye did that slick, didn ye?" hissed the manacled Scotchman, as he glared at the little man.

"Yes, I think so myself; and it will be a long time before you attempt to hold up another stage, and your pard there never will."

All hands crowded about the little man and shook his hand warmly, offering hearty thanks for their deliverance.

"That's nothing, gentlemen. It's what I am hired for. Put that dead man in on the floor and we'll take him and his partner on the the next stop.

The journey was resumed, and there was no further interruption. Reddy was handed over to the authorities, and the dead man buried at the next stop.

The next morning, on the outskirts of the town, a body hung from the limb of an oak tree, and swung to and fro in the breeze. It had fiery red hair and bushy red whiskers. On its breast was pinned a card bearing this legend:

"Reddy—Murderer, Horse thief, Highwayman."

[Signed] THE COMMITTEE.

—Edwin Ralph Collins in Texas Siftings.

WOOD FOR THE PRINTING PRESS.

The wood pulp business is generally regarded as in its infancy in this country, and yet the product is enormous. The Philadelphia Record, which makes its own paper has furnished a piece of special information, which gives an inkling of the magnitude of the general consumption of wood pulp. It states that a single edition of the Record—150,000 copies of a 12 page paper, required 17 tons of blank paper, to produce which 67 cords of poplar was used. In 22 hours from the time of felling the tree it had been turned into printed papers. The process is thus divided with respect to a test case: Chopping 1½ cords of woods, 3 hours, in manufacturing into pulp, 12 hours, transporting to the Record office, 1 hour and 20 minutes; wetting paper, previous to printing, 30 minutes, printing 10,000 copies, 10 minutes. This shows the rapidity with which raw material may be turned into a finished article, going through numerous processes. If the Record averaged 50 cords of poplar daily, it would amount to 18,250 cords annually. It must then be considered that it is only one paper in one city, and that about every newspaper is printed from material consisting largely, and often almost wholly of wood pulp, which is also used in the production of nearly all common and mediate grades of paper for almost all use. It is thus seen that the consumption of wood in pulp making is of great magnitude.

With enormous consumption of wood for railway ties and building and the added requirements of the printing press, it is not strange that our forests are rapidly disappearing. Every State should pass laws for the encouragement of tree planting. If steps are not soon taken to restore our woods, there will ere long be a tree famine.—Scientific American.

He—Ethelinda, be mine. I am young well born——"

She—"But, Mr. Sampson, I do not——"

He (Refusing to be interrupted)—"I would care for you tenderly—"

She (hesitating) —"But—but—"

He—"And I have unlimited credit at the principal dry goods stores."

She—"Oh, Henry! I am yours!"

A drummer in a Grand Rapids merchant's store was making some inquiries about his business.

"You run the establishment alone, I notice," he began.

"Yep."

"Anybody in with you?"

"Yep."

"His name doesn't appear on your sign?"

"Nope."

"Ah! A silent pardner?"

"Not much! It's my wife."

Loving Wife—Now that you are ruined, Henry, I will disclose my secret. For years I have been saving up, and now (pouring a shower of silver coins into his hat) this may tide you over.

Husband—Oh, my darling, how did you manage to get it

Wife—Easily enough. Every time you said an unkind word to me I put a shilling into a box.

"Your honor," said a prosecuting attorney in an Alabama backwoods Court, "the prisoner at the bar is charged with killing one of the most exemplary citizens of this country. Andrew D. Boyson, your honor, was in every respect a model man. He was a beloved member of the church, and was never found to be guilty of any unchristian act. Why, your honor, he was never known to bet on horses, play poker, drink whiskey or use tobacco." "Well, then," said the judge leaning back with a sigh, "I don't see what he wanted to live for. There wa'n't anything in life for him, and I don't see why he ain't about as well off dead as alive. Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff, and call the next case."

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.
September 24, 1891.

The favorite game in Roumania is freezing out kings. Kings, especially if there be three or four of them are difficult to freeze out in this country.

Italy has once more declined, to take any official part in the World's Fair. This time in a letter to a committee of Americanized Italians which has tried its persuasive powers in a resolution of invitation to the Italian government asking that it co-operate with the committee in seeing that Italy was properly represented at the Fair.

Although the recent New York republican convention was controlled by Boss Platt it did not entirely neglect ex Senator Miller, Platt's one time rival, as it put a plank in its platform endorsing his Nicaragua canal scheme although it is a difficult matter to understand the connection between the Nicaragua canal scheme and New York politics.

Fred. Duglass having lost his office, and seeing no chance to get another one, announces his withdrawal from politics, just as his white brothers have done under similar circumstances. Who says the negro is not odqancing.

This administration believes in shouting for civil service reform while it winks at the open violation of the law in behalf of its friends by Federal officials.

The Russian bear seemes to be engaged in toning up his appetite preparatory to devouring Turkey, with or without the consent of the rest of Europe. Upon several occasions in the past when the conditions were much as they are now the British lion has steped between the bear and his proposed victim just in time. Will he do so again? is now the question of questions with those deeply interested in European affairs.

Willie Waldorf Astor, of New York, who since his failure to buy a seat in the House of Representatives has spent the greater part of his time regretting that he was born in America, and not in some country where his immense wealth would enable him to perchase a place in the ranks of the nobility, has, in an effort to remedy that defect, renounced America as a residence and gone to Europ to live. America can stand it if Europe can.

W. B. Tascott the alleged Chicago murderer has been found again. This time he was a tramp in South Carolina and was arrested upon information furnished by another tramp who claimed to be a detective. The two tramps will probably be well fed until the Chicago officers have visited them and pronounced them frauds, then the matter will quiet down until another Tascott is found. There is an average of about three months time between the findings, and no section of the country has been slighted.

The vacation season being about over the administration has returned to Washington to continue its hard work in behalf of the nomination and election of Mr. Benjamin Harrison for a second term. They are all at work except Mr. Blaine and he is expected soon, and Secretary Proctor who is taking his last opportunity of a pleasant jaunt at the expense of the people by going on an "inspection tour" of the Western Military posts, but he has spent so little time in Washington since he became a member of the cabinet that his absence doesn't count.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us from Pocahontas county says: "Old Pocahontas has begun to come to the front. There are now being laid off a big town at Marlinton, the junction of the C. & O. and the Pittsburg and West Virginia railroads. The lots are being laid off by Capt. Oscar A. Veezy, civil engineer, assisted by two other competent engineers. The lots are now on the market. There will be a bank under headway soon, known as the bank of Pocahontas. A propostion is before the voters to move the Court house from Huntersville to Marlinton. Our old Court house has been condemned, and as we will have to build a new one, let us accept Col John T. McGraw's proposition, which is $5,000 in money and two and a half acres of ground for a site, provided the Court house be moved to Marlinton."—Greenbrier Independent.

We would judge from the above article that the Independent's correspondent has never been in Pocahontas county nor does he know anything about it whatever. He says Marlinton is the junction of the C. & O. and W. Va. & Pittsburg railroads. We are extremely sorry that when he says this he is quite largely mistaken. Not a mile of either of the roads he mentions nor any other railroad, except a few tram roads for lumber purposes, has ever been built in the county. Our nearest point to any railroad station is about 30 miles. Marlinton is the proposed junction of the two roads, when they are built, which we hope will not be far off, but we are also sorry to say that railroad corporations are very, very, very priviledged, only building their roads when it suits them and when it suits them.

Also he says the Court-house at this place has been condemned and that we will have to have a new one. We are pleased to correct the said correspondent here. It has never been condemned, and that we have a better Court-house than several of the larger counties of our own State and as good, as we know of in counties of 35,000 inhabitants, and an assessed valuation of property six or more times greater than our County.

We are always pleased to see newspaper articles of a complimentary character of our county but never any thing that is calculated to mislead any one.

A CITIZEN.

Examination Notice

I will hold my last examination for this year at Edray, Sept. 29th, and 30th, beginning at 8 a. m. Applicants must present a cirtificate of attendance of some Institute, or have a lawful excuse.

Examination conducted under the old law.

M. G. MATHEWS, Co. Supt.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in September 1891.

Jacob Taylor
vs.
Margaret M Carpenter and Charles Carpenter.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to assign Margaret M. Carpenter her dower in the lands of which her husband Hugh Carpenter, dec'd, seized and to partition the said lands among those entitled thereto, and it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant Charles Carpenter is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of said Court this 7th day of September, 1891.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

Moore & McNeil, p. q.
Sept. 10 4t. Printer's fee $7.95

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed to me by Sabina Kertner, on the 28th day of May, 1891, and recorded in Deed Book No. 29, page 42, I will offer for sale on the

20TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1891,

at public auction in front of the Court house in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, a certain tract of land, containg 35½ acres, lying on top of Droop Mountain, and adjoining the land of Geo. Callison and others.

The title to said land is thought to be perfect, but I will make such deed only as is vested in me as trustee.

TERMS OF SALE.

Cash sufficient to pay expenses of sale, and a bond of Thirty-Eight Dollars, ($38.00) with interest from 28th day of May, 1891. The residue in two equal payments, due in 6 and 12 months from day of sale, with interest from date. The purchaser to give bonds with good personal security, and no deed will be made until all the purchase money is paid.

E. K. BURNS, Trustee.

Sept. 24-4t Printer's fee $7.90

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in September, 1891.

State of West Virginia
vs.
Paul McNeil's Heirs,

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to sell for the benefit of the School fund 61 acres of land forfeited in the name of Paul McNeil's Heirs, lying on Spruce Run, in this county, and it appearing by affidavit filed that Eliza C. Fenick, John A. McNeel, Donald McNeel, Julia McNeel, Geo. McNeel, Russell McNeel, Lydia McNeel and Mrs. Kate McNeel are nonresidents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 7th day of September, 1891.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

E. S. Tuth, Attorney for Comr of School Lands.
Sept. 10 4t Printer's fee $6.75

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in September, 1891.

R. P. G. Shafer, ... Plaintiff
vs.
H. S. Rucker, Lizzie C. Rucker, Uriah Hevener and Isaac P. Bean .... Defendants.

IN CHANCERY.

The defendants having appeared and suggested that the plaintiff is not a resident of this State and that security is required of the said plaintiff according to law for the payment of the costs and damages which may be awarded to the defendants in this suit and the fees due or to become due in this suit to the officers of this Court and the defendant H. S. Rucker having filed an affidavit that the plaintiff R. P. G. Shafer is not a resident of this State and requiring publication of this order. It is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of said Court this 7th day of September, 1891.

J. H. PATTERSON Clerk.

Sept. 10 4t. Printer's fee $8.16

HOME NEWS

—Equinox Monday.

—Advertising crowded out several communications this week.

—People generaly, are cutting corn and preparing for seeding.

—Jacob Boner, merchant at this place has received a nice line of fall and winter goods which he sells very low. Read his ad. in this issue.

—Dr. Mathew Edmunston and wife, of Westo[illegible], came from there to this place Tuesday and started this morning, (Wednesday) for the asylum at that place with Miss Wille Miller, lunatic.

—Mr. Page Gay and bride, who were married at Edray last Wednesday, took dinner in Huntersville the following Thursday on their way, as we understand, to visit friends in Highland Co., Va.

—Mr. M. W. Beard, of Pickaway, Monroe Co., was in the the city one day last week. Mitchel informed us that he had been, not long since, presented by his wife with the finest boy in W. Va.

—Mr. A. R. Coulter and wife, of Spice Run, were in town last Thursday. Mr. Coulter informed us that the day before, he killed a rattle snake 4 feet and 1 inch in length and over 3 inches in diameter.

—Messrs. Henry Barlow, of Edray; Amos Barlow and Rice Moore, of this city bought of Mr. H. M. Lockridge, his farm and entire lands on Knapp's creek, about four miles from this place, last Saturday. The price paid, we understand, was $12,000, the entire amount virtually cash.

—Mr. Mathew Edmunston, of Washington State, is in our city visiting friends and relatives. He is formally of the Little Levels, in this county, and has been away about 12 years. Mrs. Wm. Beard, of near Academy, accompained him to this city also on a visit to relatives.

—If you want Letter and Note heads, neatly printed and put up in tablet form, cheaper than you can get them anywhere else, call at THE TIMES office. We also do all kinds of nice job printing, and have on hands a nice line of Stationary, business cards, &c. &c.

—In this issue will be found an advertisement of Messrs Jos. L Barth & Co., Clothiers, Staunton, Va. We have had personal dealings with these gentlemen and it gives us pleasure to recomend them to our readers as gentlemen in every sense of the word, and if those who may need anything in their line, will favor them with an order or call and see them when in Staunton, we are sure they will be entirely satisfied with their goods and above all their prices.

Died—George I. Foutz.

Died at the residence of Mr. H. M. Lockridge, Sept. 16th, 1891, Mr. George Inboden Foutz, in the 23rd year of his age. Deceased was a son of Henry T. Foutz, formerly of Barterbrook, Augusta county where he was born, Oct. 23rd, 1867. The writer was personally acquainted with Mr. Foutz from early boyhood to the present time and knew him as a boy to be perfectly honest and upright, moral and manly in all of his dealings with others, of unspeakable character as to [illegible], positive in his convictions, yet always kind and attentive to all whom he came in contact, and from an intimate [illegible] with him [illegible], can say [illegible] possessed [illegible] those [illegible] of [illegible] than he, and one who had made many friends during his brief life in Buena Vista.

His many relatives have the sympathy of many sorrowing friends [illegible] his loss [illegible] with [illegible]. His remains were buried at Lexington Wednesday.—Buena Vista Advocate.

The deceased spent his boy-hood and early man hood in this community. About a year since he left for the then prosperous town of Buena Vista, Va., where, by his morality, industry and method, he gave fair promises of becoming one of the most prominent busines men of the community. George was with us but a few short weeks ago, full of life and vior; but on his return was soon cut down by the reaper death. He has left a community of sorrowing friends who lament his loss. Peace to his ashes.

DENTAL NOTICE.

Dr J. H. Weymoth will be at Edray on the 5th of Oct., and remain 4 days; Mill Point Oct. 10th, 3 days; Little Levels, (Frank Harpers) Oct. 14th 4 days; Huntersville, Oct. 20th 4 days; Frost, Oct. 26th, 3 days; Green bank, Oct. 30, 3 days; and will be prepared to attend to all operations in Dentistry. Teeth extracted with but little pain, by use of Cocaine.

Sept. 10-3t

TO R. P. G. SHAFER, Esq.

Take notice, that on Saturday, October 3rd, 1891 between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m. at the office of Dr. Sam'l B Scott, in the town of Reusens, Campbell Co. Virginia, we will proceed to take the depositions of Sam'l B. Scott, Jr., and others; and, on Friday, October 9th, 1891, between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 6 o clock p. m. at the office of H. S. Rucker, in the town of Huntersville, County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, we will proceed to take the depositions of Amos Barlow and others, and on Saturday, October 10th, 1891, at her residence in the town of Huntersville, in said County of Pocahontas, we will proceed to take the depositions of Lizzie C. Rucker and others all of which said depositions, when taken, we will offer as evidence in our behalf in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County West Virginia, in which you are plaintiff and ourselves and Isaac P. Dean are defendants.

If from any cause the taking of any of said depositions shall not be begun or completed on the days aforesaid, the taking of the same will be continued from day to day, and from time to time at the same places and between the same hours, until the several sets of depositions shall be begun and completed.

Respectfully,
H. S. RUCKER,
LIZZIE C. RUCKER,
URIAH HEVENER,
By Counsel

H. S Rucker, sol.
Sept. 10 4t. Printer's fee $10.08

Notice of Sale.

Of Valuable Land in Pocahontas County, W. Va.

Pursuant to a decree entered in the chencery cause of Paul McNeel's Executors vs. Samuel Auldridge and others on the 4th day of April, 1888 and the 6th day of April, 1891, by the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, the undersigned Special Commissioners will sell publicly to the highest bidder in front of the Court-house door of the said County on the

27TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1891,

the following lands of the defendant Samuel Auldridge, viz: 285 acres of land lying in the said county of Pocahontas near Mill Point, in what is known as Buckeye mountain and believed to adjoin the lands of Isaac McNeel and others, this tract will be sold separately also two tracts one 17 and one of 90 acres lying near or adjoining the last mentioned tract, these two tracts will be sold together, also a tract of 177 acres, a tract of 100 acres, 52 acres, 6[illegible] acres and 787 acres on the east side of Greenbrier river in said County near the mouth of Stamping creek, also a tract of about 45 acres of land lying in said County on the west side of Greenbrier river near the mouth of Stamping creek. It is believed that these last tracts lie near to or adjoining each other and constitute the home place of Samuel Auldridge on which he now resides and that there are valuable improvements on said lands and much of it is valuable for farming purposes. Also a tract of [illegible] acres of land lying on the mountain near [illegible] adjoining the lands of Wm. L. McNeel, [illegible] and others, said tract is for[illegible] and well timbered.

And there is now being made an accurate survey of these lands that will be exhibited on day of sale, showing the [illegible] locality and amount of each tract.

TERMS.

[illegible]

JOHN W. ARBOGAST, }
E. S. TURK, } Spec'l Com'rs.

I certify that bond has been given by the above named Special Commissioners as required by law and the above decrees aforesaid.

J. H. PATTERSON, Cl'k.

Aug. 27 4t Printer's fee $15.[illegible]

DENTAL NOTICE.

O. J. Campbell, dentist, will be at Academy on the 16th inst. and remain one week; Huntersville, 23rd and remain three days; Frost, 27th and remain three days.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, on the first Monday in September, 1891.

Henry Grose
vs.
S. P. Patterson. et als.
IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to have a partition of about 49 acres of land, situate in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, near Huntersville, or if said land is not susceptible of partition, to sell the same and divide the proceeds among those entitled thereto according to their respective rights and interests, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that Newton Campbell, Leonidas Campbell, Della Wade, Anson Wade, Thomas Hickman, Peter Hickman, Jennie Hamilton, Emma Bulger, Matilda Hepler and Laura Hickman are non-residents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that they they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 7th day of September, 1891.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p. q.
Sept. 10 4t. Printer's fee$ 9.85

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE,

At a Circuit Court continued and held for the county of Pocahontas, at the court house thereof on the 17th day of June, 1891.

F. H. Hull, Adm'r
vs.
F. H. Hull's heirs
and
Dudley et als.
vs.
Hull et als.
IN CHANCERY.

Huntersville, w. Va., Sept. 8, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that I will at the court house of Pocahontas county, West Virginia on the

6TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1891,

proceed to take, state and report the following account, and will continue the same from day to day until completed.

And is is further ordered and decreed that this cause be referred to C F. Moore who is appointed Special Commissioner for that purpose, with instructions, that after being first duly sworn, according to law, he shall take, state and report the following matters of accounts to-wit:

1. An account of all the leins upon the lands of which the late F. H. Hull dec'd, seized and possessed, separating general leins, from specific leins, and showing in the bases of specific leins the particular tracts to which said leins relate, and to whom due.

2. An account of all debts due from the estate of the decedent, and not barred by the statue of limitations.

3. An account bringing down to date the accounts of rents and improvements so as to show the present condition of said account, charging against the heirs of F. H. Hull, deceased, all sums of money paid to their mother, Mrs. E. M. Turk on her dower by virtue of any decree of court.

4. An account of the actings and doings of Samuel L. Gibson, late Sheriff of Pocahontas county, and as such Administrator of F. H. Hull, deceased, and also of J. C. Arbogast, Sheriff of Pocahontas county, and as such Adm'r de bones non of F. H. Hull, dec'd.

6 An account showing what estate was left by said Mrs E. M. Turk, deceased, that did not pass into the hands of her Administrator, together with the character and value thereof, showing what portions thereof, if any, passed into the hands of her children, the heirs at law of F. H. Hull, deceased, charging against the said heirs, such sums as their mother received improperly from the money of the several purchasers of lands sold under decree in the cause first named, provided the sum so charged against said heirs at-law for money improperly paid to their mother as aforesaid shall not exceed the value of the property and money that they received from the estate of their said mother.

7 An account showing what sums of money were improperly paid to Mrs E. E. M. Turk, from funds arising from the sales of the lands as aforesaid, showing the name of the purchaser whose money was used to make improper payments to the said Mrs. E. M. Turk, and giving the amounts used from each purchaser's money, together with the dates thereof.

8. An account of all the purchase money paid by the several purchasers of land sold under a former decree in the first above mentioned case, giving the amounts paid by each purchaser, with the dates of their respective payments, and the person to whom they made their said payments respectively.

9. An account showing the persons to whom the purchase money arising from the sale of lands sold under a former decree in the first [illegible] case, was paid, showing the amounts paid to each person with dates of all payments respectively, calculating interest to date in all cases.

10 An account of any other matters deemed pertinent by himself or required by any of the parties in interest to be stated.

C F MOORE, Commissioner.

Sept. 10 4t Printer's fee $[illegible]

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held in the the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, on the first Monday in September, 1891.

T. J. Williams
vs.
H. B. Hanger.

The object of this suit is to attach the estate of the defendant H. B. Hanger and subject the same to the payment of a debt due from said Hanger to the plaintiff T. J. Williams on an open account for $[illegible], with interest thereon from the 28th day of August, 1891, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that the defendant H. B. Hanger is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 7th day of September, 1891.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p. q.
Sept. 17 4t Printer's fee $7.[illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	2 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.
September 24, 1891.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

"Do you pass a carpenter shop on your way down town?" asked Mrs. Bowser the other morning as Mr. Bowser was ready to leave the house.

"Why?" he inquired in reply.

"We ought to have a screen door to the kitchen. There is where all the flies come in. We can use one of those doors we brought with us, but we'll have to have a carpenter to hang it."

"We will, eh? I beg to differ. I don't propose to pay no carpenter three or four dollars for doing what *I* can do in half an hour. I'll fix it myself."

"But don't you remember, Mr. Bowser—don't you remember that you—"

"That *I* what?"

"You tried to hang a schrene door last summer in Detroit and you got so mad you nearly tore the house down."

"I did, eh? That's a pretty yarn for you to stand up there and spin! In the first place, I never tried to hang a screen door, and in the second I never got mad."

"But you—you—" she stammered.

"Nothing of the sort! I don't even remember that we had a screen door. I never tried to hang one. I never got mad. I never even saw a fly around our house in Detroit. Change of climate seems to have a very queer effect on you."

"But won't you send up a carpenter?"

"Not by a jugful! I shan't have anything to do at the office this afternoon, and if there's a bit of tinkering around the house it will be fun for me."

He returned at noon, having a heavy parcel with him, and when Mrs. Bowser asked about the contents he cut the string and replied: [illegible]

"If you had first measured the opening and then measured your doors, you wouldn't have had to lug up but this one."

"Wouldn't I? Perhaps you understand my object in bringing up the extra ones? Perhaps it is the duty of a husband to explain every little move he makes?"

The door had to be sawed off about an inch at the top. Mr. Bowser brought out a couple of kitchen chairs, made a scratch on the door with a nail, and was about to use the saw when she asked:

"Aren't you going to strike a line across there?"

"For what reason?"

"If you don't you can't saw straight."

"Can't I? Perhaps I am blind!"

When he finished sawing off the strip and held the frame up to the opening it was plain that he had run his saw at an angle.

"I told you so," she quietly observed.

"Told me what!" he replied, as he turned on her. "Do you suppose I don't know what I am about! Do you imagine I wanted a straight top on that door! If you know so much go ahead and finish the job!"

Mrs. Bowser went into the house, and Mr. Bowser held the frame up again to see that he would be obliged to tack on a strip or leave an opening for all the flies in New York state. He was sawing a piece off one of the other doors to make this strip when Mrs. Bowser appeared and said:

"You'll spoil that door too, Mr. Bowser. Why dont you take a piece from this box? If you had put a strait edge on the other and marked it you would have been all right."

"Mrs. Bowser," he began, as he laid down his saw, "am I a purblind child five or six years old, who must be brought in when it rains, or am *I* the man of the house, forty years of age and generally supposed to have sense enough to sit down under a pile driver to eat my dinner?"

"But you'll never make that door fit," she protested.

"If I don't no other man on earth need try!"

She went in again and he sawed off a strip and nailed it on the other door. Then he held it up to find the frame half an inch too long. Mrs. Bowser reappeared and was about to say something, but he glared at her so savagely that she went back without a word.

"The infernal old kitchen is either lifting up or settling down!" he growled as he held the door up. I've got to saw a piece off the bottom to make a fit, and she'll either fit or down comes the shanty!"

He sawed off a piece and got what he called a fit. He smiled and chuckled over his success, and had the hinges on when Mrs. Bowser came out to ask:

"What good is a door if you leave all those cracks?"

"Cracks! Cracks! You can't find one!"

"Look here—and here—and here! Mr. Bowser, even the humble bees of New York would have no trouble in flying in there! And how are you putting that spring on?"

Mr. Bowser laid down the hammer, the gimlet and the screwdriver, and after wiping off his flushed face he stood erect and pointed to the kitchen. Mrs. Bowser disappeared without a word. Then he inspected and found cracks.

"Confounded old doorway is out of plumb, and that's the matter!" he growled as he set to work to unhang it. When he got the door he racked it this way and that and tried it again. More cracks than before. He took it down and sprung on the top with all his might, and this time, as he held it up, there was a crevice through which a sparrow could have flown. He started to lay it flat on the ground, but fell backward, tumbled over himself and sprawled on his back.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Bowser, from the back door.

Mr. Bowser slowly arose, looked all around for the ax, and not seeing it he jumped at the screen doors and kicked with both feet until they were reduced to strings and strips. Then he went up to Mrs. Bowser, panting and prespiring and pale faced, and hoarsely whispered:

"This is the last time—the very last! Next time you coax me into doing any such infernal puttering work around the house I'll go—go never to return!"

"When did I coax you?"

"Never you mind! It's all right!"

"But I say—"

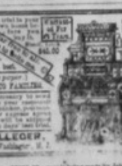
"Just—keep quiet! I am neither blind nor deaf. If we live together ten billion years longer don't you ask me to even bore a hole in a table leg for a caster! This is the limit. I'm dangerous from this on!"

[illegible] tools. Come handy [illegible]

This time he was a tramp in [illegible] Carolina and was arrested up[illegible] formation furnished by a[illegible] tramp who claimed to be a dete[illegible] The two tramps will probab[illegible] well fed until the Chicago o[illegible] have visited them and prono[illegible] them frauds, then the matte[illegible] quiet down until another Tasc[illegible] found. There is an average of three months time between th[illegible] ings, and no section of the co[illegible] has been slighted.

The vacation season being over the administration has [illegible] ed to Washington to contin[illegible] hard work in behalf of the [illegible] tion and election of Mr. Ben[illegible] Harrison for a second term. [illegible] are all at work except Mr. [illegible] and he is expected soon, and [illegible] tary Proctor who is taking [illegible] opportunity of a pleasant [illegible] the expense of the people [illegible] on an "inspection tour" of [illegible] tern Military posts, but [illegible] spent as little time in W[illegible] since he became a member [illegible] cabinet than his [illegible] [illegible]

"I think you'd orter raise my wages," ventured Mr. Haycede's hired man. "Don't see how I kin do it, Jim; don't see no way at all to do it. Tell you what I will do, though. When any of the summer boarders is around I'll allude to you as my private secretary. But as to givin' you any more money on the month, I just can't do it."



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[illegible]

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 9. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, October 1, 1891. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 10

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Co. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Cl'k Cir. Court, C. O. Arbogast.
Assessor,
Com'rs Co. Ct. {C E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

HE WOULDN'T DO IT.

The following remarkable good story is from the Oskaloosa, Iowo, *Herald*. It illustrates the mulish obstinacy of some men, and also demonstrates a very important truth in current politics:

One of our farmer friends, whose only fault is that he is a Democrat—and he is not to blame for that, for his father before him was dyed in the wool, and he never reads the newspapers—came to town one day last week to buy some sugar. His good wife was putting up fruit, and she needed about fifteen pounds of sweetness. The dialogue in the grocery ran about as follows:

Farmer—"What are you doing, young man?"

Clerk—"Waiting on you. Weigh out your sugar."

Farmer—"How much are you giving me?"

Clerk—"A dollars worth,"

Farmer—"Yes, I know; but how many pounds?"

Clerk—"Twenty four."

Farmer—"Twenty-four! Why it used to be only fourteen."

Clerk—"Yes, but McKinley did it."

Farmer—"Well, run her back and give me only 14 pounds. If I took home 24 pounds of sugar for a dollar the old woman would make me vote the Republican ticket, and I'll be hanged if I do that."

In a New York newspaper office. A seedy looking man enters and thus addresses the managing editor:

"I have something here that I think would please your readers."

"Don't want it; full now."

"But it is very important."

"Don't want it, I tell you."

"It is not a murder or anything of that sort—it is more important than a fire."

"Will you get out!"

"It is a slam at Chicago."

Morning editor siezes the article, rushes to a tube, and shouts: "Leave out the news from Washington. Chicago matter of great importance."

Mistress—Bridget, I can't get into the parlor.

Bridget—Sure and it's meself knows that; an' ye won't for I have the kay in me pocket!

Mistress—Open the door immediately.

Bridget—Will ye go in if *I* do?

Mistress—Certainly I will!

Bridget—Then you don't get the kay.

Mistress—Open the door immediately! What do you mean?

Bridget—Sure it's by your orders! Ye said yesterday don't let me come down stairs in the mornin' an' see any dust on the parlor furniture. So I just puts the kay in my pocket, an' says I, then she won't!

Wooden—We are just pestered to death with tramps at our home.

Balfinch—Well, we used to be, but we never have one now.

Wooden—I suppose you got a dog.

Balfinch—No, my wife went to cooking school.

"Mr. Hayseed, we are agents of the Government, and would like to send up a few balloons from your farm."

"What fer?"

"Why to cause an explosion of hydrogen and oxygen gasses and there to produce an artificial fall of rain."

"For the lands sake!"

"Yes, sir, you have guessed it."

The following communications should have appeared last week:

Hillsboro Chips.

Farmers are busy sowing wheat and cutting corn, and their wives are making preserves and drying fruit.

Quite a number of pupils have enrolled at the M. & F. Academy the past week.

Mr. M. Corbin, of Green Mout, Va is in our town doing fine painting.

Miss Jessie Bright, of Lewisburg, is assisting Prof. C. A. Brown in his School.

Miss Lizzie McNeil is visiting relatives and friends at Staunton.

Mr. S. J Payne, of Frankford, spent Sunday in town. He had the misfortune to upset his cart with his best girl, Sunday night.

Mr. Harry McGlaughlin, of Elk, is in town. He is still suffering with a Payne in his heart.

Miss Jessie Renick, lef for Staunton this morning, to attend the Wesleyan Female Institute.

Dr. O. J. Campbell, of Monterey, Va., spent a few days in town fixing teeth. He is a fine dentist.

PHILLIS.

Dunmore Doings.

If thick corn husks is a sign, we will have a hard winter.

Mrs. C. B. Swecker and son are on a visit to Crab Bottom, Va.

Misses May Cackley and Mollie Smith were visiting friends at Driscol last week.

A Sunday school has been organized at Baxter church.

Preaching at Baxter church, by Rev. Lautenschlager, on Sunday night, Oct. 4th.

Some one set fire to Mr. G. N. Tacy's grain stacks and burned them up.

Miss Kittie Lakin has returned home.

The mail was carried last week by one of the fair sex. She makes good time, and lots of the boys are mashed.

Capt. C. B. Swecker will commence an auction sale of stock at Beverly, Oct. 10th.

Wanted, some one to open up a hotel and livery stable.

RATTLER.

A POLITICAN'S BIOGRAPHY.

Weight, 10 pounds.
Cootsey-Tootsey
Baby boy.
Mamma's darling.
Papa's little man.
Jimmy.
Jim.
James.
Jimmy the kid.
Young Mr. Brown.
James Brown.
Mr. James Brown.
Clerk of Election Brown.
Committeeman Brown.
Alderman Brown.
The Hon. J. M. Brown.
James Martin Brown.
Brown.
Jim Brown.
Jimmie Brown.
"Seventh Ward Jimmie.
Jimmie the bum.
Jim.
Whiskey Jim.
Old Soak.
Cell 99.
Coroner's office—"Unidentified."

"Now I tell you Minnie, I wouldn't go out buggy riding with Jack Whitbody for anything. Why, the last time I was out with him he hugged me till I screamed, the impudent puppy!"

"Well, there won't be any thing of that sort if I go out with him."

"There won't?"

"Not nearly. I'm [illegible] [illegible] him."

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.
October 1, 1891.

Balmaceda, the would be dictator of Chili, is dead. To escape the certain death that awaited him at the hands of his enemies, he committed suicide.

It is probable that all the members of the World's Fair booming committee, which has just returned from a jaunt through the dining rooms of Europe will have to take a course of treatment for indigestion before returning to plain every day American fare.

It is difficult to see what Secretary Foster can gain by putting off, under any and all sorts of excuses, the payment of the various appropriations made by the billion dollar Congress. The revenues of the government are not increasing sufficiently rapid for him to even hope that the economy of the next Congress will allow the Treasury to catch up with the extravagances of the last. The aim of the administration is doubtless to so manipulate and jungle with the finances of the country as to starve off the actual deficit in the Treasury, which would now be of large dimensions if all the payments legally provided for were made, by "hanging up" appropriations untill after the Presidential Elections, then if their party is defeated, and defeat for them appears at this time to be as certain as any future political event can be, they will proceed to make the deficit as large as possible in order to embarrass the incoming democratic administration.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 25th—Mr. Harrison has once more humbly bowed down to the will of the State boss, and what made it all the more humiliating was that he had virtually snubbed the same boss in the early days of his administration, by ignoring all of his suggestions in the making of important appointments, but that was before Mr. Harrison was attacked with the second term night mare, which has made him truckle to men, such as Senator Quay, for whom he most naturally feel the utmost contempt. The boss who has won the latest victory is Mr. M. H. DeYoung, of California who demanded a place in the Cabinet, for his friend, Mr. M. M. Estee, as the price of the California delegation to the republican National convention next year. His demand was granted and Mr. Estee was promised a place in the Cabinet when the grand shake-up, which is to put Secretary Proctor in the Senate and Attorney General Miller on the bench, takes place. It is believed that Mr. DeYoung also insisted upon naming the successor to the late Mr. Swift, who was appointed minister to Japan against the wishes of Mr. Estee and of boss DeYoung, but it is not certain that he succeeded.

Mr. Wanamaker summoned the the District Superintendents of the Railroad Mail Service to meet here this week in order that they might have a chance to answer the numerous complaints which have been made against their service and to devise some way of bettering the same and he will not forget to give each of them confidential instructions before they leave for their stations concerning the part that the clerks in the Railway Mail Service are expected to take in electing or helping to elect Harrison delegates to the nominating convention.

The friends of the wealthy republican ex-Representative, S. V. White, of New York, better known as "Deacon" White, has been much talked of here, where he is well known as a congressman and later as a lobbyist for Wall street interests. He was at the head of the lobby that defeated Ben. Butterworth's bill against dealing in options on agricultural products during the last days of the last session and as his last failure was brought abought by his attempting to corner the supply of September corn it will be seen that if the bill which he went to so much trouble, and spent so much money to defeat had become a law he would still be a millionaire. When he was in Congress he put a "stockticker" in the corridor of the House and of the Capitol building and for a few days he actually ran a branch of his New York brokers office in the Capitol building, but as soon as Senator Carlisle, who was then Speaker of the House heard about it he had the whole business cleaned out in short order.

Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, looking handsome as ever dropped into Washington this week, and as he was just from home he was eagerly questioned about the reported rise of a third party in his State. "There is not," the Senator said, "and, in my judgment there will not be a third party in North Carolina. The great body of the Farmer's Alliance are true, consistent and patriotic democrats, who will faithfully stand by their party. There are a few demagogues in the Alliance who would persuade the others to embrace a third party, or, failing in that, will try to get control of the democratic party for their own purposes, but be this as it may the democratic party of North Carolina is solid and will remain so." This does not tally with the reports of the speeches made by Col. Polk of the National Farmer's Alliance, but that will be so much the worse for Polk.

Secretary Foster is preparing to go to Ohio, where he proposes to take the stump for the Republican ticket and to assist in the political juggling with which he is so familiar, and by which he hopes to pull McKinley and a republican legislature through in spite of the Ohio voters. It is only under Civil Service Reform administrations that members of the Cabinet are allowed to leave their duties to go upon the stump in a State campaign.

The plumbs are dropping mighty slowly from the White House tree, and the impatience among those standing with uplifted faces and open mouths is getting worse and worse, and those of them who have no votes to offer in exchange are beginning to see that they are not "in it."

The Blaine republicans are, many of them, beginning to suspect that they are being duped in the interest of Mr. Harrison, and that there is some truth in the rumor that as soon as Mr. Harrison is certain that he has secured a sufficient number of votes to make his defeat by any one outside of Mr. Blaine impossible, Mr. Blaine will make a formal statement prohibiting the use of his own name and declaring in Mr. Harrison's favor. If he does there will be a big row in the party.

Examination Notice

I will hold my last examination for this year at Edray, Sept. 29th and 30th, beginning at 8 a. m. Applicants must present a certificate of attendance of some Institute, or have a lawful excuse.

Examination conducted under the old law.

M. G. MATHEWS, Co. Supt.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in September 1891.

Jacob Taylor
vs.
Margaret M Carpenter and Charles Carpenter.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to assign Margaret M. Carpenter her dower in the lands of which her husband Hugh Carpenter, dec'd, seized and to partition the said lands among those entitled thereto, and it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant Charles Carpenter is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of said Court this 7th day of September, 1891.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

Moore & McNeil, p. q.
Sept. 10 4t. Printer's fee $7.95

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed to me by Sabina Kertner, on the 28th day of May, 1891, and recorded in Deed Book No. 22, page 42, I will offer for sale on the

30TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1891,

at public auction in front of the Court house in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, a certain tract of land, containg 315 acres, lying on top of Droop Mountain, and adjoining the land of Geo. Callison and others.

The title to said land is thought to be perfect, but I will make such deed only as is vested in me as trustee.

TERMS OF SALE.

Cash sufficient to pay expenses of sale, and a bond of Thirty-Eight Dollars, ($38.00) with interest from 28th day of May, 1891. The residue in two equal payments, due in 6 and 12 months from day of sale, with interest from date. The purchaser to give bonds with good personal security, and no deed will be made until all the purchase money is paid.

E. K. BURNS, Trustee.

Sept. 24-4t Printer's fee $7.50

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in September, 1891.

State of West Virginia
vs.
Paul McNeil's Heirs.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to sell for the benefit of the School fund 611 acres of land forfeited in the name of Paul McNeil's Heirs, lying on Spruce Run, in this county, and it appearing by affidavit filed that Eliza [illegible], John A. McNeil, Donald McNeil, [illegible] McNeil, Geo. McNeil, Russell McNeil, Lydia McNeil and Mrs. Kate McNeil, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 7th day of September, 1891.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

R. S. Turk, attorney for [illegible] of School Lands.
Sept. 10-4t Printer's fee $8.75

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in September, 1891.

R. P. G. Shafer, ...Plaintiff
vs.
H. S. Rucker, Lizzie C. Rucker, Uriah Bevener and Isaac P. Dean......................Defendants.

IN CHANCERY.

The defendants having appeared and suggested that the plaintiff is not a resident of this State and that security is required of the said plaintiff according to law for the payment of the costs and damages which may be awarded to the defendants in this suit and the fees due or to become due in this suit to the officers of this Court and the defendant H. S. Rucker having filed an affidavit that the plaintiff R. P. G. Shafer is not a resident of this State and requiring publication of this order. It is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of said Court this 7th day of September, 1891.

J. H. PATTERSON Clerk.

Sept. 10 4t. Printer's fee $8.18

HOME NEWS

—M. F. Rackman, Esq., of Mill Point, called to see us to-day.

—Thirteen murderers in the McDowell county jail.

—We understand that about 300 lots have been sold at Marlinton.

—Messrs. Isaac McNeel, of Mill Point and Wm. Gibson, of Elk were in our city Tuesday.

—W. Va. loses one of its most brilliant men in the death of Hon. Henry S. Walker.

—Jacob Boner, requests us to say that his store will be closed Saturday, as it is a Jewish holliday.

—Morgan Wakeman, Esq., of Dunmore, will sell out at public auction the 6th of Oct.

—Harry Beard, of this place started Monday morning to attend the University of Va., the present session. He was accompained by his father, as far as Millboro Depot.

—Miss Gertrode Overholt, of Academy, spent Saturday in Huntersville. She was accompained, by Mr. S. J. Payne, of Frankford.

—Attorney C. F. Moore, and wife left Tuesday morning to attend the wedding of their brother Mr. Harry Moore, to Miss Cora Jones, of Doe Hill, Va. The ceremony will take place in the Doe Hill church today, (Wednesday).

—Died, Mr. W. T. Curry, who moved from near Green Bank this County a few years ago to Mosouri, died there, on the 19th inst. of typhoid malerial fever. The Perry, Mo. Enterprise speaks very highly of deceased, which our limited space prevents us from publishing.

—There will be a meeting of the Huntersville Farmer's Alliance at this place in the Court House next Saturday afternoon. It is desired that all members be present, as deligates will be elected to the county Alliance, and other important business to be transacted.

—If you want Letter and Note heads, neatly printed and put up in tablet form, cheaper than you can get them anywhere else, call at THE TIMES office. We also do all kinds of nice job printing, and have on hands a nice line of Stationary, business cards, &c. &c.

—We received this week of Col. John T. McGraw, of Grafton, a hand book of Marlinton, which shows its resources natural advantages, railroad arrangements, locating, plan of lot drawing, term of sale, officers of the Development Co., directors, corporators &c., which is very creditably gathered up.

—A couple of colored convicts of the Va., penitentiary, who escaped with nine others from the work on the Hot Springs extension of the C. & O. railroad were lodged in jail at this place last Saturday, and given a hearing Monday for burglarising and stealing some clothing from Dan. McIntosh's house, about two miles from this place, last Thursday night. They were wearing the clothing when caught, which was proof enough to send them on to the grand jury. It is likely that the Governor of Va. will issue a requisition and have them taken back until their sentences are served out there.

—A charter was issued yesterday by Secretary of State Ohley to the Pocahontas Development Company, which will build the new town at Marlinton, the junction of the C. & O. and the Camden system of roads. The company is authorized to handle all kinds of timber and to manufacture and sell all kinds of products of lumber, to build and work saw mills, shops and houses, to manufacture, mine, [illegible] and ship coal, coke, iron ore, fire clay, limestone and other minerals, to own, and aid in the construction of works of internal improvement, lay out a town, improve the streets of the town, construct and operate street car lines, telephone lines, gas works, electric heat, light and power, etc. The principal office will be kept at Grafton. The capital is $100,000, all paid in, with the priviledge of increasing to $500,000. The incorporators are: John T. McGraw, of Grafton; Johnson N. Camden, of Parkersburg; Jacob W. Marshall, of Mingo Flats; S. M. Durbin and Geo. M. Whitescarver, of Grafton; Henry G. Davis, of Piedmont; Gov. A. B. Flemming, J. E. Sands, J. Ed Watson, Wm. A. Ohley, J. M. Hartley, of Fairmont; John Blackshere, of Mannington; and T. Moore Jackson, of Clarkesburg.—Charleston Gazette.

Hillsboro Chips.

Miss Maud Yeager, of Marlinton enrolled as a pupil of the H. T. School this morning.

The large and handsome school building of Miss G. M. Shearer is about completed. This school has a promising future. Miss G. M. Shearer, Principal, has secured the services of a comptent and experienced music teacher Miss Ellen Le Grand, of Roanoke, Va. She comes well recomended and persons who have daughters to educate would do well to send them here.

John Sydenstricker is teaching a good school at the Harper School house, he has an enrollment of twenty-eight scholars

Mr. Nixon Weiford and family, of Chariton, Iowa, who has been visiting relatives and friends for the past month has returned home.

PHILLIS.

ALMOST MURDER
And Burglary.

The most daring robbery and most heinous crime that was ever enacted in Pocahontas County occurred at Buckeye, about 10 miles from this place, last Friday morning, about 1 o'clock.

Robbery was the first intent and after caught, tried to comm t double murder, which he almost accomplished. One of the unfortunate to get shot was Wm. Underwood, a highly respected colored man, it is thought by the physicians, will die. The ground all around was bespattered with the blood of the victims.

The following is a true account, as related to us:

The store of R. E. Overholt & son at Buckeye was entered by a burglar two or three different nights previous to the night of the tragedy, and the said Thursday night, young Geo. Overholt and a Mr. Grose, laid in wait for the burglar, and about 1 o'clock in the morning he put in his appearance, unlocked the door and stepped inside, a few feet from where they were laying on the floor. He stood a few seconds inside and then stepped out, probably thinking there was something wrong, when young Overholt sprang to the door pulling it open, and at the point of a Winchester rifle ordered him to hold up his hands, which he did, and Mr. Grose went for a rope to tie him with, and returned with the rope and also a shot gun. They told him to put his hands down so that they could tie him and when he did so he grabbed the muzzle of both guns, and the struggle began.

They hollowed for Wm. Underwood, who was living close. He came, not knowing the cause of the disturbance, and when he got close enough to see what was going on the burglar drew a revolver and shot at him three times, two shots taking effect, one in the lower part of the abdomen and the other breaking his arm.

The next man to get shot was young Overholt, in the arm, just below the elbow, making a bad flesh wound. The [illegible] turned his attention to Grose and shot [illegible] at him, but none taking effect. He then left for parts unknown forgetting his hat and some burglars tools, which he dropped in the struggle and his boots which he took off before entering the store.

A search is being made for him and it is thought that he will be caught soon.

The nights he entered the store previous to being caught, he stole some money, but it is not known whether he took anything else or not.

While Lem Lake, of Simpson, W. Va., was plowing on his farm, the plowshare turned up an ancient-looking iron box, which upon being opened, was found to contain nearly two quarts of gold, silver and copper coins, in all amounting to about $400, none of the coins bearing a later date than 1835. How the box came to be burried and by whom is a mystery.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, on the first Monday in September, 1891.

T. J. Williams
vs.
H. B. Hanger.

The object of this suit is to att[illegible] estate of the defendant H. B. [illegible] and subject the same to the pay[illegible] a debt due from said Hanger [illegible] plaintiff T. J. Williams on an [illegible] count for $92.41, with interest [illegible] from the 29th day of August, [illegible] it appearing by affidavit, file[illegible] defendant H. B. Hanger is [illegible] dent of the State of West V[illegible] is ordered that he do appea[illegible] in one month after the firs[illegible] of this order and do what [illegible] to protect his interests in [illegible]

Witness, J. [illegible] Patte[illegible] the said Court this 7th d[illegible] ber, 1891.

J. H. PATT[illegible]

L. M. McClintic, p.q.
Sept. 10 4t. F[illegible]

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. [illegible]

LOST.

A large, dark, woolen shawl between Frost and the top of Alleghany mountain. The finder will kindly leave it at the post office at Frost, and oblige Mrs. G. F. Crummet, Marlinton, W. Va.

TO R. P. G. SHAFER, Esq.

Take notice, that on Saturday, October 3rd, 1891 between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m. at the office of Dr Sam'l B. Scott, in the town of Reusens, Campbell Co. Virginia, we will proceed to take the depositions of Sam'l B. Scott, Jr., and others; and, on Friday, October 9th, 1891, between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m. at the office of H. S. Rucker, in the town of Huntersville, County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, we will proceed to take the depositions of Amos Barlow and others, and on Saturday, October 10th, 1891, at her residence in the town of Huntersville, in said County of Pocahontas, we will proceed to take the depositions of Lizzie C. Rucker and others all of which said depositions, when taken, we will offer as evidence in our behalf in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County West Virginia, in which you are plaintiff and ourselves and Isaac P. Dean are defendants.

If from any cause the taking of any of said depositions shall not be begun or completed on the days aforesaid, the taking of the same will be continued from day to day, and from time to time at the same places and between the same hours, until the several sets of depositions shall be begun and completed.

Respectfully,

H. S. RUCKER,
LIZZIE C. RUCKER,
URIAH HEVENER.
By Counsel

H. S Rucker, sol.
Sept. 10 4t. Printer's fee $16.05

DENTAL NOTICE.

O. J. Campbell, dentist, will be at Academy on the 16th inst. and remain one week; Huntersville, 23rd and remain three days; Frost, 27th and remain three days.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, on the first Monday in September, 1891.

Henry Grose
vs.
S. P. Patterson et als.
IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to have a partition of about 59 acres of land, situate in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, near Huntersville, or if said land is not susceptible of partition, to sell the same and divide the proceeds among those entitled thereto according to their respective rights and interests, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that Newton Campbell, Leonidas Campbell, Delia Wade, Anson Wade, Thomas Hickman, Peter Hickman, Jennie Hamilton, Emma Bulger, Matilda Hepler and Laura Hickman are non-residents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that they they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 7th day of September, 1891,

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p. q.
Sept. 10 4t. Printer's fee $ 9.85

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

At a Circuit Court continued and held for the county of Pocahontas, at the court house thereof on the 17th day of June, 1891.

F. H. Hull, Adm'r
vs.
F. H. Hull's heirs
and
Dudley et als.
vs.
Hull et als.
IN CHANCERY.

Huntersville, W. Va., Sept. 5, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that I will at the court house of Pocahontas county, West Virginia on the

6TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1891,

proceed to take, state and report the following account, and will continue the same from day to day until completed.

And is is further ordered and decreed that this cause be referred to C. F. Moore who is appointed Special Commissioner for that purpose, with instructions, that after being first duly sworn, according to law, he shall take, state and report the following matters of accounts to-wit:

1. An account of all the leins upon the lands of which the late F. H. Hull dec'd, seized and possessed, separating general leins, from specific leins, and showing in the bases of specific leins the particular tracts to which said leins relate, and to whom due.

2. An account of all debts due from the estate of the decedent, and not barred by the statue of limitations.

3. An account bringing down to date the accounts of rents and improvements so as to show the present condition of said account, charging against the heirs of F. H. Hull, deceased, all sums of money paid to their mother, Mrs. E. M. Turk on her dower by virtue of any decree of court.

4. An account of the actings and doings of Samuel L. Gibson, late Sheriff of Pocahontas county, and as such Administrator of F. H. Hull, deceased, and also of J. C. Arbogast, Sheriff of Pocahontas county, and as such Adm'r de bonis non of F. H. Hull, dec'd.

5. An account showing what estate was left by said Mrs. E. M. Turk, deceased, that did not pass into the hands of her Administrator, together with [illegible]

[illegible]

C. F. Moore, Commissioner.

Sept. 10 4t. Printer's fee [illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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¼ column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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Huntersville, W. Va.
October 1, 1891.

DON'S ADVENT

BY JEANE PORTER RUDD.

The first thing he did in his life was to suck his thum. There he lay on Mamsey's bed, such a wee bit of a baby boy—only a little bundle of soft flannel, with nothing to be seen but the undefined tip of a tiny nose, and an infinitesimal thumb thrust into a small dewy mouth. All the family came to look at him; Granny with tears of remembrance over her first baby, who came—and went—so many years ago; Uncle Batchelor, who looked mistified and taller than ever; and, of course, Pappy, who squared his shoulders and threw back his head with a knowing air—why! it might have been the twelfth baby instead of the first—he knew so much about it.

Granny picked up the soft bundle and cuddled it in her arms, finding all the sweetest places to kiss, with true grandmother instinct.

"Open your eyes, Baby boy," she cried; "let me see if they are blue or black! They ought to be blue, all my babies had black eyes; [illegible] beautiful ones!"

But Baby boy was only conscio[us] of a delicious thump.

Then Granny asked Uncle B[atch] one of the crucial questions of life. Turning to her tall son [illegible] looking very far up at him over tiny new head, she said:

"Don't you long to take h[im?]"

Uncle Bach quivered appre[hen]sively, then laughed, then red[den]ed.

"I—I'm afraid of it!" he urge[d.]

"Nonsense!" cried granny, [illegible]ly. "Let me put him in your ar[ms.]"

Poor Uncle Bach stretched two very long, very stiff, very [illegible] arms, as though he [was] about to receive a cannon ba[ll or] perhaps something explosive, [and] the moment he felt the soft [illegible] thing against his breast, natur[e had] it all her own way. He, too, [found] sweet places to kiss, and, fro[m that] day to this, Don has always [been] "Uncle Bach's boy!"

"But, Pappy," said granny, [illegible] you don't know how to hold a [baby], you've had no experience; giv[e him] to me." And with the [illegible] born of love, he cradled the [illegible] creature in his arms, holding [illegible] lovingly, downy head in one [illegible] like any old nurse.

What a difference Baby[illegible] in that quiet orderly house. Mamsey herself had been the baby. Now, that she had [a] doll to play with, Mamsey [illegible] frightened every time he [illegible] held his breath, or rolled his [eyes] away, up out of sight.

Granny must come running [from] her easy chair with a [illegible] "all babies do so."

"But I thought my baby w[as] apart from all other babies," [said] all mammy, whimsically.

Over each slight ailment [illegible] Bach flounder a [illegible] paper and stand around in [illegible] [illegible] manner, as [illegible]

helpless as a marble column suddenly endowed with life, while Pappy, who knew about babies, you remember, would ask with pallid lips:

"Do you think he will die?"

But Don went on his baby way in sweet serenity, making all kinds of funny little faces at all sorts of hours, as babies will; he yawned in the most facinating manner, stretched bewitchingly, as no baby ever stretched before, he grew and slept, or rather, did not sleep quite as he ought, and not at the convenient hours we should have chosen. Pappy began to make discoveries, and one morning at the breakfast table he said ruefully:

"I always supposed babies slept at night, just like other people!" The bobbley wobbly head never dropped off, though mamsey was sure it would; the little white hands fluttered their way into knowledge, the tiny feet kicked out lustily, the velvet limbs strengthened and Don grew in health and beauty day by day.

Pappy, who thought him simply the only absolute perfect child that ever was born in the world, was proud and pleased to show him, and was heartily vexed with the two or three very obtuse persons—quite devoid of taste—who did not rave over Baby boy's beauty.

A certain young bachelor friend, one of a family of seven, explained his indifference thus:

"Perhaps if I had not seen youngsters lying about in all stages of development, ever since I can remember, I might get up more enthusiasm."

But Pappy's ardour would heed no rebuff.

"Isn't he a magnificent baby," he demanded of a certain aunt of mine. She laughed.

"He is a very nice baby," she condescended. "But magnificent! How can a baby be magnificent!"

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The plums are dropping mighty slowly from the White House tree, and the impatience among those standing with uplifted faces and open mouths is getting worse and worse, and those of them who have no votes to offer in exchange are beginning to see that they are not "in it."

The Blaine republicans are, many of them, beginning to suspect that they are being duped in the interest of Mr. Harrison, and that there is some truth in the rumor that as soon as Mr. Harrison is certain that he has secured a sufficient number of votes to make his defeat by any one outside of Mr. Blaine impossible, Mr. Blaine will make a formal statement prohibiting the use of his own name and declaring in Mr. Harrison's favor. If he does there will be a big row in the party.

[illegible] The title [illegible] perfect, but I will make such deed [on]ly as is vested in me as trustee.

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Cash sufficient to pay expenses of sale, and a bond of Thirty-Eight [Dol]lars, ($38.00) with interest from [the] day of May, 1891. The residue [in] equal payments, due in 6 and 12 mo[nths] from day of sale, with interest [from] date. The purchaser to give [bond] with good personal security, and [the] deed will be made until all the [pur]chase money is paid.

E. K. BURNS, Trustee.
Sept. 24-4t Printer's fee $[illegible]

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State of West Virginia
vs.
[illegible] McNeel's Heirs [illegible]

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R. K. BURNS, Trustee.

Sept. 24-41 Printer's fee [illegible]

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State of West Virginia

vs.

Paul McNeil's Heirs

[illegible]

CENTRAL W. VA. MARBLE WORKS

Manufacturers of

HEADSTONES AND ALL KINDS OF

MONUMENTAL WORK,

Dealers in

[illegible]

Lewisburg, W. Va.

R. H. MOORE, Agent, ACADEMY, W. Va.

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Pocahontas Times.

Vol. 9. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, October 8, 1891. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 11

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL.

This hymn is acknowledged to be the most generally accepted and beloved of all Christian hymns. It is said in the year 1740, Charles Wesley was sitting at his desk in his room when a little bird pursued by a hawk flew into the room and took refuge in his bosom. The poet took up his pen and wrote the immortal verses.

Henry Ward Beecher, when speaking of his father's love for this hymn, once said: "I would rather have written that hymn of Wesley's, 'Jesus lover of my soul,' than to have the fame of all the kings that ever ruled on the earth. It is more glorious. It has more power in it. I would rather be the author of that hymn than hold the wealth of the richest man in New York. He is dead, and does not know it. He will pass after a little while out of men's thoughts. What will there be to say of him? What will he have done that will stop trouble or encourage hope? His money will go to his heirs, and they will divide it. And they will die and it will go to their heirs. In thee or four more genearations everything comes to the ground again for redistribution. But that hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth from every land the children of God, and then it will mount up on some lip to the very presence of God."

One beautiful evening, in the summer of 1881, a party of Northern tourists formed a part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer sailing down the historic Potomac. A gentleman who has since gained a national reputation as a singing evangelist, had been delighting the party with his happy rendering of familiar hymns, the last being that petition so dear to every Christian heart, "Jesus, lover of my soul." The singer gave the first two verses with such feeling and emphasis as thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners, which was not broken till a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer and said:

"Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir," the man of song answered, "I fought under General Grant.

"I did my fighting on the other side," continued the first speaker, "and am quite sure I was very near you one bright night, eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not mistaken you were on guard duty. We of the South had business on hand, and you were of the enemy. I was selected by the commander, because I had the reputation as a 'sure shot,' to creep near your post of duty. The shadows hid me. My weapon was in my hand. As you paced back and forth you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed it at your heart. Then out upon the air rang the words—

'Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.'

Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that, and there was no attack made upon your camp that night. I felt sure when I heard you sing this evening that you were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner, and said with much emotion:

"I remember the night very well, and remember distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends, and all that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all He be had created came to me with peculiar force. If He so cares for the sparrow, how much more for man, created in His own image; and I sung the prayer of my heart and ceased to feel alone. How the prayer was answed I never knew until this evening. My Heavenly Father thought best to keep the knowledge from me for eighteen years. How much of His goodness to us we shall be ignorant of, until revealed by the light of eternity! 'Jesus lover of my soul' has been a favorite hymn—new it will be inexpressably dear."

This incident is a true one, and was told to the writer by a lady who was one of the party on the steamer.

DUEL TO DEATH.

William Weston, a ranchman living twenty miles north of here, brings a story of a most horible duel, which was fought with knives by two Indians near his ranch. There had been bad blood between the two men for some time, which had started over a horse race.

The indians were named Sewapi and Nunechi. They had been restrained from fighting several times by their friends, but on meeting at another horse race last week the quarrel was renewed, and it was finally arranged that they should end the matter by a duel with knives. A large crowd of Indians and half breeds were present and a ring was formed. Each man had his second, who was armed with a Winchester rifle ready to shoot down any one who might be tempted to interfere.

The contestants were stripped to the waist and each was armed with two sharp knives, the blades being about eight inches long. When the men entered the ring it was the understanding that it was a duel to the death. Both were magnificent specimens of manhood and they were equally adept in the use of the knife.

Amid breathless silence the combatants slowly approached the center of the ring. There they stood for a minute glaring at each other, while the silence was most painful. Not a sound could be heard except the occasional stamp of a horse on the outskirts of the crowd.

The spectators sat around perfectly motionless while the duelists began slowly to walk around each other, watching for a chance to catch the other off guard. It was probably two minutes before a change came, and then it was with the rapidity of a lightning stroke.

Sewapi suddenly made a leap through the air toward his enemy, and for an instant the air appeared to be full of Indians and knives, which latter flashed in the sunshine like streaks of light. As quickly as they came together did they separate, and notwithstanding the rapid play of the weapons it was seen that neither had a scratch. Still, during the whole exciting scene not a sound could be heard except the clashing steel as it came together. [illegible] the circling began again, and the glittering eyes [illegible] the walk meant death. [illegible] leap was repeated, this time by Sewapi, who seemed to fly through the air. The fight [illegible] and [illegible], and when they separated both were bleeding profusely.

Sewapi had a terrible cut across his breast, while Nuneghi had the muscles of his left forearm almost severed.

The intermission was very short, and both men sprang simutaneously toward each other. The struggle was fierce, and suddenly a trip was given and Sewapi fell on top of his antagonist. The lightning like rapidity of stroke and parry precluded the possibility of knowing who was getting the worst of it, until it was noticed that Nunechi threw up his arms, stiffened out his legs and was dead with a knife in his heart. Sewapi sprang to his feet, gave an ear-splitting yell, and then slowly sank to the ground, with blood gushing from a dozen wounds. Before a friend could reach him he, too was a corpse.—*Tishomingo (I. T.) special to San Francisco Examiner.*

THE FRECKLED-FACED GIRL.

How She Entertained a Visitor While Her "Ma" Was Dressing.

"Ma's upstairs changing her dress," said the freckle-faced little girl tying her doll's bonnet strings and casting her eyes about for a tidy large enough to serve as a shawl for that double jointed young person.

"Oh, your mother needn't dress up for me," replied the female agent of the missionary society, making a self-satisfied view of herself in the mirror. "Run up and tell her to come down just as she is, in her everyday clothes, and not to stand on ceremony."

"Oh, but she hasn't got on her everyday clothes. Ma was all dressed up in her new brown silk dress, 'cause she expected Miss Diamond to-day. Miss Diamond always comes over here to show off her nice things, and ma don't mean to get left. When ma saw you coming she said: 'The Dickens!' and I guess she was mad about something. Ma said if you saw her new dress she'd have to hear all about the poor heathen who don't have silk, and you'd ask her for more money to buy hymn books for 'em. Say, does the nigger ladies use hymn book leaves to do their hair upon to make it frizzy? Ma says she guesses that's all the good the books do 'em, if they ever get any books. I wish my doll was a heathen."

"Why, you wicked little girl, what do you want of a heathen doll?" inquired the missionary lady, making a mental inventory of the new things in the parlor, to get material for a homily on worldly extravagance.

"So folkes would send her lots of nice things to wear and feel so sorry to have her going about naked. Then she'd have hair so frizz, and I want a doll with truly hair and eyes that roll up like Deacon Sliderback's, when he says amen on Sunday. I ain't a wicked girl, either, 'cause Uncle Dick—you know Uncle Dick; he's been out West and swears awful and smokes all the house—he says I'm a holy terror, and he hopes I'll be an angel pretty soon. Ma'll be down in a minute, so you needn't take your coat off. She said she'd box my ears if I asked you to. Ma's putting on that old dress she had last year, 'cause she said she didn't want you to think she was able to give much this time, and she [illegible] a [illegible] than the [illegible] of the [illegible] islands [illegible]. Uncle Dick says you ought to go to the islands, 'cause you'd be [illegible] there, and the [illegible] be [illegible] they [illegible] likely need you [illegible] 'em. He never saw a heathen hungry enough to eat you, [illegible] more missionary. Uncle Dick's awful funny and makes pa and ma die laughing sometimes.

"That's a pretty cloak you've got, ain't it? Do you buy all your good clothes with missionary money? Ma says you do."

Just then the freckled-faced little girl's ma came into the parlor and kissed the missionary lady on the cheek and said she was delighted to see her and they proceeded to have a real sociable chat. The little girl's ma can't understand why a person who professes to be so charitable as the missionary lady does should go right over to Mrs. Dimmond's and say such ill-natued things as did did, and she thinks the missionary a double faced gossip.

A MODEL WITNESS

"Now, sir, I hope we shall have no difficulty in getting you to speak up," said the lawyer in a very loud, commanding voice.

"I hope not, sir," shouted the witness at the top of his lungs.

"How dare you to speak to me in that way?" angrily asked the lawyer.

"Because I can't speak no louder, sir," said the hostler.

"Have you been drinking?"

"Yes, sir."

"I should infer so much from your conduct. What have you been drinking?"

"Coffee," horsely vocifearted the knight of the stable.

"Something stronger than coffee, sir, you've been drinking! Don't look at me like that, sir!" furiously. "Look at the jury, sir! Did you have something in your coffee, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it?"

"Sugar"

"This man is no fool my lord—he is worse!" stormed the counsel.

"Now, sir," turning to the witness, "look at me. What beside sugar did you take in your coffee this morning?"

The hostler collected his forces, drew a deep breath and, in a voice that could have been heard half a mile away, bellowed out,

"A spune! A spune, an' nothing else!"

SHE "CAUGHT ON."

A nice young man got into a tram-car a few evenings ago, and saw to his delight the only vacant seat was by the side of a young lady acquaintance.

He made for that seat with joyous strides, and her eyes answer him with delighted looks. But just as he got there an elderly party walked up and dropped into the coveted seat. The young man approached more slowly and accosted the young lady.

"How is your brother?" he asked; "is he able to get out?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered.

"Will he be badly marked?" he continued, and the old gentleman grew suddenly interested.

"Oh, no!" she said, "with the exception of a few marks on his forehead."

"Were you not afraid of taking it?" the young man continued, while the old gentleman broke into a cold perspiration.

"Not at all," she replied; "I had been vaccinated, you know."

The seat was vacated instantly, [illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville. W. Va.
October 8, 1891.

THE QHESTION OF TUE REMOVAL OF THE COUNTY SEAT SUBMITTED.

Our County Court on yesterday submitted to a vote of the citizens of this County the question of the relocation of the County Seat from this town to Marlinton.

This action of the Court was had on the petition of 697 voters of the County, and the issues presented are such as to command the thoughtful attention of all our people.

In presenting the petitions to the Court, Mr. McGraw, in a spirit which our citizens concede was eminently fair, for his Comyany, asked the Court to examine the petitions and if they found they were not signed by, or did not emanate from the responsible and substancial citizens of the county, or that the question of removal was either premature or unwise, would relieve the Court from all further embararrassment on the subject by withdrawing them.

After an adjournment for the purpose of examining the petitions, under the proposition of McGraw, the Court decided, that the petition represented so many of the leading citizens of the County, it thought it proper to submit the question to a vote and fixed Tuesday the 8th day of December, 1891, as the day of the election.

Messrs. McGraw and Whitescarver, representing the Pocahontas Developmen Company, filed with the Court a deed for 3 2-10 acres of land, as shown by the plot of the town, conveying to the County the land absolutely free and relieved from all liens, costs and charges, upon the sole contingency that the Court House be removed; and also filed the bond of that Company, under its corporate seal, with sureties to pay the sum $5,000, if the removal be made at the election ordered by the Court.

These are the propositions submitted and many of our citizens regard them as fair and generous.

A proposition was made by Messrs. McGraw and Whitescarver to pay the $5,000 in cash, but as there was no provision of law for the payment of the fund to the Sheriff of the County, and a special receiver would be necessary who would be e titled to 5 per cent. commission for holding the fund. The Court elected to accept the bond, which with the sureties thereto, it approved as sufficient.

This action of the Court now presents the question to the voters of the County and it is for them to say whether, under the conditions proposed, they want the County seat at Huntersville or at Marlinton. The Court further by an order entered of record also settled the question of the costs of the new County buildings, in the event of the removal, by declaring that it should not exceed the sum of $15,000, and that this sum should be extended through a period of several years, so as to make the future development of the County aid in its payment.

The voters of the County now have the question before them and it is for them to decide; and THE TIMES which is published for the benefit of the people of the whole County, and no particular faction, but having friends on both sides of this question, as we have said before, open its columns for any proper communications upon the subject.

There can be no question but that the gentlemen who compose the Marlinton Company are among the leading citizens of West Virginia and have the energy and means to develop the great resources of our county and thus bring prosperity and happiness to our people, and in their effort to do so, the should be encouraged and welcomed by us, rather than discouraged and treated with hostility.

In a later issue we will publish in full the orders entered by the Court so that the people of the County may be fully informed upon the question presented to them.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 2nd—When Mr. Harrison determined upon doing the "jingo" act, in the hope of a favorable effect upon republican prospects in the State elections to be held this fall, he should have selected a country that was stronger than Chilli, which has just passed through six months of devastating civil war. The threats that have been made against the temporary government of that country by the administration this week must result in making the United State appear to the world in the role of the overgrown school boy "bully" among a lot of little boys. It will take a great deal more than the reports of Minister Egan, who has made himself obnoctious to the Chillians by meddling in their local affairs to convince sensible and unprejudiced people that the present government of Chili, which certainly has enough trouble at home, would deliberately and intentionally slight the United States in any way, notwithstandin its knowledge that Minister Egan should have so far forgotten his position as to openly take the sides in the civil war which recently ended there, and it is believed by those who are familiar with Chilian affairs that it will be fully shown upon an impartial investigation that Minister Egan has purposely exceeded his legal authority, with the intention of goading the Chilian authorities into taking some step that could be considered by the United States as an affront, and it is further believed that in this, Minister Egan has been acting in accordance with the wishes and instructions of the present administration. This is not a pleasant thing for a patriotic American to say, but appearances certainly indicate its truthfulness.

Senator Daniels, of Virginia, who has been making speeches in different sections of that State was in Washington this week. He says there is no opposition so far as he knows to his return to the Senate. His present term does not expire until March 4, 1893, but his successor will be named by the legislature which will be elected this fall.

It will not be the fault of the administration if the political machines known as "State associations" do not make the department pan out well in "voluntary" contributions for use in the important States this fall, also lest there might be some misunderstanding on the part of the poor clerks as to how the administration views the efforts of these associations to compel them to come down with there cash, officials just a grade below cabinet officers have been put in charge of the various State associations. Sixth Auditor Coutler is the grand mogul of the Ohio association; he prides himself on being known as a "practical politican." The New York Association has elected Gen. Cyrus Bussey, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, president, and on its campaign executive committee are A. J. Davidson, Deputy Commissioner of Pensions; A. X. Parker, Deputy Attorney General, and a number of minor departmental officials, care being taken that not more than one of them comes from the same department. Thus every department is covered and no "voluntary" contributor escapes.

Nepotism and republicans have long been synonymous terms in terms in Washington, but a sensation was nevertheless created this week when it came out that three employes of the Pension Office had made affidavits and submitted them to Secretary Noble charging that they had been approached by the same son of Commissioner Raum, who was some months ago allowed to resign his position as appointment clerk in the Pension Office when he should have been put in prison for having engaged in the selling of appointments and promotions under his father, with a proposition to have them promoted by his father if they would pay him a certain amount of cash. After these affidavits had been made and Commissioner Raum had been called upon for an explanation that official had the cheek to ask Secretary Noble to dismiss the clerks who made them on the ground that they were engaged in a conspiracy to injure him (Raum) and the Pension Office. It reminds one of the old saw: "Did ever criminal think well of the law."

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years, ought to know salt from sugar: read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co. Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they take it according to directions.

Yours Truly
L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.
Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give $100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

$5.00 HAND SEWED
$4.00 HAND WELT
$3.50 POLICE
$2.50 $2.25 $2.00 FOR GENTLEMEN

$3.00 HAND SEWED
$2.50 $2.00 FOR LADIES
$2.00 & $1.75 FOR BOYS
$1.75 FOR MISSES.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN

The BEST SHOE in the World for the Money.
GENTLEMEN and LADIES, save your dollars by wearing W. L. Douglas Shoes. They meet the wants of all classes, and are the most economical footwear ever offered for the money. Beware of dealers who offer other makes as being just as good, and be sure you have W. L. Douglas Shoes, with name and price stamped on bottom. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. Insist on local advertised dealers supplying you.

For sale by
BARLOW & MOORE
Edray, W. Va.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed to me by Sabina Kertner, on the 25th day of May, 1[illegible], and recorded in Deed Book No. 32, page 43, I will offer for sale on the

[illegible] DAY OF OCTOBER, 1891,

at public auction in front of the Court house in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, a certain tract of land, containing [illegible] acres, lying on top of [illegible] Mountain, and adjoining the land of Geo. Callison and others.

The title to said land is thought to be perfect, but I will make such deed only as is vested in me as trustee.

TERMS OF SALE.

Cash sufficient to pay expenses of sale, and a total of Thirty-Eight Dollars, [illegible] with interest from 25th day of May, [illegible]. The residue in two equal payments due in [illegible] months from day of sale, with interest from date. The purchaser to give bonds with good personal security, and the deed will be made until all the purchase money is paid.

[illegible], Trustee.

Sept. 24-4t. Printer's fee $7.50

An idea of the tremendous penetrative force of a projectile hurled from a powerful gun can be gained from the fact that a projectile recently fired from a 110 pounder in England passed successfully through a twenty inch steel plate, eight inches of iron, twenty feet of oak balks, five feet of granite and eleven feet of concrete, being finally stayed in its path of destruction by a mass of brick masonry, into which it made its way to a depth of three feet.

HOME NEWS

—Born to Geo. Bambrick Esq., and wife on the 5th inst., a girl.

—Read the ad. of distribution of lots at Bucknannon, W. Va., in this issue.

—A cold wave struck our county Monday and the smoke of a good fire is issuing from every chimney.

—Attorney Jno. W. Arbuckle, of Lewisburg, is in the city for a few days.

—Quite a number of prominent gentlemen' attended county court this week.

—Auctioneer Swecker will sell a fine lot of young and work horses at Huntersville at the circuit court.

—Miss Sallie Scott and brother Sam'l, of Reusens, Va., are visiting Mr. H. S. Rocker's at this place.

—The bridge across Knapp's creek at this place is at last completed ready for public travel The abutments and approaches were built by Jno. Grogg, Esq., of near Green Bank, and it is pronounced a good job by everybody.

—Circuit Court commences on the 20th inst. It will be the largest Cnort that has convened in this county for some time, as there is a considerable criminal as well as a large chancery docket on hand.

—Capt. Geo. M. Whitescarver, Hon. T. E. Davis and Mr. S. L. Allen, of Grafton; Capt. J. W. Marshall, of Mingo Flats; Levi Gay Esq., and another gentleman, whose name we did not learn were in Huntersville, admiring her beauty and surroundings last Friday.

—Our proposition a few weeks ago to give a present to our best and most regular correspondents does not seem to take well, and for this reason we caned that proposition, and will give a present to every regular correspondent, the first of next September according to their merits.

—Wm. Underwood, the colored man who was wounded in the attempt to arrest the burglar at Buckeye, died on the 1st inst., from the effects of his wounds, received at that time. Deceased was one of the best col. citizens in our county. He was a black smith by trade, was honest, sober, industrious, kind and courteous. He provided well for the temporal wants of a large family and took the greatest pains to rear his children properly; but his untimely death has cut off their only means of support and we are informed that in all probability there will be nothing of his earnings left after the payment of his doctor bills and funeral expenses. Subscription papers to raise money to assist the widow and mother to provide for the wants of her large family of little children during the storms of the coming winter have been sent to all the principal points in the county and we hope that those whom God has prospered and unto whom He has given hearts of charity will assist in this matter. While we lament the death of the husband and father let us not be unmindful of the wants of the widow and her orphan children.

Grand Jurors.

The following is a list of the Grand Jurors, drawn for the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, for the October term: Green Bank dist.—Jacob Taylor, James Waugh, [illegible] and E. A. Smith. Edray dist.—Geo. W. [illegible], Jno. W. [illegible], [illegible] and Walter A. [illegible]. Huntersville dist.—J. J. [illegible], A. C. [illegible] and J. [illegible]. Little Levels dist.—[illegible], Richard [illegible] and [illegible].

[illegible]

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of the transfers of real estate for the month of August:

A deed from L. M. McClintic, special commissioner, to Henry Grose, for land near Huntersville, known as the Massey land.

Mary S. Yockum and H. S. Yockum to Reubin P. Blair for land lying on headwaters of Greenbrier river.

C. O. Arbogast and wife to addia E. Brown for land near Green Bank.

W. W. Slaven and wife to Samuel Hannah for land lying on Deer creek.

David W. Sharp and wife to Jno. T. McGraw for land lying on the waters of Beaver Dam creek.

Rebecca J. Hill, and others to R. W. Hill, for land lying on Hill's creek.

Wm. B. Rucker, of Va. to G. B. Gibson, trustee of Washington D. C. for land on West Fork of Greenbrier river.

Jacob S. Kellison and wife, to Jno. F. Brock and O. Ella Brock for land on Bruffey's creek.

Josiah Barlow and wife, to James Gibson, Jr., for land lying on east end of Red Lick mountain.

James Jordan and wife, to T. C. Wooddell for land adjoining the lands of T. B. Wooddell, in Little Levels.

Jane Ratcliff to J. M. Kinnison for land on Swago Creek.

A Sunrise Wedding.

A large company assembled in the Methodist church at Doe Hill at seven o'clock on Wednesday morning, Sept. 30, to witness the marriage of Mr. Harry M. Moore, of Pocahontas county, W. Va., to Miss Cora E. Jones, daughter of Dr. H. H. Jones of Doe Hill. The church was handsomely decorated with flowers and evergreens for the occasion. The bridal party stood beneath an evergreen arch directly in front of the chancel. The "Wedding March" was beautifully rendered by Mrs. Ada Armstrong as they advanced to the alter.

The front seats were occupied by the relatives of the contracting pair. Miss Elva Jones, sister of the bride, and Miss Lula Anderson were the bridesmaids, while Messrs. Will Pritchard and Arlie Jones acting as groomsmen. Mr. B. H. Hiner and J. H. Armstrong, the ushers, preceded the bridal party to the alter. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. J. M. Hawley, pastor of the church.

Immediately after the ceremony the young couple, accompained by a large party of friends, left by private conveyances for their home in Dunmore, W. Va. It is needless to say that they carry with them the esteem and best wishes of the entire community.—Highland Recorder.

The descendants of Colonel John Lewis, the founder of Staunton, Va., have sent a communication to the city counsel, asking the privilege of removing his remains and those of his wife, now at Fort Lewis, on the Bellefont farm, near Staunton, the City Park, where they propose to erect a monument to the memory of the "pioneer of Augusta, and the founder of Staunton."

NOTICE.

All my real estate is for sale on reasonable terms.

AMOS BARLOW.

NOTICE TO TAKE DEPOSITIONS.

To H. B. RANGER.

Take notice, that on the 16th day of October, A. D., 1891, between the hours of 6 o'clock, a. m. and 6 o'clock, p. m. at the Law office of L. M. McClintic, in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, will take the deposition of Henry Wilfong and others to be read as evidence in my behalf, in a certain suit in equity now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, and State of West Virginia, in which T. J. Williams is plaintiff and H. B. Ranger, is Defendant.

If from any cause the taking of said Deposition shall not be commenced or completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day, or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall be completed.

T. J. WILLIAMS,
By Counsel.

Sept. 24-4t — Printer's fee $7.24

Notice of Sale.

Of Valuable Land in Pocahontas County. W. Va.

Pursuant to a decree entered in the chancery cause of Paul McNeel's Executors vs. Samuel Auldridge and others on the 4th day of April, 1889 and the 6th day of April, 1891, by the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, the undersigned Special Commissioners will sell publicly to the highest bidder in front of the Courthouse door of the said County on the

27TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1891,

the following lands of the defendant Samuel Auldridge, viz: 200 acres, of land lying in the said county of Pocahontas near Mill point, in what is known as Buckeye mountain and be proved to adjoin the lands of Isaac McNeel and others, this tract will be sold separately also two tracts one 17 and one of 9 acres lying near or adjoining the last mentioned tract, those two tracts will be sold together, also a tract of 177 acres, a tract of 100 acres, 82 acres, 4 acres and 7½ acres on the east side of Greenbrier river in said County near the mouth of Stamping creek, also a tract of about 45 acres of land lying in said County on the west side of Greenbrier river near the mouth of Stamping creek. It is believed that these last tracts lie near to or adjoining each other and constitute the home place of Samuel Auldridge on which he now resides and that there are valuable improvements on said lands and much of it is valuable for farming purposes. Also a tract of 475 acres of land lying on the mountain near Swago Knob adjoining the lands of Wm. L. McNeel, [illegible] Barlow and others, said tract is fertile and well timbered.

And there is now being made an accurate survey of these lands that will be exhibited on day of sale, showing the exact locality and amount of each tract.

TERMS.

Cash in hand sufficient to pay costs of suit and sale and for the residue bonds to be given by the purchaser, with approved personal security bearing interest from date [illegible] due in 6, 12 and 18 months from day of sale, [illegible] to be secured as an [illegible].

[illegible], Spec'l Com'rs.

[illegible] bond has been given by the above named Special Commissioners as required by law and the above decree allowed.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clk.

Printer's fee $[illegible]

Sept. 17 [illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville. W. Va.
October 8, 1891.

THE QUESTION OF THE REMOVAL OF THE COUNTY SEAT SUBMITTED.

Our County Court on yesterday submitted to a vote of the citizens of this County the question of the relocation of the County Seat from this town to Marlinton.

the leading citizens of ... ginia and have the ... means to develop the gr... ces of our county and ... prosperity and happine... people, and in their effor... the should be encou... welcomed by us, rather ... couraged and treated wit...

In a later issue we w... in full the orders enter... Court so that the peop... County may be fully info... the question presented to...

WASHINGTON LE...

From our regular correspond...

WASHINGTON, D.C., O...

When Mr. Harrison deter... on doing the "jingo" act, i... ...able effect upon...

Huntersville. W. Va.
October 8, 1891.

MODERN GEOGRAPHY.

In Which the Answers are Shaped to Accommodate Present Ideas.

Of what is the surface of the earth composed?

Of corner lots, mighty poor roads, railroad tracks, base ball grounds, cricket fields and skating rings.

What portion of the globe is water?

About three forths. Sometimes they add a little gin and nutmeg to it.

What is a town?

A town is a considerable collection of houses and inhabitants, with four or five men who "run the party" and lend money on 15 per cent interest.

What is a city?

A city is an incorporated town, with a mayor, who believes the whole world shakes when he happens to fall flat on a cross walk.

What is commerce?

Borrowing $5 for a day or two, and dodging the lender for a year or two.

Name the different races.

Horse race, boat race, Bicycle race and racing around to find a man to endorse your note.

Into how many classes is mankind divided?

Six—being enlightened, civilized, half civilized, savage, too utter, not worth a cent and Indian agents.

What nations are called enlightened?

Those which have the most wars and the worst laws and produce the most criminals.

How many motions has the earth?

That's according to how you mix your drinks and which way you go home

What is the earth's axis?

The lines passing between New York and San Francisco.

What causes day and night?

Day is caused by the night getting tired out. Night is caused by everybody taking the street cars and going home to supper.

What is a map?

A map is a drawing to show the jury where Smith stood when Jones gave him one under the eye.

What is a mariner's compass?

A jug holding four gallons.

AFTER THE BOOM.

"Ike," said Father Kaw to the hired man, "You'd better hoe the punkins on Capitol Hill the first thing in the morning."

Hired man—"I was just thinkin' av cultivatin' the corn a little up Broadway as far as the Opera House corner."

Farmer Kaw—"All right, you can hoe afterward. I'll put in the forenoon p'lanin' the prairie dogs in the Board of Trade Square, an' in the afternoon we'll tackle the wheat from Prospect avenue to College Green."

Teacher (in grammar class)—Tommy, correct this sentence, "I kissed Bessie once."

Tommy (promptly)—I kissed Bessie twice.

...harm... ...ly glitter in his eye and his brazen front. "Either you forgive me or I go to work. You shall have five minutes in which to decide."

In four minutes the hauty nobleman had found his mind and in thirty seconds more had made it up.

"You have won," said he. "But little did I dream of the depths of depravity in your nature that you have to day revealed."

A CHICAGO SOLOMON

A famous Chicago lawyer once had a singular case to settle. A physician came to him in great distress. Two sisters, living in the same house, had babies of equal age, who so resembled each other that their own mothers were unable to distinguish them when they were together.

Now it happened that by the carelessness of the nurses the children had become mixed, and now were the mothers to make sure that they received back their own infants?

"But perhaps," said the lawyer, "the children weren't changed at all."

"Oh, but there's no doubt that they were changed," said the physician.

"Are you sure of it?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, if that's the case, why don't you change them back again? I don't see any difficulty in the case."

He—We shall never be able to get back to the hotel before nightfall.

She—Dear me, how improper it will be!

He—There is only one way out to it, and that is for us to be engaged.

She—Well, I think I prefer to lose my reputation.

Nearly a hundred thousand human beings die every twenty four hours, and one-half of the people born die before reaching the age of sixteen.

Passer by—are those laborers weak backs?

Boss—Not at all, sor.

Then why do they move so slowly and cautiously when they stoop over?

They're afraid their stilettos will stick 'em.

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Vol. 9. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, October 15, 1891. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 12

CHLOE.

There was a great noise! Shouts—hoarse, shrid, sweet, harsh! The deep bass of young men; the feeble quavering of old ones, the silvery tones of women; the high falsetto of children; all mingling in delight and exultation, and whithout a shadow of pity for the miserable wretches whose lives were passing slowly out of their mangled bodies through a score of wounds. The late afternoon sun beat down hotly on thousands of heads, save where on one side friendly walls afforded a shelter from its rays. In the great open arena—the sky its only canopy—a haze of dust, with the heavy vapor always attendant upon a vast concourse of people, made the atmosphere so bad to breathe that the multitude gasped with effort between its shouts.

Fans waved in a thousand bejeweled hands, but the artificial current of air thus created was hardly perceptable. It was hot—steamily hot, and anything but a Mexican audience, which had just witnessed the slaughter of one of the fiercest and gamest bulls that ever put a matador in deadly peril, would long ago have left the building.

"That matador is a brave fellow. How neatly he found the heart with one plunge below the shoulder. He handles his sword like a master, eh, senor?" said a dark visaged, powerfully built Mexican, as he fanned himself with his large sombrero, and looked in the face of a quiet looking, well dressed man at his side.

"Yes. He is a skillful sword-man, undoubtedly," was the reply of the well dressed young man, in unmistakable northern accents.

* * * * * *

The well-dressed man, with the northern accent sat through the performance quietly and with the air of one who had nothing particular to do or he would not have been there. Sunday bullfights evidently interested him but slightly. His eyes were turned toward the arena, because from his seat it was easier to look in that direction than in any other, but any one could have seen that his thoughts were far away.

'Edward Payson,' he was saying to himself, as a scornful smile passed over his handsome features, 'what are you doing here with that letter in your pocket, showing you how foolish you are in putting off your happiness? Because you have been an exile for ten years is it necessary for you to stay away another ten years, when the one girl you ever loved beseeches you to return? If she did tell you then that what you hoped could never be, can you not believe that she was mistaken in her own heart, and that long absence has taught her that she does care for you? What other construction is to be put on the words in her letter?

Edward Payson drew a letter from his pocket and looked at it earnestly, just as the bull in the ring transfixed a horse with one of its long horns, and buried the other in the arm of the unlucky picador on his back. Through all the hubbub of shouting that followed this incident, Edward Payson seemed to witness a scene very different from that spread before him. The letter, with the superscription in a refined, lady like hand, had awakened a flood of memories that swept everything present away.

He saw a large, well kept lawn, fringed by sycamore, maple and oak, with the bright red of the [illegible] and the [illegible] white of the [illegible] [illegible] their [illegible] shadows. He saw the massive architecture of a stone mansion, half hidden by the Virginia creeper and ivy which clung lovingly to its rugged walls. He saw the home of a noble Virginia family, with the simplicity of a republic enriched by the lavish taste of a race still authorized by the College of heraldry to display a shield with sixteen quarterings. He saw in the distance the colored laborers working in the fertile fields. He saw the whole picture in a golden frame of still summer weather, and he could almost feel on his cheek the gentle breeze from the Rappahannock as it rolled slowly past on its way to the the sea.

The bull had broken away now and was dasing wildly around on the blood-stained sawdust, with its hot eyes fixed on a precador waiting for the attack while the multitude howled with excitement.

But Edward Payson paid no heed. He saw coming out of the front door of the mansion and surveying him with a saucy smile, as she stood on the veranda, a young girl in her teens, with a wealth of chestnut brown hair glistening in the morning sun. Her garden hat was swung carelessly by the ribbons from her hand, and the brown hair, just stirred by the breeze, seemed to ripple in harmony with the impulsive good nature expressed in her sweet face. The clear cut features, softened by an utterly unselfish disposition, were those of a natural aristocrat—the aristocracy which holds itself above paltry action and supercilious assumption, because it cannot help it.

He saw the girl run laughingly down the steps and accept his invitation for a stroll through the trees and shrubbery beyond the flower beds and lawn, and then—he saw her face as she told him that sisterly regard was all that she could ever feel for him, but that Chloe Payson would never cease to pray for his welfare as long as she lived.

'I was a fool,' he muttered impatiently, as the noise accompaining the slaughter of the bull in the arena awoke him from his reverie. 'If, instead of weekly despairing and leaving everybody and everything in old Virginia to come here among a strange people, I had staid and faced my fate like a man, who knows?'

He moved out of the great, hot amphitheator with the letter still in his hand. The streets were at their gayest, with all the action and bright color characteristic of a Mexican city on Sunday afternoon. Richly dressed ladies, with the lace mantilla thrown over their dark hair; gentlemen in American cut frock coats and broad sombreros, female beggars and flower sellers, each with the inevitable baby fastened to her back by a gay hued rebozo; policemen, workmen, dogs, horses, carriages and the great mass of idle population crowded the main avenue and rendered locomotion necessarily deliberate.

Edward Payson made his way to his room in a quiet street, and for the twentieth time read the letter he had received the day before.

GREENFILD, Va., June —, 188-.

MY DEAR—Why do you not come back? Why do you stay away so long from the old home? It is ten years that you have been away, and I only found out last week where you were. What made you go away so suddenly without saying goodby to anybody? I ought not to forgive you, but I do. You should have thought that perhaps the trouble which made you go might not have been so bad after all, and that people may not have meant all they said. No one knows that I am writing this letter, and perhaps I ought not to do it, but I am longing to see my boy again and I do not care what folks may say. Do not wait to write but come.

CHLOE PAYSON.

A week later Edward Pason stood in the grove of sycamores, oaks and maples, looking at the stone mansion of which he had been thinking so sadly amid the heat, dust and noise of the Mexican amphitheater. It was just such a morning of which he had dreamed. The sun was shining brightly, and the low hum of insects mingled with the shiver of the leaves over his head, as if trying to sooth him and quiet the fierce beating of his heart.

'How natural the old house looks. What a little change has been made here in ten years. It looks the same as it did yesterday. I wonder what my uncle will say to me. I wish Chloe had said something about him. We had rather a serious quarrel, I remember, the day before I left him. Perhaps he will tell me to go back again and resume the vagrant life that I know he thinks I have been leading. No, he would hardly say that to the son of his only brother, after his sacred promise to that brother to be as a father to me as long as we both lived.

Besides he was hot-headed, and, no doubt forgave me almost before I was out of the room. Ah, well, I shall soon know, and what do I care so that Chloe has a welcome for me? It was near this spot that she spoke to me so kindly, and yet, oh, so coldly, when she told me that we—cousins—could never be lovers. Ah! There she is surely?

His breath came short as he caught sight of a white dress at one of the open windows under the veranda roof. He could not see the face of the wearer because a tangled mass of creeper hung in the way, but he knew it could be no one else save the girl, as he loved still to think her, whom he had come thousands of miles to see. The white dress moved away, and he walked slowly across the lawn, noticing on every hand familiar objects that brought back his youth in a flood of fragrance.

How weak he felt as he ascended the steps to the veranda. Where was Chloe? Would she come to the door?

He pulled the bell handle and heard the clang that he remembered so well resounding through the house. He could see it in his mind's eye swinging near the rear of the long hall that ran straight through from the front door to that opening on the yard at the back, where the old cook's cabbages and tomatoes were carefully tended, and where it was as much as one of the kitchen girls' life would have been worth to trespass. He remembered how the old bell had, to his youthful imagination, possessed ghostly attributes, and how he used to fancy it moved of itself in the dusk of the evening, shaking its head in mockery and threatening to swallow him up into its rusty throat.

Listen! There is a step in the hall. Somebody is coming. The flutter of a white dress caught his eye. Impatiently he pushed the door wide open and put out his hand to take that of Chloe.

'Why, Mar's Ed'ard! Ef I didn't t'ink you'd come back to yo [illegible] [illegible],' and two black hands in white sleeves, were pinned on Ed Payson's shoulder, as a pair of horn rimmed spectacles fell with a [illegible] to the floor.

'Yes, auntie. I got a letter; and I came right back to the old place. How are you, and how is my uncle, and how is—is'——

His voice faultered, but the old woman did not appear to notice it as she answered:

'Dey is all well, honey. Dere have been few changes round here. Come in and let me give you something to eat. I've got some hot co'n cakes, like yer useter git when yo was a boy. Come along. Yo uncle's done gone away for all day.'

'Oh, Auntie, I want you to'—said a child's voice, and a little girl with sunny golden hair came running along the hall just as Ed. Payson used to run some thirty years before. She stopped when she saw him and clung close to the flustered old woman while she looked enquiringly at him.

"Yo know, Ed'ard, I did not know where you had gone, but a colored man what works for Mr. Sherwood, he was here and tol me he heard as yo was in Mexico. And I thought yo'd had a little quarrel with yo uncle, and perhaps you'd be too proud to come back if he wrote to you and so I got young Miss Mabel, over to Raleigh's place, who is just as good as an angel to col'ed folks and who writes splendid, to write to you, and"——

'And was the letter from you?' gasped Edward Payson as he looked down at the golden haired little girl while a terrible thought ran through his brain.

'Cose it was honey. Wa'nt it signed Chloe Payson and ain't that my name?"

'And—and—who is the little child?"

'That? Why, Miss Chloe's of cou'se. She was married five years ago to young Mr. Willard, who, dey say, will be a jedge next year. He is away to-day with yo'r uncle. But come up stairs and see Miss Chloe.

What a fool I is to keep yo here whith my chatterin, and you been away from ser ten years.'

But Edward Payson, with some excuse—he never knew what—managed to get away from the house and into the sycamore and mapel grove, where, with the stones of the old house just visible between the trees, and the fragrance of the syringa hovering like a half forgotten melody around his bowed head, he threw himself on the ground and nerved himself to bear such a heart wringing as fortunately comes to but a portion of poor humanity.

When, an hour later, he took her hand he felt sure she understood and pitied him, though not a word on the subject of his hopeless love has ever passed her lips—or his.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

October 15, 1891.

On the 3rd inst. an attempt was made to rob the bank at Union.

An 8 pound blue eyed girl baby was born to ex-President Cleveland and wife on the 3rd inst.

The rush for lots in the new Oklahoma town of Chandler was frightful. A young lady newspaper correspondent was thrown from her horse and killed and a white man was murdered by an Indian.

In New York Mrs. Frank Leslie was married by the Rev. C. F. Deems to William C. Kingsbury Wilde, M. A., of London, eldest son of the late Sir. Wilde, M. D. of London.

In no other department of the World's Columbia Exposition, perhaps, will be seen a greater diversity of exhibits than in that of mines and mining. Not only will there be a dazzling array of diamonds, opals, emeralds and other gems, and of the precious medals, but a most extensive collection of iron copper, lead, other ores, and of their products; of coal, granite, marble, sand stone and other building stone; of soils, salts, petroleum, and, ineed, of almost every thing, useful or beautiful, belonging to the mineral kingdom. How extensive the mineral exhibit from other countries will be, it is yet too early to know, but the indications are that it will surpass any that has heretofore been made. However that may be there is no doubt that the mineral resources and products, not only of this country as a whole, but of each State and section; will be of the most complete and representative description. Chief Skiff, of the Department of Mines and Mining, is confident that this will be the result of the plans which he is pursuing.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 9th—Mr. Harrison, who once snubbed Mr. J. S. Clarkson most unmercifully, according to republican authority, has suddenly discovered the greatness which that gentleman carries concealed somewhere about his person, and, presto change! Mr Clarkson is the sole companion of long presidential drives and has the honor of being dined at the White House. It is but a repetition of the old, old story, "circumstances alter cases." When Mr. Clarkson was a very sore-headed minor official, and because the newly elected President refused to have him in his cabinet, Mr. Harrison, who had not then began to think of a renomination, did not hesitate to let it be known how little he thought of Clarkson [illegible] but now things have changed. Mr. Clarkson is "Boss" of the National committee of his party, and even if some people do say that his "boss" is Quay, Mr. Harrison regards him as being sufficient important to be conciliated at the present stage of the game, and Mr. Clarkson seems in no way loth to being conciliated, and Senator Quay has left the Pennsylvania campaign long enough to come to Washington to see what there is "in it" for him.

The eyes of Methodists all over the world are now turned toward Washington. The Ecumenical conference of that church, with the delegates from every section of the world, began a two weeks session here Wednesday. The first of these conferences was held ten years ago in London.

The gossips now have it that California and New Hampshire are certain of the two cabinet appointments, and that Mr. Estee and ex-Gov. Cheney are men who have been selected. The first is backed by M. H. DeYoung, the California "boss" and the last by Senator Chandler, the once-was and would-be-again New Hampshire "boss"

The acting Govenor of Arizona Territory in his annual report to the Secretary of the Interior presents an array of facts and figures in favor of the assumption of Statehood by the Territory that ought to convince any unprejudiced person, but she will have to wait until the democrats get control of the Senate before she can be admitted to the Union. The republican Senators will not vote to admit any Territory unless absolute proof is presented to them that the new State will go g. o. p.

The republican national committee will meet in Washington November 20, for the purpose of formally electing "boss" Clarkston to succeed "boss" Quay as chairman of the committee, and to ratify "boss" Clarkston's choice of the time and place for holding the nominating convention next-year.

"Satan rebuking sin," or in more homely phraseology, "the kettle call the pot black," must have been thought of by the delegation of New York merchants to whom Secretary Foster was posing one day this week as the "nonpartisan, business Secretary of the Treasury." It was a sight that ought to have made the very stone pillars of the Treasury building fall down in amazement when Secretary Foster gravely informed these shrewd New Yorkers that there were more than fifty collection districts throughout the country that might be abolished without detriment to the service, and at an annual saving of several hundred thousand dollars, but that he was powerless in the matter, because the wicked politicans want the Government patronage increased instead of reduced. What Mr. Foster said is true enough as far as the Collectors of Custom go, but it would be difficult for him to convince those who know him that he really wishes to abolish them. But from the fact that he mentioned ten districts in Maine and eight in Massachusetts that ought to be abolished it looks to "a man up a tree" as if the "politicans" he wanted to frighten were the anti Harrison Senators and Representatives from Maine and Massachusetts. If they will promise to work for Harrison delegations to the National convention they will probably find it an easy matter to "convince" Mr. Foster that all those collection districts are as necessary to the country as they are to the aforesaid Senators and Representatives.

Mr. Harrison told a delegation of Philadelphia friends of Minister Egan that the administration would vigorously support Mr. Egan in the performance of his duties. This is rather ambiguous, inasmuch as all of the misunderstanding which has existed between Mr. Egan and the Chilian government appears to have been caused by his doing things outside of his duties, at least that is the substance of the charges which have been made against him, and which are expected to be proven by documents now on the way here. It may be shown that he has been guilty of things that the administration, much as it may sympathize with him, will not dare to support him in.

A veteran Confederate cavalry men's association is to be organized in Richmond, one object of which will be to erect a monument to the memory of General J. E. B. Stuart.

Subscribe for "THE TIMES.

HOME NEWS

—We want 100 subscribers next week.

—Every body call and see us when you come to court next week.

—There will be a tremendous attendance at the Circuit Court next week.

—Mr. Hugh Adams, of Rockbridge Baths, Va., passed through town Tuesday, on his way to Elk.

—Attorney R. S. Turk, of Staunton, Va., arrived in our city Monday night to prepare for Court, which is to convene next Tuesday.

—Every body should take THE TIMES and read the news of our county which is on the verge of a great developement.

—A marriage license was issued by our clerk, Tuesday, to Andrew K. Hughes and Mrs. Elizibeth Dinah. This couple walked a distance of over 20 miles to the Cleerk's office to get the license. Who will say this was not a love affair.

—At the County Court last week there was nothing done, of any interest to our readers, except an order of election for the removal of the county seat, to take place Dec. 8th, 1891. A few claims allowed and road overseers appointed.

Preaching Notices.

Preaching at Huntersville next Sunday Oct. 18th at 2:30 p. m., at Mt. Pleasant 7:30 p. m.

I. G. MICHAEL.

Rt. Rev. I. G. W. Peterkins will preach at Mingo Flats Nov. 6th, 11 a. m. Clover Lick, Sunday Nov. 8, 11 a. m. and at Huntersville at night at 8 p. m. Hillsboro Monday 9th at 11 a. m.

Rev. J. F. A. Lautenschlager will preach in the Presbyterian Church at this place Sunday the 25th, at 10:30 a. m.

Shingles for Sale.

I have for sale at my saw-mill on Knapp's Creek 15,000 first class pine, sawed shingles, $4.00 per 1,000 cash, when taken away.

S. P. MOORE.
Sunset, W. Va.

Suicide on the Street.

PITTSBURG, PA., October 5.—James H. Stone, a young man from Pocahontas county, West Virginia, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head on the street to-night. In a letter to his sister found in his pocket he promised to meet her in heaven.

Mrs. Jessie Henderson was at work in her kitchen near the Kentucky line, she heard her child scream and upon going out was confronted by a masked tramp, who demanded money. Pretending to get it, Mrs. Henderson suddenly turned and threw a pot of boiling water over the tramp's face and head. Then picking up her child she ran to a neighbors, followed by the half blinded villian flourishing a large knife. The man then disappeared in a thicket.

Long McClure, a notorious woman moonshiner, after a year's success in escaping the United States marshall, has at last been captured and is now in the Kanawha jail. She is 20 years old, of honest industrious parents, beautiful in form, bright, active and daring. Early in life she manifested a desire for outdoor sports and at the age of 15 was a good shot with both rifle and revolver. For the past three years she has been engaged in the illicit sale of whiskey. She has made a small fortune out of her trade, and she will lose it [illegible] to regain her liberty. Next November she will be tried if a grand jury can be found [illegible] enough to indict her.

Charles Stewart Parnell the [illegible] leader, died suddenly on the 6th inst.

Our Jury Law.

EDRAY, W. VA., Oct. 9th 1891.

ED. TIMES:

We desire to submit a few remarks on our late "Jury Law," and some rights which are withheld thereby.

A few days since we heard a gentleman of culture and experience remark, "one more Legislature like our last and we are undone indeed." This seems to be the opinion of the people generally, without regard to party, and why is it? You have only to glance at the laws passed last winter, to know the reason.

If there is an act passed which is an improvement on our former laws or a benefit to the people generally, we have been unable to notice it.

The most woeful calamity possible is forced upon us in the new "Jury Law." It will not be possible for us to have a legal jury until after June 1st, 1892. While the interests of the general public must suffer from this state of circumstances, the public is not in the pitiable situation of some individuals, who bear the full, *over full*, burden of the law.

There are now confined in our jail the Bright boys, on a charge of murder, and they have been there for about one year. The record shows that the State has had these cases continued all this time, and it is understood these boys have always been ready and anxious for a trial.

When we ask why justice is thus tardy in being measured out, we are referred to our new "Jury Law."

We do not desire to pass on the guilt or innocence of any individual, but we feel warranted in saying, if we have heard the evidence correctly from both sides, the Bright boys did no more than any other law abiding citizen who had any respect for himself, his family and his home would do. The origin of the trouble is said to have been Tracy's forcing his wife, (who is Bright's sister) to submit to the embraces of another man.

Bright notified Tracy not to come on his land after this brutal action, and for requesting Tracy to desist from trespassing, these boys were stoned by Tracy; and finally to preserve their own lives, it is said David Bright shot Tracy.

Did Bright not act properly, if these are facts, of which there can be no doubt? If Bright did not act in the right principle, then many of our brave boys who wore the gray, sleep their last sleep, and many of them carry bullets to-day, on account of a wrong principle. They fought more to repel the invader, than to preserve slavery. Were they right? If so, Bright was right, and if right, then *innocent men* have had their rights and liberty withheld, all because the legislature did not know how to frame that "Jury Law."

S. B. S.

Built in a Few Hours.

Guthrie, O. T., Oct. 5—Another great rush is over and and another city—Chandler—is born. Where a few days ago not a sign of human habitation existed there is now a city of 5,000 people. When the signal to "go" was given the horsemen dashed at break-neck speed for the best lot they could get. Jumping from their horses they would jam a stake into the ground and yell, "This is my lot," while horses ran loose everywhere. Many men were knocked from their horses by tree limbs, while many horses and men fell flat in the rush. There was but one serious accident. Miss Daisy Ecland, of Sturrsburg, was on a fast horse, and ascending a rocky cliff the horse fell and threw her against a bowlder, gashing her from head and fracturing her left leg.

When she regained consciousness she declared: "The lot where I fell is mine." By 3 o'clock lands were up everywhere, and the "business houses" which had been down on the school section planted on the town site as rapidly as possible. By 6 o'clock the city of tents was in good order, and the foundation laid for a splendid town.

The Game Law

Sec. 11 of chapter 62 of the code enacted so as to read as follows:

It shall be unlawful for any person in any place to catch, kill or injure, or to pursue with such intent, any quail or Virginia partridge, between the 20th day of December and the 1st day of November following; or any wild turkey between the 1st day of January and the 15th day of September; or any ruffled grouse, pheasant, primated grouse, prarare chicken, between the 1st day of January and the 1st day of November; or any blue winged teal, mallard or wood duck, or any other wild duck, wild grouse or brant, at any time between the 1st day of April and the first day of October; or any snipe except between the 1st day of March and the 1st day of July; or any woodcock, except between the 1st day July and the 15th day of September. And it shall be unlawful for any person at any time to catch by seine, net or trap, any Virginia partridge. And it shall be unlawful for any person by the use of any pivot or swivel gun, or any other than the common shoulder gun, or by the aid of any push boat, used for carrying such gun to catch, kill wound or destroy, or to pursue with such intent, upon the waters, bays, rivers, marshes, mud flats, or any cover where wild fowls resort, within this state, and any wild duck or brant.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of deeds entered to record for the month of September:

A deed from S. L. Brown, Cl'k Co. ct. to Geo. M. Kee for land situated on the Randolph and Pocahontas counties line.

W. C. McClure and wife to James P. Ginger for land on Stamping creek.

Jas. P. Ginger and wife, to Henry A Ginger for land on Stamping creek.

H. A. Adams executor of J. M. Adam, dec'd to J. Hebden and H. P. Earnshaw for land near Split Rock.

H. M. Lockridge and wife to Amos and Heney Barlow for land on Knapp's Creek.

H. M. Lockridge and wife to J. B. Lockridge for land on Douthard's creek.

Frank Furgeson and wife to Charles Curtis for land on Back Alleghany.

Chales Curtis to W. B. Sutton for land on Back Alleghany.

Jno. G. Sutton and wife to W. K. Sutton for land on Sittlington's creek.

William Gibson and wife to James Gibson for land on head waters of Elk river.

William Gibson and wife to W. B. Gibson for land on Old Field Fork of Elk.

William Gibson and wife to Wm. A. Varner and wife for land on Old Field Fork of Elk.

Jacob L. Arbogast to Jno. T. McGraw for land near Traveler's Repose.

J. E. Howell to E. D. Tolbott, trustee for steam sawmill &c.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed to me by Sabina Kertner, on the 28th day of May, 1891, and recorded in Deed Book No. 29, page 42, I will offer for sale on the

20TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1891,

at public auction in front of the Court house in the town of Huntersville, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, a certain tract of land, containg 35¼ acres, lying on top of Droop Mountain, and adjoining the land of Geo. Callison and others.

The title to said land is thought to be perfect, but I will make such deed only as is vested in me as trustee.

TERMS OF SALE.

Cash sufficient to pay expenses of sale, and a bond of Thirty-Eight Dollars, ($38.00) with interest from 28th day of May, 1891. The residue in two equal payments, due in 6 and 12 months from day of sale, with interest from date. The purchaser to give bonds with good personal security, and no deed will be made until all the purchase money is paid.

R. K. BURNS, Trustee.

Sept. 24-4t Printer's fee $7.98

POCAHO TIMES.

JOHN PBELL,
EDITOR A RIETOR.

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Entered at the Pos at Huntersville, W. Va., as sec matter.

Huntersville, Va.

October 15 1.

"Who is that?" h d nervously, as he heard a ep in the hall.

"Only papa," she pered.

He moved about ily.

"Don't be afraid," murmured, "you can surely trus n."

"I don't know," he doubtfully.

"Oh! Arthur," she throwing her arms about his n ppealingly, you certainly ought; nobody else in town will."

WHY ICE FL S.

Did you ever wonder w t is that ice, being formed of co led water, floats? And why, ome still lakes, it begins to form the bottom before it does on t surface? Scientists explain thes enigmas this wise: Ice is specifi lly lighter than water just about freeze, and therefore floats in it. This is one reason why the forma on of ice usually begins at the surfa.

Another is its peculiar la of expansion. The general law is that cold induces expansion; this law holds with water only to a certain point. When water has cooled down to within 7.4 de of freezing it ceases to contract as be re with increase of cold and begins ex pand till it freezes.

This expansion causes the colder portions of the water to rise to the surface. The formation of "ground ice" or "anchor ice" as it is sometimes called, is the only exception to the rule given above.

JUST LIKE A BOY.

"Papa!"

"Well, dear?"

"Will you please untie this string for me?"

"Yes, in a moment."

"*I* want the string now."

"Well, papa's busy and you must wait a few minutes."

"Can't you do it right away?"

"No, I can't."

"Why?"

"*I* told you I was busy."

"But I want the string to put on my little wagon."

"Well, I'll get it for you in a minute or two if you keep still."

"I can't draw the wagon without a string to it."

"Well, what if you can't?"

"But I want to draw it."

"I can't help it if you do, I,m busy now?"

"It's more than a minute since you first said you'd do it."

"It will be a good many minutes before I untie it if you don't stop teasing me."

"But I want the string."

"Well, wait until—"

"I've waited a long time now, papa."

"You'll wait longer if—"

"Can't you untie it now, papa?"

"No, I cannot."

"Why?"

"Don't you see papa is busy writing now—"

"It wouldn't take but a minute to untie the string, and—"

"Harold, I tell you—"

"There's the string, papa."

"Did you hear what I said?"

"I want the string to put on my little wagon."

"Go away and—"

"I can't draw the wagon without a string."

"Now you run right out of this room."

"What for?"

"Because you're bothering me so I can't write"

"If you'd untie the string I would'nt bother you any more."

"I tell you that—here, give me that string. I declare, you might as well try to dam Niagara as to stop a boy's tongue. There's your old string, you take it and get right out of here."

"Yes, papa—thank you for untying the string."

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 9. [illegible] CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, October 22, 1891. Terms of Subscription: $1.00 per year in advance. No. 13.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Clk Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Clk Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. [illegible]
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

AN IDYL UPON CRUTCHES.

It is to be seen often enough in Central park.

He, pale, emaciated, one of those men who carry a ticket for Charon's ferry-boat in his pocket, and is only loitering a little by the way. She, as full of life as the lilacs near which they sit, grateful to the eye in her beauty as they to the sense in their fragrance. He the weakness, she the strength, of the partnership. She was upright as a tall lily stem, with health to pay. [illegible] through a long life, he stooped painfully over the two sticks that propped up his nerveless body. These are the crutches. Now for the idyl.

There was a feverishness of life in New York city. North and south had grappled by the throat. War was whipping the hope of commerce until they hummed again. The government cried, "Give! give!" and merchant, manufacturer and artisan toiled and moiled. Even man as had a value in the market; flesh and blood grew dear.

A youth and a girl met at a church door, and strolled away together. In the course of the service —for it was the Sabbath day—the minister had invoked the divine blessing upon the Federal arms, and made a passionate appeal to the congregation to aid with purse and person to keep intact the grand old flag, that not a single star should be torn from the union, not one swept from its field. And hearts had throbbed and eyes had swelled over with tears that morning. There were dollars for the wounded and volunteers for the war in that sermon.

"Is it true that you have bought a substitute, Edgar?"

It was the girl who spoke as the pair turned up Lexington avenue.

"Um!" and Edgar nodded his head affirmatively. "A German, who thought his body and bones worth $1,000."

She looked straight before her, kicking the petal of her parasol with her [illegible] lips as she walked.

"The last steamer brought 300 emigrants, Georgia. The price of substitutes will go down for a bit. It is a pity I did not wait a little."

"Yes it is."

She said this quite seriously, and stopped before the door of the house she lived in.

"Well, don't look so serious about it," he added cheerfully. "I have put $1,000 to a worse use before now Georgia."

"Never in your life, Edgar."

"Eh?"

"Never in your life, I say, Edgar." She jumped up two steps, and then turned to confront him. "All the substitutes will be gone after awhile, and then they'll have to call upon us girls to go to the war. If I were drafted I'd not buy a substitute; I'd go."

"I understand you," said he slowly, and leaned against the pilaster. "You love your country more than all besides—eh, Georgia?"

She looked down at him with a half perplexed expression in her [illegible] eyes, and just then some leaves from the creeper that clambered the front of the house came fluttering to the ground between them. Stooping, she picked a red one up and held it to him by way of diversion. "Is not that a beautiful color?"

"It is red—a very suggestive one just now, and quite apropos of our conversation, Georgia. Give it to me. That will be a brave badge, won't it?"

There was a tone of bitterness in his voice; it was not hard to see that he was angry.

"You understand me in part, Edgar. It is the worse part that you understand; the better escapes you."

"No, I think not, Georgia." He pushed his hat back from his face and gazed steadily at her. "You believe honestly that it is on my account, for my good name, that you are solicitous. Come, now, some of your girl friends have been twitting you with my inglorious proclivities for a whole skin, contrasting the patriotic nobleness of their sweethearts with the selfish pusillanimity of yours. The thought has grown up in your brain that by and by it will be said to you, 'Your husband bought a substitute when he was drafted; you married a man who, when old and young were going to the war, sheltered himself behind his dollars.' Well now, Georgia, listen to me."

"Stop a moment Edgar. Tell me, have you never felt any of this for yourself? No one has ever twitted me as you say, but I have thought, not in my brain but in my heart, where all my thoughts of you grow, Edgar"—her cheek flushed, but she spoke resolutely—"that hereafter men may twit you, and you in turn twit me, because when our country cried out loudly, and fathers and brothers, aye, even to the very school lads, took their lives in their hand and answered the cry, I perverted love to selfishness, and so stopped your ears that I left you to be one that men could point at and say, 'He stopped at home.'"

* * * * * *

"Edgar B——." The hospital aid read the name from a paper presented to him by a lady who applied to see a patient. "Edward B——, No. 2 ward, madam; sixth bed on the right."

The hospital was clean enough and tidy, considering its crowded state, but the smell of chloride of lime and carbolic acid could not all together quell the sickly odors that drives in waves through a military hospital.

"Not dead. Oh, no, madam; he's asleep. He was rather more favorably thought of this morning. Both legs amputated at the knee."

"'He is not dead, but sleepeth.'" Unconsciously she quoted holy words to her heart, that seemed one while to stand still, and then to throb until her breath failed. "That will be a heartaching, won't it?" The red leaf that had fluttered between them rose in her memory, and the words and the look that accompanied them.

He opened his eyes and another pair are looking into them. A pair of eyes? Ah, no; a soul is looking through them, a soul that measures every variation of intelligence in his—marks when the strangeness of surprise dissolves into the new shape of recognition, when the loneness of pain clears up into the distinctness of comfort.

Not a word is spoken. Only the form lie there breathing on the pillow, and only the eyes meet, searching every line of each face, saying in unspoken language, "We are together."

Together? Yes. There should be no more heartaching till the final one. So Georgia resolved, and while death stalked on every side around Edgar B——'s bed he lived. The surgeon said that Georgia saved him. His discharge came. The war went on, but his country could spare him now.

And as he got home at last to New York—all that his unfortunate country could spare of him as he expressed it, and then a low fever attacked him and the medical men assigned all that remained of him by anticipation to mother earth. There was no pain; life would have set gently, but there was no hope, and Georgia would not believe them. She pitched her tent against the shadowy foe, and drew out the spear and buckler to fight for her love. She conquered, too, and when she had saved him the doctors declared he had a constitution of cast steel, and condescended to take the credit of his recovery. It was not much of a recovery after all. Only a tottering from the couch to the window, a lifting from the carriage to a bench in the park, but that was a very great deal to her.

With a faint touch of irony all over-wrapped by a smile of good humor had said to her:

"Never mind, Georgia; you will have to get a substitute now."

And she, brave with a true woman's courage, wise with a true woman's tact, made reply:

"My wedding dress is ready, Edgar. When shall we be married."

She kneeled, and he propped himself upright upon his crutches before the altar. He will never kneel again; the patriot was consecrated —God knows where his knees are —and then they went away. The bride and her cripple! Not a bit of it—the wife and her hero.

He likes that seat by the lilacs on the north side of the lake. The sunlight glitters on the water fringe that trickles from under the feet of the angel of the fountain, and he says it is a figure of his own life, which is running away over the basin watched over by an angel.

The shadows of the lilac lengthen out across the path and touch the grass plot, as she lifts the softly padded crutches and smiles her meaning, "Time to go home, Edgar." Sweet serious face. Verily the martyr has his consolations.

That is the idyl.—Percy Robinson in Harper's Bazar.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

Can your religion be seen?

There are no graveyards in Heaven.

Every man is some kind of a coward.

God's sheep all know their shepherd.

No man is proud who knows himself.

Any work is hard work to a lazy man.

The cross can only be seen from a cross.

Every sin is a stab at the heart of Christ.

Keeping sin in the heart keeps Christ out.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

Every good man builds his own monuments.

How to make hard work easy: Do it for God.

All the suicides in the Bible were backsliders.

Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people.

Anybody can succeed who will keep close to God.

The apple you mustn't have always looks the reddest.

The devil hates the man who minds his own business.

God will not come into the heart through the back door.

The greatest miracle of the present time is a holy life.

"Evil shall hunt the violent man to overthrow him."

There is nothing sadder on earth than an unhappy child.

Beware of people who do not love children and flowers.

The way Jesus reached the masses was by going to them.

The only thing that will make anybody good is love to God.

People do not grow in grace by looking at the faults of others.

The way to Heaven is certain and sure for those who will start now

The less religious people have more they insist upon others having.

The devil loves to hear the man who won't pay his debts talk in church.

No man has given up anything for Christ who has not given up his sins.

The praying don't mean much when the pocket-book won't say amen.

"The Lord is righteous; He hath cut asunder the cords of the wicked."

Babes in Christ sometimes die because they are fed with watered milk.

A woman can be more dangerous on a bicycle than when she throws at hens.

When the devil fishes for men he baits for their hearts not their heads.

No man can fully respect himself as long as his ways do not please God.

The Holy Ghost in the heart is the river of life flowing through the soul.

Good men are hated because their lives tell sinners that they are wrong.

Every time you say, "I can drink or let it alone," the devil will say "Amen."

You don't help God any by making home dismal for the children on Sunday.

One of God's ways of taking hold of us Himself is by giving us friends to love.

Angels probably never get tired of looking at people who are happy in God.

If you want to bring down the sinners outside of the church shoot at those in it.

When a man knows that God is with him it takes a good deal to discourage him.

The sun did a good deal of shining before there was anybody here to notice it.

People who expect to praise God in Heaven ought to begin to do it here on earth.

Nowhere in the Bible has God promised to protect anybody on the devil's ground.

Being a Christian in earnest means that you have become a brother to every man.

The Lord will never be half as hard on the faithful Christian as he is on himself.

The man who professes to be a Christian ought to work continually at the business.

College President—All the boys have attended prayers regularly this week.

Professor—Not one has missed for two weeks.

President—[illegible]! Some fellow is interested in [illegible].

"What kind of seed ought I to plant, Uncle Si, to get a good squash crop?"

"Squash, of course. What did ye suppose—[illegible]?"

"Why do you permit such [illegible]?" said the Pullman traveler to his companion after a quarrel with the porter.

"Can't help it. He's the porter; I'm only a director in the company."

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Huntersville, W. Va.
October 22, 1891.

IF WE expect to carry this State in 1892, we should be preparing for it now. There are many things to be done before we can be certain of West Va. The leaders of the Democratic party have several duties to perform. In the first place the people must be consulted in the selection of candidates. It will not do for a few men, a lot of ringsters, to assume TO RUN the party. The time for such things are past. Of course we may expect to see the attempt. But the people must see to it that these men are not permitted to foist objectionable candidates upon the party. Our candidates must be men who can command the respect and confidence of the people. We must have no jack-snappers whose only merit is that they happen to have a little money, or who happen to be "in the ring," or the friends of this or that would be leader or party dictator. In the first place, our candidate should be a pure man, with experience and statesmanship. In fact, he must be a broad guage man—one whom the people know and can trust. One who when he takes his seat, will be the Govenor, and not subject to the dictation of any man, or set of men. He must be a man whose presence will suggest the idea of manhood. Our State has plenty such men, but they are unfortunately, as a rule not in the rings, and unless the masses go to work and run the party, they will not be nominated.—There is and always has been of late years, too much personal politics in this State. Too many of our would be leaders overlook the interest of the party in the endeavor to advance their own interest. Was it not for this, West Virginia is good for 10,000 Democratic majority. With these methods the Democrats can only carry the State "by the skin of their teeth."

As we said before it is time to b at work. Politicans who have an "axe to grind" are already at work. But they are not at work for the party. Oh, no; they are at work for themselves. We propose to support the nominees with all the strength we possess; but we do hope the party will not degenerate into a personal campaign. The conventions ought to be composed of inteligent men, who are not the slaves of any one; men who have the party at heart; men who consider politicans and office seekers as of secondary importance, when compared with the success of the party. The Democratic party has good men in it, whom the people will love to honor. If such men can be nominated, the battle will be half fought. —Independent Herald.

AT A COUNTY COURT HELD FOR the County of Pocahontas, at the Court house thereof on the 6th day of October, 1891.

This day Matt Wallace and 696 other citizens of said County, presented their nine several petitions in writing, with the affidavits made by Uriah Bird, John Ligon, H. N. Hannah, William Vandervort, Geo. C. Mann, B. M. Yeager, Henry A. Yeager and Uriah Bird and [illegible], credible citizens of this County before L. M. McClintic, George P. Moore, A. C. L. Gatewood and R. C. [illegible], notaries public of this County, and duly certified by them that said petitioners, are, as such affiants verily believe, legal voters of this County, which said petitions together with said affidavits and certificates thereof are now here filed at this regular session of this Court, and the said petitions being in the same language and figures are as follows:

"To the County Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia: your petitioners, whose names are hereto signed, respectfully represent unto your Honorable body, that they are legal voters of Pocahontas county, in said state of West Virginia, and that they desire the re-location and removal of the county seat of said county from the town of Huntersville to a point on the east bank of the Greenbrier river in said county known as and commonly called Marlin's Bottom, on the lands formerly owned by Susan E. and Andrew M. McGlaughlin, which were conveyed by them and wife to John T. McGraw, by deed dated on the 13th day of February, 1891 and is now of record in the clerk's office of the county court of said county of Pocahontas in Deed Book 21, page 301 and 307. The specific place and location on said lands, to which your petitioners ask the re-location of said county seat, is indicated as Courthouse Square on a survey and plat of said Marlin's Bottom lands, now being made by Oscar A. Veasey, Civil Engineer, a copy of which plat and survey will be filed in the office of the clerk of the county court of said county of Pocahontas, for public inspection, on, or before the day of the presentation of this pitition.

Your petitioners therefore pray, that a vote may be taken upon the question of such re-location, at and to the place above indicated, at a special election to be held in the said county on such a day as your Honorable body may indicate, not less than sixty days, nor more than four months from the date of entering an order to this effect. And your petititioners will ever pray &c."

And it appearing to the court, from an inspection of the said petitions that they are signed by an aggregate of six hundred and ninety seven legal voters and citizens of this county, and that said petitioners ask the removal and relocation of the said county seat at and to the same place, and that said six hundred and ninety-seven legal voters and citizens of this county constitute more than two-fifths of all the legal voters of this county, which is estimated by allowing one vote for every six persons in this county as shown by the last census preceding the entry of this order. And there being no general election held in this county in and during the present year, said petitioners ask that a special election be ordered, had, and held on the question of the removal and re-location of said county seat to the place referred to in said petition, and hereinafter specially described, said election to be held according to the provisions of chapter 39 of the Code of West Virginia, as amended and re-enacted by chapter 87 of the acts of the legislature of West Virginia, entitled, "An Act to amend and re-enact Section 15 of Chapter 39 of the Code of West Virginia," passed on the 27th day of February, 1891?

And the said Matt Wallace, one of said petitioners, now in open court, for himself and all other voters signing said petition, tenders his bond in the penal sum of five thousand dollars, with Jno. T. McGraw, J. W. Marshall and Levi Gay as his sureties, conditioned according to law, which said bond having been acknowledged by the signers thereto before the court the same is accepted and approved as sufficient.

And it appearing to the court, that the petitioners in said petition, respectfully ask and desire that the county seat of this county be removed from Huntersville in said county, and be relocated and placed at a point on the east bank of the Greenbrier river in this county, known as and commonly called Marlin's Bottom, on the lands formerly owned by Andrew M. McGlaughlin, which were conveyed by him and wife to John T. McGraw by deed dated the 13th day of February, 1891, and now of record in the clerk's office of the county court of this county in Deed Book No. 21, page 301, and by Susan E. McGlaughlin by deed dated the 11th day of February, 1891, and recorded in said clerk's office in Deed Book 21, page 307. And that the specific place and location on said lands to which said petitioners ask the removal and re-location of said county seat is indicated as "Court House Square" on a survey and plat of said Marlin's Bottom's lands, made by Oscar A. Veasey, C. E., in surveying and laying out what is known as the Town of Marlinton on said lands, a copy of the said survey, map and plan of said town having been filed in the clerk's office of this county, and now here tendered in open court and filed with said petition, which said place as shown by the deed hereinafter referred to is specially described by metes and bound as follows, to-wit:

"Beginning at a stout locust post driven firmly into the ground at a point in a straight line drawn through the center of the west end of the Andrew M. McGlaughlin spring-house and the the stone chimney at the south end of the S. E. McGlaughlin house, and situated at five hundred and eleven and one-half feet from the centre of the west end of said spring house, and at one thousand and fifty-five feet from the center of said chimney, and at the south corner at the intersection of Judge street and Tenth avenue, as shown on the said Map of Marlinton hereto attached; thence with the south-east side of said avenue south forty degrees and forty-five minutes west two hundred and ninety feet to another locust post driven firmly into the ground at the east corner, at the intersection of Jury street and Tenth avenue; thence with the north-east side of Jury street, south forty-nine degrees and fifteen minutes east two hundred and sixty feet to another locust post driven firmly into the ground at the north corner, at the intersection of Jury street and and eleventh avenue; thence with the north-west side of Eleventh avenue north forty degrees and forty-five minutes east two hundred and ninety feet to another locust post driven firmly into the ground at the west corner, at the intersection of Eleventh avenue and Judge street; thence with the southwest side of Judge street north forty-nine degrees and fifteen minutes west two hundred and sixty feet to the place of beginning."

And it further appearing to the court that the lot, tract or parcel of ground hereinbefore referred to, is now owned by the Pocahontas Development Company, a corporation created by and operating under the laws of this state, the same having been conveyed to it by John T. McGraw and Jacob W. Marshall, by their deed dated the 30th day of September, 1891, and now of record in the clerk's office of this court in Deed Book No. 22, page 204; and that said company proposes to donate said lands to this county free and relieved from all liens, costs and charges thereon, provided and upon this condition, however that said county seat be removed and that the public buildings be located and built thereon under the vote to be taken under this order, and that said company by John T. McGraw, its president, and Geo. M. Whitescarver, its manager and secretary, now here, in open court, tenders, in escrow, a deed for said lot, piece or parcel of land conveying the same to The County court of Pocahontas County, for court house and county purposes, with covenants of general warranty, which deed, they ask, my be taken and held by the clerk of this court as an escrow to await the result of the election provided for by this order. If said election be favorable to the prayer of said petitioners and if said county seat be removed and the public buildings be located on the said land, then said conveyance is to be absolute, otherwise said deed is to be returned to the said company by the clerk of this court; and the title to the land conveyed is not to be deemed and held to have passed out of the said company and corporation, and said corporation in the event said removal and re-location are not made, is to be held relieved from any claim or title of this court or of this county to the land therein described.

And it appearing further by the proposition of said Pocahontas Development Company, by its president and manager, now here in open court made by them, that said company agrees, promises and binds itself to pay the sum of five thousand dollars in money to aid in defraying the cost and expense of a new court house and jail for said county, in the event, contingency, and upon the sole condition and consideration that the said county seat be removed to and located at the place above indicated, and its public buildings located thereon, at the said new town called Marlinton, and said company now tenders its bond for said sum of five thousand dollars, executed under the seal of said company with George M. Whitescarver, John T. McGraw, J. W. Marshall, B M. Yeager, Matt. Wallace and Levi Gay, as sureties therein, conditioned for the true and faithful payment of the said sum of five thousand dollars under the conditions therein stated, which bond being inspected by the court, and the sureties therein named being sufficient, is approved and accepted, upon the terms and conditions upon which the same is tendered.

On consideration whereof, it is ordered, That a special election be held in this county on the

SECOND TUESDAY IN DECEMBER, 1891, to-wit, on the

8TH DAY OF DECEMBER, 1891,

at the several legal voting places in this county, as heretofore fixed and established by the former order of this court, at said election a vote be taken on the question of the relocation of the county seat of Pocahontas county as prayed for in said petitions. And the clerk of this court is directed to make out immediately upon the adjournment of this court, and certify a copy of this order for each of the several voting places in this county as fixed, established, and existing by law, and to deliver them to the sheriff of this county, who is ordered to post one copy of this order at each of the said voting places at least forty days before the said 8th day of December, 1891 and make return thereof according to law. And a copy of this order shall be published in The POCAHONTAS TIMES, a weekly newspaper published at Huntersville in this county, or in some other newspaper of general circulation in this county, at least once a week for four successive weeks prior to said special election herein ordered.

And the ballots used, given, and voted at said election shall have written or printed thereon, "Re-location of County Seat" "For re-location at Marlinton." and "Against Relocation of County seat.

And the court doth appoint the following named persons, commissioners, to hold and conduct said election, for the respective voting places in this county, who, for their respective voting places, shall ascertain and certify the result of such election, as required by law, viz;

For Academy—W. W. Beard, John B. Kinnison and George S. McNeel.

For Split Rock—S. S. Varner, James Herold and. V. P. Vandervort.

For Traveler's Repose—O. W. S. Gum, A. M. V. Arbogast, and Jacob L. Arbogast.

For Green Bank—Adam Arbogast, Jacob, S. Wooddell and Charles A Lightner.

For Dunmore—Jacob K. Taylor, B. F. McElwee and George W. Arbogast.

For Frost—Andrew Herold, I. B. Moore and C. O. W. Sharp.

For Huntersville—Sheldon Moore, D. A. Fisher and Wm. L. Harper.

For Edray—A. T. Moore, Henry Barlow and Wm. M. Sharp.

For Buckeye—R. F. Overholt, H. H. McClintic and Wm. O. McNeel.

And the clerk of this court is directed to take and hold said deed upon the terms and conditions upon which it is tendered and said clerk is also directed to accept the bond of said Pocahontas Development Company, and to file the same in his office to await the further order of this court.

A Copy, Teste:

S. L. Brown, Clerk.

HOME NEWS

—Large attendance at the Circuit Court this week.

—There is a good deal of sickness in the county at this time.

—Judge F. A. Guthrie, of Charleston, held court here this week.

—A few new subscribers this week.

—Circuit Court lasted four and a half days this week.

—Venders of cider, apples and chestnuts made a good thing out of them this week.

—Mr. Dennis, editor Greenbrier Independent, was attending Court this week.

—We are late this week in order to give our readers as early as possible the Circuit Court proceedings.

—The aqua vitæ got the best of a few persons at this place this week.

—Harry [illegible], Esq., and bride, of [illegible], were visiting relatives in the city this week.

—The Times is getting in a good [illegible] week for the coming [illegible]. Call and see us friends.

—The next [illegible] association for this county will be held at Frost. In a later issue we will give particulars and dates.

—We hereby authorize all persons not to trespass by hunting or fishing [illegible]

Allen and Jno. C. Galford.
Green Bank, W. Va.

—Mr. S. P. Sieg, one of the editors of the Highland Recorder, made us a pleasant fraternal call Tuesday. He is also a young lawyer.

—The Times cash drawer was very liberally contributed to this week, for which we are exceedingly thankful.

—About 30 or more horses were sold here this week. Mr. J. S. Hawkins, of Millboro Springs sold about 25 old and young horses at an average of about $104 a piece.

—An 8 pound boy was born to our Ed. Jno. E. Campbell and wife last Sunday morning. It is needless to add that he is a Democratic boy all over, as his first utterance was "Hurrah for Cleveland."

—Mr. E. D. McClintic, of Seattle, Washington son of Mr. Wm. H. McClintic of Buckeye and brother of our commonwealth attorney, is now visiting relatives in this county.

—Read the order of the county Court in this issue, ordering an election to be taken December the 8th, 1891, to decide whether or not the court house shall be removed from [illegible] to Marlinton.

—William Beard, one of Pocahontas County's leading farmers and stock dealers, who has been at the Springs the past two weeks, has returned home very much improved in health.—Addison Echo.

—We learn from the Highland Recorder that Mr. Wm. Hevener, Jr., of [illegible], Va. is attending the Hillsboro Male & Female Academy. This is a most excellent school for ladies and gentlemen and a school which our county is proud of.

—Attorneys from a distance attending Court this week were from Warm Springs—J. T. and W. M. McAllister and Jno. W. Stephenson; Monterey—C. P. Jones, L. H. Stephenson and S. B. Seig; Covington—[illegible]; Lewisburg—Jno W. Arbuckle; Charleston—Geo. W. McBride and [illegible].

—Alex. Gum, [illegible] and Chas. [illegible] were arrested on [illegible] last Thursday charged with destroying honey bees and stealing [illegible] a hearing at [illegible]. The two former gave bail in the sum of $100 and the two latter were lodged in jail at this [illegible]. [illegible] was discharged as the offense was not committed [illegible].

—We understand the drawing and sale of lots at Buckhannon last week was a decided success. We are also pleased to learn that parties of our county who have lots there have been offered a handsome profit on their investments.

—The two colored convicts who escaped from the work on the Hot Spring extension of the C. & O. R. R. and who were lodged in jail at this place for burglary, upon a requisition were returned to the Va. penitentiary the first of this week.

Circuit Court Proceedings.

INDICTMENTS DISPOSED OF.

State of W. Va. vs. J. L. Slaven, A. & B. confessed judgment and fined $1.00 and costs.

Same vs. Gratz Slaven, same.

Same vs. J. R. Apperson, unlawful sale of liquor, acquitted, as witness did not appear.

Same vs. Jno. A. Geiger, A. & B. not guilty.

Same vs. [illegible] fined $1.00 and cost.

Same vs. [illegible] Collins, unlawful sale of liquor fined $10.00 and costs.

Same vs. Jno. Pritt, unlawful sale of liquor fined $10.00 and costs.

Same vs. David Bright, for murder found guilty in the second degree, and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

Same vs. Enos Sharp for forgery [illegible] was entered.

INDICTMENTS.

Same vs. Everet Lightner for disturbing religious worship, two cases.

Same vs. R. M. Beard, Joseph Hayes and Jno. H. Brown, same.

Same vs. J. R. Showalter for A. & B.

Same vs. Walter Cole for A. & B.

Same vs. [illegible] Hanna, carrying deadly weapons.

Same vs. Jno. Shinnaberry carrying deadly weapons.

Same vs. Ed. Jackson for A. & B.

Same vs. Jno. [illegible] A. & B.

Same vs. [illegible] Wagner carrying deadly weapons.

Same vs. [illegible] Carr, misdemeanor.

Same vs. Guden Cochran for disturbing religious worship.

Same vs. Geo. W. Sheeles, same.

Grand jury discharged.

Five Years in the Penitentiary.

The trial of David Bright for the murder of Preston G. Tracy [illegible] Nov., the circumstances of which our readers are acquainted with, came to an end this morning.

The trial and speeches of the attorneys occupied two days, when the jury went to their room and returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree, in about two hours.

All through the trial the Court room was crowded to overflowing, and considerable interest manifested by all present.

The parents, brothers and sisters of the accused, stayed through the trial with almost breathless anticipation, scarcely leaving the Court room, the accused seeming to be the most unconcerned of the family, except when the jury after an absence of about two hours filed into the Court room, and announced that that a verdict had been agreed upon, then his face turned to an almost deathly pallor.

When the verdict was announced it seemed to give relief to the grief stricken parents, and the prisoner exhibited no emotion, all seeming to think, that their counsel had gotten out of it all there was in it.

The next morning (Friday) when Judge Guthrie asked the prisoner if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, one of his attorneys Mr. S. Rucker replied for him that the prisoner had nothing to say, when the judge explained to him the [illegible] part of the law, gave him some advice, and passed the lowest possible sentence upon him the law allows, which is five years in the state penitentiary.

In the case of his younger brother J. A. Bright who was indicted as an accessory to the crime, the prosecuting attorney entered a nolle prosequi, and he was discharged.

No doubt the youthfulness of these two boys saved them a long term in the penitentiary and possibly one of their necks from the gallows.

The attorneys both for the defence and prosecution made able and eloquent speeches.

THREE NEGROES LYNCHED.
In Clifton Forge, Va.

All Hanged to one Tree and Riddled with Bullets.

On last Saturday afternoon a sad and frightful tragedy took place one and a half miles from Clifton Forge, Va., between officers and negroes, in which one white man and one negro lost their lives, and several others were wounded.

The negroes came to Clifton Forge from the Bell Hill mine 8 miles from there with the avowel of creating a disturbance. An officer arrested one of them, and was compelled to give him up at the point of pistols from the others.

The negroes then left, the officers and other citizens following them to drop state with the above result. Later in the day four of the gang were captured, and three of them were strung up to the same tree and riddled with bullets. The fourth's youthfulness saved his neck.

No farther trouble is anticipated.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 16th.—Representatives Mills and Crisp, the two candidates for the speakership of the House who are by general acknowledgement the leaders in the race, and one of whom will, barring unexpected developements, be given the coveted honor of presiding over the next House of Representatives while the other will lead the party on the floor, both happened to be in town at the same time this week, and everybody was on the look out for news of their Speakership prospects, but both of the gentlemen are apparently more interested in the several State campaigns than in their own. The [illegible] campaign will really not begin in earnest until after the State elections, because no considerable number of Representatives will be in Washington until then.

The Italian Chamber of Commerce of New York City has for a long [illegible] ever since the passage by Congress of the meat inspection act, been at work trying to convince the Italian government of the wisdom of removing the restrictions which it had, in common with other continental nations of Europe, placed upon the importation of American pork. This week M. L. Contec[illegible], the President of the Chamber of Commerce, came to Washington [illegible] that the efforts had been successful, and that the Italian government would shortly appeal the restrictions. [illegible] away there [illegible] from the administration [illegible] about "the great diplomatic triumph achieved by the administration through Minister Porter." [illegible] strictly speaking, no diplomatic relations between Italy and this country. Italy has had no minister here since the New Orleans [illegible] "diplomatic" [illegible] and he [illegible] of New York [illegible] and the administration [illegible]. Here is [illegible] of the administration trying to [illegible] to which it is not entitled. [illegible] will of [illegible] since [illegible] plete failure this year and ours the largest for years. The German officials casting about for some method to cheapen American grain to German consumers, thought of removing the duty on American wheat, and it is now announced as another "great diplomatic triumph for the administration," which is to be credited to "reciprocity," the Germans allowing our wheat to come in free in return for our admitting their beet sugar free. Their beet sugar has been admitted free ever since the sugar schedule of the McKinley tariff bill went into effect.

Senator Sherman is said to have captured the vacancy on the bench of the Court of Claims for his man, ex-Representative Thompson, of Ohio.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.
October 22, 1891.

HE DREW HIM OUT.

It was in the parlor of a Boston boarding house.

"So you are from Cape Cod, are you?" said the wit of the house addressing the new comer and winking to his fellow boarders as if to say, "notice how I will draw him out."

"Yes."

"Cape Cod runs a long way into the sea, I believe?"

"Yes, a good bit."

"Pretty dampish climate, I think?"

"Not particularly so."

"Well, now, when I was down there I thought it was. The rain appeared to me to be damper than in the city and to wet one more. It made me pretty wet I know. Say don't you think the rain wetter there than here?"

"I don't know down there we go in when it rains."

Then the boarders laughed and the drawing out process was brought to an abrupt conclusion.

BY MARRIAGE.

A traveler says that he was riding along a cattle trail near the New Mexico line when he met a rather pompous looking native of the region who introduces himself as Colonel Higgins, of Devil's river.

"Were you a Colonel in the confederate army?" he asked.

"No, sah."

"On the Union side, then?"

"No, sah, nevah was in no wah."

"Belong to the Texas Rangers?"

"No, sah, I do not."

"Ah, I see. You command one of the state militia regiments."

"No, sah, *I* don't. Don't know nothing about soldiering."

"Where, then, did you get the rank of colonel?"

"I'se a kunnel by marriage, sah."

"By marriage! How's that?"

"I married the widow of a kunnel sah—Kunnel Thompson, of Waco."

FITTING THE FAULT.

A certain woman of fashion conspicuous in Washington society, whose infirmity of temper has given rise to very interesting gossip occasionally, figures in a quaint little story.

A short time ago she was entertaining at supper, a lady of her acquaintance, when it chanced that there was placed on the table a small pot of chocolate. The hostess of the occasion is very fond of the beverage in question, partaking of it at any evening of her life. Unfortunately, the servant had so, and of to make more than the one cup, which was just about sufficient for a single cup. Accordingly, when the guest was asked if she would have some, she hesitated a moment and said no. Whereupon her entertainer, flushed with anger at the contretemps, and rising from her seat, deliberately poured the contents of the chocolate pot out of the window.

This was embarrassing for the lady entertained, to say the least of it. Of course, however, she pretended to take no notice, merely glancing slyly at her host, who made the third person at the repast, to see if he evinced any consciousness respecting the proceeding. But he only smiled slightly beneath his mustache and made no remark.

Presently he asked her if she would have some chicken salad, of which a big dish-full made the principal feature among the viands.

"I thank you, no," she replied, merely because she had a preference for something else.

Immediately, as if it were a matter of course, the host picked up the chicken salad and threw it dish and all out of the window into the garden.

"It's a way we have here," he remarked calmly.

Nobody said anything for quite five minutes afterward, but the extreme amiability exhibited by the hostess for the rest of the evening the visitor to imagine that the lesson thus given was not without a certain domestic usefulness.

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CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, October 29, 1891. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. No. 14

...rectory of Pocahontas County

...uit Court, A. N. Campbell.
... Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
... J. C. Arbogast.
...iff, Geo. W. Callison.
...rt, S. L. Brown.
...urt, J. H. Patterson.
... C. O. Arbogast.
... C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
... Geo. Baxter

...HE COURTS.

...urt convenes on the first ... April, 2nd Tuesday in June ...day in October.
... convenes on the 1st ... January, March, October ... Tuesday in July. July is ...

...re. N. C. McNeil.
...oore & McNeil,
...TORNEYS-AT-LAW.
...ctice in the Courts of Poca... adjoining Counties, and in ... Appeals of the State of ...

...
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
...ctice in the courts of Poca... adjoining counties and in ...e court of Appeals.

...STOFER.
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
...ctice in the courts of Poca... Webster counties.

...UCKER.
...-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
...actice in the courts of Poca...unty and in the Supreme court ...

...RBUCKLE.
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
...ctice in the courts of Green... Pocahontas counties ... claims for ...

...CAMPBELL.
DENTIST,
...Monterey, Va.
... Pocahontas County, at least ... of his visits will ap...

... WEYMOUTH.
...DENT DENTIST,
... Beverly, W. Va.
...ict Pocahontas County ev... and Fall. The exact ... that will appear in ...

... CUNNINGHAM, M. D.
...YSICIAN & SURGEON,
... All calls ...

...l by G. W. Wagner,
...UNTERSVILLE, W. VA.
...

A YOUNG MAN SAVED.

WHAT STARTED JULIUS MAY ON A SUCCESSFUL CAREER.

Julius May was a lawyer—that is, he was going to be one—if spending more or less hours every day in Reed & Trappen's office could produce the arranged for result. At first the prospect had been pleasant enough to him, but a course winter amusements in New York must have some effect upon a young man, and the effect in Mr. May's case had not been, in a legal sense, satisfactory.

Music and the drama, libraries bound in Russia instead of calf; fine ladies and fancy balls. London tailors and Fifth avenue boarding houses—these, and many other splendid things had become very agreeable to the newly fledged exquisite. But his little fortune was rapidly disappearing, and his little salary was so extremely small that it was scarcely worth counting as a means toward these desired results.

What must he do? He has asked himself this question almost every hour lately, and had never got but one answer—'Marry!'

After a careful and honest review he was compelled to admit that among all the rich and splendid girls whom he had habitually spoken of as crazy about him, only two were crazy enough to entertain the thought of marrying him—pretty little Bessie Bell and the exceedingly clever Nora St. Clair.

Bessie was the only child of a rich widow, who lived in excellent style, and who was perfect mistress of her income. She was a sweet, dainty little blonde, always irreproachably stylish in dress, always ready to dimple into smiles, and never at a loss for just the most agreeable thing to say.

Nora was a close friend of Bessie, but in all a contrast. She was no tenderly nurtured heiress, but a poor brave girl, who had by the force of her intellect, study and hard work gained an enviable position in the literary world. Her income from her writings was very handsome; she visited in the most aristocratic circles; she was charming in person and manners, and dressed like the rest of the fashionable world. But then Julius felt that in every sense she would not only be the 'better half,' but probably the four fourths of the house; and that his personality would sink into 'Mrs. May's husband.

So Bessie was the decision, and he determined if his new suit came home the next day to offer Miss Bell the handsome person which it adorned. For, to tell the truth, he was a handsome fellow, and if this work-a-day world had only been a great drawing room, with theatrical alcoves and musical conservatories, why, then Mr. Julius May would have been no undesirable companion through it.

The new suit came home, and fitted perfectly; the tonsorial department was equally effective in its results; every precaution had been taken, and he felt an earnestness of success in the very prosperity of these preliminaries. He rang at Mrs. Bell's door; before the footman could open it, a gentleman came quickly out, threw himself into Mrs. Bell's carriage, and, in a voice of authority, ordered the coachman to drive to the wharf.

The incident scarcely attracted [illegible] upon entering the parlor, he saw pretty Bessie watching the disappearing vehicle with [illegible] eyes. She greeted him [illegible] usual beaming, pretty manner; and very soon Mrs. Bell came in, and asked him to remain to dinner.

After dinner Mrs. Bell's clergyman called about some of the church charities, and as the young people were singing, they went into the library to discuss them. Now was the golden moment, and Julius was not afraid to seize it. What do men say on such occasions?

Do they ever say what they intended? Do they remember what they say? I don't believe Julius did, for before he had done—right in the middle of a most eloquent sentence—Bessie laid her hand on his with a frightened little movement, saying:

'Mr. May, please, sir, please do stop! Surely you know that I have been engaged ever since I was eighteen to Prof. Mark Tyler. Everybody knows it—we had a betrothal party—he is just gone to Europe for six months, that is what I was crying for. why, all our set knew about it, though he has been away nearly two years in the Rocky mountains and California. Mamma said we were to wait until I was twenty-one, but I love him just the same—and *I* am quite sure that I never did anything to make you think I could care for you in this way, Mr. May,' and Bessie looked just a little bit indignant.

'I have had the honor, Miss Bell, of being your escort all winter.'

'Oh, dear! Did you think I was going to marry you for all that? *In* all our pleasant little dinners and drives and dances is there matrimonial speculation? That would, indeed, be dreadful.'

She loved her professor too truly, she had been simply pleasant and friendly to him as she had been to all other gentleman friends, who, however, had had too much sense and modesty to misconstrue her kindness. Then she walked to her pretty aviary and began cooing to her birds. Julius hardly remembered what passed afterward except that he received a cool, courteous; 'Good night sir,' in answer to his 'Farewell,' and that he found himself walking around Madison square in a very unenviable state of mind.

To this speedily succeeded the thought of Nora, he must see her to-night; to-morrow Bessie would give her own version of his conduct, and then—well, he would not acknowledge that that could make any difference in Nora's liking for him. 'And yet,' he murmured, 'women are such uncertain creatures.' Where his own interests were concerned, Julius was not wanting in a certain strength and decision of character, and in less than an hour after his rejection by Bessie Bell he had so far composed and encouraged himself as to determine upon a visit to Nora, though whether he should offer himself or not was a point he left to the development of circumstances.

He found Nora at home, and moreover, she seemed disposed to welcome him with extra cordiality. In a little while he managed to make the conversation drift toward Bessie.

Would she be married when the professor returned from Europe?

'Oh, dear, no, not till she's twenty-one.'

'Is it not a mesalliance?'

Nora's eyes grew dangerously bright.

'Certainly not. Prof. Mark Tyler is a wonderful chemist and geologist—a man of world wide fame. It is a great honor for Bessie to be loved by such a great man.'

'Will you be glad when she marries?'

'Very.'

'Yet you will lose your friend?'

'By no means. She will remain at home and the professor and I are very old friends; he knew me when I was a little girl.'

'Indeed! Perhaps you may marry before Miss Bell.'

'I may do so. I have no specific against doing such a thing eventually, but I am quite sure I shall not do so immediately.'

'Why not?'

'Because I cannot afford it. I am just one of those women who would be likely to make a mesalliance—in money matters—and I repeat, I can not afford it just yet. I have an other extravagance before me, a great deal nicer than a husband.'

'I should like to know what it is.'

'A long European tour, with perhaps a peep at the Pyramids and a ramble about old Jerusalem.'

'Oh dear!' said Julius, in a tone half serious and half mocking. 'I should have no chance, I suppose, against such a temptation?'

"None at all," she said positively, and though she kept up the bantering tone, it was quite evident to Julius that if he asked her in sober earnest she would answer just the same with slightly different accent.

But Nora, with a woman's ready tact, turned the conversation, and gradually led it into a very unusual and practical channel—the nobility and the necessity of labor. The glowing thoughts, the plain yet hopeful truths that fair young woman uttered, Julius heard for the first time in his life that night. Never before had he realized the profit and the deep delight which might spring—and only spring—from an honest career, no matter how humble or laborious, if it was steadily pursued until success crowned it. She hid none of her own early mistakes and struggles, and then, alluding to her assured position and comfort, asked Julius how he supposed she had won it?

'By your genius she said admiringly.

'Not so sir, but by simple persevering, conscientious labor in the path *I* had marked out for myself. Therefore,' she said, with a bright, imperative face, 'go home to-night, Mr. May, choose what particular form of law you will study, throw yourself with all your capacities into that one subject, and success is sure to come. Depend upon it, the world is not far wrong in making success the test of merit.'

'You have made a new man of me, *Miss St. Clair*," said Julius enthusiastically. 'When I have proved this, may I come in to see you again?"

He had risen to go and they stood with clasped hands—'Then you may come again.' Nothing more was said but they quite understood each other, and Julious went out into the clear star lit night, determined to make himself worthy of a good woman's acceptance before he offered himself again.

Next evening Bessie and Nora sat in the firelight, sipping their after dinner coffee; it was an hour for confidence, and Bessie said rather sadly:

"Poor Julius May—he asked me to marry him last night."

Nora turned quickly but said nothing.

'That is he wanted to marry my money, everybody knows that if he loves anybody really, it is you.'

'He called on me, too, last night,' said Nora, 'and I saw he was in trouble, so I gave him something to do. Nothing like that with [illegible] pel of work when you're in trouble. When he had done it, I told him he might come and see me again.'

"Surely you would never marry him! You will just have him to dress and take care of.

'All men need women to care for them, else why were women made? But I think Julius will do very well yet. These elegant carpet knights sometimes don armor and take the world by surprise.'

'Not muchly,' laughed Bessie.

'Remember how England's curled darlings' stormed the Malakoff and battered down Sebastopol. I am going to trust Julius May for a year or two, I think he'll do.'

"We shall see.'

'Yes, we shall see. Time proves all things.'

Time proved in this case what has often been asserted: 'That every woman influences every man she comes in contact with, either for good or bad.' Julius went steadily to work, used with economy the remains of his patrimony, became known among lawyers as a hard-reading, clear headed, steady young man, and in a little more than two years he ventured to call again on Nora St. Clair and ask her a certain question. to which she answered, with pride and confidence: Yes.'

Another evening Bessie and Nora sat sipping their coffee together in the gloaming of an early summer evening.

'Bessie,' said Nora, 'Julius May asked me last night to marry him.'

'Going to do so, Nora?"

'Yes, dear, I am going to take care of him, and he is going to take care of me.'

God grant that in the larger liberty to which woman aspires, she may considr how vast a power is her influence and use it only for gracious ends!

KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

There were five hard-looking men seated on a bench in City Hall park yesterday, and while four of them were asleep the fifth sat looking at his own toes. By and by along came a man who halted to ask:

"Do any of you men want work?"

"Whats the pay?" asked the fifth, after a long silence.

"Why, I'll give one dollar and fifty cents a day."

"What's the work?"

"Digging a cellar."

"I don't want it."

"Don't any of the rest want a job?"

"I think not; but if you'll make the pay two dollars a day and the work picking strawberries I'll take the chance of waking them up.

Times.

...PBELL,
...PRIETOR.

...N, Va.

...1891.

...LETTER

Sale of Real Estate for Taxes.

Notice is hereby given that the following described tracts or lots of land, in the County of Pocahontas, which are delinquent for the non-payment of taxes for the years 1889 and 1890, will be offered for sale by the undersigned sheriff, at public auction at the front door of the Court House of said County, between the hours of ten in the morning and four in the afternoon

on the 14th day of December, 1891,

that being the second Monday in the month. Each tract or lot, or so much thereof as shall be necessary, will be sold for so much cash, as is sufficient to satisfy the amount due thereon as set forth in the following table:

NAME OF PERSON CHARGED WITH TAXES.	QUANTITY OF LAND.	LOCAL DESCRIPTION.	Total amount of taxes, interest, cost of pub. and com., being am't necess'ry to red'm before sale	Total am't of taxes interest cost of pub. commission and fee for receipt.
GREEN BANK DISTRICT.	Acres.			
Conrad Lewis C.	600	Hd w'trs Greeb'r rv.	4 49	4 74
Camden G. D. & Crouches heirs	1300	" Greenbrier rv.	6 13	6 38
Campbell J. B. Est.	60	West " "	1 34	1 59
Campbell Sam'l B.	271	Greenbrier rv.	38 14	38 38
Cunningham W. A.	71	" "	1 52	1 77
Davis Jas.O.& Isaac N.	262	Hd. Greenbrier rv.	3 30	3 55
same	150	same	2 21	2 36
Heavener's Jacob Est.	20	E. Branch Deer cr.	2 01	2 26
Hutton Alfred	298	l of 596 Greebrier rv	4 64	4 89
Hickman Mary A	1	In Green Bank	12 31	12 56
Kimble Jason & J. F. Ault.	140	Hd. Greenbrier rv.	2 00	2 25
Morrow Wm.N.	904	E. Branch Gr. rv.	10 24	10 49
same	915	same	10 42	10 67
McLaughlin Dan Est.	45	Deer creek	1 09	1 34
Seaton Mary A. wife of Jno.	391	Brush Run	3 34	3 59
Sharp John Sr. Est.	2308	Alleghany Mt	16 49	16 74
Stevens Geo O.	904	E. Branch Greb'r rv.	9 55	9 80
same	915	same	9 69	9 94
W[illegible] Jno. H.	383	Back Alleghany	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wilfong Michael	337	Alleghany Mt	9 84	10 09
EDRAY DISTRICT.				
Armstrong Jno. H.	48¼	Swago	2 65	2 90
Adkinson Abel Est.	13 53 p	same	90	15
Armstrong B. F.	51¼	same	1 94	2 19
Auldridge Wm. & G. W. Hill's Est.	22¼	M. Lick	1 21	1 46
Cameron Geo. H.	29½	Dry Branch	4 38	4 63
Dilley Wm.	100	W. Gr. river	9 40	9 65
Friel Israel	68	Greenbrier river	1 15	1 40
Hannah David Est.	290	W. Gauly Mt.	2 44	2 69
Hogsett Sam'l Est	88¾	Old Field Fk.	14 03	14 28
same	138	same	8 64	8 89
Jackson Wm	100	Slaty Fork	5 59	5 84
Ker S. B	23¾	Swago Creek	3 49	3 74
McDowell, Martin & Jno. col.	121	Adj. John Gay	2 02	2 27
Moore Isaac B	1 72 p	Waters Elk Riv.	79	1 04
McDonald Geo. W	304	Thorney Flat	19 76	20 01
same	1633	Wat. Big Spring	103 94	104 19
same	167	same	2 63	2 88
Porter W. A. & Wm	285	Hd. Laurel Run	4 10	4 36
Skyles Jannie B	1	Marlin's Bottom	11 27	11 52
Wheeler Robt. (col)	43	Adj. Auldrige	73	98
Warwick Jno. W. & E. M. Hill's h'rs	361	Clover Crk	5 08	5 33
same	20	W. Greenbrier rv	73	98
same	265	same	3 89	4 14
Warwick Jno. W	510	Greenbrier River	2 15	2 40
HUNTERSVILLE DISTRICT.				
Courtney Geo W Est	111	Buckley Mtn.	87	1 12
Cobb Amanda	100	same	84	1 09
Craig G. E. Est.	2¼	Adj. Huntersville	4 40	4 65
Campbell William	90	Alleghany Mtn	84	1 07
Green Sarah	Lot 24	Huntersville	2 02	2 27
Harris Randolph	4	Waters Knapp's cr	54	89
Holcomb Joseph	48	E. Cochran's crk	2 27	2 53
Hauck George F.M.	419	Little Back Creek	3 39	3 64
King Chas	29 15 p	Hills	4 83	5 08
Rose Andrew M. & wife	46	Buckley Mt	67	92
Seebert Jos. Est. & Herald	630	Waters Do'th'rd's cr	4 73	4 98
Shafer B. P. G.	15	Buckley Mtn.	58	83
Townsend W. F.	100	E. Greenbrier Riv	2 90	3 15
White Henry & Jos.Seeberts h'rs	800	Middle Mtn.	2 77	3 03
same	1200	Middle Mtn.	3 79	4 04
Young Chas.	189	Marlin's Mtn	1 94	2 19
LITTLE LEVELS.				
Anderson Morgan	½	Brush Run		
same	1½	Bruffey's creek	56	81
Bruffey Mary J	46	Bruffey's creek	1 64	1 89
same	43	same	1 61	1 86
Dean J. P.	87	Mill Run	1 24	1 49
Kinnison Rachel	304	Oldham Run	2 [illegible]	2 57
McNeel Rachael C. H'rs.	498	Cranberry	12 56	12 81
same	51	Greenbrier	2 86	3 11
McNeel Rachael C. Est. and Jos. Beard	38	E Droop Mountn.	95	1 20
Pennel Joseph	2	Stamping c'k	99	1 24
Rodgers Geo. M	125	Laurel creek	1 25	1 50
Rider George B	75	S. Br. Beaver Lick	1 45	1 70
Rider A. T. J. & Laura J.	138	Poplar Flats	2 22	2 52
Smith Emma E.	158	Stamping creek	2 22	2 52
Sideswhicker Margaret Est.	1 25 p	Hillsboro	82	1 07

Recapitulation—State tax, $133.69; County tax, $133.44; District tax, $154.86. Total $422.00.

Any of the aforesaid tracts or lots may be redeemed by the payment to the undersigned Sheriff, before sale, of the amount due thereon.

Given under my hand this 27th day of October, 1891.

J. C. ARBOGAST, Sheriff, P. C.

Subscribe for "THE TIMES"

HOME NEWS

—Read the delinquent list this week, it may interest you.

—Court adjourned last Friday night.

—Rev W. T. Price, of Marlinton called to see us Monday morning.

—J. H. Weymouth, dentist and little son of Beverly were here a few days last week.

—A marriage license was issued last Saturday to Mr. J. A. Gibson and Miss Lillie V. Varner.

—Mr. J. H. Poage, of Edray is visiting his daughter Mrs. Amos Barlow and family this week.

—Farmers are now husking corn, and a better crop was never known in this country, so they say.

—WANTED.—50 bushels of ears of corn, and one good two horse load of hay, at THE TIMES office.

—Attorney C. F. Moore, who has been home on a visit the past week returned to Clifton Forge Va. to day

—On the 24th inst. Miss Annie V. Pritchard and Mr. Jno. R. Hevener, were married at the home of the bride's parents at Dunmore.

—Mr. E. P. Vandevort, of Split Rock has bought the store at that place, of Marshall & Moore. We print this week a nice lot of stationary for him.

—Mr. A. N. Barlow and Miss Frances Sharp, both of Edray were married on the 22nd inst. at the home of the brides parents, by Rev. G. P. Moore.

—Died, Mr. Stuart Rider, of Poplar Flats, at his home this morning at 4 o'clock, of fever. He was about 30 years of age, and leaves a wife and seven or eight children to mourn his loss.

—Miss M. M. Apperson, daughter of Capt. Jack Apperson of Marlinton and Mr. H. S. Galford, of Buckeye, were married the 13th inst. at the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. Joshua Buckley.

—If you always hear a man grumbling about and running down his county paper, you can set it down that he never pays for it. Unfortunately we have a few of the said kind, and who will hear something drop some of these days, that will not be pleasant to the ear.

—Born to Mr. J. B. Lockridge and wife last Monday night, a fine ten pound boy. The Doctor tells us that his first utterance was "Hurrah for Buena Vista, tariff reform, Cleveland, the next President of the U. S. and a good deal more before he stopped to catch his breath.

—The first of this week Mr. J. C. Loury, Sr., had laid off, west of Huntersville 51 of the most beautiful town lots we have ever seen. This certainly is a step in the right direction, and no doubt others will follow Mr. Loury's example, and ere another year Huntersville will more than double its population and bid fair to become by far, the leading town of this section. The prices are low, and within the reach of every working man, who for a month's wages or a little more, can buy a lot to build him a house upon, and pay for it for what it would cost to rent the same property for three years or less.

Circuit Court Proceedings.

(Continued from last week.)

Overholt & Paine vs. Gladwell and Arbogast, it is ordered that appellees recover against appellants $45.06, cost of suit and an attorney's fee $10.00.

State of W. Va. vs. E. E. Sharp, indicted for felony, nolle prosequi.

State vs. Peter Kerr, indicted for misdemeanor, confessed judgment for $[illegible] and costs.

State vs. Samuel Bright, for carrying deadly weapons, not guilty.

CHANCERY BUSINESS.

Chas. L. Addie vs. Wm. F. Arbogast, report of com'rs to deide land, confirmed.

Shinaberry vs. Lockridge suit dismissed.

State of W.Va. vs. Paul McNeel's forfeited land, referred to W. H. Grose com'r.

Amos Barlow vs. St. Lawrence Boom M'f'g Co. dismissed.

E. M. Thompson executrix of Wm. Thompson, dec'd. vs. W. G. Gilkeson, decree of sale.

L. W. Herold vs. J. B. Hannah's heirs decree for sale.

D. W. S. Alderman vs. Jas. Pyles heirs &c. decreé of partition.

Jno. Dilley's admr's. vs. Wm. Dilley & others, decree of sale.

Hull's adm'r. &c, vs. Hull's heirs &c., confirmation of comr's report, and recommitted for further report.

Henry Grose vs. S. P. Patterson & others decreed partition of land.

Uriah Hevener vs. Lafayette Burner et. als. confermation of sale.

Paul McNeel's Exor's. vs. Sam'l Auldridge & als. confirmation of sale.

E. H. Moore and wife vs. Wm. Burr adm'r. and others, referred to com'r.

Abraham Burkett vs. Geo. W. Kerr, set aside tax deed.

Augusta National Bank vs. Tardy, Urquhart & others continued.

Jno. Dilley's adm'r vs. Jno. Dilley's h'rs. order of reference to com'r.

Jacob Taylor &c. vs. Margaret &c order to allot her dower in said land.

Jno. Pickering & al. vs. H. S. Rucker & al. order that defendant have leave to file his answer.

McAlister vs. S. C. Tardy, & S. C. Tardy, Jr., order to file answer.

Nannie E. Beard guardian &c., vs. Grace V. and Rachael P. Beard her wards, petition for sale of land.

R. P. G. Shafer vs. Rucker & others continued.

R. S. Turk vs. St. Lawwrence Boom & M'f'g Co., conjunction desolved and case dismissed at plaintiff's costs.

Martha Ann Rider vs. A. W. Rider continued.

Wm. Gibson vs. C. A. Yeager & als. rule to show cause why the land should not be resold.

Wm D. Moore's adm'r. vs. Wm. D. Moore's heirs &c., order of reference to com'rs.

The Removal Question.

GREEN BANK, W.Va., Oct. 26th. —ED. TIMES: Much has been said by the agitators of our County seat removal matter, but they have never made it apparent why said removal should be made, and when I attempt to give but a few of many reasons why our County seat should not be removed I answer the wishes of ¾ to ⅞ of the citizens of this the Green Bank District.

First—We have one of the best jails in West Va., and at a cost of $5,000 to us—the contracters declaring they lost $3,000 on the job of constructing it, which virtually declares that our jail is worth $8,000.

Second—We have been to $8,000 cost to bridge Knapp's Cr. to accommodate the upper end of the county and an appropriation of about $1,000 to make a road around the mountain below Huntersville so as to give the people of the lower end of the county access to it, and now a few foreigners wish to boom Marlinton and to aid in it offer a lot and $5,000 (and such men do not buy pigs in pokes or offer $5,000, unless by it they intend to make many times that amount) and many who seem not to see their interests clearly, think that we should not fail to take in the $5,000 like a money bag gapping for a half pence.

Now I mean to utter the sentiment of many, many sturdy and far-seeing citizens when I say to you my fellow tax payers, come to this subject with sense and soberness. This is an important matter, and when men say that our Co. Court has declared that the proposed court house shall cost but $13,000, remember, that court commissioners do not hold office like supreme judges, and the Court that now knows us may soon know us no more. Who knows what life's uncertainty or political diversion may bring fourth.

When we vote to move the county seat we are forging the fetters that will bind us to stand to this matter through evil as well as through good report, and when the dye is once cast the yoke is upon us —we are in for all time let the cost be small or large.

Take the Counts estimate of the Court house cost—$10,000 falling to us, $3,000 to remove the jail would put us in $13,000, withthe $8,000 lost on the bridge which would make us realize a loss of $21,000—which is the lowest possible estimate and we must expect it to be very much more, and, why should we give $21,000 for the sake of a lot and $5,000 in cash? We *feel feel* grateful to foreigners who mean by railroads&c. to develope our Co., but for us to give $25,000 or $30,000 to aid in forlegn speculation it does seem strange.

To those in the lower end of the Co., we would say that you may suppose that getting our Court house 6 miles lower down from us is stimulatinguato fight this matte,r but upon our honor this 6 miles figures as a very insignificant or small item in this matter, but let us appeal to you to stand with us in trying to repel the faction that would put such a tax upon us as this removal would entail.

Some cry out railroad, railroad, and for the life of Court house-removal agitators they cannot show that this matter has anything to do with the railroad, or a railroad with this county seat removal. The whole matter is plain, and a "wayfaring man though a fool may not err, therein" if he will listen to plain practical reasoning. I do not mean by the above to say that the men who are favoring this removal are fools by any means—no, they are men who should know better.

Trusting that I have not been an intruder, I am yours,

E. W.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n.	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

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One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

October 29, 1891.

AT A COUNTY COURT HELD FOR the County of Pocahontas, at the Court house thereof on the 6th day of October, 1891.

This day Matt Wallace and 696 other citizens of said County, presented their nine several petitions in writing, with the affidavits made by Uriah Bird, John Ligon, H. N. Hannah, William Vandervort, Wm. C. Mann, B. M. Yeager, Henry A. Yeager and Uriah Bird and Ed. I. Holt, credible citizens of this County before L. M. McClintic, George P. Moore, C. L. Gatewood and B. C. Hill, notaries public of this County, and duly certified by them that said petitioners, are, as such affiants verily believe, legal voters of this County, which said petitions together with said affidavits and certificates thereof are now here filed at this regular session of this Court, and the said petitions being in the same language and figures are as follows:

"To the County Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia: your petitioners, whose names are hereto signed, respectfully represent unto your Honorable body, that they are legal voters of Pocahontas county, in said state of West Virginia, and that they desire the re-location and removal of the county seat of said county from the town of Huntersville to a point on the east bank of the Greenbrier river in said county, known as and commonly called Marlin's Bottom, on the lands formerly owned by Susan E. and Andrew M. McGlaughlin, which were conveyed by them and wife to John T. McGraw, by deed dated on the 12th day of February, 1891 and is now of record in the clerk's office of the county court of said county of Pocahontas in Deed Book 21, page 201 and 207. The specific place and location on said lands, to which your petitioners ask the re-location of said county seat, is indicated as Courthouse Square on a survey and plat of said Marlin's Bottom lands, now being made by Oscar A. Veazey, Civil Engineer, a copy of which plat and survey will be filed in the office of the clerk of the county court of said county of Pocahontas, for public inspection, on, or before the day of the presentation of this petition.

Your petitioners therefore pray, that a vote may be taken upon the question of such re-location, at and to the place above indicated, at a special election to be held in the said county on such a day as your Honorable body may indicate, not less than sixty days, nor more than four months from the date of entering an order to this effect. And your petitioners will ever pray &c."

And it appearing to the court, from an inspection of the said petitions that they are signed by an aggregate of six hundred and ninety seven legal voters and citizens of this county, and that said petitioners ask the removal and relocation of the said county seat at and to the same place, and that said six [illegible]

[illegible]

... county, known as and commonly called Marlin's Bottom, on the lands formerly owned by Andrew M. McGlaughlin, which were conveyed by him and wife to John T. McGraw by deed dated the 12th day of February, 1891, and now of record in the clerk's office of the county court of this county in Deed Book No. 21, page 201, and by Susan E. McGlaughlin by deed dated the 11th day of February, 1891, and recorded in said clerk's office in Deed Book 21, page 207. And that the specific place and location on said lands to which said petitioners ask the removal and re-location of said county seat is indicated as "Court House Square" on a survey and plat of said Marlin's Bottom's lands, made by Oscar A. Veazey, C. E., in surveying and laying out what is known as the Town of Marlinton on said lands, a copy of the said survey, map and plan of said town having been filed in the clerk's office of this county, and now here tendered in open court and filed with said petition, which said place as shown by the deed hereinafter referred to is specially described by metes and bound as follows, to-wit:

"Beginning at a stout locust post driven firmly into the ground at a point in a straight line drawn through the center of the west end of the Andrew M. McGlaughlin spring-house and the stone chimney at the south end of the S. E. McGlaughlin house, and situated at five hundred and eleven and one-half feet from the centre of the west end of said spring-house, and at one thousand and fifty-five feet from the center of said chimney, and at the south corner at the intersection of Judge street and Tenth avenue, as shown on the said Map of Marlinton hereto attached; thence with the south-east side of said avenue south forty degrees and forty-five minutes west two hundred and ninety feet to another locust post driven firmly into the ground at the east corner, at the intersection of Jury street and Tenth avenue; thence with the north-east side of Jury street, south forty-nine degrees and fifteen minutes east two hundred and sixty feet to another locust post driven firmly into the ground at the north corner, at the intersection of Jury street and and eleventh avenue; thence with the north-west side of Eleventh avenue north forty degrees and forty-five minutes east two hundred and ninety feet to another locust post driven firmly into the ground at the west corner, at the intersection of Eleventh avenue and Judge street; thence with the south-west side of Judge street north forty-nine degrees and fifteen minutes west two hundred and sixty feet to the place of beginning."

And it further appearing to the court that the lot, tract or parcel of ground hereinbefore referred to, is now owned by the Pocahontas Development Company, a corporation created by and operating under the laws of this state, the same having been conveyed to it by John T. McGraw and Jacob W. Marshall by their deed dated the [illegible] day of September, 1891, and now of record in the clerk's office of this court in Deed Book No 22, page 204; and that said company proposes to donate said lands to this county free and relieved from all liens, costs and charges thereon, provided and upon this condition, however that said county seat be removed and that the public buildings be located and built thereon under the vote to be taken under this order, and that said company by John T. McGraw, its president, and Geo. M. Whitescarver, its manager and secretary, now here, in open court, tenders, in escrow, a deed for said lot, piece or parcel of land conveying the same to The County court of Pocahontas County, for court house and county purposes, with covenants of general warranty, which deed, they ask, may be taken and held by the clerk of this court as an escrow to await the result of the election provided for by this order. If said election be favorable to the prayer of said petitioners and if said county seat be removed and the public buildings be located on the said land, then said conveyance is to be absolute, otherwise said deed is to be returned to the said company by the clerk of this court; and the title to the land conveyed is not to be deemed and held to have passed out of the said company and corporation, and said corporation in the event said removal and re-location are not made, is to be held relieved from any claim or title of this court or of this county to the land therein described.

And it appearing further by the proposition of said Pocahontas Development Company, by its president and manager, now here in open court made [illegible]

[illegible]

... at the several legal voting places in this county, as heretofore fixed and established by the former order of this court, at said election a vote be taken on the question of the relocation of the county seat of Pocahontas county as prayed for in said petitions. And the clerk of this court is directed to make out immediately upon the adjournment of this court, and certify a copy of this order for each of the several voting places in this county as fixed, established, and existing by law, and to deliver them to the sheriff of this county, who is ordered to post one copy of this order at each of the said voting places at least forty days before the said 8th day of December, 1891 and make return thereof according to law. And a copy of this order shall be published in THE POCAHONTAS TIMES, a weekly newspaper published at Huntersville in this county, or in some other newspaper of general circulation in this county, at least once a week for four successive weeks prior to said special election herein ordered.

And the ballots used, given, and voted at said election shall have written or printed thereon, "Relocation of County Seat" "For re-location at Marlinton." and "Against Relocation of County seat."

And the court doth appoint the following named persons, commissioners, to hold and conduct said election, for the respective voting places in this county, who, for their respective voting places, shall ascertain and certify the result of such election, as required by law, viz:

For Academy—W. W. Beard, John B. Kinnison and George S. McNeel.

For Split Rock—S. S. Varner, James Herold and F. P. Vandervort.

For Traveler's Repose—O. W. S. Gum, A. M. V. Arbogast, and Jacob L. Arbogast.

For Green Bank—Adam Arbogast, Jacob S. Wooddell and Charles A Lightner.

For Dunmore—Jacob K. Taylor, B. F. McElwee and George W. Arbogast.

For Frost—Andrew Herold, I. B. Moore and C. O. W. Sharp.

For Huntersville—Sheldon Moore, D. A. Fisher and Wm. L. Harper.

For Edray—A. T. Moore, Henry Barlow and Wm. M. Sharp.

For Buckeye—R. E. Overholt, H. H. McClintic and Wm. O. McNeel.

And the clerk of this court is directed to take and hold said deed upon the terms and conditions upon which it is tendered and said clerk is also directed to accept the bond of said Pocahontas Development Company, and to file the same in his office to await the further order of this court.

A Copy, Teste:

S. L. Brown, Clerk.

—If you want Letter and Note heads, neatly printed and put up in tablet form, cheaper than you can get them anywhere else, call at THE TIMES office. We also do all kinds of nice job printing, and have on hands a nice line of Stationary, business cards, &c. &c.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 9. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, November 5, 1891. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 15

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court,	A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney,	L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,	J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,	Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court,	S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court,	J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,	C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct.	C E. Beard, S B. Hannah, G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor,	Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

It Started in a Whirl and Ended in a Wedding

"There is no use talking, Beulah," Amy Anstruther said, as she buttoned up her ulster. "Anything like a matrimonial negotiation is so distasteful to me that I would not marry the king of Siam to please anybody."

"The king of Siam—well, no!" said Beulah, smiling. "But Robert Craig is not a Mongolian, my dear. He is rich and good looking and clever as can be."

"Bah!" said Amy, as she knotted her veil above the fluffy coil of blonde hair. "I almost hate him already."

"That is what he said about you!" Beulah observed, cooly.

"Then he has some sense," Amy replied. "Come, Beulah, let us alone! There is no use of trying to strike an Anstruther-Craig alliance just for the sake of raking up the family arms. What do we Americans care for the duke of Anstruther and the earl of Craig? My grandfather kept a shop, you know, and Henry Craig was a wholesale shoe manufacturer. You might as well let us go on being common. There! I'm all ready. Where's Dicky?"

An infant warwhoop in the hall was her reply.

With the small author of that yell she went to the merry-go-round pavilion; but the ring of flying animals had just started and Amy and Dicky sat down to wait. Near them was a little girl a perfect fairy, in white, with long floating hair and pleading eyes.

"Please, Uncle Bert, won't you let me go?" she coaxed a gentleman beside her. "I won't get hurt. See! There's Nellie Graham riding a camel all alone. Please let me go!"

"Charolette, you musn't ask me, dear. Your mother told me to take care of you, and I don't know what she thinks of merry-go-rounds. I couldn't think of letting you go alone."

"The child was silent; but Amy saw great tears rolling down her cheeks, and said, very quickly: "If you don't mind, your little girl can go with our Dicky. Dicky, you'll take care of her, won't you dear? Dicky's an old merry-go-rounder."

"Oh!" cried Charlotte. "May *I*, Uncle Bert?"

"Do you think it is all right?" the gentleman inquired, looking at Amy.

"Oh, yes; it is perperfectly safe. Let her go. She will enjoy it."

The going rung, and Dicky held out his hands. "The Little Fisher-maiden" was ground out gayly from the organ, and Charlotte mounted the camel.

Amy found her companion delightful. It was five o'clock when the children came back, with their tickets all gone.

"Come back to-morrow," said Dicky, hospitably. "We come here every afternoon, don't we, Aunt Amy?"

Amy blushed.

"*I* am certainly very much obliged to you, Master Dick," said the gentleman warmly.

Amy bowed rather nervously and hurried away.

The merry-go-round grew more and more attractive. Dicky spent a child's fortune on it, and Charlotte rode every animal in the caravan. Amy and "Uncle Bert," in the meanwhile, talked and—took care of the children.

"Suppose we try it this time?" he said, one afternoon, weeks later, when the children mounted their wooden steeds.

"Would you like to?" Amy said, smiling. "Do you prefer an ostrich or a lion?"

"Oh, I shall stand up, thank you!" he replied. "How shall you ride?"

"In a sleigh, if you please. I am not so rash as to mount one of those fiery animals."

The bell struck and the organ began to grind out "Rock-a-by, Baby."

Amy laughed in spite of herself. What would Beulah say if she knew?

Round and round they went.

"How do you like it?" Amy asked.

He shook his head.

"I feel like a singing top," he said, dubiously.

"Better sit down," she said, but he did not move.

Once more they spun around.

Amy's escort uttered a low exclamation and staggared against the feet of the horse.

"I am horribly giddy," he said, faintly.

"Take care!" she cried, reaching out her hand. "This way!"

He took a step toward her. His face was deadly pale.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "How horrible this is!"

The next moment there was a cry from the spectators in the pavilion. He had fallen at the feet of the horse and the flying wheel flung him off with terrible force upon the floor.

There was wild excitement in a moment.

Amy felt herself getting deathly sick when she saw him lying there motionless.

The organ stopped. Everybody rushed to the scene of the disaster.

"He is badly hurt, I'm afraid," Amy heard some one say. "Who is he? Where does he live?"

"He is my Uncle Bert," said little Charolotte, bursting into tears. "We live a long way from here, down at Ventnor."

"Take him to a hotel," some one suggested.

"This gentleman is a friend of mine," said Amy with a sudden resolution. "Will some one call a carriage from the beach? I will take him to my sister's house.

The poor fellow never spoke or moved till long after he had been undressed and put to bed in Mrs. Stuyvesant's spare bedroom.

Beulah was out when Amy arrived. When she heard what had happened she simply said:

"Well, upon my word, Amy! That is like you. Who is he?"

"*I—I* really don't know," Amy replied, with a vivid blush; "but I am sure he is a gentleman."

Beulah stared and went up to look at the poor man who was lying on the bed with concussion of the brain. The doctor was with him, and a nurse whom Amy had got somewhere.

Beulah looked at the pale face, with its regular features and close-cut, curly brown hair, and she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

Amy was coming upstair. She slipped out to meet her and caught her by the shoulders.

"See here!" she cried, whirling her around. "Do you know who that is you have got there? It is Robert Craig."

"Beulah Stuyvesant!"

"I am telling you the truth. That is his little niece downstairs. I thought I had seen the child before."

Amy turned red and pale again.

"We must send word to his sister," she said, demurely. "Beulah, I—I hope you will be very careful what you say about Mr. Craig."

Beulah smothered a laugh, at which Amy frowned sternly, and went into the room with a bowl of ice which she was carrying.

Robert Craig was exceedingly ill. He recovered slowly, though Amy nursed him, and it was something to make a man better to see her flitting softly about the room in her pretty blue chambrey morning gown, with its frills of snowy embroidery.

"Miss Amy," he said, one morning, when she brought in a pretty blue and white Saxony bowl, "you have never told me your last name."

"It is Anstruther," she said with a sly little smile.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "What a fool I have been!"

"There! there!" she said. "You are spilling your broth."

"Do you know," he went on, "I once refused to be introduced to you? My aunt, Mrs. Stewart Stuyvesant—"

"Yes, I know!"

"She wanted me to marry you."

"How absurd—wasn't it?"

"Do you think so?" he asked anxiously. "I don't."

Amy blushed furiously.

"You are to be quiet you know," she said.

"I won't be quiet,—I can't. I lie here every day, looking at you with a longing that is eating my heart out. *I* want to know what you are going to do with me when you get me well?"

"Take you to the merry-go-round," said Amy, flippantly.

"Never!" he said, pushing away his broth. "Are you going to marry me? Because, if you aren't I may as well lay down and die now when it will be easy for me.

"You are not going to die now," she said, softly. He reached for her hand and drew her down.

"I love you," he whispered, looking full into her fair face. "Will you marry me, Amy?"

Her answer must have pleased him for his face shone radiently, and when Charolette came in a little later with a bouquet for Uncle Bert, he said proudly:

"See here, Puss! Come and kiss your new auntie"

HE DIDN'T GET THE BETTER OF PAT.

"Some time ago I was trading in a village store," writes a correspondent, "when one of the clerks came to the junior partner, who chanced to be waiting on me, and said: 'Won't you please step to the desk a moment? Pat Flynn wants to settle his bill and insists on having a receipt.'

"The merchant was evidently annoyed. 'Why, what does he want of a receipt?' he said; 'we never give one. Simply cross his account on the book; that is receipt enough.'

"'So I told him,' answered the clerk, 'but he is not satisfied. You had better see him.'

"So the proprietor stepped to the desk, and after greeting Pat with a 'good morning' said, 'You wished to settle your bill, did you?' to which Pat replied in the affirmative.

"'Well,' said the merchant, 'there is no need of giving you a receipt—see! I will cross your account off the book,' and suiting the action to the word he drew his account. 'That is as good as a receipt.'

"'And do ye mane that that settles it?' asked Pat.

"'That settles it,' said the merchant.

"'And ye're shure ye'll never be afther askin' me for it again?'

"'We'll never ask you for it again,' said the merchat decidedly.

"'Faith, then,' said Pat, 'and I'll be afther kapin' me money in me pocket, for I havent paid it yet'

"The merchants face flushed angrily, as he replied, 'Oh, well, I can rub that out.'

"'Faith, now, and I thought that same,' said Pat.

"It is needless to add that Pat obtained his receipt."

DEHORNING.

ACADEMY, W. VA., Oct. 23rd.—

ED. TIMES: With your permission and necessary space, I will inflict your readers with a little more gush on the above subject.

I am prepared to say after three years experience, that horns on cattle, are a nuisance, and I will have none of them. In former articles on this subject I asserted that there was not one single good reason, for their retention, but every reason for being rid of them. I hold the same views yet, and it is steadily growing and being adopted by all considerate and reasonable stock handlers. The cruelty consists in retaining horns for the injury, suffering and damage they cause themselves, to say nothing of the injury they do other animals, as well as damage or loss to their owners, would, or ought to be sufficient reasons for their removal.

The opponents to dehorning, or more properly dishorning make a very weak argument such as this: That nature gave them and for a wise purpose, and we should not interfere or change the laws of nature. Then was a cruel operation &c. Any fair reasoner will at once see the nonsense of this argument—for, without the changing of the laws of nature by two other modes, very familiar to all cattle and stock raisers, we would be in a sorry condition to day, and they are cruel and longer recovering from the effects of said change, than cattle that have been dishorned.

In their wild state, horns were given them as a means of defense, which is entirely unnessary in a domestic state. Besides their control and management was put entirely in the hands of mankind.

As an evidence that horns must go, I find quite a number of the most prominent stockmen of this neighborhood, besides other places, are planning to have the horns removed this fall, and I have been solicited by many of them to operate on their cattle. So I have ordered one of Dr. W. H. Levitt's clippers, that has a capacity of taking off the horns at the rate of one per minute, or 600 per day.

This machine does away with a great deal of the cruelty that is produced by the saw, as it does the work in one fifth of the time, as one motion of the saw across the horn is as painful as the instantaneous severing of the horn with the clipper. I will also have his "Pat Perfection head Holder," which weighs 80 lbs., and can be carried in a buggy from place to place, and which facilitates the speed and operation.

Parties desiring work done in this line should correspond with me, and when they can furnish 50 cattle at one place, I will remove the horns for 10 cents a head. A less number an advanced rate will be charged.

It makes no difference about the age of cattle.

Respectfully,
F. A. RENICK,

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Huntersville, W. Va.
November 5, 1891.

The Camden Road

Thomas P. Grasty, writing to the Manufacturer's Record from Parkersburg, where he has been stopping over after a trip over the route of Camden's new line, gives many particulars of interest to this section. A map is given with Pittsburg at one end of the line and Covington at the other. Following is the part of the letter referring particularly to this section:

"Apropos of new towns, one of the most inviting locations that I know of is the point on the Greenbrier river where the West Virginia and Pittsburg meets the Chesapeake and Ohio. To this point from the Gauley river, a distance of only 34 miles, the final surveys have been made and the road is ready to be let to contract. The sight of the new town is now known as Marlin's Bottom, and a vote has been ordered in Pocahontas county on the question of moving the county seat thither. I did not see the place, but am told it is a beautiful location.

Besides being on the outskirts of a great timber and coal field, it is adjacent to what is supposed to be good iron ore, in both the Oriskany and Clinton formations of the Alleghany mountains. I am informed moreover, that the Chesapeake and Ohio Company are now having a portion of this alleged ore region explored under the direction of Mr. Langdon, the geologist. But that is another story."

The junction at Marlinton is the result of an agreement between the manager of the West Virginia and Pittsburg Railroad and that of the Chesapeake and Ohio. The latter road has about 25 miles yet to build from its Warm Spring extension, and the West Virginia and Pittsburg as has been stated, 34 miles besides what is now ready for track laying in order to complete the connection from Pittsburg in Pennsylvania, through the centre of West Virginia to Covington. Much of this intervening country, now a wilderness, will so soon as the connection is made, become the scene of industrial developements on a scale so seldom witnessed in this country.

I asked Mr. Camden about the road up Potts Creek to open the 60,000 acres of strictly mineral land owned by a syndicate of which he is a member. "That," he replied will be an independent road with equal advantage to the Chesapeake and Ohio and the West Virginia and Pittsburg. It will be built in the near future, and will be about 30 miles long, from Covington on toward the divide between the Potts creek and Big Stony, which latter runs through Norfolk and Western territory. This area has been explored by experts who have explored and opened the ore body in more than 30 places, which show that the slopes on either side, as well as the valley itself, contain a persistent bed of Oriskany ore from 20 to 30 feet in thickness. Most of this ore will be made into pig iron by furnaces to be erected along the road on the syndicate's property, and some will be shipped to furnaces in Virginia. A large portion of the pig iron production on Potts creek will be shipped to Pittsburg. A perfectly satisfactory traffic arrangement has been made with the Chesapeake and Ohio people, which is to apply alike to West Virginia and Pittsburg and the proposed Potts Creek Railroad."

Summing up the result of my reconnoissance in the territory of the Camden system, I am convinced that the value of the traffic it will create is beyond computation. Unlike most new roads this one is thoroughly ballasted and in first class condition."

Sale of Real Estate for Taxes.

Notice is hereby given that the following described tracts or lots of land, in the County of Pocahontas, which are delinquent for the non-payment of taxes for the years 1889 and 1890, will be offered for sale by the undersigned sheriff, at public auction at the front door of the Court House of said County, between the hours of ten in the morning and four in the afternoon

on the 14th day of December, 1891,

that being the second Monday in the month. Each tract or lot, or so much thereof as shall be necessary, will be sold for so much cash, as is sufficient to satisfy the amount due thereon as set forth in the following table:

NAME OF PERSON CHARGED WITH TAXES.	QUANTITY OF LAND.	LOCAL DESCRIPTION.	Total amount of taxes, interest, cost of pub. and com. being am't necessary to paid in before sale	Total am't of taxes, interest, cost of pub. commission and fee for receipt.
GREEN BANK DISTRICT.	Acres.			
Conrad Lewis C.	600	Hd w'trs Greeb'r rv.	4 45	4 74
Camden G. D. & Crouches heirs	1300	" Greenbrier rv.	6 13	6 28
Campbell J. B. Est.	60	West " "	1 24	1 30
Campbell Sam'l B.	271	Greenbrier rv.	38 14	38 38
Cunningham W. A.	71	" "	1 52	1 77
Davis Jas. O. & Isaac N.	292	Hd. Greenbrier rv.	3 30	3 55
same	150	same	2 21	2 36
Heavener's Jacob Est.	20	E. Branch Deer cr.	2 01	2 25
Hutton Alfred	298	[illegible] Greenbrier rv	4 64	4 89
Hickman Mary A.	1	In Green Bank	12 31	12 56
Kimble Jason & J. F. Ault.	140	Hd. Greenbrier rv.	2 00	2 25
Morrow Wm. N.	904	E. Branch Gr. rv.	10 24	10 49
same	915	same	10 42	10 67
McLaughlin Dan Est.	45	Deer creek	1 09	1 34
Seaton Mary A. wife of Jas.	391	Brush Run	3 34	3 59
Sharp John Sr. Est.	2308	Allegheny Mt	16 49	16 74
Stevens Geo O.	984	E. Branch Greeb'r rv.	9 55	9 80
same	915	same	9 69	9 94
Warmsley Jno. H.	293	Back Allegheny	8 41	8 66
Willong Michael	337	Allegheny Mt	9 84	10 09
EDRAY DISTRICT.				
Armstrong Jno. H.	48½	Swago	2 65	2 90
Adkinson Abel Est.	13-53p	same	90	15
Armstrong B. F.	51¼	same	1 94	2 19
Ashbridge Wm. & G. W. Hill's Est.	22¾	M. Lick	1 21	1 46
Cameron Geo. H.	29	Dry Branch	4 38	4 63
Dilley Wm.	160	W. Gr. river	9 40	9 65
Fried Israel	68	Greenbrier river	1 15	1 40
Hannah David Est.	290	W. Gauly Mt.	2 44	2 69
Hogsett Sam'l Est	88½	Old Field Fk.	14 03	14 28
same	138	same	8 64	8 89
Jackson Wm	100	Slaty Fork	5 59	5 84
Kee S. R.	22½	Swago Creek	3 49	3 74
McDowell Martin & Jno. col.	121	Adj. John Gay	2 02	2 27
Moore Isaac B	1-72p	Waters Elk Riv.	79	1 94
McDonald Geo. W	304	Thorney Flat	19 76	20 01
same	1633	Wat. Big Spring	103 94	104 19
same	167	same	2 63	2 88
Porter W. A. & Wm.	265	Hd. Laurel Run	4 19	4 36
Skyles Jennie B.	1	Marlin's Bottom	11 27	11 52
Wheeler Robt. (col)	43	Adj. Ashbridge	73	98
Warwick Jno. W. & E. M. [illegible]	361	Clover Crk	5 08	5 33
same	20	W. Greenbrier rv	73	98
same	265	same	3 89	4 14
Warwick Jno. W	510	Greenbrier River	2 15	2 40
HUNTERSVILLE DISTRICT				
Courtney Geo W Est	111	Buckley Mtn.	87	1 12
Cobb Amanda	100	same	84	1 09
Craig G. E. Est.	2¼	Adj. Huntersville	4 40	4 65
Campbell William	90	Alleghany Mtn	84	1 07
Green Sarah	Lot 24	Huntersville	2 02	2 27
Harris Randolph	4	Waters Knapp's cr	64	89
Holcomb Joseph	48	E. Cochran's crk	2 27	2 53
Hanck George F. W.	419	Little Back Creek	3 39	3 64
King Chas	29-15p	Hills	4 83	5 08
Rose Andrew M. & wife	48	Buckley Mt	67	92
Seebert Jos. Est. & Herald	600	Waters Dn'th'rd's cr	4 73	4 98
Shafer R. P. G.	15	Buckley Mtn.	58	83
Townsend W F.	100	E. Greenbrier Riv	2 90	3 15
White Henry & Jos. Seeberts h'rs	500	Middle Mtn.	2 77	3 02
same	1200	Middle Mtn.	3 79	4 04
Young Chas.	180	Marlin's Mtn	1 94	2 19
LITTLE LEVELS.				
Anderson Morgan	¼	Brush Run		
same	1¼	Braffey's creek	56	81
Braffey Mary J.	46	Braffey's creek	1 64	1 89
same	43	same	1 61	1 86
Dean J. P.	87	Mill Run	1 24	1 49
Kinnison Rachel	304	Oldham Run	2 32	2 57
McNeel Rachael C. H'rs	498	Cranberry	12 56	12 81
same	31	Greenbrier	2 86	3 11
McNeel Rachael C. Est. and Jos. Beard	38	E. Droop Mount'n.	95	1 20
Pennel Joseph	2	Stamping c'k	99	1 24
Rodgers Geo. M	125	Laurel creek	1 25	1 50
Rider George B	73	S. Br. Beaver Lick	1 45	1 70
Kider A. T. J. & Laura J.	138	Poplar Flats	2 22	2 52
Smith Erona E.	138	Stamping creek	2 22	2 52
Sidenstricker Margaret Est.	1 25p	Hillsboro	82	1 07

Recapitulation—State tax, $133.69; County tax, $133.44; District tax, $154.96. Total $422.09.

Any of the aforesaid tracts or lots may be redeemed by the payment to the undersigned Sheriff, before sale, of the amount due thereon.

Given under my hand this 27th day of October, 1891.

J. C. ARBOGAST, Sheriff, P. C.

Shingles for Sale

I have for sale at my saw-mill on Knapp's Creek 15,000 first class pine, sawed shingles, $4.00 per 1,000 cash, when taken away.

S. P. MOORE.
Sunset, W. Va

—We hereby authorize all persons not to trespass by hunting or fishing upon our land.

ALLEN and JNO. C. GALFORD.
Green Bank, W. Va.

Subscribe for "THE TIMES"

HOME NEWS

—The Presiding Elder Rev. Furgeson preached at this place Monday at 11 o'clock.

—Died, Mr. Davis Grimes, of near Frost, one day last week, of typhoid fever.

—Messrs. Albert and Gilbert Sharp and Geo. Buzzard have finished Mrs. Susan E. McGlaughlin's dwelling house on Elk.

—Dr. S. P. Patterson was on the sick list a few days the first of the week but we are pleased to say is out again.

—James Boylen, near Philippi while handling a gun supposed to be unloaded shot his sister, killing her instantly.

—Vol. 1 No. 1 of the *Moundsville Echo* is on our table. It is well gotten up, neat and newsy, and if it maintains its present standard there is no reason why it should not live long and prosper.

—We will commence in a week or two a very interesting story, to the readers of our county especially, entitled the "History of Pocahontas County for five years," commencing in 1822.

—Chas. Madison, had the misfortune to get his leg broken at Mr. E. A. Smith's Camp below town last Saturday. He was helping to saw a tree down, when it twisted around catching his leg, and breaking it just below the knee.

—Capt. Jack Apperson, of Marlinton and others, arrested Dick Rankin, week before last in Randolph county. Rankin was indicted at our last court for the murder of Wm. Underwood at Buckeye a few weeks ago. He proved an alibi, as we understand by the Co's books that he was working for, and was released.

—The Kingwood Argus tells a sad tale of a couple of young people of Preston county named Tom Clarkson and Ada McCabe. They skipped to Oakland, were married, and were on their way back to Rowlesburg where they intended to reside. At Terra Alta the bride eloped with a handsomer man and the desolate groom returned home alone, and nurses a bursted heart.

—A party of ladies, and ourself with the crowd, took a trip on Mr. E. A. Smith's R. R. to his camp last Saturday, and were shown a most enjoyable time, and an incident which we are pleased to note especially was the dinner set before us by Mr. Guay, the French cook. We have had dinner at least twice, at Mr. Guay's table and we hereby testify that we have never set down to one that would surpass it, and to only a few in our lifetime that would equal it. We are also pleased to say that Mr. Robt. Beals, the manager of the train is an obliging and courteous gentleman in every sense of the word.

—In our next issue we will give our readers the full return of the elections that took place Tuesday. Eleven States held elections on that day, in some of which the contest was warm, and both parties made a thorough canvass. In Ohio the contest was the warmest, where Governor Campbell fought almost single handed, and with every chance of winning. McKinley was backed by almost the entire republican party, with a speaker of National reputation in nearly every town in the state. In New York the gubernatorial contest was equally hot, where the democrats had a good show of electing their candidate, Hon. R. P. Flower. Massachusetts a republican state is claimed by the democrats, as is also Iowa and Pennsylvania. The People's party in Kansas and Nebraska made the result doubtful. In Maryland and Virginia the democrats had a sure thing.

—Bishop Peterkin, one of the ablest and most distinguished divines in the [illegible] will preach at this place [illegible]day night.

[illegible] Association.

The Pocahontas County Musical Association will convene at Frost, on Thursday, November the 12th at 7 o'clock p. m. Teachers leaders and friends of the Association please attend.

S. B. MOORE, President.

A Card of Thanks.

We desire through THE TIMES to return our heartfelt thanks to the people of Dunmore and surrounding neighborhood for the great effort put forth by them to save our property from the recent fire.

Respectfully

C. B. SWECKER and FAMILY.

Hillsboro Chips.

N. C. McNeil, of Huntersville spent a few days in town last week.

Mrs. L. Larue and Miss Cleek, of Bath, are visiting their sister Mrs. John Cleek.

Mr. Hively and family of Warm Springs, Va. were visiting at James Jordan's last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Shrader and two children, of Dilley's Mill. were visiting relatives and friends in the Levels last week.

Mrs. Dr. Ligon, of Clover Lick, spent a few days with her daughter Mrs. Dr. McClintic last week.

E. I. Holt has returned from Baltimore, where he has been buying his fall and winter goods.

Mrs. May Holt, of Marlinton is visiting her sister Mrs. E. I. Holt.

Mr. Hickman, of Highland Co., has enrolled as a pupil of the F. & M. Academy.

Mr. Wm. H. Overholt and son Edward left for a few days trip to Baltimore, last week.

Not long since Capt. A. M. Edgar had the misfortune to get about 250 or 300 bushels of wheat burned. The stacks caught fire from the engine.

Let us hear from other correspondents.

PHILLIS.

ESTRAY.

I have in my possession two estray yearling steers. One roan and one red. The owner can have same by paying for the keeping and this ad.

R. D. KIMEL,
Sunset, W. Va.

A Horrible Accident.

One day last week two sons of James White, who lives near Harman this county, were trying to remove an iron ram rod from a gun and when in the hands of the elder the gun was discharged, the rod passing through the body of the younger near the heart, killing him almost instantly.—Randolph Enterprise.

A Big Fire.

On last Saturday at Dunmore the store of R. L. Nottingham, Mr. C. B. Sweckers cabinet shop, and all of his tools, a quantity of lumber, furniture &c., were entirely consumed by fire. Mr. S's loss is about $1,000. We did not learn the loss of Mr. Nottingham but it was very heavy. No insurance. In such a case our citizens should respond with financial aid to help these gentleman on their feet again, for who knows when one of us will meet with the same accident, and no doubt those whom we have helped when in distress, will come to our aid in a like manner, with twice what we have given.

The new Company Hotel at Buchanan, Va., was destroyed by fire on Monday night last.—The fire was discovered at 11:30 p. m., and was of incendiary origin as no fire had been used in the building. The building contained 211 rooms and cost $125,000. A few weeks ago Buchanan lost the Franklin Brass Works by fire.

The striking miners of the Coal Creek district in Tennessee could not wait for the courts to decide their case, and so on the night of Oct. 25th they took the law into their own hands. They surrounded the stockades where the convicts were, burned them, and, giving the convicts citizen's clothes, set them free. The latter, of course, were nothing loth to take advantage of the opportunity to regain their liberty, and now hundreds of these criminals are loose upon the community.

FROM DEVIL'S GULCH.

About 4 o'clock this morning Rushbank, a Greek, living at 104 East Polk street, was aroused by a strange noise, and, thinking that burglars were in the house, he rushed over to the Central station and gave the alarm. Lieut. Shippen detailed a couple of officers to investigate the case. Upon arriving at the house they found a man divested of all his clothing calmly seated before the stove warming himself. His trowsers had been neatly folded and placed on a chair, and his shoes were carefully placed in the hallway. There was no signs of the rest of his clothing. The man looked up in surprise when the officers entered and one of them asked where he came from.

"From Rough creek," was the answer.

"Where's that?"

"Near Devil's gulch," replied the stranger.

"Where do you think you are?"

"Beverly, W. Va. Everybody knows W. L. Joyce."

It was seen that the man was very drunk, but a bucket of cold water had the effect of sobering him up sufficiently to enable him to give a more lucid account of himself. He said that he was stopping at the Atlantic hotel, corner of Sherman and Van Buren streets, and was on his way east from Aspen, Col. He had started out to see Chicago after dark, and becoming weary started for his hotel. He got as far as the doorway, where he sat down proceeded to disrobe, placing his hat and coat on the side walk. The weather being a trifle cold he braced up and made more effort to go in, but made a mistake and got into Banks' house instead.—Chicago Mail.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 2 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance: after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

November 5, 1891.

AT A COUNTY COURT HELD FOR the County of Pocahontas, at the Court house thereof on the 6th day of October, 1891.

This day Matt Wallace and 696 other citizens of said County, presented their nine several petitions in writing, with the affidavits made by Uriah Bird, John Ligon, H. N. Hannah, William Vandervort, Wm. C. Mann, B. M Yeager, Henry A. Yeager and Uriah Bird and Ed. I. Holt, credible citizens of this County before L. M. McClintic, George P. Moore, A. C. L. Gatewood and B. C. Hill, notaries public of this County, and duly certified by them that said petitioners, are, as such affiants verily believe, legal voters of this County, which said petitions together with said affidavits and certificates thereof are now here filed at this regular session of this Court, and the said petitions being in the same language and figures are as follows:

"To the County Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia: your petitioners, whose names are hereto signed, respectfully represent unto your Honorable body, that they are legal voters of Pocahontas county, in said state of West Virginia, and that they desire the re-location and removal of the county seat of said county from the town of Huntersville to a point on the east bank of the Greenbrier river in said county, known as and commonly called Marlin's Bottom, on the lands formerly owned by Susan E. and Andrew B. McGlaughlin, which were conveyed by them and wife to John T. McGraw, by deed dated on the 12th day of February, 1891 and is now of record in the clerk's office of the county court of said county of Pocahontas in Deed Book 21, page 501 and 507. The specific place and location on said lands, to which your petitioners ask the re-location of said county seat, is indicated as Courthouse Square on a survey and plat of said Marlin's Bottom lands, now being made by Oscar A. Veney, Civil Engineer, a copy of which plat and survey will be filed in the office of the clerk of the county court of said county of Pocahontas, for public inspection, on, or before the day of the presentation of this petition.

Your petitioners therefore pray, that a vote may be taken upon the question of such re-location, at and to the place above indicated, at a special election to be held in the said county on such a day as your Honorable body may indicate, not less than sixty days, nor more than four months from the date of entering an order to this effect. And your petititioners will ever pray &c."

And it appearing to the court, from an inspection of the said petitions that they are signed by an aggregate of six hundred and ninety seven legal voters and citizens of this county, and that said petitioners ask the removal and relocation of the said county seat at and to the same place, and that said six hundred and ninety-seven legal voters and citizens of this county constitute more than two-fifths of all the legal voters of this county, which is estimated by allowing one vote for every six persons in this county as shown by the last census preceding the entry of this order. And there being no general election held in this county in and during the present year, said petitioners ask that a special election be ordered, had, and held on the question of the removal and re-location of said county seat to the place referred to in said petition, and hereinafter specially described, said election to be held according to the provisions of chapter 39 of the Code of West Virginia, as amended and re-enacted by chapter 27 of the acts of the legislature of West Virginia, entitled, "An Act to amend and re-enact Section 13 of Chapter 39 of the Code of West Virginia," passed on the 27th day of February, 1887.

And the said Matt Wallace, one of said petitioners, now in open court, for himself and all other voters signing said petition, tenders his bond in the penal sum of five thousand dollars, with Jno T. McGraw, J. W. Marshall and Levi Gay as his sureties, conditioned according to law, which said bond having been acknowledged by the signers thereto before the court the same is accepted and approved as sufficient.

And it appearing to the court, that the petitioners in said petition, respectfully ask and desire that the county seat of this county be removed from Huntersville in said county, and be relocated and placed at a point on the east bank of the Greenbrier river in this [illegible]

Sale of Real E[state]

Notice is hereby given that the f[ollowing] ... the County of Pocahontas, which ... [tax]es for the years 1889 and 1890, w[ill be sold by the she]riff, at public auction at the front ... between the hours of ten in the m[orning] ...

on the 14th day ...

... being the second Monday in th[e] ... [ther]eof as shall be necessary, will be ... [sati]sfy the amount due thereon as se[t] ...

NAME OF PERSON CHARGED WITH TAXES.	QUANTITY OF

GREEN BANK DISTRICT. | Ac[res]

[illegible] Lewis C.

[McG]laughlin spring-house and the [sto]ne stone chimney at the south end of [th]e S. E. McGlaughlin house, and situated at five hundren and eleven and one-half feet from the centre of the west end of said spring-house, and at one thousand and fifty-five feet from the center of said chimney, and at the south corner at the intersection of Judge street and Tenth avenue, as shown on the said Map of Marlinton hereto attached: thence with the south-east side of said avenue south forty degrees and forty-five minutes west two hundred and ninety feet to another locust post driven firmly into the ground at the east corner, at the intersection of Jury street and Tenth avenue; thence with the north-east side of Jury street, south forty-nine degrees and fifteen minutes east two hundred and sixty feet to another locust post driven firmly into the ground at the north corner, at the intersection of Jury street and and eleventh avenue: thence with the north-west side of Eleventh avenue north forty degrees and forty-five minutes east two hundred and ninety feet to another locust post driven firmly into the ground at the west corner, at the intersection of Eleventh avenue and Judge street: thence with the south-west side of Judge street north forty-nine degrees and fifteen minutes west two hundred and sixty feet to the place of beginning."

And it further appearing to the court that the lot, tract or parcel of ground hereinbefore referred to, is now owned by the Pocahontas Development Company, a corporation created by and operating under the laws of this state, the same having been conveyed to it by John T. McGraw and Jacob W. Marshall by their deed dated the 2 th day of September, 1891, and now of record in the clerk's office of this court in Deed Book No 22, page 204: and that said company proposes to donate said lands to this county free and relieved from all liens, costs and charges thereon provided and upon this condition however that said county seat be removed and that the public buildings be located and built thereon under the vote to be taken under this order, and that said company by John T. McGraw, its president, and Geo. M Whitescarver, its manager and secretary, now here, in open court, tenders, in escrow, a deed for said lot, piece or parcel of land conveying the same to The County court of Pocahontas County, for court house and county purposes, with covenants of general warranty, which deed, they ask, may be taken and held by the clerk of this court as an escrow to await the result of the election provided for in this order. If said election be favorable to the prayer of said petitioners and if said county seat be removed and the public buildings be located on said land, then said conveyance is to be absolute, otherwise said deed is to be returned to the said company by the clerk of this court: and the title to the land conveyed is not to be deemed as held to have passed out of the said company and corporation, and said corporation in the event said removal and re-location are not made, is to be held relieved from any claim or title of the court or of this county to the land therein described.

And it appearing further by the proposition of said Pocahontas Development Company, by its president and manager, now here in open court made by them, that said company agrees, promises and binds itself to pay the sum of five thousand dollars in money to aid in defraying the cost and expense of a new court house and jail for said county, in the event, contingency, and upon the sole condition and consideration that the said county seat be removed to and located at the place above indicated, and its public buildings located thereon, at the said new town called Marlinton, and said company now tenders its bond for said sum of five thousand dollars, executed under the seal of said company with Geo. M. Whitescarver, John T. McGraw, J. W. Marshall, B. M. Yeager, Matt [illegible] and Levi Gay, as sureties thereto, conditioned for the true and faithful payment of the said sum of five thousand dollars under the conditions therein stated, which bond being inspected by the court, and the sureties therein named being sufficient, is approved and accepted, upon the terms and conditions upon which the same is tendered.

On consideration whereof, it is ordered, That a special election be held in this county on the

SECOND TUESDAY IN DECEMBER, 1891, to-wit, on the

8TH DAY OF DECEMBER, 1891.

[a]t the several legal voting places in [t]his county, as heretofore fixed and established by the former order of this [c]ourt, at said election a vote be taken [o]n the question of the relocation of the [c]ounty seat of Pocahontas county as [p]rayed for in said petitions. And the [c]lerk of this court is directed to make out immediately upon the adjournment of this court, and certify a copy of this order for each of the several voting places in this county as fixed, established, and existing by law, and to deliver them to the sheriff of this county who is ordered to post one copy of this order at each of the said voting places at least forty days before the said 8th day of December, 1891 and make return thereof according to law. And a copy of this order shall be published in The POCAHONTAS TIMES, a weekly newspaper published at Huntersville in this county, or in some other newspaper of general circulation in this county, at least once a week for four successive weeks prior to said special election herein ordered.

And the ballots used, given and voted at said election shall have written or printed thereon, "Re-location of County Seat" "For re-location at Marlinton." and "Against Relocation of County seat.

And the court doth appoint the following named persons, commissioners, to hold and conduct said election, for the respective voting places in this county, who, for their respective voting places, shall ascertain and certify the result of such election, as required by law, viz:

For Academy—W. W. Beard, John B. Kinnison and George S. McNeel.

For Split Rock—S. S. Varner, James Herold and W. P. Vandervort.

For Traveler's Repose—O. W. S. Gum, A. M. V. Arbogast, and Jacob L. Arbogast.

For Green Bank—Adam Arbogast, Jacob S. Wooddell and Charles A Lightner.

For Dunmore—Jacob K. Taylor, B. F. McElwee and George W. Arbogast.

For Frost—Andrew Herold, I. B. Moore and C. O. W. Sharp.

For Huntersville—Sheldon Moore, D. A. Fisher and Wm. L. Harper.

For Edray—A. T. Moore, Henry Barlow and Wm. M. Sharp.

For Buckeye—R. E. Overholt, H. H. McClintic and Wm. O. McNeel.

And the clerk of this court is directed to take and hold said deed upon the terms and conditions upon which it is tendered and said clerk is also directed to accept the bond of said Pocahontas Development Company, and to file the same in his office to await the further order of this court.

A Copy, Teste:

S. L. BROWN, Clerk.

In the Dark!

They who shut their eyes and ears to advice and wots not the errors of their ways are liable to step in at the wrong place and get "sunk. [illegible]

[illegible]	[illegible]	
90	Alleghany Mtn	84
24	Huntersville	2 02
4	Waters Knapp's cr	64
48	E. Cochran's crk	2 27
419	Little Back Creek	3 39
3-15 p	Hills	4 83
48	Buckley Mt	67
600	Waters Do'th'rd's cr	4 73
15	Buckley Mtn.	58
100	E. Greenbrier Riv	2 90
900	Middle Mtn.	2 77
1200	Middle Mtn.	3 79
189	Marlin's Mtn	1 94
½	Brush Run	56
1½	Bruffey's creek	
46	Bruffey's creek	1 64
43	same	1 61
87	Mill Run	1 24
304	Oldham Run	2 32
498	Cranberry	12 56
51	Greenbrier	2 86
38	E Droop Mountn.	95
2	Stamping c'k	99
125	Laurel creek	1 25
75	S. Br. Beaver Lick	1 45
138	Poplar Flats	2 22
138	Stamping creek	2 22
1 25 p	Hillsboro	82

[illegible] 53.69; County tax, $135.44; D[i]stri[ct] ...

... lots may be redeemed by the pay[ment] ... [sa]le, of the amount due thereon.

... [th] day of October, 1891.

J. C. ARBOGAST, Sheriff.

Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

[illegible]

Scott's Emulsion ... CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds. [illegible]

Good Morning! You Are Hoarse!

Lightning Cough Drops are something new in the way of a throat and lung balsam, are safe, certain and prompt in their action, and are a sure cure for CROUP. PRICE, 25 and 50 CENTS A BOTTLE.

Lightning Vegetable Liver Pills are a sure cure for sick Headache, Biliousness, Costiveness, Piles and Inactivity of the Liver. 25 CENTS A BOX. [illegible]

Lightning Hot Drops A panacea for external and internal use. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, [illegible] Sore Throat, Sprains, Bruises, Lameness, [illegible] A sure cure for Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint and Flux. 25 and 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Keep them in the House, they will often Save Doctor Bills.

If you feel no relief after using two-thirds the contents of a bottle of these medicines return the remaining contents to the dealer from whom you bought it and he will refund the price paid for the entire bottle.

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine. Prepared by

HERB MEDICINE CO., - Weston, W. Va.

—If you want Letter and Note heads, neatly printed and put up in tablet form, cheaper than you can get them anywhere else, call at THE TIMES office. We also do all kinds of nice job printing, and have on hands a nice line of Stationary, business cards, &c. &c.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

SHERWOOD, Md., May 2, '88.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.: Gents—About three years ago I wrote to you about a horse I owned who had a Spavin. I used six bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, and it made a complete Cure. I have recommended it to others who have used it [illegible]

MRS. ANNIE E. [illegible]

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

LIBERTY, Warren Co., Va., June [illegible]

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.: Dear Sirs—I must say that I once tried a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure on a three-year-old colt, and it entirely removed a bone spavin [illegible] I did not use all the bottle in removing it. The horse is six or seven years old, very sound, and has done hard work all of the time.

Respectfully yours, E. KINGSTON SALISBURY.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

COLUMBIA, Ala., July 24, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.: Gents—I have effectually removed one case of bone spavin with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I cheerfully recommend it to all.

Respectfully, R. C. [illegible]

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

BETTON'S PILE SALVE

A POSITIVE CURE FOR PILES. 50c. PER BOX.

IN USE OVER 40 YEARS. SIMPLE. EFFECTIVE. WONDERFUL. Highest TESTIMONIALS. At Druggists or Mailed on Receipt of Price. WINKELMANN & BROWN Drug Co. Baltimore, Md.

KOPFALINE FOR HEADACHE [illegible]

$3000 A YEAR! [illegible]

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills makes a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS. 28 UNION SQUARE, N.Y. [illegible] FOR SALE BY

[illegible]

H. W. ALLEGER, Washington, N. J.

[illegible]

CENTRAL W. VA. MARBLE WORKS

Manufacturers of

HEADSTONES AND ALL KINDS OF MONUMENTAL WORK. Dealers in ALL KINDS OF WIRE FENCING.

Lewisburg, W. Va.

E. H. MOORE, Agent, ACADEMY, W. Va.

THE POLICE GAZETTE

Is the only illustrated paper in the world containing all the latest sensational and sporting news. No Saloon Keeper, Barber or Club Room can afford to be without it. It always makes friends wherever it goes.

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Send Five Cents for sample copy.

RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 9. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, November 12, 1891. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 16

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C E. Beard, S B. Hannah, G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

HISTORY OF POCAHONTAS.

Five Years History of Pocahontas County, as Recorded in the Order Book of the County Court.

The first County Court for Pocahontas was held on the 5th and 6th of March 1822 (69 years ago) by William Poage, James Tallman, Geo. Poage, Benjamin Tallman, John Baxter and George Burner, gentleman justices. Cyrus Cary and Johnson Reynolds qualified as attorneys to practice in the Court, and Mr. Reynolds was appointed attorney for the commonwealth. John Jordan qualified as sheriff and his son Jonathan as deputy. Josiah Beard was appointed Clerk, Robert Gay, commissioner of the Revenue, John Baxter, Colonel, Benjamin Tallman, Lieutenant Colonel and William Blair Major of the Militia; Boon Tallman, Captain of a company of cavalry, Andrew G. Mathews first and Benjamin Wallace second Lieutenant of said company. Wm. Arbogast, Henry Herold, Isaac Moore and Milburn Hughes were recomended to the Govenor to be appointed Captains of the Militia; Robt. Warwick, Wm. Moore, Wm Young and James Rhea as Lieutenants; Jacob Slaven, James Wanless, Sam'l Young and Jas Callison as Ensigns and Abraham McNeel as Coroner. Jacob W. Mathews, Thos. Hill, Jno. Slaven, Jas. Callison, Sr., Wm. Edmiston, Jno. Gililand, Wm. Cackley, Sam'l Commings, Jnô. Bradshaw, Patrick Bruffey, Jas. Waugh and Jas. Sharp were recomended to the Govenor as justices of the peace, and their appointments as such desired.

At the May term (7th of May) a grand jury was sworn in and indictments were found against David H. Smith for assault and battery, and against Josiah Beard for obstructing public road. Jno. Burner and Geo. Mays qualified to practice law in the Court, and Sampson L. Mathews qualified as surveyor.

Richard Hill, Geo. Poage, Jno. Bradshaw, Jas Tallman and Jno. Slaven, appointed overseers of the poor. Abraham McNeel and Robt. Rhea recomended to the Governor to be appointed sheriff (the first named was always appointed) David H. Smith bound to keep the peace for one year, in the penalty of $100. Henry Herold appointed constable, and a number of orders made appointing Com'rs to lay off and mark out public roads &c.

At the May term, F. W. Perkins was granted leave to keep an ordinary, Jno. Bradshaw private entertainment in Huntersville and Sam'l Commings near the town.

The Court fixed the rates to be charged by the *ordinary* as follows:

For diet 25 cts., lodging 8 cts., grain per gallon 12½ cts., horse 12 hours at hay 12½ cts., whiskey per gill 6¼ cents, brandy 6¼ jamaca spirits 12½, French brandy 12½ and rum 10 cents per gill. ☞ Oh! for the good times of long ago. Some of my old friends are singing while I write.

Thos. Hill, Sam'l M. Gay, Pat. Bruffey, Jas. Tallman and Jno. Gilliland were appointed school com'rs.

And it was ordered that the Clerk should keep his office at the house of John Bradshaw.

At the June term, Noah Legrand and Thos. B. Hamilton and Adam See were admitted to practice in the Court. Jas. Alderson to be qualified as deputy Clerk and an order for Johnson Reynolds to be summoned to the August Court to show cause why he should not be removed from the office of attorney for the Commonwealth.

The county levey was laid allowing the attorney for the commonwealth $50, clerk $50 and Sheriff $20 per year.

The whole levy for the year being $950.47, $655.50 of which was to be applied toward building court house, $30 to John Nickles for removing and building temporary court house $72 for 18 wolf scalps at $4 each, and the sheriff ordered to collect from 437 tithables $2.17½ cts. each to pay the levies so made.

A deed admitted to record from John Bradshaw at the July Court 1822 to the county, conveying the land to the county upon which the Court house and jail were erected.

Ladivius Robins a Presbyterian Minisetr authorized to celebrate the rites of matrimony, (as the good old coons of that day were determined to increase the Pocahantas multiplication table) and Thos. Bradshaw to keep private entertainment.

AT AUGUST COURT.

The only indictment found was against Josiah Beard, for obstructing the public road. Wm. Smith and Pere B. Wethered were permitted to qualify and practice as attorneys. Isaac Sanders bound over to keep the peace upon complaint of Josiah Beverage. Com'rs appointed to view and mark out the way for a road from Randolph line to Valley Mt., and another to mark out the way for road from the Randolph line to the head of Greenbrier settlement. David Smith fined $7.50 for assault and battery by the verdict of a jury.

SEPTEMBER COURT 1822.

A number of orders made appointing surveyors of road. An order made declaring Josiah Beard incompetant to act as clerk of the court, and that the same be certified to the general court, that a rule may be taken and he removed from office, with the protest of Jas. Tallman, Wm. Poage, Geo. Poage and Ben. Tallman against the order so mane, and Robt Gay appointed com'r of the Revenue for 1823.

OCTOBER TERM 1822.

All orders that were made in relation to roads. *It* seems that at that time every road dwindled into a squirrel path, ran up a tree and was lost.

NOVEMBER TERM, 1822.

John Hutchison permitted to practice law in the court.

Nicholas Simmons appointed Lieutenant in Captain Herold's company 127 Reg. 8 of Va., Peter Herald ensign in said Co., and Levi Moore and other Com'r appointed to enter into a contract with Peter McClair for building the court house.

Wm. Young appointed Captain of Militia. Thos. Cochran for Lieutenant and David Hanna ensign, Wm. Callison Lieutenant and Benj. Wallace ensign in another company.

MAY COURT, 1823.

John Jordan qualified as Sheriff, and license to Peter McClair to keep an ordinary. John Bradshaw and Francis W. Perkins to keep public entertainment.

JUNE COURT.

Sheriff returned delinquent list of taxes amounting to $34.20.

County levy laid for $1,433.12, $1,114.83 of which was for public buildings. $80 for 20 wolf scalps. $35 to sheriff and only $15 to clerk and same to Reynolds attorney for the Commonwealth. Levied on 478 titables at $3.04 each. Sam'l Hogsett appointed Coroner, and Wm Poage recommended for the office of Sheriff. Fixed the amount to be paid for keeping property levied upon —horse for 24 hours 6¼ cents, cow 3cts., sheep and hogs 1 cent each, gallons of grain 12½ cents.

JULY TERM.

Geo. May appointed attorney for the Commonwealth in the place of John Reynolds and to pay him the $10 heretofore paid Reynolds. Sam'l M. Gay appointed school com'r. Grand jury presented Francis W. Perkins.—Jas. Stratton indicted for assault and battery. Order increasing the size of the court house then building, from the 19 to 23 ft. and the jail from 15 to 19 feet.

SEPTEMBER TERM.

Wm. Cackley granted ordinary license and Lanty Lockridge private entertainment.—Robt Gay appointed com'r Revenue for 1824.

OCT. TERM.

Wm Hill indicted for assault and battery. Robert Corley recommended for Capt. of Militia. Delinquent list returned by sheriff amounting to $17.67.

MARCH TERM, 1844.

Ladwell Richard permitted to qualify as a lawyer and practice in the court. A deed of emancipation from John McNeel of his negro man Robt. Trout. Jonathan Jordan qualified as deputy of W Poage Sheriff. James Cooper appointed constable and Moses McClintic and Geo. H. Fry not permitteded to qualify as deputies of Poage, and Jas. Tallman, Geo. Poage, Ben Tallman, J. W. Mathews and Jacob Lightner entered their protest against the action of the court is refusing to permit them to qualify as deputies of Poage.

MAY COURT 1824.

W. H. Terrill permitted to qualify and practice in the court. Grand jury found four indictments. Order quashing warrant committing Nancy Hughes, Wm. Hughes and Geo. Hughes to jail, and then bound over to keep the peace for one year, and also warrant committing Sam'l McCoy quashed John Bradshaw licensed to keep an ordinary, and so was Wm. Cackley. Western Mills having treated a grand juror with contempt was imprisioned during the sitting of the court. Jas. Cochran, charged with felony acquitted.

(Continued next week.)

HOW A COWARD FEELS.

It is a humiliating confession to make, but, physically speaking, I am an arrant coward! And yet, so far as formation of body goes, I ought not to fear to cope with any ordinary being of danger.

I am young, tall, have a chest measurement of about thirty-nine inches, and am, I believe, thoroughly muscular.

How I have tried to overcome this feeling of cowardice, but in vain! At the first sign of my being involved in danger I turn deadly pale, my heart beats wildly, and I am seized with such a fit of trembling that my legs almost give way beneath me. I am almost rendered nearly speechless for my voice quavers to such an extent that I can scarcely articulate words.

And my friends actually want me to join the army!

"No," said I to myself, with a sickly smile. "'The pen is mightier than the sword,' so I'll stick to the pen."

What a noble soldier I should have made! I am sure that, in the event of being "ordered to the front," I should have deserted at the first opportunity.—"A Coward" in London Tit Bits.

A SINGULAR SALE.

When Shylock bargained for a "pound of flesh," it was not recorded what he intended to do with it. But a sale of a very similar commodity recently took place for humanitarian reasons. A young widow, nurse in a hospital for children in San Francisco, recently sold forty five square inches of her skin for one hundred dollars. A strip of skin nine by five inches was cut from her body by surgeons and was grafted on to the leg of a railway mail clerk who was injured in an accident. His right leg was badly burned and would not heal, and as a last resort skin grafting was proposed. A fellow-clerk of the sufferer first offered to supply the skin, but when he learned how much was needed he backed out. The nurse, having three children and needing money, offered to furnish the necessary amount of skin. She submitted bravely to the opperation, which was performed successfully, and was paid one hundred dollars for her sacrifice. Victor Hugo in Les Miserables appeals touchingly to our sympathies with the relation of poor Fantine who sold all her belongs, her beautiful hair, and finally her pearly teeth, which she had pulled, to support her unfortuneate little one, but this heorine in real life, who sells her living skin for her children's sake, merits a respectful admiration as well as deep sympathy.

Merchant—I wish to transport some goods to Jinksville and—

Railroad Official (irascibly)—Well why in thunder don't you go to the freight department?

Merchant—It's a large quantity of goods, and *I* wish to inquire about rates.

Official—Go to the freight department, I say. Whatever the rates are you'll pay 'em or keep your goods at home. No reductions to you or any one else. Hear that? Clear out now.

Merchant—The Jinksville I mean is not in this state, but the Jinksville over the line. There is a rival road running there, you know and I can easily——

Official—Sit down, my dear sir, sit down and let's talk it over. James, bring the gentleman a cigar. Henry, bring the gentleman a glass of champagne, *George*, tell the president one of our most valued patrons is here.

THREE OF A KIND.

Horrace *Greely* once refused an increase of salary upon the ground that he did not think his paper could not afford to pay it.

Mr. Bliss, president of the Boston and Albany Railroad, has just declined an increase of his salary from $12,000 to $20,000 with the singular explanation that "I do not believe my services are worth any more than *I* am now receiving."

Mr. Powderley succeeded lately, with difficulty, in persuading the Knights of Labor to reduce his salary from $5,000 to $3,500.

There are a great many peculiar men in this world.

Wayfarer—What are you doing with that long ladder, Rastus?

Rastus—Well, boss, day done tell me ebryt'ing gwine up sence dis Merkinlas bill done pass, an' of dat's de case wid ev'ry t'ing I jus' hatter have some instrument er dis sort fer perhaps [illegible] reach.

Winkle—Miss Teaser is taking a course in wood-carving.

Sodd—what is her idea?

Winkle—I understand that she intends opening a boarding house.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Huntersville, W. Va.

November 5, 1891.

Citizens of Pocahontas Co.

We are authorized to say that the people of this county, who oppose additional taxation that may be avoided, and consequently oppose moving the Court House from its present location to Marlinton, think that the voters should hear the matters involved publicly discussed before the day of voting. Those opposed to the movement have selected Mr. C. F. Moore as an exponent of their views and he will address the people of the county at the following times and places:

Lobelia, school house Friday Nov. 27th, 1 p. m.; Hillsboro, Saturday, Nov. 28th, 2 p. m.; Edray, Tuesday, Dec. 1st 1 p. m.; Frost, Wednesday, Dec. 2nd, 1 p. m.; Dunmore, Thursday, Dec. 3rd, 2 p. m.; Travelers Repose, Friday, Dec. 4th, 1 p. m.; Green Bank, Saturday, Dec. 5th, 1 p. m.; Huntersville, Monday, Dec. 7th, 2 p. m.

Any gentleman who desires to divide time with Mr. Moore at any of these places is cordially invited to do so. The voters are the parties interested and should not miss these discussions.

THE ELECTION.

Major McKinley Defeats Govenor Campbell in Ohio by 20,000 Votes.

Elections were held in 13 states.

In Iowa, Massachusetts, Maryland, New Yore and Ohio Govenors were elected. The Democrats elected four out of the five.

Ohio gave McKinley, republican for Govenor, 20,000 plurality. The Republicans claim from 40 to 50 on joint ballot in the Legislature.

Maryland elects a democratic Govenor by 20,000 plurality. The Legislature Democratic.

New York 40,000 for Democratic Govenor, and the Legislature about evenly divided.

Massachusetts and Iowa elected Democratic Govenors.

Pennsylvania goes republican by 40,000.

Virginia is all Democratic.

Kansas and Nebraska make small republican gains.

New Jersey democratic.

Illinois is still republican.

California is about evenly divided with a small republican majority.

Sale of Real Estate for Taxes.

Notice is hereby given that the following described tracts or lots of land, in the County of Pocahontas, which are delinquent for the non-payment of taxes for the years 1889 and 1890, will be offered for sale by the undersigned sheriff, at public auction at the front door of the Court House of said County, between the hours of ten in the morning and four in the afternoon

on the 14th day of December, 1891,

that being the second Monday in the month. Each tract or lot, or so much thereof as shall be necessary, will be sold for so much cash, as is sufficient to satisfy the amount due thereon as set forth in the following table:

NAME OF PERSON CHARGED WITH TAXES.	QUANTITY OF LAND.	LOCAL DESCRIPTION.	Total amount of taxes, interest, cost of pub. and com., being am't necess'ry to red'm before sale	Total am't of taxes interest cost of pub. commission and fee for receipt.
GREEN BANK DISTRICT.	Acres.			
Conrad Lewis C.	600	Hd w'trs Grenb'r rv.	4 49	4 74
Camden G. D. & Crouches heirs	1300	" Greenbrier rv.	6 13	6 38
Campbell J. B. Est.	60	West " "	1 34	1 59
Campbell Sam'l B.	271	Greenbrier rv.	38 14	38 38
Cunningham W. A.	71	" "	1 52	1 77
Davis Jas. O. & Isaac N.	262	Hd. Greenbrier rv.	3 30	3 55
same	150	same	2 21	2 36
Heavenor's Jacob Est.	20	E. Branch Deer cr.	2 01	2 26
Hutton Alfred	298	½ of 596 Greebrier rv	4 64	4 89
Hickman Mary A.	1	In Green Bank	12 31	12 56
Kimble Jason & J. F. Ault.	140	Hd. Greenbrier rv.	2 00	2 25
Morrow Wm. N.	904	E. Branch Gr. rv.	10 24	10 49
same	915	same	10 42	10 67
McLaughlin Dan Est.	45	Deer creek	1 09	1 34
Seaton Mary A. wife of Jno.	391	Brush Run	3 34	3 59
Sharp John Sr. Est.	2308	Alleghany Mt	16 49	16 74
Stevens Geo O.	904	E. Branch Greb'r rv.	9 55	9 80
same	915	same	9 69	9 94
Warmsley Jno. H.	393	Back Alleghany	8 41	8 66
Wilfong Michael	337	Alleghany Mt	9 84	10 09
EDRAY DISTRICT.				
Armstrong Jno. H.	48½	Swago	2 65	2 90
Adkinson Abel Est.	13-53 p	same	90	15
Armstrong B. F.	51½	same	1 94	2 19
Auldridge Wm. & G. W. Hill's Est.	22¼	M. Lick	1 21	1 46
Cameron Geo. H.	297	Dry Branch	4 38	4 63
Dilley Wm.	100	W. Gr. river	9 40	9 65
Friel Israel	68	Greenbrier river	1 15	1 40
Hannah David Est.	299	W. Ganly Mt.	2 44	2 69
Hogsett Sam'l Est	88¾	Old Field Fk.	14 03	14 28
same	138	same	8 64	8 89
Jackson Wm	100	Slaty Fork	5 59	5 84
Kee S. R	23¾	Swago Creek	3 49	3 74
McDowell, Martin & Jno. col.	121	Adj. John Gay	2 02	2 27
Moore Isaac B	1-72 p	Waters Elk Riv.	79	1 04
McDonald Geo. W	304	Thorney Flat	19 76	20 01
same	1633	Wat. Big Spring	103 94	104 19
same	167	same	2 63	2 88
Porter W. A. & Wm	285	Hd. Laurel Run	4 10	4 36
Skyles Jannie B.	1	Marlin's Bottom	11 27	11 52
Wheeler Robt. (col)	43	Adj. Auldrige	73	98
Warwick Jno. W. & E. M. Hills h'rs	361	Clover Crk	5 08	5 33
same	20	W. Greenbrier rv	73	98
same	265	same	3 89	4 14
Warwick Jno. W	510	Greenbrier River	2 15	2 40
HUNTERSVILLE DISTRICT				
Courtney Geo W Est	111	Buckley Mtn.	87	1 12
Cobb Amanda	100	same	84	1 09
Craig G. E. Est.	2¼	Adj. Huntersville	4 40	4 65
Campbell William	90	Alleghany Mtn.	84	1 07
Green Sarah	Lot 24	Huntersville	2 02	2 27
Harris Randolph	4	Waters Knapp's cr	64	89
Holcomb Joseph	48	E. Cochran's crk	2 27	2 53
Hauck George F. M.	410	Little Back Creek	3 39	3 64
King Chas	29 15 p	Hills	4 83	5 08
Rose Andrew M. & wife	48	Buckley Mt.	67	92
Seebert Jos. Est. & Herald	600	Waters Do'th'rd's cr	4 73	4 98
Shafer R. P. G.	15	Buckley Mtn.	58	83
Tounsend W. F.	100	E. Greenbrier Riv	2 90	3 15
White Henry & Jos. Seeberts h'rs	800	Middle Mtn.	2 77	3 03
same	1200	Middle Mtn.	3 79	4 04
Young Chas.	189	Marlin's Mtn	1 94	2 19
LITTLE LEVELS.				
Anderson Morgan	½ 1½	Brush Run Bruffey's creek	56	81
same	46	Bruffey's creek	1 64	1 89
Bruffey Mary J	43	same	1 61	1 86
same	87	Mill Run	1 24	1 49
Dean J. P.	304	Oldham Run	2 32	2 57
Kinnison Rachel	498	Cranberry	12 56	12 81
McNeel Rachael C. H'rs	51	Greenbrier	2 86	3 11
same	38	E Droop Mountn.	95	1 20
McNeel Rachael C. Est. and Jos. Beard	2	Stamping c'k	99	1 24
Pennel Joseph	125	Laurel creek	1 25	1 50
Rodgers Geo. M	75	S. Br. Beaver Lick	1 45	1 70
Rider George B	138	Poplar Flats	2 22	2 52
Rider A. T. J. & Laura J.	138	Stamping creek	2 22	2 52
Smith Erona E.	1 25 p	Hillsboro	82	1 07
Sidenstricker Margaret Est.				

Recapitulation—State tax, $133.69; County tax, $133.44; District tax, $154.96. Total $422.09.

Any of the aforesaid tracts or lots may be redeemed by the payment to the undersigned Sheriff, before sale, of the amount due thereon.

Given under my hand this 27th day of October, 1891.

J. C. ARBOGAST, Sheriff, P. C.

—We hereby authorize all persons not to trespass by hunting or fishing upon our land.

ALLEN and JNO. C. GALFORD.
Green Bank, W. Va.

Subscribe for "THE TIMES."

HOME NEWS

—We had a fine rain Tuesday night, the first for several weeks.

—Messrs. Q. W. Poage and A. P. Gay, of Edray were in town to day.

—Mr. S. B. Hannah, of Green Bank, was in town Tuesday night.

—Alexander McChesney and Miss Malcinda Jordan, colored, of this place, were married to day.

—Rev. J. F. A. Lautenschlager will preach at Sunset, next Sunday at 3 o'clock.

—Bishop Peterkin, preached a very able sermon to a large audience, in the Presbyterian church Sunday night.

—Mr. E. D. McClintic, who has been visiting relatives in this County for several weeks, will start for his home in Seatle, Wash. next week.

—Misses Mollie and Gertie Smith and Jennie Bucher, of Dunmore, accompanied by Chas. E. Steinmeyer, Esq., called at our office one day last week.

Hillsboro Chips.

Fred Beard and N. C. McNeil, spent Sunday in town.

Rev. D. S. Sydenstricker, assisted by S. L. Wilson, are holding an interesting meeting at this place.

Mr. F. A. Renick, dehorned 290 cattle last week and will dehorn 108 more Tuesday.

Mrs. Preston Clark was called home by the serious illness of her father.

Mr. Tom Bartlett gave a cabbage pulling last Saturday night.

Norman Price, of Marlinton, enrolled as a pupil of the F. & M. Academy.

PHILLIS.

Dunmore Doings.

Rev. J. F. A. Lautenschlager will preach at Dunmore next Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

John Hevener, Esq. and wife, have returned from a trip to Richmond, Va.

C. H. Hull and daughter are visiting here.

F. M. Dilley and brother have bought out R. L. Nottingham and will open up a store at Dilley's mill.

S. P. Sheets has moved his saw mill to Wise Herald's.

Capt. C. B. Swecker, is building a new shop, and will be in it in a week or two.

Mrs. A. B. Moore is on the sick list again.

William Taylor who has been in the far west for 2 years is home again.

T. S.

SUICIDE.

Mrs. Mary Wilson, widow of the late R. K. Wilson, a prominent farmer of Rockbridge county, Va., committed suicide at her residence in said county on Monday morning Nov. 2nd. No cause is assigned for the deed, but supposed to have been a fit of temporary insanity, as she had been complaining for a few days.

Mrs. Wilson was a daughter of John Varner, dec'd late of Split Rock, this county.

The news of the sad end of Mrs. Wilson has thrown a gloom over her friends in this County, by whom she was so much beloved.

Sheep for Sale.

I will offer for sale at public auction, on Friday Nov. 20th., at my place, 80 ewes 60 lambs and 30 wethers.

Terms made known on day of sale.

WM. H. BUZZARD.

NOTICE is hereby given that the line of road now controlled by Jno. Cleek in the Levels dist., will be let to contract at the January term of our County Court. The Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids. By order of the Court.

S. B. HANNAH, Pres.

Removal of County Seat.

CLOVER LICK, Nov. 5th, 1891—ED. TIMES: Considering the question of removal of the County seat to Marlinton, it is pertinent to ask

1st. Have we to build a new C. H. soon.

2nd. If so, should it be at Marlinton.

3rd. What the cost.

I think when we consider our present needs, and the development of which we seem to be on the eve, there can be but one answer to the question of building, and in favor of the site at Marlinton it can be said that it is nearer the present and prospective centre of the population, and is especially convenient to the two districts which pay tax (without individual distinction) on 125,000 dollars more property than the balance of the County, and in answer to E. W., I will say that it is the people of these two districts who are especially moving in this matter.

It will be remembered that several years ago a petition for removal was gotten up before there was any talk of R. R's., and would have been submitted but for a technical informality.

With regard to cost, *I* do not conceive there will be any great difference in the cost wherever built, and if it is conceded that we have to build soon, the money would have to be provided any way. But when we consider the offer of 5000 dollars the scales are at once turned in favor of Marlinton.

This County pays tax on 1,800,000 dollars, and with the new assessment it is expected that the wild lands, held especially by non residents (foreigners, if you will) will be increased in price. Making the aggregate property more, the excess falling on non-residents. *It* will be seen at once that a tax of about 70 cents on the hundred dollars will raise the amount specified by the commissioners, viz: 15,000 dollars, which the citizens will have to pay. And right here I will say that they can be prevented by legal means if thought best, from laying any greater tax. And this tax may not be all laid in any one year. So every voter can see at once, for how much he will be taxed to keep the county abreast of the progress that is going on around us.

E. W. reminds us to act with "sense and soberness," and straightway proceeds to appeal to passion and prejudice and bring matters which have no bearing on the question.

If to benefit ourselves we thereby benefit others (even "foreigners") what is it but prejudice would prevent. And in adding the cost of the bridge that was and the bridge that is, to our losses is he not begging the question, establishing a precedent for constructive damages that might return to plague. Are we to bind ourselves so to the acts or operations of the past as to be hindred in the race that is set before us, this would be to stop all progress.

It is not expected or desired that Huntersville should cease to exists, but that it should partake of the general prosperity, the bridge being of more importance than ever before.

The bridge cost about $3,000, the jail $4,000, the removal of which would cost say $1,000. This would leave $4,000 of the gift added to the $15,000 tax and ought to build a good C. H. besides, the C. H. and lot belongs to the County and not the heirs, and can be sold if desirable.

This is a dispassionate statement and is entitled to consideration and its defects made known. Brethren who should have the good of the whole County at heart should avoid in this discussion any personality or calling of names, but act conscientiously. Respectfully,

JOHN LOGAN.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 6th—The jollification of jubilant democrats is giving this town almost as rosy a hue as it had a year ago, when the returns came in from the Congressional elections, and "Well, yes; three out of four will do very well," has become a sort of democratic countersign. It refers, of course, to the election of three democratic govenors out of the four states in which govenors were elected. Every train brings prominent democrats, and one and all they are of the same opinion,—that by this time next year a democratic President will have been elected. Representative Mills said: "In Massachucetts it was a square fight, a contest over a principle, and the doctrine of the democracy was endorsed by the people who believe that our party is the exponent of sound ideas and the correct theories of government. There is nothing in Ohio to cause discouragement, though I confess that I believed that Campbell would be re-elected. Still Ohio is a republican state. A democratic victory in a State like Iowa is something to be proud of. Flower's triumph in New York is a grand one, but it is best not to be too sanguine over carrying that state next year. It is always uncomfortably close, and doubtful in Presidential years. Yet on a square test I am confident that democracy is stronger in that State than republicanism. Yet we must overlook no precaution to insure victory in 1892. We must in the scriptural phrase, be as wise as serpents and harmless as doves. If we obey this injunction we ought to win not only in New York next year, but throughout the nation." Mr. Mills has opened headquarters in one of the uptown hotels for the Speakership campaign, and the other candidates will follow suit in a few days, as there is but little more than three weeks left for them to work.

It has leaked out through the gossip of those high up in official society, that Mr. and Mrs. Blaine are making no social engagements of any kind, more than four or five weeks ahead. The reason for this is that they will, in case of the Secretary's health shows the slightest sign of breaking down, immediately leave for a warmer climate, where they will spend the winter. Should Mr. Blaine's health or his inclination lead him to leave Washington again for an indefinite period, it is not believed that he would retain the State portfolio. Indeed this plea of bad health may be made his excuse for leaving the cabinet in order that he may become through his friends, an open condidate for the Presidential nomination of his party, as many believe he is certain to do inside of six months. The election of McKinley as govenor of Ohio has brought a disturbing element into the calculations of both Blaine and Harrison. They know that if McKinley is desposed to be a candidate, and there are good reasons for believing he is, that he will go into the convention with a strong following. Of course pressure will be brought to bear on McKinley to have him agree to wait, but he may think that he has waited long enough.

Secretary Proctor continues to draw the salary of Secretary of War, although he has gone to Vermont, and they say around the department that he is not expected to return until he comes to officially transfer the department to his successor, who has not been announced, although he has been selected.

Representative Bynum, of Indiana, is enthusiastic over the election returns. Said he: "Three out of four isn't bad. It's just about what I thought it would be. I never thought the democrats could carry Ohio, which is a republican state, so there is no reason for being down cast over the news from there. All in all the result of the elections is a great democratic victory which means success next year. It means that we shall have New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Massachusetts in the east, and I should not be surprised if we carry Rhode Island and New Hampshire. Tariff reform is continually making democratic votes in the eastern republican strongholds. I see no cloud upon the democratic horizon. We could not have hoped for a brighter sky. It would have been almost a miracle had we carried Ohio, and the days of miracles are past."

The decision of the U. S. District Court of California that the shipment of arms on the *Itata* was a perfectly proper commercial transaction, and that this Government had no right to interfere was very unpalatable to the administration, and the Attorney General has directed that an appeal be taken.

Mr. Harrison is quite modest. He says that if the republicans in New York had stuck to national issues Fassett might have been elected. Secretary Tracy says he was defeated by the republicans who stayed at home, but it looks very much to most people, as if he was defeated by the democrats who voted against him.

Preaching Notice.

Sacramental meeting at Marlin's Bottom church, 3rd Sabbath of Nov. Preparatory services on Saturday before at 11 o'clock.

The assistance of Rev. Mr. Wilson the Synodical Evangelist, is expected to fulfil a promise of several months standing to Edray friends. Mr. Wilson will preach at Edray on Sunday night Nov. 15th and continue several evenings the week following.

ESTRAY.

I have in my possession two estray yearling steers. One roan and one red. The owner can have same by paying for the keeping and this ad.

R. D. RIMEL,
Sunset, W. Va.

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, on the first Monday in November, 1891.

W. C. Stuart
vs.
C. C. Hansel & others.

The object of this suit is to subject to the payment of $576.73 with interest thereon from August 10th, 1891, due to the plaintiff W. C. Stuart, from the defendants, C. C. Hansel, H. M. Lockridge and Hugh Adams, the real estate belonging to said H. M. Lockridge and Hugh Adams severally, lying in Pocahontas County, in the State of West Virginia, which has been levied on under order of attachment issued in this suit, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that the defendants, C. C. Hansel, H. M. Lockridge and Hugh Adams are non residents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered, that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 2nd day of November, 1891.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p. q.
Nov. 5 4t. Printer's fee $7.85.

Order of Publication.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County to wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, on the first Monday in November, 1891.

W. C. Sturt
vs.
Hugh Adams & al

The object of this suit is to subject to the payment of $716.67 with interest thereon from the 25th day of September, 1890, due to the plaintiff, W. C. Stuart, from the defendants Hugh Adams and H. M. Lockridge, the real estate belonging to said defendants severally, lying in Pocahontas County in the State of West Virginia, which has been levied on under order of attachment issued in this suit, and it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendants Hugh Adams and H. M. Lockridge are non residents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that they do appear here within one mouth after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 2nd day of November, 1891.

J. H. HATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic p. q.
Nov. 5 4t Pinter's fee $8.15.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

November 5, 1891.

AT A COUNTY COURT HELD FOR the County of Pocahontas, at the Court house thereof on the 6th day of October, 1891.

This day Matt Wallace and 696 other citizens of said County, presented their nine several petitions in writing, with the affidavits made by Uriah Bird, John Ligon, H. N. Hannah, William Vandervort, Wm. C. Mann, B. M. Yeager, Henry A. Yeager and Uriah Bird and Ed. I. Holt, credible citizens of this County before I. M. McClintic, George P. Moore, A. & L. Gatewood and B. C. Hill, notaries public of this County, and duly certified by them that said petitioners, are, as such affiants verily believe, legal voters of this County, which said petitions together with said affidavits and certificates thereof are now here filed at this regular session of this Court, and the said petitions being in the same language and figures are as follows:

"To the County Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia: your petitioners, whose names are hereto signed, respectfully represent unto your Honorable body, that they are legal voters of Pocahontas county, in said state of West Virginia, and that they desire the re-location and removal of the county seat of said county from the town of Huntersville to a point on the east bank of the Greenbrier river in said county, known as and commonly called Marlin's Bottom, on the lands formerly owned by Susan E. and Andrew M. McGlaughlin, which were conveyed by them and wife to John T. McGraw, by deed dated on the 12th day of February, 1891 and is now of record in the clerk's office of the county court of said county of Pocahontas in Deed Book 21, page 201 and 207. The specific place and location on said lands, to which your petitioners ask the re-location of said county seat, is indicated as "Courthouse Square" on a survey and plat of said Marlin's Bottom lands, now being made by Oscar A. Veazey, Civil Engineer, a copy of which plat and survey will be filed in the office of the clerk of the county court of said county of Pocahontas, for public inspection, on, or before the day of the presentation of this petition.

Your petitioners therefore pray, that a vote may be taken upon the question of such re-location, at and to the place above indicated, at a special election to be held in the said county on such a day as your Honorable body may indicate, not less than sixty days, nor more than four months from the date of entering an order to this effect. And your petitioners will ever pray &c."

And it appearing to the court, from an inspection of the said petitions that they are signed by an aggregate of six hundred and ninety seven legal voters and citizens of this county, and that said petitioners ask the removal and re-location of the said county seat at and to the same place, and that said six hundred and ninety-seven legal voters and citizens of this county constitute more than two-fifths of all the legal voters of this county, which is estimated by allowing one vote for every six persons in this county as shown by the last census preceding the entry of this order. And there being no general election held in this county in and during the present year, said petitioners ask that a special election be ordered, had, and held on the question of the removal and re-location of said county seat to the place referred to in said petition [illegible]

[illegible]

county, known as and commonly called Marlin's Bottom, on the lands formerly owned by Andrew M. McGlaughlin, which were conveyed by him and wife to John T. McGraw by deed dated the 18th day of February, 1891, and now of record in the clerk's office of the county court of this county in Deed Book No. 21, page 201, and by Susan E. McGlaughlin by deed dated the 11th day of February, 1891, and recorded in said clerk's office in Deed Book 21, page 207. And that the specific place and location on said lands to which said petitioners ask the removal and re-location of said county seat is indicated as "Court House Square" on a survey and plat of said Marlin's Bottom's lands, made by Oscar A. Veazey, C. E., in surveying and laying out what is known as the Town of Marlinton on said lands, a copy of the said survey, map and plan of said town having been filed in the clerk's office of this county, and now here tendered in open court and filed with said petition, which said place as shown by the deed hereinafter referred to is specially described by metes and bound as follows, to-wit:

"Beginning at a stout locust post driven firmly into the ground at a point in a straight line drawn through the center of the west end of the Andrew M. McGlaughlin spring-house and the stone chimney at the south end of the S. E. McGlaughlin house, and situated at five hundred and eleven and one half feet from the centre of the west end of said spring-house, and at one thousand and fifty-five feet from the center of said chimney, and at the south corner at the intersection of Judge street and Tenth avenue, as shown on the said Map of Marlinton hereto attached; thence with the south-east side of said avenue south forty degrees and forty-five minutes west two hundred and ninety feet to another locust post driven firmly into the ground at the east corner, at the intersection of Jury street and Tenth avenue; thence with the north-east side of Jury street, south forty nine degrees and fifteen minutes east two hundred and sixty feet to another locust post driven firmly into the ground at the north corner, at the intersection of Jury street and and eleventh avenue; thence with the north-west side of Eleventh avenue north forty degrees and forty-five minutes east two hundred and ninety feet to another locust post driven firmly into the ground at the west corner, at the intersection of Eleventh avenue and Judge street; thence with the south-west side of Judge street north forty-nine degrees and fifteen minutes west two hundred and sixty feet to the place of beginning."

And it further appearing to the court that the lot, tract or parcel of ground hereinbefore referred to, is now owned by the Pocahontas Development Company, a corporation created by and operating under the laws of this state, the same having been conveyed to it by John T. McGraw and Jacob W. Marshall by their deed dated the 29th day of September, 1891, and now of record in the clerk's office of this court in Deed Book No. 22, page 104; and that said company proposes to convey said lands to this county free and relieved from all liens, costs and charges thereon provided and upon this condition, however that said county seat be removed and that the public buildings be located and built thereon under the vote to be taken under this order, and that said company by John T. McGraw, its president, and Geo. M. Whitescarver, its manager and secretary, now here, in open court, tenders, in escrow, a deed for said lot, piece or parcel of land conveying the same to The County court of Pocahontas County for court house and county purposes, with covenants of general warranty, which deed, they ask, may be taken and held by the clerk of this court as an escrow to await the result of the election provided for by this order. If said election be favorable to the prayer of said petitioners and if said county seat be removed and the public buildings be located on the said land, then said conveyance is to be absolute, otherwise said deed is to be returned to the said company by the clerk of this court, and the title to the land conveyed is not to be deemed and held to have passed out of the said company and corporation and said corporation in the event said removal and re-location are not made, is to be held relieved from any claim or title of this court or of this county to the land therein described.

And it appearing further by the proposition of said Pocahontas Development Company, by its president and manager, now here in open court made by them, that said company agrees, promises and binds itself to pay the sum of five thousand dollars in money to aid in defraying the cost and expense of a new court house and jail for said county, in the event, contingency, and [illegible]

[illegible]

at the several legal voting places in this county, as heretofore fixed and established by the former order of this court, at said election a vote be taken on the question of the relocation of the county seat of Pocahontas county as prayed for in said petitions. And the clerk of this court is directed to make out immediately upon the adjournment of this court, and certify a copy of this order for each of the several voting places in this county as fixed, established, and existing by law, and to deliver them to the sheriff of this county, who is ordered to post one copy of this order at each of the said voting places at least forty days before the said 8th day of December, 1891 and make return thereof according to law. And a copy of this order shall be published in The POCAHONTAS TIMES, a weekly newspaper published at Huntersville in this county, or in some other newspaper of general circulation in this county, at least once a week for four successive weeks prior to said special election herein ordered.

And the ballots used, given and voted at said election shall have written or printed thereon, "Re location of County Seat" "For re-location at Marlinton." and "Against Relocation of County seat."

And the court doth appoint the following named persons, commissioners, to hold and conduct said election, for the respective voting places in this county, who, for their respective voting places, shall ascertain and certify the result of such election, as required by law, viz:

For Academy—W. W. Beard, John B. Kinnison and George S. McNeel.

For Split Rock—S. S. Varner James Herold and P. P. Vandervort.

For Traveler's Repose—O. W. S. Gum, A. M. V. Arbogast, and Jacob L. Arbogast.

For Green Bank—Adam Arbogast, Jacob S. Wooddell and Charles A Lightner.

For Dunmore—Jacob K. Taylor, B. F. McElwee and George W. Arbogast.

For Frost—Andrew Herold, I. B. Moore and C. O. W. Sharp.

For Huntersville—Sheldon Moore, D. A. Fisher and Wm. L. Harper.

For Edray—A. T. Moore, Henry Barlow and Wm. M. Sharp.

For Buckeye—R. E. Overholt, H. H. McClintic and Wm. O. McNeel.

And the clerk of this court is directed to take and hold said deed upon the terms and conditions upon which it is tendered and said clerk is also directed to accept the bond of said Pocahontas Development Company, and to file the same in his office to await the further order of this court.

A Copy, Teste:

S. L. BROWN, Clerk.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, December 3, 1891. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 19

THE PLEDGE PURSE.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"George, dear," said Mrs. Prescott, looking up from her basket of mending, as she and her husband sat by their fireside one winter night, "has it ever occurred to you that it is time our boys were signing the pledge?"

Mr. Prescott tossed aside his paper with a laugh.

"There you go, my dear, and really I expected it. The wonder is you haven't caught the fever sooner."

"What fever George?"

"Why, this temperance fever that seems to be crazing everybody just now. The town's full of it; every second man I meet wears a gray rosette in his button hole, and every church is converted into a temperance hall; but the thing won't last —such spasmodic movements never do."

His wife's bright eyes grew wistful and a cloud crossed her pretty, fresh face. She was a happy little woman, the mother of three promising boys, and always busy and full of plans for the comfort of her family.

"It is a good movement, George," she continued. "I trust it will be more lasting than you think, and it would," she added, with spirit, "if the known men of the town, the strong, reliable men like yourself, George, would take hold of it."

Much obliged for the compliment, my love," laughed her husband, "but I don't think I'm in any danger of becoming a drunkard."

"Nor do I, George, but you are not a temperance man, and there's always danger of having aught to do with sin."

"Why, Lizzie, how much in earnest you seem. You've caught the fever without a doubt. You always had a weakness for running after fashions. But, really, child, I'm in no danger. I'm not a total abstinence man, I'll admit; ever since I can remember I've had my drink or two a day, but I never was intoxicated in my life, and never expect to be."

"I trust not, George, but you have sons, and there's no telling into what errors your example may lead them."

"Why, Lizzie, do you mean to say I set my boys a bad example?"

"No, George, there never was a better husband and father than you are but you teach your boys to drink intoxicating liquors. We have wine on the table occasionally, and almost every morning the boys have their toddy."

"And you have always mixed the beverage my dear, and shared it round to us."

"That's not much, Lizzie."

"No, but it counts up. And how much does your private drinking amount to, do you suppose?"

"Bless my soul, Lizzie, what has come over you? Ten cents sometimes, never more than a quarter."

"Each day?"

"Yes! You don't grudge me that trifling amount, do you?"

"I grudge you nothing, George, that will make you and your boys happy," cried his wife, her eyes filling with tears, "but I wish you could see this matter as I do. The [illegible] boys were here an evening [illegible] as we are, and they wore their blue temperance badges on their jack[ets.]"

"Larry, why don't you fellows sign the pledge? It is so awfully jolly," said one of them.

"Our Lawrence laughed, just as [illegible] he laughed at me a minute ago, [illegible]

George. He is his father's own son, my handsome Larry, and it would breake my heart to see him do wrong.

"'It's jollier to drink your social glass, and have your hot toddy when you feel dull,' he replied. 'My father thinks the pledge a humbug, and so do I.'"

"Did Larry say that?" asked Mr. Prescott.

"Those are the words, George, and they cut me to the heart. Now, husband, you have never denied me any thing since the day you made me your happy wife—don't deny me this. Let us banish all sorts of intoxicating drinks from our house, and do take your boys by the hand and make them sign the pledge. As their father does they will do willingly." And the little woman put by her sewing, and crossed to her husband's chair took his head in both her hands and laid her cheek against his face. "Now, George, dear, surely you'll not say no to me for the first time will you?"

There was silence for a minute, and then the husband drew the pretty face down and kissed it.

"I couldn't say no, Lizzie, if I wanted," he said. "No man could withstand such a witch as you are."

On the following day Mr. Prescott and his three sons signed the pledge, and the boys took great pride in their gray badges.

Intoxicating drinks were banished from their home, and no one seemed to be one whit the worse for it. If the boys had a cold their mother administered hot mullein tea, and she found the remedy even more efficient than the toddies used to be. The boys seemed more speedily relieved, and had fewer attacks.

Three years went by. Times were hard and money scarce, and Mr. Prescott's business was dull. To make matters worse he had a long spell of sickness, and a heavy doctor's bill.

"I can't see my way out of it," he remarked sitting in his arm-chair one evening, paleface seamed with lines of care, "the building association stock will have to go, and I do hate that tremendously."

"What is it, George, dear? May be I can help you."

The sick man smiled at the little wife, ever so ready with her help.

"No, dear, you can't help me in this; I wish you could," he said. "It is a note, which must be paid before the tenth."

"And to day is the eighth. What is the amount, George?"

"Three hundred and fifty dollars, and I have not fifty to spare. If it hadn't been for this confounded fever.——"

"Hush, my love. Wait till I bring my pledge purse," and his wife darted from the room.

In two minutes she was back, a heavy purse in her hand.

"This is my pledge purse, George."

"Your pledge purse? What do you mean?"

"Why, you see," and the little woman's face fairly glowed as her boys left their lessons and crowded around her, eager to hear, "the day you and the boys signed the pledge, George, I made this purse, and I called it my pledge purse. Every day I have put in ten cents, and every week a dollar, because that much used to go for intoxicating drink, that did my boys and their father more harm than good. Sometimes when I had a little spare change I threw that in too. Larry, my boy, sit down by your father, and count [illegible] I hope there may be enough to pay that troublesome note.

Larry obeyed with alacrity, his father looking on, with eager eyes as he assorted the dollar notes and piled up the quarters and dimes. When all was told the amount was four hundred and sixty-five dollars.

Mr. Prescott looked at his wife, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Why, Lizzie—why, little wife, what can I say?" he began.

She caught his head to her bosom.

"Say nothing, George. I kept my purse for an hour of need, and that hour has come. Pay the note that troubles you, dear, and then get well and strong at your leisure."

Her husband was silent, but the three boys leaped to their feet, and shouted, "Hurrah for the pledge!" until the room rang.

DIRECTIONS NOT EXPLICIT ENOUGH.

"Well, my boy," said the old gentleman, "I understand you've been fighting."

"I was in something of a scrape," replied the youth.

"Well I suppose boys will fight, and there's no use trying to stop it. You don't look much the worse for it."

"Got off pretty light, sure," said the boy.

"Lick the other fellow?"

"Well hardly."

"Um, that's bad. Did you follow your old father's advice?"

"Yes, sir."

"You struck the first blow?"

"Yes, sir."

"And hit him hard?"

"As hard as I could."

"Knock him down?"

"Knocked him flat."

"And that didn't end the fight?"

"Well I should say not."

The old gentleman looked puzzled.

"That's funny," he said. "I never knew it to fail when I was a boy."

"Maybe, when you were a boy, the other fellow didn't fall on a brick pile and get up with a half brik in his hand and chase you a mile. That'll knock most any kind of a system silly."

TESTIMONY THAT PERPLEXED A LAWYER.

A case was being tried in a country court. A horse had been stolen from a pasture, and the evidence all pointed to a certain doubtful character of the neighborhood as the culprit. Though his guilt seemed clear, he had found a lawyer to undertake his defense.

At the trial the defendant's attorney expended his energy in trying to confuse and frighten the opposing witnesses, especially a certain farmer whose testimony was particularly damageing. The lawyer kept up a fire of questions, asking many foolish ones, and repeated himself again and again in the hope of decoying the witness into a contradiction.

"You say," the lawyer went on, "that you can swear to having seen this man drive a horse past your farm on the day in question?"

"I can," replied the witness, wearily, for he had already answered the question a dozen times.

"What time was this?"

"I told you it was about the middle of the afternoon."

"But I don't want any 'abouts' or any 'middles.' I want you to tell the jury exactly the time."

"Why," said the farmer, "I don't always carry a gold watch with me when I'm digging potatoes."

"But you have a clock in the house haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, what time was it by that?"

"Why, by that clock it was just nineteen minutes past 10."

"You were in the field all the morning?" went on the lawyer, smiling suggestively.

"I was."

"How far from the house is this field?"

"About half a mile."

"You swear, do you, that by the clock in your house it was exactly nineteen minutes past 10?"

"I do."

The lawyer paused and looked triumphantly at the jury at last he had entrapped the witness into a contradictory statement that would greatly weaken his testimony. "I think that will do," he said, with a wave of his hand, "I am quite through with you."

The farmer leisurely picked up his hat and started to leave the witness stand; then turning slowly about, he added:

"I ought perhaps to say that too much reliance should not be placed upon that clock, as it got out of gear about 6 months ago, and it's been nineteen minutes past 10 ever since."

A New Brunswick lady owns a parot. A new pastor has recently been established over the lady's church, and a few days ago he went to make his first pastoral visit. The front door was open, but the Venetian blind door was closed, and Poll was in the cage just behind it. As the pastor reached for the electric button Poll said in a remonstrant tone:

"Go away, please."

"But I wish to see the lady of the house."

"Go away, please. We havn't a cold bite in the house."

"You are mistaken. I am not a tramp. I wish to see the lady of the house on business."

"Go away!" screamed Poll wrathfully. "Go away, you dirty tramp! I'll call the police. Police! police!"

This was too much for the modest minister, and in considerable wonderment he abandoned his call.

First dude—I'm going to Washington to morrow.

Seco d Dude—What train are you going to take?

First Dude—I am going to take the early train that leaves at 7 o'clock in the morning, doncher know.

Second Du'e—I'd like to see you off, old chappie, but that's too early, yer know. All sensible people are in bed by 7 in the morning, yer see.

Mother—What in the world has become of the other half of that cake I cut for supper?

Little Dick—You gave it to me.

"Nonsense! You asked me if you could have a piece of cake and I said yes."

"Yes'm. I meant the piece that was left over."

Tommy—"Pa, may I ask you a question?"

Pa—"Certainly, my child."

Tommy—"Where is the wind when it doesn't blow?"

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

December 3, 1891.

Drunkeness is unknown in Rio Janeiro, Brazil, with its population of 500,000.

The number of workingwomen in Europe is about 20,500,000; in the United States about 1,800,000.

A new tannery just erected at Buchannon at a cost of $15,000, was blown down by Monday's storm, and will have to be built anew.

The striking miners in the Marmet Company's mines at Raymond City, will have to vacate the company's houses under a decision of the United States Court at Charleston. The places of the strikers have been filled by non union men, and the mines are running full time.

Representative Bynum, since his withdrawal, has been working hard for Mills, whose friends now claim 90 votes. Mr. Crisp's managers say he has 114 votes, but others say that he has not over 85. The other candidates give no figures. Only ten days left to settle it.

Wolves killed three children of Andrew Gulick last Tuesday at the iron rolling mills near New Brighton, Minn., ten miles north of St. Paul. During the great fires in Pine county in September great droves were driven south into Ramsey and Anoka counties. The Gulick children wandered from home into the woods at noon and were attacked and devoured by the beasts.

At Salem, Va., Charles Watkins, colored, was sentenced to be hung January 8 for the murder of his wife.

This murderourous rascal got a white wife in the west, and then he killed his colored wife. He removed to Roanoke county with his wife, and when his colored wife followed him there, he murdered her.

Peter Jackson, the well negro pugilist, has received a cablegram from London announcing that the National Club of that city had agreed to allow him $750 for expences if he would come to London and fight Frank Slavin for a purse of $10,000, which they offered. Slavin has agreed to the match, and, as Jackson's terms have all been agreed to, he has practically done so. The fight will take place in June.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 27th—How much longer is the Blaine Harrison farce to be kept on the boards? Mr. Blaine's friends on the Republican National Committee as well as those who were here during the week with the delegations from various cities, are telling everybody that Mr. Blaine is to be the candidate of his party next year. Mr. Harrison is a cold-mannered, cold blooded sort of a man, but this committee and delegate business was a little more than he could stand, so when the committee, after finally adjourning, called at the White House in a body, its members met with a reception colder than Raum's patent refrigerator could ever produce. Mr. Harrison was offended, and he took special care to impress that fact upon the committee. But the committee did not seem to care much, for as its members left the White House on their way over to the State department one of them remarked loud enough to be heard by all, "who is that man, Harrison, anyway?" Mr. Blaine received the committee in his most cordial manner, and made himself so pleasant that they remained in his office nearly an hour and when they left they nearly paralized the staid and dignified employes of the State department by giving three cheers and a tiger for Blaine.

Maj. McKinley also has the Blaine fever. He took advantage of his stay in this city this week to call on Mr. Blaine and to let him understand that he was willing to take the second place on the ticket with him but with nobody else. Mr. Blaine is said to have been very demonstrative at this meeting with McKinley, in the way of placing his arm around his shoulder, etc., but he took particular care not to commit himself in favor of McKinley for an associate on the ticket. This sort of thing can have but one ending—Mr. Blaine must retire from the Cabinet, unless Mr. Harrison will withdraw his claims for a renomination. A bet was made last night in a prominent hotel that Mr. Blaine would resign before Jan. 10.

$100,000 is big money to pay for a political convention, but that is said to represent the price paid by Minneapolis for the advertising she will get out of the holding of the republican National Convention, there next June, and that amount, which is to be paid to Boss Clarkson's committee, does not include the price paid for the votes of two committeemen and the incidental expenses of the delegation here.

Much interest is already expressed in the meeting of the Democratic National Executive Committee, which will be held here December 8, to fix the time for the meeting of the full committee to select the time and place for holding the next National Convention. Washington, Cincinnatti, Baltimore, Minneapolis, New York and Detroit are already in the field.

The first applicant for a loan under the Farmers' Alliance sub treasury scheme made his appearance at the Treasury Department this week. He was from Hartford Co. Maryland, and was not very positive what he wanted, further than that he wanted as much money as the $18 cash, which he said he had, would pay the interest on, and he told the clerk in the Fourth Auditor's office, to whom the application was made, that his farm would be security for the principal of the loan. He was very much disappointed when told that Uncle Sam was at present himself a borrower instead of a lender.

If the statements made by California and New York republicans National Committee of that party be accepted, and there are good reasons for believing that they stated the situation just as it appeared to them, there is little chance for the electoral votes of either of those States being cast for the republican nominee next year. And according to the same sources of information it will require herculean efforts on the part of the party managers to the northwest in line, notwithstanding the holding of the convention at Minneapolis. These statements are but corroboratory of democratic information, with the single exception of California. Although it had long ago been determined by the democratic leaders to make a hard fight for that State, it was done more on general principles than because of any specified knowledge of a change in the sentiments of the people toward the republican high tariff. That the northwest, the great agricultural section, is slowly but surely adopting democratic ideas on the tariff, is as certain as that the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, and if there is no mistake made by the party leaders a majority of the States in that sections will become, in time, as reliably democratic as Texas.

Order of ublication.

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, on the first Monday in November, 1891.

W. C. Stuart
vs.
C. C. Hansel & others.

The object of this suit is to subject to the payment of $576.73 with interest thereon from August 10th, 1891, due to the plaintiff W. C. Stuart, from the defendants, C. C. Hansel, H. M. Lockridge and Hugh Adams, the real estate belonging to said H. M. Lockridge and Hugh Adams severally, lying in Pocahontas County, in the State of West Virginia, which has been levied on under order of attachment issued in this suit, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that the defendants, C. C. Hansel, H. M. Lockridge and Hugh Adams are non residents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered, that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 2nd day of November, 1891.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p. q.
Nov. 5 4t. Printer's fee $7.85.

Order of Publication.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County to wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, on the first Monday in November, 1891.

W. C. Stuart
vs.
Hugh Adams & al

The object of this suit is to subject to the payment of $716.67 with interest thereon from the 25th day of September, 1890, due to the plaintiff, W. C. Stuart, from the defendants Hugh Adams and H. M. Lockridge, the real estate belonging to said defendants severally, lying in Pocahontas County in the State of West Virginia, which has been levied on under order of attachment issued in this suit, and it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendants Hugh Adams and H. M. Lockridge are non residents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 2nd day of November, 1891.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic p. q.
Nov. 5 4t Printer's fee $8.15

HOME NEWS.

—Mr. Hugh Dever, of Knapp's creek was in town to-day.

—R. V. Perkins, Esq., of Mill Point was in the city Sunday.

—A. S. Overholt, of Buckeye, was in town the first of the week.

—Elijah N. Grant, colored, died at his home near Academy, on Sunday the 22nd inst.

—Rev. J. F. A. Lautenschlager will preach at Dunmore next Sunday night.

—Messrs. Jno. T. McGraw and Geo. W. Whitescarver, of Marlinton, were in Huntersville Monday.

—Mess. Hugh Adams and John T. Wilson, of Rockbridge Baths, Va. were in Huntersville last Saturday.

—M. H. Corbett, Esq., and wife, of Pinkney, Va., are visiting friends and relatives near Huntersville.

—Next Tuesday is the day for the people to say whether or not the Court house shall remain where it is or be removed to Marlinton.

—C. F. Moore, Esq., will speak at this place next Monday, promptly at 1 o'clock instead of at 2, as previously announced.

—Dr. M. Wallace and daughter Miss Minnie, of Mill Point were guests at the Huntersville Hotel to-day.

—A license to marry was issued Monday to Lee Wilmoth and Ilma Spencer, both of the upper end of this County.

—Our mail from the east is now coming in at 12 o'clock instead of at night, as heretofore, which makes it 12 hours later.

—A Vermont editor has invented a new way for stirring up delinquent subscribers. He writes obituary notices of them, assuming that they must be dead, since he does not hear from them.—Ex.

—Several persons of this city went over at Edray Tuesday to hear the speeches of Mess. G. P. and C. F. Moore, on the C. H. removal question.

—Mr. M. W. Beard a few days ago sold his farm (the Campbell place) near Pickaway, this county, consisting of 56 acres, to his brother-in-law, Mr. Sam'l Weisiger, of Pa. who, we learn, takes possession at once. The price is not named. This farm was sold to Mr. Beard three months ago for $50 per acre. —Monroe Watchman.

—By request we republish the following interview we had with Hon. J. N. Camden, President of the W. Va. & Pittsburg R. R. which appeared in this paper August 13: We had the pleasure of meeting for the first time, Hon. J. N. Camden, while he was in our city, last week. We hardly feel it necessary to introduce the ex Senator to our readers of this County, as he is known by reputation to all of them, and no other gentleman is more heartily welcome than he—being promoter of the Pittsburg, W. Va. railroad which is now being constructed, and which will pass through our city. He talked freely of the building of his road, and said it would most certainly be completed by next fall a year. He also said that Huntersville, was a natural and most beautiful location for a thriving manufacturing town—though repeated the statement made in an interview with the Wheeling Register, published in THE TIMES a few weeks ago, that owing to previous arrangements and [illegible] of the Chesapeake & Ohio road, the junction would be made at Marlinton, six miles below here, which, with the machine shops of both roads, will make a little town within itself.

Andrew Jackson, city marshal of Buena Vista, Ga., shot and killed A. E. Bell, at that place, Saturday, while Bell was drunk and advancing on the officer with a knife.

OBITUARY.

William Davis Emery Fletcher Grimes was born June 5th, 1832 and died Oct. 30th, 1891, aged 59 years 4 months and 26 days. His wife was very ill with typhoid fever and while giving her every attention he was stricken down with the same disease.

His illness was brief, but borne with christian fortitude. He was an affectionate husband, indulgent father and a true friend.

He had been a faithful and a consistent member of the M E Church for some 34 years, the greater part of which time he was a class leader.

He leaves a wife, two children and a host of friends, but we trust that "they mourn not as those who have no hope," for we believe that "their loss is his eternal gain."

We extend our condolence to the stricken family and trust that the God of peace may pour into their bereaved hearts the oil of joy and gladness.

The sympathy of the community for the bereaved, and the esteem in which the dead was held was expressed by the large and weeping concourse that followed his remains to the grave where he was tenderly laid away to rest in the quiet grave yard to await the resurrection.

Our sympathy for the bereaved family is beyond expression. May they be ready when the change comes to meet the loved and departed on the other shore.

G. S. W.,
Pastor.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of deeds entered to record in the month of October:

A deed from H. M. Lockridge and wife to Amos and Henry Barlow for land on Knapp's creek.

Jas. W. Warwick, Sr. and wife and others to W. F. and J. S. Marshall for land situate on the west side of the middle mountain.

T. S. Buzzard, of Iowa to W. H. Buzzard for land on Anthony's creek.

James E. Ashbridge and wife to Joseph Friend for land on Swago creek.

Charles Stewart and wife to Andrew Chanel for land on Stamping creek.

Charles C. Burner and wife to Dallas J. Sweet for land situate on the headwaters of Greenbrier river.

Jane G. Arbogast to Allie G. Arbogast and Wm. W. Arbogast for land on Deer creek.

J. W. McClure and wife to J. E. Barlow for land on Indian Draft.

Jno. McDowell and wife to Joseph S. Smith for land near Mill Point.

S. H. Barnett and wife and R. R. E. Barnett to Anna Laura Barnett for land on Elk Lick and Woods run.

Fannie S. Effinger and husband to E. F. Wayman for their interest in land in Green Bank district.

Samuel C. Higgins and wife to R. S. Turk for land on the waters of Clover creek.

Calvin S. May and wife to John V. May for land on Anthony's creek.

Jno G. Beard and wife and W. H. Overholt to M. A. Dunlap and Preston Dunlap for land on the waters of Cranberry creek.

Francis McCarty, an iron moulder, thirty eight years old, attempted to rival Steve Brodie by jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge and was drowned.

A novel company has been organized on Puget sound for the propagation of black cats. An island is to be purchased so that the cats cannot mingle with other cats of surrounding regions, and there the black cat breed is to be perpetuated. These cats will live on fish and thus the expense of raising the big cat ranch will be reduced to the minimum. The cats are to be raised for their fur.

Forger Jailed.

On Monday afternoon last a man named M. F. Odyse was brought to Covington on a warrant charging him with forging two checks. Mr. C. A. Kincaid, who cashed the checks at the White Sulpher Springs, found him hid in a box car at Alleghany Station and brought him to Covington. The checks bore a forged signature of Mr. F. Griffith, and were for $108 and $86 respectively. Odyse was lodged in jail the same evening and will be taken to Lewisburg for trial. He claims to have given value for the checks and that he did not know they were bogus, and charges two other men with having passed them on him.—Alleghany Sentinel.

Bear Killed with a Penknife.

On Friday night last a yearling bear was killed by two boys on Little mountain in Meadow Bluff district. John A. Hall, aged 17, son of Thos. A. Hall, and Mont Black, aged 12, were coon hunting when their dogs treed the bear. They induced the bear to come down by firing one shot at it from a gun loaded with No. 5 shot, which beyond putting out one eye, did no damage. The dogs then tackled it, and the boys rushed in with an axe, but could not use it effectively when young Hall had recourse to his pen knife. After several lucky passes he succeeded in dispatching it. Young Hall was slightly bitten on the fingers in the fight, but sustained no other damage.—Greenbrier Independent.

Virginia's Debt Settled.

It is announced that the Alcott Committee and the Virginia Debt Commission have finally agreed upon a basis of settlement which will doubtless be ratified and confirmed by the bond holders and the State Legislature. The basis of the settlement is that the Commonwealth shall issue in lieu of all outstanding claims, unfunded and in default, $19,000,000 in bonds having one hundred years to run and bearing interest at 2 per cent., per annum for ten years and 3 per cent., per annum for ninety years.

This does not effect the $6,000,000 in bonds funded under the Riddleberger act and in the hands of the people or the securities held by schools and colleges. All other securities, however, are brought into the $19,000,000 pool, and the start is to be made with a clean score.

This basis of settlement seems to be entirely favorable to the State and is received with great satisfaction by the people. Certificates will be issued to the bond holders for what is claimed to be West Virginia's share of Virginia's debt.

Is John Sherman better than Foraker? We do not believe that he is. He has done more mischief to the country and the democratic party than Foraker ever can do. He once aided and was conspicuous in one of the blackest political crimes in our history, the theft of the Presidency. If we were a democratic member of the Ohio Legislature and our vote was needed for Foraker, that he might defeat Sherman, Foraker would get it. Although he is the greatest political blatherskite of the age.—[illegible] Democrat.

The elections being over reductions of wages in the protected industries are again in order. Lately the great iron firm of Jones & Laughlin, of Pittsburgh, posted a notice reducing the pay of 300 men from $1.50 to $1.35 a day. Jones was chairman of the Republican National Committee during the Blaine campaign in 1884, and contributed to the McKinley campaign fund in Ohio this year.

From the vital statistics of the large cities in this country it appears that at least 15,000 children starve to death every year.

Citizens of Pocahontas Co.

We are authorized to say that the people of this county, who oppose additional taxation that may be avoided, and consequently oppose moving the Court House from its present location to Marlinton, think that, the voters should hear the matters involved publicly discussed before the day of voting. Those opposed to the movement have selected Mr. C. F. Moore as an exponent of their views and he will address the people of the county at the following times and places:

Lobelia, school house Friday Nov. 27th, 1 p. m.; Hillsboro, Saturday, Nov. 28th, 2 p. m.; Edray, Tuesday, Dec. 1st 1 p. m.; Frost, Wednesday, Dec. 2nd, 1 p. m.; Dunmore, Thursday, Dec. 3rd, 2 p. m.; Travelers Repose, Friday, Dec. 4th, 1 p. m.; Green Bank, Saturday, Dec. 5th, 1 p. m.; Huntersville, Monday, Dec. 7th, 2 p. m.

Any gentleman who desires to divide time with Mr. Moore at any of these places is cordially invited to do so. The voters are the parties interested and should not miss these discussions.

NOTICE is hereby given that the line of road now controlled by Jno. Cleek in the Levels dist., will be let to contract at the January term of our County Court. The Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids. By order of the Court.

S. D. HANNAH, Pres.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a Trust Deed made the 27th day of August 1886 by [illegible] Skiles and Jennie B. Skiles and James R. Apperson to R. W. Baldwin, Trustee, and in pursuance of an order of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County (West Virginia), made on the 28th day of October 1891 "In the matter of R. W. Baldwin, Trustee," appointing the undersigned as Trustee to execute the provisions of said Deed of Trust instead of said R. W. Baldwin, former trustee who is dead, and Richard Baldwin the beneficiary in said Trust Deed, having so requested, I, the undersigned acting as trustee under authority above stated, shall, on

MONDAY, 28th DECEMBER 1891,

proceed to sell to the highest bidder at public auction in front of the Court House of Pocahontas County, at Huntersville, W. Va., for

CASH

two adjoining parcels of land of [illegible] acre each, with the hotel building and other buildings thereon being the [illegible] of ground at [illegible]LINTON in said County formerly owned and used as a Hotel property by said James R. Apperson and later by said Jennie B. Skiles, and which is more fully described in said deed of Trust recorded in the Clerk's Office of the County Court of said Pocahontas County at page 465 and following pages of Deed Book No. 17.

URIAH HEVENER Trustee,
as successor of R. W. Baldwin, original Trustee.

Nov. 26-4t. Printers fee $6.00.

Town Lots for Sale in Huntersville.

Becoming tired of hearing of the grumbling about there being no land or lots for sale in Huntersville, I have had laid off 30 to 40 desirable building lots containing nearly one quarter acre each, which I offer for sale at prices from $50 to $75.

J. C. LOCKY, Sr.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

December 3, 1891.

THE MAN WHO EXPLAINED.

Some one who was going somewhere with a parrot left the bird in his cage on a seat in the waiting room of the Erie depot for half an hour the other afternoon. The lonely situation of Polly was soon discovered by an oldish man who had his personal effects tied up in a bundle, and he took a seat beside the cage. Nothing attracts attention quicker than a parrot. The bird sat dozing on his perch, and his general appearance was nothing to brag of, but he soon began to draw. A mild looking middle-aged man approached with a smile of anticipation on his phiz and asked:

"Does your parrot speak many words?"

"Not very many," replied the other. "About all he can say is to call you a cheese faced idiot and inquire when you are going to hang yourself?"

"Yes—ahem—yes!" stammered the mild looking man, and that finished him.

The next to approach was a bustling, matronly woman, who had been to the information bureau.

'Ah! You have a parrot, I —" she exclaimed as she came to a halt. "He's not a very old bird?"

'No'm.'

'Talk much?"

'Not so very much. About all he can do is to ask you to pull down your vest, wipe off your chin and choose the rocker."

'Well, I'd wring his neck if I owned him she retorted, as she sailed away with her head up.

The third comer's cheeks were ornamented with Burnsides and he wore glasses. He was wandering about with his hands clasped behind him and it was in an abstracted way that he stopped and inquired:

'Is that a talking parrot?'

'Oh, yes.'

Isn't talking any just now?"

'Not just this minute, but he'll break out pretty soon and want to know why in Texas you make an ass of yourself by wearing mutton chop whiskers. He's always hated 'em.'

'Has, eh? I see. Curious bird,' mumbled the man as he headed for the other end of the room.

Three or four people now came up and stooped to look, and passed on without making any inquiries, but then an old man, limping with a sore foot and carrying an umbrella for a cane, stopped on his way to the water cooler and asked:

'Is that a regular parrot?'

'Of course.'

'What's he worth?'

'Fifty dollars.'

'Humph! Man must be a fool to pay fifty dollars for a rumpled up bird like that. That's the price of two yearlings.'

'Can't help that. He's the greatest talker in America.'

'Is, eh! Appears to be purty dumb just now.'

'He's sleepy. You just wait a few minutes and he'll call you an old bow legged, knock kneed, spindle shanked masher.'

'He will, eh. If he does I'll jab him with this umbrell.'

'Yes, he'll tell you to go and soak your head, pull in your teeth, belay your jaw, stop winking at the girls pay up your pew rent and let whiskey alone.'

'He will, will he? If he does I'll light on to you and lick you in two minutes. I don't allow nobody nor nothing to sass and insult me!'

The old man talked in such high pitched tones that a policeman came over and took him away. The other man also picked up his bundle and slid out, and the parrot aroused himself, indulged in a shake or two and cocked his eye at one of the half dozen women standing around and demanded:

'Who in blazes started this blooming old row anyhow?'

Blind Tom's Decline.

The greatest musical wonder of the negro race—"Blind Tom"—who for years delighted the public with his remarkable performance upon the piano, is passing the closing days of his life amid the pathetic scenes of an insane asylum.

Tom in the days of slavery was the property of Gen. James N. Bethune, a planter of Georgia, who, after the war, moved to Virginia, and took up his residence on an estate near the town of Warrenton, one of the prettiest villages in the old commonwealth, a classic spot in the history of the war, and noted then as now for its cultivated and pleasure loving people. Here it was, in the shadow of the beautiful Blue Ridge mountains, that "Blind Tom's" genius unfolded itself, found a vent in that atmosphere of refinement and culture, and finally astonished the world.

His masterpiece, "The Battle of Manassas," is a miracle of imaginative form. His conception of the event captivates the ear with its first chord, and in the execution that follows he intimates the march of the fife and drums, the charge of the cavalry, the thunder of the batteries, and the agony of the wounded and dying so faithfully that a great martial panorama seems to float through the fancy of the hearer.

When a mere lad Tom would conceal himself in his master's house, and after midnight creep into the parlor and play the same airs with which his young mistress had entertained her guests a few hours before, being cautious to suppress his notes by placing his foot on the "soft" pedal. He was soon detected, however in this innocent diversion and reprimanded. The children of the household, delighted with his marvelous powers, encouraged him to play on all occasions by stealth. But his genius soon became so manifest that his master found it to his interest to have it cultivated and turned to profit.

Tom has been a simpleton from his birth. As an evidence of his mental weakness he invariably applauded himself by clapping his hands and appeared as if in a fit of ecstacy after each performance.

Although nature fashioned him simple-minded she gracefully atoned for this short-coming, and attuned his gentle soul in a wondrous harmony.

Previous to his retirement he could reproduce the notes of the most extraordinary performers. Eminent musicians who have tested his powers for music agree that he has the finest notice ear for one who was born blind that has ever come under their notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the line of road now controlled by Jno. Clark in the Levels dist., will be let [illegible] of the January term of our County Court. The Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids. By order of the Court.

S. B. HANNAH, Pres.

—If you want Letter and Note heads, neatly printed and put up in tablet form, cheaper than you can get them anywhere else, call at THE TIMES office. We also do all kinds of nice job printing, and have on hands a nice line of Stationery, business cards, &c. &c.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 9. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, December 10, 1891. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 20

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

ONE WOMAN'S WAY.

"It's no use, I've worn all the cast-off clothes I'm going to."

There was no sign of irritation or ill-nature in the girl's bright face as she made this assertion. She sat in the centre of a heap of discarded finery. There were frayed and spotted velvet skirts, satin and silk waists, strained out and and thread-bare in almost every seam, flounced and bedraggled gros grains and nun's veilings, crumpled ribbons and torn laces.

"What do you intend to wear?"

Florence Annable's only companion on this occasion was her married sister, Mrs. Paul Grenman, in whose pretty ear sparkled valuable solitaires, and whose fingers were crowded with costly jewels. Mrs. Grenman's tone was cold, and the smile on her faultless lips was almost a sneer.

"I don't mean anything unkind, Julia," Miss Annable replied, "but the truth is, I am not comfortable in second-hand clothing."

"Blanche would be edified at your remarks, Florence," said Mrs. Grenman; "it was no easy task to get these things together," she added with increased hauteur. "You know very well that my maid expects every garment I discard, and so does Blanche's."

Notwithstanding her protest, the young lady had selected the least injured of the velvet skirts, and had begun to rip off the braid. But she threw down her scissors now and stepped out of the debris.

"That settles it, Julia," she said with shining eyes, with no other indication of excitement. "*I* will sort those 'rags and jags, and velvet gowns' into bundles, and you and Blanche need not disappoint your maids."

"What stupidity, Florence!" Mrs. Grenman hastened to say. "You know that we want you to have our things. You have made lovely costumes many times out of the poorer material than that is there."

The lady's tone was a little more conciliatory. She evidently had some reason for not wishing her sister to carry out her threat.

"These things are much more suitable for your maid than for your sister, Julia," Miss Annable replied, as she set about her task.

"Perhaps you think that your sisters should keep you supplied with new clothes?" said Mrs. Grenman.

"No, I do not; but I will tell you what I do think," Miss Annable responded, with heightened color, but in cool tones. "I think that you and Blanche ought to be willing that I should earn my own wardrobe."

"Earn it!" said Mrs. Grenman, disdainfully. "What new and abominable crochet have you got into your head now? Something to disgrace us all, I suppose."

"If you and Blanche would pay me in hard cash, as you would be compelled to pay a professional, for playing the piano at your luncheon parties and your kettledrums, your receptions and your informal evening gatherings, *I* could buy my own clothes, and be much better satisfied."

Mrs. Grenman's astonishment and indignation were [illegible].

"Whoever thought that one of our family would be so coarse and mercenary! Pay one's own sister for playing a few sonatas and quadrilles once in a while! Why don't you ask us to to pay you for coming to attend our kettledrums and receptions? Indeed Florence, if I must say it, I think you have been generously compensated for anything you have ever done for either of us;" and Mrs. Grenman waved a jeweled hand toward the bundles in the centre of the room.

"Julia, I will find out what a professional pianoist will charge for playing the same number of hours that I do," Miss Annable began again, calmly. "Then, not being a professional, I will play for you and Blanche for just half that amount."

Mrs. Grenman rose, picked off a few bits of the thread from her handsome black silk dress—she had been darning a tiny bit of lace—and proceeded to array herself for the street.

The room in which this conversation took place was the fourth-story back of a socalled fashionable boarding-house, and this was Florence Annable's home. Her father and mother were both dead, the former having survived the wreck of a large fortune only a few weeks. When the estate was settled, it was found that there would be enough money to provide Florence, the only unmarried daughter, with the necessaries of life. In other words, it would pay her board. So, for two years more, she had been dependent upon her wealthy sisters for her wardrobe. It was a disagreeable position for a sensitive and high-minded girl, and it had come at last to be unendurable.

"Florence!"

Mrs. Grenman was ready to go.

"Well?" said her companion.

"I shall repeat this conversation to Paul. I tell you, that you may be prepared to meet the consequences."

"I am prepared for anything but 'rags and jags,' Julia," her sister replied; "and I beg you to believe that I should not have worn your cast-off garments so long if it had not been for keeping the peace. Let me tell you what else *I* am willing to do. You say that some of the costumes *I* have made from the dresses you have finished wearing have been very pretty and stylish. I will hold myself ready to make over the best of them for you to wear again, and I will do it in my best manner."

"And be paid for it?"

"Certainly, like any other dressmaker."

"And you wish me to understand that you will not play for one of my parties again unless you are paid for it?"

Mrs. Grenman's hand was on the knob of the door as she asked this question.

"I wish you to understand that I do not regard your old velvet and silk gowns as a fair equivalent for my services as chief musician," said Miss Annable. "And also, that I not only believe with the Bible that 'the laborer is worthy of his hire,' but that labor is eminently respectable."

The departing guest's twist of the door knob was nothing less than vicious. Florence, who knew her sister perfectly, understood that the breach between them now would be a hard one to bridge. Work was a degradation, in the opinion of her rich near relatives. But it was not so for her. There were two ways in which she knew she could earn a generous support. One by her musical talent, and the other by her taste and ability in designing costumes.

"It is wicked to keep you at the piano, Miss Annable, when we all know you are so fond of dancing, but no one plays as you do," her friends were constantly saying.

Now why, she asked herself, with this available talent in her possession, should she not earn some money, and in a business like and "open and above board" manner, as men termed it? Miss Annable was unable to see why she should be idle, and wear her sisters cast-off clothes, any more than the man who had a room across the corridor should be idle and wear his rich brother's "rags and jags." This question of the utilization of talent had been logically met and settled a good while before, but the hindrance in the way of putting her theories into practice had been hard to overcome. Her sisters had aimed high, and brought down their game. It was no more than fair that she should do the same, her relatives had frequently told her, instead of occupying the fourth-story back in a crowded boarding-house, and making them a world of trouble in explaining and excusing her anomalous position. Their frequent assertions that sister Florence was exceedingly peculiar, and could not be induced to make a home with either of her relatives, were in the main true. Miss Annable could have made herself useful in either of these establishments, but her liberty was far too precious to jeopardize by any such arrangement. Here in the sky parlor certain hours of each day were her own, her very own.

A few hours later Miss Annable was driving in the park with some friends. She passed both of her sisters, and their recognition, though calculated to deceive her companions, was understood by her. Julia had communicated with Blanche, and they had both shown their displeasure in as marked a manner as the circumstances would permit.

This recalcitrant member of their aristocratic family was to be brought to terms. Florence Annable smiled as she thought of it.

Clarke Durivage rode along by the side of the landau, and chatted with the young ladies. For the first time since Florence had decided not to wear any more "cast offs" her courage failed her. She felt it to be a humiliating truth that she cared more for this man's good opinion than for anything else in the world; to think that she was quite independent of remark or criticism from any other quarter, but not from him, filled her with confusion and alarm. Mr. Durivage had been the only man she had ever met in society who had talked to her as if she were possessed of an equal intelligence.

Miss Annable canvassed the subject very thoroughly in these few minutes. Her scorn of her own weakness, as shown by the presence of this man, acted like a spur to her conscience.

"The die is cast," she told herself, as Mr. Durivage bade her good evening. "I will not wear jags, and so must play jigs."

The young lady did not estimate her musical talent at its true value. It was almost a case of genius. She could play the work of the most favored composers, and with a power and expression which delighted the most critical. And so it came to pass that Miss Annable was engaged at regular professional prices to play for a party at the house of the wealthy and distinguished Mrs. Van Courtland. Her sisters were both present, but neither of them came near her during the evening, and in this way she would [illegible] that there had been a quarrel.

"Good evening, Miss Florence."

"Good evening, Mr. Durivage."

"It is rather singular that there is no one here to play but you," the gentleman remarked. "I have been waiting a half hour to ask you to dance."

"It is not the least singular, Mr. Durivage," said the musician smiling heroically, "for *I* am regularly employed to play for Mrs. Van Courtland's guests this evening."

The plunge was made, the worst was over, and Florence felt that she could look herself squarely in the face when the evening was over.

"And you—you have struck out in this way for yourself?"

There was a strange quality in the gentleman's voice that his companion did not understand.

"Struck out?" Miss Annable laughingly answered. "That is a good phrase. It requires muscle, I assure you."

"But your sister, Miss Florence?"

"They are here. You must have seen them. The next piece is a quadrille, Mr. Durivage. Please listen to it critically. It is my own composition."

The music was a success. The applause and excitement that followed its conclusion amounted to an ovation. Mr. Durivage drew near the piano and read the title.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, in loud, clear tones, "the name of the original quadrille which has so delighted us is 'Rags, and Jags, and Velvet Gowns.'"

There came a time when Florence Annable could tell her friend, Mr. Durivage, the whole story, and the following is the substance of his reply:

"I determined," he said, "to woo and win you that night at Mrs. Van Courtland's. I had cared for you from the first day of our acquaintance, but how could I help feeling that you might be like your sisters—ultra-fashionable, purse-proud, regardful only of appearances. What kind of helpmeets would your sisters make if misfortune should overtake their husbands? And then, Florence, I have always maintained that it was just and reprehensible for a woman to be idle and dependent as for a man. As my wife, there will be no need for you to continue your professional career, but your talent must never be neglected, and for two reasons: First, because it will always be our greatest source of enjoyment, and next, because every woman should always hold in her hands the means of support.

A Hannibal (Mo.) man bought two pills and put them in his vest pocket. He also bought a small pearl button and put it in the same pocket. When it came time to take the pill he opened his mouth, shut his eyes and gulped one down. He was relieved of his headache and went on his way rejoicing. Afterward, having use for the collar button, he felt in his pocket and found two pills, but no button.

DRY GOODS.

An old lady from way back regions came to the city to do some "trading." As she looked around the elegant store in vague wonder a dandy floor walker approached her.

"What can *I* do for you today, madam?"

"I want to see the place where you sell dry goods."

"It is right here, madam. What kind of dry goods do you want?"

"Dried apples, mister."

[illegible]

A [illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

December 10, 1891.

RE-LOCATION QUESTION AT LAST SETTLED.

The question as to where our Court House shall be located, is at last finally settled by the people.

As the result shows that the will o over three-fifths of our people is that Marlinton shall have the Court House, it becomes us as citizens of a republic to bow with deference before the will of the people thus emphatically expressed.

In discussing the issues, through our columns, we have endeavored to be conservative, but we admit that it was with regret that we realized that the County Seat must seek a more central and convenient location to conform to the wish of the large majority of the citizens of our County as the vote shows that the desire for a change of location was general throughout the County.

The returns show that the voters were about all at the polls. The result was not occasioned by local prejudice or factional bitterness. The election was a fair, open, honest expression of the will of the voters. Now, let us lay aside all feeling except good-will, and let each and every one do all he can, by word and deed, to make our county seat what has been so appropriately styled, "the peoples' town—the principal town of our County."

Our County Court will be convened on next Saturday, Dec. 12th, to declare the result, and we will thus have this question finally settled, and leaving old ruts we start on the highway to general prosperity.

As soon as we can make necessary arrangements, we will move our paper to the new city and enlarge it to an 8 col. folio or twice the size it is now, and we trust that the liberal aid of our people, which has heretofore been so generously extended to us, will still be ours, and not ours only, but will be extended to the home of our adoption.

High Tariff Does not Hurt the Rich.

There is one significant and instructive paragraph in the Associated Press synopsis of opinions cabled from Paris of the effect of the McKinley bill on our trade with France. A Mr Vanbergen, "who annually exports to the United States textile goods to the value of 35,000,000 francs," is quoted as saying: "The new tariff has not greatly injured our trade in high-class goods. Our business in cheaper goods has diminished considerably." In other words, as the Sun and tariff reformers generally have insisted, it is the people of moderate means, or the actually poor, neither of whom can afford to pay fancy prices, who are injuriously affected by an unduly high tariff. Being unable to pay, they go without or buy an inferior article produced at a lower price in this country. In either case, they are made to bear the whole weight of the tariff iniquity. The rich, on the other hand, are not affected. They can afford to buy and do buy "high-class" goods, whatever the tariff tax upon them. They may object to being robbed for the benefit of tariff monopolists, but they do not suffer as the poor. The whole tariff system in this country is aimed with fatal directness at the great mass of consumers, with the practical result of making the burdens of poverty, the privations of small incomes much greater than they need be.—Baltimore Sun.

Here is a list of names which have been mentioned as the nominees of the Democratic party for President and Vice President:—Cleveland and Boies, Russell and Boies, Boies and Russell, Hill and Boies, Cleveland and Campbell, Hill and Campbell, Gorman and Campbell, Gorman and Boies, Russell and Gray, Flower and Campbell, Flower and Gray, Hill and *Gray*, Cleveland and Gray, Flower and Vorhees.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 4th—The very spirited contest for the Speakership of the House of Representatives will close with the selection of one of the candidates by the democratic caucus which will be held tomorrow, but it will be years before it is forgotten. There have been many things to cause it to be remembered, not the least of which is the large number of candidates that will remain in the field up to the last—this is of itself highly creditable to the democratic party as an organization, as it is a party that does not tolerate bossim, but gives every man in its ranks an equal right to aspire to any honor within its gift. Another thing about it that will not soon be forgotten is the action of the republicans in trying by misrepresenting innocent remarks made by democrats, and in many instances by the outright manufacture of statements to create a feeling of entagonism between the friends of the several candidates—they succeeded but too well in some instances.

Whoever is selected for Speaker, the attempt will be made in certain quarters to make it appear that the selection makes certain the nomination for President next year of some one of the gentleman who have been prominently named for that honor. That is another republican scheme. There is not the slightest thing to base such a conclusion upon, no matter which of the candidates for Speaker may win. There are, to your correspondent's certain knowledge, men in the ranks of the supporters of each of the candidates who favor Mr. Cleveland, Govenor Hill, *Govenor* Gray, Senator Gorman and Governor Boies, so you see what nonsense it is to say that the success of any one of the candidates for Speakership will have any direct effect upon the nomination for President next year. Just as members of Congress have differed in their opinions of the best man for speaker, so will they differ when it comes to selecting a candidate for President. The National democratic convention, and not the House of Representatives, will name the presidential nominee of the party, republican busybodies to the contrary notwithstanding.

Representative Cooper, of Indiana, who originated the Raum investigation in the last Congress says that if Mr. Harrison persists in keeping Raum at the head of the Pension office he will move for another investigation. Mr. Cooper has secured a large addition to the stock of ammunition which the packed committee of the last Congress refused to allow him to use, and if Raum does not vacate the Pension office he will see to it that the next investigation does not end with a coat of whitewash.

It is stated here, but denied, that Secretary Foster's health is in a precarious condition. While denying that he is seriously sick, his friends admit that he is going South for several weeks' rest before he again takes up his work as Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. Harrison's friends in the republican party have been anxiously expecting this week that often announced statement from Mr. Blaine that he would not be the candidate of his party, it having been stated here the other day by ex-Senator Saunders, of Nebraska, whose daughter is Russell's wife, that Mr. Blaine would shortly take the public into his confidence; but alas, for the Harrison crowd, it seems to be only another false alarm, as *Mr.* Blaine says not a word, but continues to smile when visiting republicans tell him that they propose nominating him next year.

Attorney *General* Miller is not an admirer of the newspapers, probably because they have refused to class him as high as his own conceit tells him he should go; therefore it caused no surprise when he tried to cast a slur upon the press, while the argument in the cases against the constitutionality of the McKinley tariff law was proceeding before the Supreme Court. It came about this way. Mr. Stephen G. Clark, of New York, while arguing that the omission of the tobacco rebate clause in the bill as signed by the President invalidated the whole bill, produced a book kept in the Clerk's office showing the record of bills passed by the House, to show that the clause was omitted. In reply to the Attorney General's question, Mr. Clark said he was not advised as to whether there was any law for the keeping of the book. "*If* there is no such law," said the Attorney General with a sneer, "the book has no more weight than a newspaper publication."

Commissioner Roosevelt is back. He declines to discuss the story that Mr. Wanamaker is after his scalp, further than to say that he stands by everything he has ever said, which is equivalent to repeating his charge against the truthfulness of Mr. W.

HOME NEWS

—The election at this place pass ed off moderately quiet.

—A special term of the County Court will convene next Saturday.

—Mr. Peter D. Yeager, of Traveler's Repose is in the city.

—Mr. J. W. Talbott, of Philippi was in Huntersville Tuesday.

—Mr. J. H. Patterson,has returned from a visit to his family at Green Bank.

—Mess. Henry Barlow and J. K. Gay, of Edray, were in Huntersville to-day.

—The largest vote that was ever cast at this place was cast Tuesday.

—C. A. Lightner, Esq., of Green Bank and Mr. J. K. Taylor, of Dunmore called in our office to day.

—Sina Taylor, an old colored lunatic hanged herself in the jail at this place last Thursday morning.

—Mess. E. H. Moore and W. W. Beard, of Academy were in town today.

—Capt. J. W. Marshall, of Marlinton has been in town for a couple of days.

—Col. Jno. T. McGraw, Mess. Levi Gay,and Charley Callison, of Marlinton were in town to-day.

—Monday evening a colored boy was lodged in jail at this place for stealing $5.00 from Jacob L. Arbogast at Green Bank.

—Mr. H. A. Yeager, called to see us to-night (Wednesday) and reports that the election in the Green Bank district passed off quietly.

—There were so many persons in town on election day, that it is impossible for us to mention them all so we will not be partial.

—Rev. J. A. Loutenschlager will preach at this place Sunday the 27th inst.

—A train load of convicts passed through Covington on Tuesday morning on their way to the Hot Springs to labor on the company's works between that place and the Warm Springs.—Alleghany Sentinel.

—Attorneys C. F. Moore against C. H. removal and H. S. Rucker for removal made very able speeches in the court house Monday, and considering the very rough day there was a good turn-out.

—In the Virginia penitentiary there are 240 white men, 726 colored men, 2 white women and and 55 colored women, and there were 167 male convicts working outside, making a total of 1,190. The convicts did $17,176.16 worth of work on railroads during the year.

—Hon. S. B. Elkins has donated ten acres of ground and $30,000 in money towards the founding of a Baptist seminary in the town which bears his name. He says that he can easily raise that much more if necessary to complete it.

—About a week ago we sent our agent Mr. J. H. Clark,our subscription accounts at the Academy post office, for collection, and Tuesday we received the respective amounts and a years subscription in advance with scarcely an exception, for which we return our sincere thanks, both to our patrons and Mr. Clark for his kind services. We hope ere long gentlemen to give you a newspaper worthy your support.

—ISAIAH CARPENTER, of Preston county, claims to be one hundred and fourty-nine years of age. His family record shows that he was born in Loudoun county, Virginia, in 1742. He was well acquainted with Washington, Boone, Kenton and other early settlers, and was a teamster in General Braddock's army. His eldest son, who died fifteen years since, was one hundred years old at the time of his death, and he has a daughter, now residing in Maine, eighty years old. Mr. Carpenter's memory is good, and he weighs about two hundred pounds.

—L. B. McClung,a mason employed by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, was killed about three miles from Millboro on Monday. He had started on a trip to Pocahontas county in a small phaeton.—A team with a carriage that was hitched at Millboro Springs, became frightened just after Mr. McClung passed. They broke loose and dashed down the road in the same direction, and came in contact with him, The pole of the carriage struck him in the head, killing him instantly. He leaves a wife and large family to mourn their loss.—Alleghany Sentinel.

A Trip to Edray.

The Hillsboro Cornet Band having received an invitation to attend the public speaking at Edray Dec. 1st, early that morning twelve of the boys were snugly packed in a new wagon behind four spirited steeds with the reins in the hands of an expert driver. So away we went at the rate of about eight miles an hour. The boys all seemed in good tune, and quite a jolly crowd we were. But alas, ere we had made 3 miles of the trip one of our boys realized to his sorrow that it disfigured a brass horn to come in contact with a wagon wheel. So the boy began to retrace his steps toward the parental roof, where no doubt he expected to find some comfort, and be able to repair damages, judging from the manner in which he spoke of the "old family rolling pin." But a sympathising friend gave him a word of cheer and comfort which changed his mind, and he resumed the trip with renewed energy and pleasant anticipations for us all.

Marlinton being the prominent point on the route,we reached there in good time, and found the people very enthusiastic over that booming city. The band was asked to play a piece, which they did. But we thought we could tell by the countenance of a very whorthy Divine in the crowd (who is a good judge of music) that there might have been a discordant sound made. Leaving Marlinton we arrived at Edray at 12 o'clock, where we were taken in hand by our much esteemed friend Rev. G. P. Moore who took us directly to his house, where we were all made to feel at home. In a few minutes we were invited to the dining room, where we beheld a table groaning under its load of substantials and delicacies, so pleasing to the appetites of all present.

After dinner we began to circulate among the people, and found them from all parts of the county.

The good people impressed us with that determination that they are going to keep abreast with this progressive age. And those Marlintonians are all men of push and enterprise, and men that Pocahontas County hould feel proud of.

We had the pleasure of meeting a goodly number from our present capitol. They have warm places in our hearts, and we certainly admire the spirit in which they cherish the good judgment of our forefathers, and the vigorous fight they are making to perpetuate it.

The time having arrived for us to return home, there was a collection taken for the benefit of the band. The public collection with private subscriptions amounted to no paltry sum to the band, and to assure you of that fact, we received as much as five and ten dollars, from single individuals. And now we return our most heartfelt thanks to every contributor to our relief, and also to the people generally for the kindness shown us in every way.

We close hoping to have the pleasure of meeting you all again, and be better prepared to entertain you with our music.

ONE OF THE BOYS.

Dom Pedro ex Emperor of Brazil, died in Paris on the 4th inst.

Falling walls in St. Paul, on the 4th inst. killed fifty men.

940 AGAINST 475

SAY THEY WANT THE

Court House Removed.

MARLINTON,

IS NOW THE COUNTY SEAT OF POCAHONTAS.

ONLY 4 VOTES AGAINST IT IN THE EDRAY DISTRICT.

91 OVER THE NECESSARY THREE-FIETHS.

OFFICIAL RETURNS.

Names of Precincts.	For relocation.	Against relocation.
HUNTERSVILL PECINCT,	60	118
FROST "	21	48
BUCKEYE "	76	3
EDRAY "	255	1
SPLIT ROCK "	88	0
ACADEMY "	380	25
TRAVELER'S REPOSE	30	34
GREEN BANK "	12	210
DUNMORE "	18	36
Total vote cast	940	475

—"I am compelled to announce, brethren," observed the minister, taking off his glasses and wiping them, "that our regular Wednesday night prayer meeting will not be held this week. I shall be on hand, of course, but the janitor will be unavoidably absent that evening, and it takes two to make a prayer meeting. We will sing the doxology and be dismissed.

—In a "Life of Lincoln," the biographer says that on a certain occasion an intimate friend of the President asked him the extent of his bank account. Mr. Lincoln replied: "I have exactly $10,000." "Ten Thousand dollars!" repeated the friend in amazement, "how on earth did you make it?" To which Lincoln answered: "I made $5,000 by minding my own business, and $5,000 more by letting other people's business alone." There is a piquant moral to this story, and as the average individual is not rocking in the wealth of Croesus,let him or her follow the example of the illustrious president, if for no other reason than improving their respective bank accounts."

A Novel Railroad Case.

W. A. Richerson, who keeps a grocery store at Buena Vista, and his clerk, L. J. Campbell,have been arrested on a somewhat novel charge. Some days ago the passenger train on the Norfolk and Western Railroad ran into and killed a bull belonging to Richerson near the Beuna Vista Junction. Richerson put in a claim for damages, but the Norfolk and Western authorities, thinking the case somewhat suspicious, sent Detective Early there to investigate it. Early claims to have obtained a confession from Campbell to the effect that acting under Richerson's directions, he had tied the bull on the track for the purpose of having it killed in order to get damages. At a preliminary hearing both men were sent to jail to await their trial.

There were 7,064,480 letters received at the dead letter office during the past fiscal year.

An insane man demanded $1,200,000 of Russel Sage on the 3rd inst. and when refused he blew up himself with a dynamite bomb, killing five persons. Mr. Sage was slightly injured.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a Trust Deed made the 20th day of August 1886 by [illegible] Skiles and Jennie B. Skiles and James R. Apperson to R. W. Baldwin, Trustee, and in pursuance of an order of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County (West Virginia), made on the 20th day of October 1891 "In the matter of R. W. Baldwin, Trustee," appointing the undersigned as Trustee to execute the provisions of said Deed of Trust instead of said R. W. Baldwin, former trustee who is dead, and Richard Baldwin the beneficiary in said Trust Deed, having so requested, I, the undersigned acting as trustee under authority above stated, shall, on

MONDAY, 28th DECEMBER 1891,

proceed to sell to the highest bidder at public auction in front of the Court House of Pocahontas County, at Huntersville, W. Va., for

CASH

two adjoining parcels of land of ¼ acre each, with the hotel building and other buildings thereon being the ONE ACRE of ground at MARLINTON in said County formerly owned and used as a Hotel property by said James R. Apperson and later by said Jennie B. Skiles, and which is more fully described in said deed of Trust recorded in the Clerk's Office of the County Court of said Pocahontas County at page 455 and following pages of Deed Book No. 17.

URIAH HEVENER Trustee,
as successor of R. W. Baldwin, original Trustee.

Nov. 26-4t Printers fee $9.00.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	8 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	8 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.
December 10, 1891.

MAN AND WOMAN.

Story of the First Thanksgiving

The November sun was sinking in the Western skies. Another day had gone and no news from the ship. With darkness a pall of gloom settled over the little band of settlers. There was so much need that the food had to be apportioned.

Burton Laird had married Edward Love's daughter a month previously. She was a beautiful young woman of 20; he a sedate Lieutenant in Her Majesty's army.

As the sun's last beams had faded beyond the Western horizon, prayerful people wended their way to the quiet little chapel on the hill side. Edward Love was too ill to go. At his bedside were Alice and Burton Laird.

"Go, dear children," said the old man, "and pray for relief, for it is well to do so."

And so it seemed to both. They bent and kissed him with that tender affection only born of poverty and parential ties, and then left him. They knelt near the quaint altar and watched the pale lips of the good man utter holy words—words faintly heard by the listeners.

The voice grew fainter and weaker, as that of starving men must.

B[illegible] tried to sing, but the melody of their murmurs died away under the roof.

Burton Laird thought his wife leaned more heavily on his shoulder.

Then her voice was silent. Her face whitened under the dim light from the pulpit. Her eyes put on a dying look. She sighed and ceased to speak.

With a gasp she fell forward on his breast. He lifted her in his arms as if she were a babe and carried her out into the open air.

There was a gust of sharp wind which quickly revived her

She opened her eyes.

Until now Burton Laird had been strong. As he noted the pallor of her face his anguish overwhelmed him. He called aloud to Heaven to spare the wife of his bosom.

She heard him.

"We have loved each other well," she murmured, "and if we must part here it will only be to meet in that happy, happy land, where there is neither grief nor suffering. The Heaven for which we have sacrificed earth will be ours for all eternity. Weep not dear that I go first."

Burton Laird felt as he never felt before. He saw the sun of the young life sinking faster than that which had an hour before bored low upon the horizon of the New World, and he would be left in darkness forever more.

"Pity us," he cried in anguish that seemed to tear his soul from within. Speak not of grief 'till you have seen the tears of warlike men.

At that instant, against the dark horizon of the sky, sweeping down from the bosom of the seething ocean, came the ship so long expected.

From the rock beyond, the look out had seen it. His shout arose in the distance.

"The ship!"

"The ship!"

"The ship is here!"

The glad tidings swept down the hill-side and along the valley.

Then from the church rushed all the worshipers.

Weak voices' utterings of thanks giving soon resounded.

Burton Laird lifted his wife that she might see the glad sight the ocean presented.

"Thank heaven!" she cried; "you will live. Many will be saved, but I must die."

"Die," cried her husband in awful anguish. "No, it must not be; aid is at hand."

"Too late for me," the voice was weaker "but mourn not at that. I will tell you how it is: Father's life is far more valuable than mine, and for four days I have given him my share of food instead of his. But for that he would now be gone, and they look to him for aid and comfort in their trials. He will be powerful in the future of this New World—I am but a woman, you know."

"And I, your husband, never dreamed of this sacrifice. How gladly——But, no, you shall not die."

She had fainted.

Throwing himself beside her on the ground he drew the silvery sword from the sheath which hung at his side.

He drew the blade across his arm and then placed the wound against the white lips that had fallen rigidly apart.

She received the hot gush of his life's blood as a child would the milk from it's mother's breast, and without that loathing which knowledge of the truth would have given her.

And he, binding up his wound, bore her into the church and laid her down, wrapped in a blanket some one had dropped on the way to view the blessed spectacle of the ship's arrival.

She was saved.

Burton Laird knew it.

On the outside, Her Majesty's governor was proclaiming the arrival of the ship with its supplies and requesting that the following day be made one of Thanksgiving.

And there was great rejoicing, too

It was the first Thanksgiving in the New World.

SHE HAD HEARD HIM BEFORE.

A little girl in one of the neighboring towns is the author of a number of bright remarks. One Sunday not long ago she was visiting a friend, and went with her to church. The pastor is addicted to very long prayers. Several days later the line of conversation at the breakfast table fell upon funerals. The little girl's mother said she wanted her funeral as simple a service as possible. She said she would like a certain clergerman make a few remarks, and Rev. Mr. —— to utter a prayer.

Rev. Mr. —— was the clergerman the young Miss heard the Sunday before. She promptly exclaimed: "I'm glad you are going to have him make the prayer."

"And why are you glad?"

"Because then we will be sure you were not burried in a trance," was the unexpected reply.

"Will you think of me when I'm gone, love?" asked the dying husband.

"Yes," sobbed his inconsolable wife, "every time I am compelled to light the morning fire."

She—Don't you feel a draught over there by the window?

He (taking the hint)—I don't know but I do. What would you advise me to do; pull the blind down or move over nearer to you?

She—Both.

The old man who marries the "dear little duck" usually gets henpecked" and acknowledges himself an "old goose."

When a politician starts out to fix his "fence" his opponents begin to "rail."

When a dude "goes to the dogs" he probably goes to the poodle variety.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

—If you want Letter and Note heads, neatly printed and put up in tablet form, cheaper than you can get them anywhere else, call at THE TIMES office. We also do all kinds of nice job printing, and have on hands a nice line of Stationary, business cards, &c. &c.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 9. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, December 17, 1891. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 21

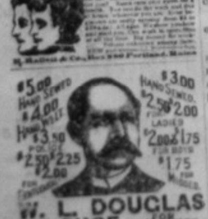
Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.



GREAT GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

Many years ago a girl and her great-grandmother sat together—the girl in tears. Said Great-grandmamma Hudson, sitting very straight, not lolling, at her 88 years, as did her great-grandchild of 18.

"Young folks think old folks are fools, but old folks know what young folks are."

"That's because you're old, grandma," sobbed Linda.

"No; it is because I was once young," said the old lady.

"But he is the only one I shall ever love," said Linda. "Papa is cruel to me. Why does he think ill of Lewis? He knows nothing about him. I shall die if separated."

"I was going to die too," said great-grandmother, "but I didn't."

"Oh, tell me, please," cried Linda, "had you a lover? Did they separate you? I never knew you had a love story—that is, that kind of one."

"Yes," said the old lady. "*I* had a lover. You can have many lovers, but never more than one father and mother. Folks think of that when it's too late. When father said, Cecil was Lord knows who, and he should not come to see me, remember *I* almost hated him for it. When mother said she did 't like him either I almost hated her. Cruel creatures that stood between me and my young lover—that was what my parents seemed to me then; and I was worse than you, my dear, ever so much worse, for it seemed wicked to me that any one should take it for granted a man was not worthy of love because he was a stranger, and I made preparations to run away with Cecil and marry him at *Gretna Green.*

"Everything was ready; I had my jewelry in my bosom and my little bundle on my arm, and was creeping out of a side door that led into the garden when a hand came down on my shoulder and a voice cried out:

"'*My girl, is this the way you use us?* and there was my father.

"My father's face was white as a ghost and his hand shook as he held mine.

"'Oh, father, father! I cried, 'if you would only let me have my will in this one thing. You can't make a girl love or hate by saying so.'

"He stood holding me firm and fast.

"'It is Emeline who has betrayed me,' I said and though they would never admit it I knew the maid had proven false.

"Well, they locked me up in my room. How often I cried out 'I shall die if I am separated from Cecil.'

"I am very old, but when I think of it my old pain comes back again. His eyes were like black diamonds and he had an olive cheek and full red lips, and your men with padded shoulders and hollow chests would'nt look like men standing beside him.

"It was a dreary time and my health broke down under it. I had a fever, and when I was well again the doctor said I must have a change; so mother decided to take me to the seaside; but first we were to go by stage coach to London and visit an aunt I had there.

"It was the day of stage coaches and the day of highwaymen.

"Going over a certain common on our way coaches had more than once been stopped. The men were armed always and the women trembled when they saw horsemen riding towards them.

"'Your money or your life,' was their word, and they kept it.

"'If we should meet the highwaymen!' said my mother; but I was not afraid. I didn't care whom we met or what happened to me.

"We rode away from our home in the bright daylight and stopped for dinner and to change horses at an inn; then we rode on again. It would be nightlong before we reached London. I sat in the coach with my head on my mother's sholder, thinking of just *one* thing—Cecil. Should I never see him again—never, never, never? Would he not follow me and carry me off by force? Could I not somehow let him know and escape from my aunt's house in London and be married, so that no one could part us? Oh, *I* was so miserable—miserable. Nothing like making plans that can come to nothing and burst like bubbles when we have thought them out, for wretchedness.

"The afternoon faded out and the sun set. The moon rose.

"'See what a lovely moon!' said my mother. But I had not cared to look at the moon since *I* saw her over the garden wall that night I had tried to run away. Rumble went the coach, crack went the whip.

"Suddenly there was a tumult.

"'*Gentlemen*,' cried the guard—'gentlemen, I'm afraid we are to have some trouble here. See to your weapons, gentlemen!'

"Then the coach came to a stand.

"The shrieking women clung together. Four masked men rode to the door. The coachman and guards lay in a ditch. One of the gentlemen was bound; the other was old and lame. They were rifling his pockets while he was screaming. They took out a gold watch, a purse and his snuff box with diamonds on it. They had already the other's money.

"Then one—the largest, the handsomest figure—bent over us.

"'Don't fear, ladies,' he said in a soft voice. 'All we want is whatever valuables you may have about you.'

"Mamma began to scream.

"The lady who sat next to her fainted.

"We could not see the man's face, for he was masked, and we were in the shadow of the coach.

"'Something shines on your finger,' he said; 'let me see it.'

"He caught at the chain on which I wore a locket with a curl of Cecil's hair.

"'Don't take that!' I cried. 'Don't take that!'

"I clutched it. Our heads were close together. I saw his chin and mouth under his mask. At the same moment my face was thrust into the moonlight.

"Amy!" I heard him whisper to himself, and I knew Cecil.

"Mean while something had happened. Two gentlemen had ridden up—the one who had been bound was free. For once the tables had been turned upon the robbers.

"Then one had ridden away; two were bound and one lay bleeding. This last one was Cecil.

"I knew now that my father had not been wrong. Cecil was even worse thought him. He was a highwayman, a bad man and the companion of bad men—a creature who cut purses on the public road.

"They were not all ignorant men, these highwaymen, by any means.

"Many had good birth, education and manners. Yes, a bad man! But how could I hate him all at once! I understand that my father had been right in parting us; but those lips had kissed me—those hands held mine.

"'The ladies need fear no longer,' said one of the gentlemen. 'Those fellows are not in a condition to molest them.'

"Then he said (men didn't say such highflown things then): 'How merciful is the gentler sex! It is compassionate to the erring as well as the virtuous.'

"For I had torn my hand from my mother's and knelt beside Cecil.

"They thought I pitied a wounded robber—that was all; but this is what we whispered in the darkness;

"'Amy, you know what I am now; but I love you.'

"And I answered: 'Cecil, I hate your deeds without hating you.'

"Those were the last words we ever spoke to each other—the very last."

"Did you never see him again?" asked the girl. "Oh, Grandmamma! never again!"

The old woman looked into her eyes.

"He was a very bad man, my dear," she said, "very bad; and I never saw him again. I believe he died a shameful death one day at the hands of the executioner. But' you see, it was because I have been young, not because I am old, that I say you young folks are fools.

"It was a good while—yes, a good while—after that night in the stage-coach before I came to my senses sufficiently to thank dear papa for his watchfulness over me, and be really glad that I had never been Cecil's wife; but I did at last, my dear—I did at last; and I married my good husband, your great-grandfather—whom you never saw; and we were always happy. The heart of a woman is a mystery and has been since Eve my little girl."

BOURBON BROUGHT HIM.

A good story is related of the Hon. B. Lawless, a former member of Lewisville bar, and who came to this city from Glasgow, Ky., says the Chicago Press. He was a "long winded" talker, and when he arose to make an argument he didn't know when to stop. On one occasion he was making a speech before Judge Ballard, in the United States Court. He had spoken several hours and the Judge and every body else were thoroughly tired out, though they were helpless. At last Judge Ballard beckoned his brother, Jack Ballard, to him and implored him to stop Lawless if he could.

"Oh, that's easy enough," replied the brother. "I'll stop him inside of three minutes.

There was a great deal of curiosity to see how this could be accomplished, as the orator seemed to be nowhere near the end of his speech. Jack Ballard took a pencil and sheet of paper and wrote:

"MY DEAR COLONEL: As soon as you finish your magnificent argument, I would like you to join me in the clerk's office in a bumper of fine old bourbon."

The note was handed to the orator who paused at the end of a soaring period, drew his glasses from his pocket and said:

"And, now, if it please your Honor and you, gentlemen of the jury, I leave the case with you."

He picked up his hat and was in the clerk's office in about a minute.

Jake—"The boil on the back of my neck is getting awful painful."

Cora—"You ought to be proud of that."

Jake—"Why so?"

Cora—"It may supply a need—come to a head.

TWO SORTS OF BOYS.

First City Boy—I hope we won't take a country house again. I hate it.

Second City Boy—What! Hate the country?

"No the country is good enough, but there's always a garden; and ma and pa go 'bout crazy over it, plantin' things in the spring, and then, when the hot weather comes, they get tired and stop botherin' 'bout it, and then the weeds come up, and then they always want me to weed garden, 'cause it's good, healthful outdoor exercise for boys of my age. I hate it."

"Well you're a champ. We have a garden every summer, too, but I don't do any weeding; not much I don't."

"Have you a gardner?"

"No."

"Then how do you get out of it."

"Well you see, I can never learn the difference between weeds and other things, and by the time I've dug up a lot of flowers and veg'tables mother comes runnin' out and says I ain't big enough to weed garden. Then I go fishin."

A FINANCIER'S ADVICE.

Suggestions for Young Men who Wish to Succeed.

The boy who is wanted in the business world of to-day must be educated, says Russell Sage in an admirable article on "The Boy That is Wanted," in November Ladies' Home Journal. If his parents cannot afford to give him a high school or college education, he must learn to study without the aid of a teacher, in the early morning before business begins, and in the evenings after business hours. It can no longer be truthfully said that an education is out of anyone's reach. Our splendid school system, where one can study by day or in the evening, has put the priceless treasure of an education within the reach of all. The main thing, in the beginning, that *I* would impress upon boys is the one great commandments, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." The boy who respects his father and mother, who treats his sisters and brothers with loving kindness, has laid the foundation for a successful career. You will do as your parents tell you, and that will certainly be to study. Don't be in a hurry to get away from your school books. The cares and responsibilities of business life will come soon enough. Go to school as long as you can, and, remember, every hour spent in study in your youth will be worth money to you in after life. Read good books—the Bible above all. Make yourself acquainted with history. Study the progress of nations and the careers of men who have made nations great. Study religion, science, statecraft and history. Learn to read inteligently, so that you may turn to practical use in after life the readings of your youth. Be sure you begin right. Do not waste time in reading trashy books.

"What's become of John?"

"What John?"

John Thompson."

"Why, haven't you heard?"

"No. The last time I saw him was early in the fall, when he said he was going to reform his life [illegible] business—in fact, he was going to forge ahead."

"He said that, did he?"

"Yes."

"Well, he made a little mistake somehow and forged a signature. He's doing six years.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

December 17, 1891.

MARLINTON.

We had the pleasure of spending last Friday night and Saturday in Marlinton, the new city on the Greenbrier river.

The Pocahontas Development Company which is composed of men of wealth and influence propose, as they say, to make Marlinton a city, and we have every reason to believe they will, knowing as we do the vast surroundings of timber, coal, iron ore, limestone, building stone, fire clay, and in fact everything that is calculated to furnish for ages to come, industrial manufacturing plants of almost every description.

It is situated at an elevation of nearly 2000 feet above the Atlantic, and it is destined to become a great summer resort.

Ex-Senator Camden says that Marlinton will become at no distant day the largest manufacturing city in the interior of the State.

The Pittsburge & W. Va. and C. O. railroads are under contract to meet at Marlinton and form a junction there, and it is believed that these roads will be completed within one year.

The Company, we understand have secured one of the largest tanneries in the United States to come there, which will employ several hundred men, and are negociating for other plants, which no doubt satisfactory arrangements will be consummated with some of them.

Messrs. Levi Gay and John Peters are making arrangements and buying machinery for a large brick plant, which they will have in operation in the early spring.

The lot drawing comes of the 10th of March, and then the city will begin to assume shape. Manufacturing plants, business and dwelling houses will spring up in every direction. The contract for the new Court House and public buildings for the County will be let we presume within a few months and work commenced on them as soon as the winter is over. There are now under construction two large store houses, a bank building, livery stable, one or two dwelling houses, our printing office and we learn a drug store, doctor's office, saddler's shop &c. will be started in a few days.

Next year will be a great year for Marlinton, and no doubt all who invest these will realize handsome profits.

The President's message was read in both houses of Congress on the 8th inst. The salient features of it, are foreign affairs, the Tariff taking strong protective position, finance opposing the free coinage of silver, Postal affairs urging better facilities for rural communities and [illegible]. He opposes the admission of Utah until polygamy is wiped out. He believes the experiment of making soldiers of Indians successful. He [illegible] regrets that the force bill did not become a law.

Mrs. James K. Kines, living near Calverton, Fauquier county, Va., and her three children were brutally butchered on the 9th, and the building set fire to conceal the crime. A man named Heflin working in the neighborhood, was arrested, and under the influence of fear from lynchers, confessed to committing the crime, to an officer, who was hurrying him out of the reach of the lynchers—Another man named Dye, whose daughter Heflin was to marry, is under arrest, as well as the daughter and her mother. It is believed a conspiracy was formed to kill Mrs. Kines, rob the house of money, and then appropriate it to a weedding feast.

Desperate Fight Between Man and Bear.

A fight occurred on the 5th inst. between a man and a bear at the timber camp of Stetson & Co., on Dearborn creek, in Lincoln county. Arnold Moore was cook at the shanty where the workman boarded, and for some time had noticed pilfering in the pantry, but supposed the dogs were doing the mischief. Saturday evening he returned to the camp, after an absence of some hours, and was met at the threshold of the house by a huge black bear. A fight began at once and in earnest. Moore had nothing for defense but a long, keen bladed clasp knife, which he opened and began what proved to be a desperate fight, lasting for some minutes. First the man and then the bear was on top. After a fearful struggle Moore pierced the heart of the bear with his knife, and the bear fell dead at his feet. Moore was bloody and mangled, one finger gone and one ear missing, with wounds and scratches on all parts of the body. The bear weighed 400 pounds when dressad and had over fifty knife thrusts in his body.

Where The First American Flag was Made.

The House where Betsy Ross made the first American flag stands at 239 Arch street, Philadelphia. Betsy was consulted by Washington and George Morris about the flag and suggested a five cornered star, which was adopted. Then she made the flag, and afterward others for the fleet then in the Deleware river. The house in which she lived is now in a business part of the city. Betsy had the contract to make all the government flags for many years. She was married three times. Her first husband, John Clay Poie, being a lined descendant of Oliver Cromwell. The old house is owned by Mrs. Amelia Mudd.—Jackson Bugle.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 4th—

Mr. Harrison's annual message to Congress is a strong bid for renomination at the hands of his party, and all that now remains to make his nomination certain is that Mr. Blaine shall write that letter which the public has for a year or more been periodically informed that he was just on the eve of writing, declaring that he will under no circumstances accept the nomination. He may or may not write such a letter; just now it is again positively stated that he will do so in a few days.

The only part of the message deserving of the slightest commendation is that dealing with the several foreign complications which have occurred during the past year. The rest of it with one or two exceptions is worthy only of the condemnation of those who believe only in democratic ideas of the administration of the Government. He strongly endorses the Government guarantee of the $100,000,000 of bonds which ex Senator Warner Miller estimates as necessary to build the Nicaragua canal; he wants to interfere with the sovereign rights of a State as lately exercised by the Michigan legislature, by the adoption of a constitutional amendment providing a method for the election of members of Congress and the electrial college—Constitutional amendments have always been a republican fad; he proves that Senator Gorman and the other democratic leaders have been right in asserting that the notorious *Force* bill was not dead, but only temporarily shelved by lamenting the failure to pass that bill and proposing that "8 to 7" commission be appointed by the Supreme Court for the purpose of considering the "evils connected with our election system." This is a willy attempt on the part of Mr Harrison to get a partisan commission appointment that would report in favor of the enactment of a law similar in all respects to the force bill, but the democratic party has been tricked by one "8 to 7" Commission and is not likely to be caught in the same trap a second time. The principal "evil" in our election system, in Mr. Harrison's mind, is that democrats are elected where he wishes republicans to be elected; if that could be reversed he would consider the system perfect.

Mr. Harrison naively informs an overtaxed country that the Commissioner of Pensions, after a careful examination of the subject, is of the opinion that the estimate of $144,956,000, which included in the annual report of the Secretary of the Interior, will be sufficient to pay the pensions for the year ending June 30, 1893.

The first bill introduced in the Senate was that prepared by Superintendent Porter, providing for a permanent census bureau. Mr. Harrison does not mention this subject in his message.

There has been a good deal of nonsense written about the election of Speaker shutting out a prominent candidate for the democratic Presidential nomination. The National convention only, has authority to settle that question.

If Jerry Simpson does not catch the Speaker's eye as often as he wishes, it will not be because of his location, as he has secured a seat in the very front row. Jerry has not recovered yet from his disappointment at the small vote his candidate for Speaker received. He thinks that instead of 8 the Alliance candidate should have had about 40 votes.

The meeting of the executive committee of the National Democratic Committee here early this week was an important event for the party and a very pleasant event for those who attended it. January 21, 1892, was the date set for the purpose of naming the time and place for holding the next National convention of the party. The time for holding the convention will probably be about the first week in July, but the place is as yet a matter of doubt,

Representatives Mills characterises as absurd the rumor that he intended to resign. That he is disappointed he does not deny, but the idea of resigning has never occured to him. He is not that kind of a man; and unless the Govenor of Texas shall call a special session of the legislature of that State, which shall elect *Mr.* Mills Senator, to fill the unexpected term of Senator Reagan, there is every probability that Mr. Mills will serve out his term in the House, although it will not be surprising if he should decline to again assume the responsibilities and hard work of chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.

HOME NEWS

—Delinquent land sale last Monday.

Mr. G. M. Kee, of Marlinton, was a visitor to our city Monday.

—Several new subscribers this week.

—Deputy sheriff Geo. W. Callison, of Locust, was in town the first of the week.

—Messrs. Jas. Snyder, of Altoona, Pa. and J. C. Armontrout of Traveler's Repose, called to see us Monday.

—Capt. Wm. L. McNeel, Messrs. G. S. McNeel Edgar Beard and John Sydenstricker, of Academy were in the city Monday.

—Sheriff J. C. Arbogast, of Green Bank and C. B. Swecker, of Dunmore, were in town the first of the week.

—Willie Bester, of Baltimore, a little nephew of S. L. Brown, Esq., of this city, arrived Monday to make his home with him for a while.

—Rev. W. T. Price, of Marlinton, conducted a Sacramental meeting at this place, commencing Saturday night and continuing until Sunday night.

—Davis Barlow, Esq., of Edray, closed his school at this place last Saturday. Mr. Barlow while in Huntersville made many warm friends, and as a teacher he gave entire satisfaction.

—Col Jno. T. McGraw, president of the Pocahontas Development Company, who has been in this County for the past few weeks looking after the interest of the Company has returned to his home in Grafton.

—Mr. G. F. Crummit, the saddle and harness maker at Marlinton informs us that he is doing a good business, which we are glad to learn, as he is a splendid workman, and deserves a liberal patronage.

—We are requested to announce that there will be a Christmas Tree in the *Methodist* church at this place Christmas eve for the benefit of the children. All are invited to take part and put on presents for their friends.

—On the morning of the 16th of Dec. 1890, one year ago to-day, (Wednesday) the deepest snow ever seen in this county, commenced falling, continuing until the 17th, when it measured at this place about 40 inches deep.

—Capt. C. B. Swecker, the auctioneer, will lay off a town near Alexander West Va. at the forks of the railroad. That place is bound to make a business town for there is health, wealth and prosperity around this place. There is as much money paid out daily at that point as any where in the State. There is a fine opening for merchants, hotel keepers and manufactories. West Virginia is on a boom and Alexander will be "in it."—Buckhannon Bee.

—A nine pound boy was born to Rice Moore, Esq. and wife Monday morning. Thus it is, man that is born young is of many days and full of trouble. Colic attacketh the infant and he crieth aloud in the stillness of the night. Then his paternal dad uttereth language not found in holy writ, and growing desperate he flingeth back the drapery of his couch, leapeth out clothed in the spectral garments of the night and seeketh somewhat paregoric wherewith to sooth his infant posterity.

—Our new printing office at Marlinton will be 22 feet wide and 40 feet long, two stories high.

A CARD OF THANKS.

I desire to return my heatfelt thanks to the people of this County for their liberal financial help after I got burnt out.

I have rebuilt and have a new lot of tools and am now prepared to furnish coffins and furniture on short notice also I have on hands a fine line of coffin triming for sale.

Respectfully,
C. B. SWECKER.

COUNTY COURT.

The County Court convened at this place last Saturday for the purpose of declaring the County seat removal election. There were present Messrs. Edgar Beard, G. M. Kee and Samuel B. Hannah, gentlemen Commissioners.

After examining the several returns, the result was declared as previously announced in this paper. And it was ordered that S. L. Brown Clerk of the County advertise for plans and specifications for the new Court House and jail, together with convenient fire proof Circuit and County Clerks' offices, and also to advertise for the erection and construction of the same. Buildings to be built of brick and stone or stone or brick.

DOUBLE MURDER.

Charles Brumfield Shoots and Kills Two Men in Lincoln County.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., December 12.—News was received here to-night from Lincoln county giving the details of a double murder that took place down on Big Ugly Creek Thursday. Additional interest is given to the crime by the fact that the murderer is none other than Charles Brumfield, who, a few weeks ago, to save his mother's life, fired two bullets from his Winchester through his father, Paris Brumfield, of unenviable notoriety in the southern part of the State for many years.

A ruffian named Stone, has been runing a saloon at the mouth of Big Ugly Creek on Guyan river for a little more than a year. He has had the reputation of handling a quality of "Mountain Dew" that was guaranteed to bring about trouble whenever it was imbibed to more than a limited degree. There have been numerous shooting scrapes about Stone's place during the past few months, but no one has been killed till last Thursday.

On that day, there were a number of local lights and a party of lumbermen from up the Guyan loitering about the place, all drinking more or less. Along toward evening, Charles Brumfield drove up and hitching his horse, went into the tavern and joined the semi-intoxicated crowd.

More liquor was ordered, and soon the entire crowd was in a fighting humor. Brumfield and one of the up river lumberman had a few words about a trivial matter. Harsh words led to epithets, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the scene of conviviality was changed to a shooting match. Brumfield carried a Winchester and was extremely handy with it, and before his fellow disputant could get a bead, he had a bullet hole through his hat.

The first shot was the signal for the firing to begin, and for five minutes nothing but the sharp crack of rifles and revolvers could be heard, and a man employed by Stone said afterward that no fewer than a hundred shots were fired.

When the firing ceased it was found that George Smith had been shot through the heart, and that Willis Messenger had a bullet wound through his head, the ball having passed through diagonally from the front. Messenger was not dead, but cannot recover.

Several others were injured more or less seriously, but none fatally. The big lumberman who was in the way of Brumfield's first bullet escaped unhurt, barring a part in the hair where the ball grazed the scalp.

The names of the injured could not be learned, but several of them are pretty severely hurt.

After the affray Brumfield mounted his horse and rode away and up to this time is at large. He is blamed with firing both the fatal shots. None of the participants have been arrested, the lumbermen who were not hurt, having gone back to their camp and the others having dispersed into the mountains.

Brumfield bears about as bad a reputation as his father whom he killed a short time ago. His father had no less than a dozen murders laid at his door, and this makes five for his son. It was reported after the younger Brumfield had murdered his father that the grand jury had not found an indictment against him, because they considered the act justified. That was not true, however. An indictment was found but the officers kept it quiet, and circulated the false report, hoping to capture the junior desperado by strategy, knowing that he would not be taken alive without letting more blood, unless he was captured that way.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S BAD BREAK.

Emperor William, of *Germany*, is an exceedingly young man for an Emperor, a fact which may account for the tone of his instructions to army recruits concerning the oath of allegiance to him, in which he said:

"You have, my children, sworn allegiance. That means that you have given yourselves to me body and soul. You have only one enemy, that is my enemy. In the present socialistic agitation I may order you, which God forbid, to shoot down your relatives—your brothers, even your parents—and you must obey without even a murmur."

When a soldier swears allegiance to his country, of course, his oath compels him to shoot, if occasion requires, even his brother, or father, if they are among his country's enemies against whom he is fighting, but whether soldiers or citizens a man's first duty is to God, not to any man be he ever so great an autocrat, and when Emperor William tells his recruits that their oath of allegiance to him "means that you have given yourselves to me body and soul," the young Kaiser is guilty of the worst sort of blasphemy. He places himself before God.

In our own late civil war many a brother fought against brother and son against father. Painful as it may have been, their patriotism and oathes of allegiance to their opposing causes compelled them to it, but, although better or truer soldiers or more patriotic men never fought in opposing armies, not a man who wore the blue or the gray considered that his leaders "owned" him; and, had any general dared to make such a speech to them as Emperor William has made to his recruits they would have laid down their arms.

The young Kaiser forgets that a soldier is also a man, and that he who is most truly a man is the best soldier. Emperor William would eliminate every spark of manhood from his soldiers, and reduce them to senseless and soulless automatons to be manœuvered and launched up on the enemy by him as he would any mechanism of war. He loses sight of the most important fact that the patriot is the best soldier, and that the true patriot must acknowledge that his duty is to his GOD first, and his country next, and firmly believe that his soul is his own and does not belong to the Emperor, or any one else. Germany never won a victory with such soldiers as he would make of his recruits, and it never will. It is evident that Emperor William does not know men as a general and a leader should. But he is very young and may yet learn how to address men of whom he desires to make loyal soldiers.—Wheeling Register.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a Trust Deed made the 25th day of August 1886 by J. B. Skiles and Jannie B. Skiles and James R. Apperson to R. W. Baldwin, Trustee, and in pursuance of an order of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County (West Virginia), made on the 29th day of October 1891 "In the matter of R. W. Baldwin, Trustee," appointing the undersigned as Trustee to execute the provisions of said Deed of Trust instead of said R. W. Baldwin, former trustee who is dead, and Richard Baldwin the beneficiary in said Trust Deed, having so requested, I, the undersigned acting as trustee under authority above stated, shall, on

MONDAY, 28th DECEMBER 1891.

procede to sell to the highest bidder at public auction in front of the Court House of Pocahontas County, at *Huntersville*, W. Va., for

CASH

two adjoining parcels of land of ½ acre each, with the hotel building and other buildings thereon being the ONE ACRE of ground at MARLINTON in said County formerly owned and used as a Hotel property by said James R. Apperson and later by said Jannie B. Skiles, and which is more fully described in said deed of Trust recorded in the Clerk's Office of the County Court of said Pocahontas County at page 404 and following pages of Deed Book No. 17.

URIAH HEVENER Trustee,
as successor of R. W. Baldwin, original Trustee.
Nov. 26-4t Printers fee $9.60.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

December 17, 1891.

THE RACY DAYS IN OILDOM.

GAMBLING WITH DICE FOR ENORMOUS STAKES.

An Oil City, Pa., correspondent, writing about the palmy days in the oil regions many years ago, when the greasy fluid poured fortunes into the operators' pockets, has the following interesting sketch of a noted oil man and dice gambler.

In 1868-69 the vicinity of Petroleum Centre was the richest in the oil region and one of the richest in the world. The lands all about the town were making their owners rich. Among these pieces of property was the Woods farm, lying up on the hill to the west of the place. Its big production at that time was selling at from $3 to $5 a barrel.

Samuel A. Woods was the owner of this rich deposit of oil, and his royalty from it yielded him a princely income. He was then about 35 years of age, and was full of fun as he was of business. He dressed well, wearing daily diamonds worth from $5,000 to $80,000, lived high, and was foremost in all the enterprises in oil developments. In 1868 he built the largest and first complete oil tank—40,000 barrel—then along Oil Creek, and into it his farm poured its liquid wealth.

Woods had a noted fondness for throwing dice and was usually lucky. He was ready at any time to throw for stakes ranging from $50 to $100 or $1000. It was seldom he would throw for less than the first named sum. One night in the winter of 1868-69 he was spending the evening with a party of friends in the Rochester house at Petroleum Center. Among the party was Col Brady, another rich producer, and a man who had earned his title on the battlefields of the rebellion. In the course of the evening Woods said to him:

"Colonel, I'll toss the dice with you for $50."

"All right," was the colonel's prompt reply.

The first throw Brady won, continuing to do so until he had won $650 of Wood's money. This trifle just whetted their appetites, and the chance contest then began in earnest. The amount of the stakes increased from time to time, and Wood's losses rapidly crept into thousands. Luck was against him, but as he was perfectly sober, and the friends present knew he would regard as little less than an insult any suggestion that it was time to quit, feeling abundantly able to pay any amount he lost, all they had to do was to watch the two men with increasing interest.

To pass on from the process to the result, when one of the morning hours was ushered in Woods had lost $32,000, and Brady held his check for that sum.

At this juncture Woods said to the Colonel: "Now, I am willing to double the amount and let each of us take but one throw, and the highest take the stakes. You already have my check for $32,000. If I loose I will write you another for the full amount here to-night and it will be cashed at the bank to-morrow."

"All right," again replied Colonel Brady; "I accept."

The interest of the bystanders was now worked up to the highest pitch. The dice were produced, and Woods had the first throw. Eleven spots turned up as his count. Col. Brady then threw, but nine black spots turned up to be counted. Woods therefore saved a good sized fortune on the throw, for had he lost $64,000 would have been paid with as much promptness as though it had been a part of a legitamate business transaction.

Woods then proposed that they start anew with $10 as the amount of the stakes. The colonel responded, and soon all the cash he had with him—about $200—was transferred to the pocket of Woods. Said Woods, "Here, Colonel, is $20. I can't see a man go away dead broke." And so the greatest game of dice on record in the oil regions came to a close.

Petroleum Center has gradually fallen to decay, untill but a few scattered buildings are all that is left of what was once a flourishing oil town of 5,000 inhabitants.

Samuel A. Woods, too is gone from this life, with a host of others who were his associates in the production of oil, and who with him, made many a night merry half a century ago.

HER UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE.

It was her first dinner party. She was naturally a little nervous, but everything went off well and she soon became more at ease and talked rather brilliantly to those around her. The desert was being served and the stately colored waiters were engaged in passing those funny little frosted cakes which seem indispensable to the propper service and deglutition of ices. They were cakes with pink frosting. The waiter came to where the bad sat and presented them. She looked them over and said: "I don't care for any." The waiter was about to pass on when she saw what she thought was an eclair on the side of the dish furtherest from her.

"Yes I will, too," she said, reaching over for the eclair. "There is one with chocolate on it." "Beg pardon, miss," said the waiter, as she tried to pick the chocolate covered cake up, "beg pardon but that's my thumb."

The readers of THE TIMES are refered to the following persons who have the ALLEGER ORGANS:

Annie Mollohan, Replete, W. Va.
S. W. Ott, Charlestown, W. Va.
Jacob Lively, Roseville, W. Va.
W. H. Swiger, Malta, W. Va.
J. W. Heavener, Petersburg, W. Va.
Tinta Craig, Glen Elk, W. Va.

—If you want Letter and Note heads, neatly printed and put up in tablet form, cheaper than you can get them anywhere else, call at THE TIMES office. We also do all kinds of nice job printing, and have on hands a nice line of Stationary, business cards, &c. &c.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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Pocahontas Times.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court,	A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney,	L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,	J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,	Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court,	S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court,	J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,	C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct.	C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor,	Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

WHO MAKES THE PAPER.

Who is dot dot gets der news,
Don't have time to get der blues,
Und generally drinks, schmokes, und chews?
Dot's der Reporter.

Who is dot dot uses der "blue,"
Marks der copy through und through,
Und tells der boys, "Do as I do?"
Dot's der City Editor.

Who is dot dot curses der vires,
Likes good news, but hates der fires,
Und has no use for any liars?
Dot's der Telegraph Editor.

Who is dot dot knows id all;
Has every one at his beck und call;
Und doesn't feel der least bit small?
Dot's der Managing Editor.

Who is dot dot sets der type,
Has a nose dot's fully ripe,
Und schmokes a nasty, stinkin' pipe?
Dot's der Printer.

Who is dot dot make men schvear.
Und would do it if they did but dare
Climb his fraime and pull his hair?
Dot's der Proofreader.

Who is dot dot cashes "strings,"
Pays der bills und uder things;
Makes der boys all feel like kings?
Dot's der Cashier.—Journalist.

A MAINE BOY'S RECORD.

A TRUE STORY.

Where is John Lee?", some one suddenly shouted, and the answer: "Here!" rang sharply out, as a strapping young fellow of eighteen years sprang into the midst of the party and, taking in the situation at a glance, threw off his hat, coat and boots and dashing with a mighty leap into the seething bell of waters, swam with giant strokes to the rescue. Before him stretched, not the peaceful summer brook, which forty-eight hours previously had rippled like a thread of liquid silver through the lowland meadows, but a foaming, raging flood a full half mile in width, covering to a great depth and from hill to hill on either side, the lately smiling valley, and bearing on its bosom a gruesome procession of wrecked barns, houses, bridges and fences, all intermingled with uprooted trees, grain and hay stacks and great whirling logs—among which floated scores of cattle, sheep and swine, all either already drowned or struggling madly for their lives.

On the high bank stood a group of farm laborers with their wives, all of whom for the last five minutes had been ringing their hands and screaming, crying, praying in impotent anguish, as they saw little six-year old Charlie Vance sitting astride a piece of board already a hundred yards from shore and being rapidly carried farther out toward the turbulent midstream current where he could not have maintained his hold for a moment.

Not a man of the party could swim a stroke, and, indeed, it looked as if certain death must overtake even the strongest swimmer who should be fool-hardy enough to brave the debris encumbered torrent now sweeping along with resistless force toward Lake Erie.

It was while in this state of helpless terror that one of the women had called for John Lee, a hardy, young Maine fisherman, then busied farther down stream, whose verdancy in all farmland ways had heretofore exposed him to not a little ridicule—good natured enough on the part of all, except Mrs. Vance, the mother of the imperiled child, whose sharp tongue and pungent wit, inspired by some unaccountable dislike, had well-nigh rendered his life a burden.

But John, although he had often threatened to "get even" with his persecutor, thought of none of these things now, as he saw the deadly danger of her only son, who, it seems, had slipped unobserved from her side, gone some distance up-stream and, boylike, set himself afloat on a fragment of bridge plank.

The little fellow's fate was apparently sealed, and that of John seemed hardly less certain, sturdy swimmer though he was, for only by a miracle might he hope to escape being crushed or disabled by some one of the thousand grinding and ever clashing objects through which he must pick his perilous way. Meantime, adding an element of pathetic horror to the scene, little Charlie, quite unaware of his own jeopardy, laughed aloud and shouted with glee as his frail raft, borne high on the face of the warm June flood, danced merrily along as if it, too, enjoyed the sport.

The poor people on shore watched John's progress in agonizing suspense as the current fairly caught and hurried him two feet down-stream for every one he made across.

But the gallant youth knew too much to waste his strength in attempting to stem the water's wild rush which, of course, bore the boy downward equally fast, so that he was always abreast of his would be rescuer.

Although John, with singular coolness and address, pushed aside or avoided most of the impediments in his path, yet he was twice caught and overwhelmed by masses of tangled wreckage and given up for lost by the terrified spectators; but he reappeared each time on the farther side of the drift, still swimming strongly and well. At last, happily escaping all the dangers of his outward course, he reached the child, now on the very edge of the fearfully tossing center eddies, and resting one hand lightly on the plank he sought to guide it shoreward. This, however, proved a most difficult task, owing to the obstacles already mentioned, which covered now nearly every foot of space. Nevertheless, little by little he made way, and, although swept far down-stream, had arrived within thirty yards of land when a great submerged log rose directly under the piece of board to which Charlie clung, sent it high in air and threw the latter helplessly into the hissing vortex of angry waters. As the little form sank below the surface a great cry of "Oh! he's gone! he's gone!" arose from the almost frantic onlookers, and the poor mother dropped, half fainting, to the ground.

But John Lee, young as he was, had seen much service as one of a life saving crew on the rough Maine coast, and now no sea bird could have dived more swiftly than did he. For a full half minute, which seemed ten times as long to the spellbound crowd, he was lost to view, but when he rose again the boy was safe in his arms!

The little fellow, though gasping and spluttering like a young grampus, seemed to be all right, and quietly obeyed instructions as John shifted him round to his shoulders and told him to keep his arms loosely around his neck.

In a few minutes more the brave youth reached the shore, and, while the sobbing women and wildly cheering men closed in around him, handed his precious burden to the mother simply saying: "Mrs. Vance, here is your boy, and I was never so thankful for being able to swim."

The conscience stricken woman burst into a flood of repentant yet happy tears and would almost have knelt at the young man's feet in her boundless gratitude; but he, modest as brave, would not wait for thanks, and hurried shyly away—never again to be a mark for raillery, but a recognized hero through the countryside.

Mr. M——, the wealthy young farmer, whom John served, had not been long married, and, in the month of September following the rescue of the child, he was out one day sowing fall wheat in a distant field when his young wife, feeling lonely in the great farmhouse, took a notion to walk across lots to visit him. Instead of going around by the avenue, whence a gate opened into the fallow where her husband then was, she determined to take a short cut over an old pasture where a number of cattle were grazing.

At that time crimson shawls were much affected by ladies, and she happened to wear one of them.

Being city bred, she had, of course, no idea that domestic cattle have a deadly antipathy to this color.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 9. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, January 7, 1892. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 23

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court,	A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney,	L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,	J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,	Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court,	S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court,	J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,	C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct.	C E. Beard. S B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor,	Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

WHO MAKES THE PAPER.

Who is dot dot gets der news,
Don't have time to get der blues,
Und generally drinks, schmokes, und chews?
Dot's der Reporter.

Who is dot dot uses der "blue,"
Marks der copy through und through,
Und tells der boys, "How se I do?"
Dot's der City Editor.

Who is dot dot curses der vires,
Likes good news, but hates der fires,
Und has no use for any liars?
Dot's der Telegraph Editor.

Who is dot dot knows id all;
Has every one at his beck und call;
Und doesn't feel der least bit small?
Dot's der Managing Editor.

Who is dot dot sets der typo,
Has a nose dot's fully ripe,
Und schmokes a nasty, stinkin' pipe?
Dot's der Printer.

Who is dot dot make men schvear,
Und would do it if they did but dare
Climb his frame and pull his hair?
Dot's der Proofreader.

Who is dot dot cashes "strings,"
Pays der bills und uder things;
Makes der boys all feel like kings?
Dot's der Cashier.—Journalist.

A MAINE BOY'S RECORD.

A TRUE STORY.

"Where is John Lee?" some one suddenly shouted, and the answer: "Here!" rang sharply out, as a strapping young fellow of eighteen years sprang into the midst of the party and, taking in the situation at a glance, threw off his hat, coat and boots and dashing with a mighty leap into the seething hell of waters, swam with giant strokes to the rescue. Before him stretched, not the peaceful summer brook, which forty eight hours previously had rippled like a thread of liquid silver through the lowland meadows, but a foaming, raging flood a full half mile in width, covering to a great depth and from hill to hill on either side, the lately smiling valley, and bearing on its bosom a gruesome procession of wrecked barns, houses, bridges and fences, all intermingled with uprooted trees, grain and hay stacks and great whirling logs—among which floated scores of cattle, sheep and swine, all either already drowned or struggling madly for their lives.

On the high bank stood a group of farm laborers with their wives, all of whom for the last five minutes had been ringing their hands and screaming, crying, praying in impotent anguish, as they saw little six-year-old Charlie Vance sitting astride a piece of board already a hundred yards from shore and being rapidly carried farther out toward the turbulent midstream current where he could not have maintained his hold for a moment.

Not a man of the party could swim a stroke, and, indeed, it looked as if certain death must overtake even the strongest swimmer who should be fool-hardy enough to brave the debris encumbered torrent now sweeping along with resistless force toward Lake Erie.

It was while in this state of helpless terror that one of the women had called for John Lee, a hardy, young Maine fisherman, then busied further down stream, whose verdancy in all farmland ways had heretofore exposed him to not a little ridicule—good natured enough on the part of all, except Mrs. Vance, the mother of the imperiled child, whose sharp tongue and pungent wit, inspired by some unaccountable dislike, had well-nigh rendered his life a burden.

But John, although he had often threatened to "get even" with his persecutor, thought of none of these things now, as he saw the deadly danger of her only son, who, it seems, had slipped unobserved from her side, gone some distance up-stream and, boylike, set himself afloat on a fragment of bridge plank.

The little fellow's fate was apparently sealed, and that of John seemed hardly less certain, sturdy swimmer though he was, for only by a miracle might he hope to escape being crushed or disabled by some one of the thousand grinding and ever clashing objects through which he must pick his perilous way. Meantime, adding an element of pathetic horror to the scene, little Charlie, quite unaware of his own jeopardy, laughed aloud and shouted with glee as his frail raft, borne high on the face of the warm June flood, danced merrily along as if it, too, enjoyed the sport.

The poor people on shore watched John's progress in agonizing suspense as the current fairly caught and hurried him two feet down-stream for every one he made across.

But the gallant youth knew too much to waste his strength in attempting to stem the water's wild rush which, of course, bore the boy downward equally fast, so that he was always abreast of his would be rescuer.

Although John, with singular coolness and address, pushed aside or avoided most of the impediments in his path, yet he was twice caught and overwhelmed by masses of tangled wreckage and given up for lost by the terrified spectators; but he reappeared each time on the farther side of the drift, still swimming strongly and well. At last, happily escaping all the dangers of his outward course, he reached the child, now on the very edge of the fearfully tossing center eddies, and resting one hand lightly on the plank he sought to guide it shoreward. This, however, proved a most difficult task, owing to the obstacles already mentioned, which covered now nearly every foot of space. Nevertheless, little by little he made way, and, although swept far down-stream, had arrived within thirty yards of land when a great submerged log rose directly under the piece of board to which Charlie clung, sent it high in air and threw the latter helplessly into the hissing vortex of angry waters. As the little form sank below the surface a great cry of "Oh! he's gone! he's gone!" arose from the almost frantic onlookers, and the poor mother dropped, half fainting, to the ground.

But John Lee, young as he was, had seen much service as one of a life saving crew on the rough Maine coast, and now no sea bird could have dived more swiftly than did he. For a full half minute, which seemed ten times as long to the spellbound crowd, he was lost to view, but when he rose again the boy was safe in his arms!

The little fellow, though gasping and spluttering like a young grampus, seemed to be all right, and quietly obeyed instructions as John shifted him round to his shoulders and told him to keep his arms loosely around his neck.

In a few minutes more the brave youth reached the shore, and, while the sobbing women and wildly cheering men closed in around him, handed his precious burden to the mother simply saying: "Mrs. Vance, here is your boy, and I was never so thankful for being able to swim."

The conscience stricken woman burst into a flood of repentant yet happy tears and would almost have knelt at the young man's feet in her boundless gratitude; but he, modest as brave, would not wait for thanks, and hurried shyly away—never again to be a mark for raillery, but a recognized hero through the countryside.

Mr. M——, the wealthy young farmer, whom John served, had not been long married, and, in the month of September following the rescue of the child, he was out one day sowing fall wheat in a distant field when his young wife, feeling lonely in the great farmhouse, took a notion to walk across lots to visit him. Instead of going around by the avenue, whence a gate opened into the fallow where her husband then was, she determined to take a short cut over an old pasture where a number of cattle were grazing.

At that time crimson shawls were much affected by ladies, and she happened to wear one of them.

Being city bred, she had, of course, no idea that domestic cattle have a deadly antipathy to this color.

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Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Huntersville, W. Va.

January 7, 1892.

Buena Vista by a late census, contains over 5,000 people—a good showing for a town eighteen months old.

Cranks are still after Russell Sage.—One appeared at the door of his residence Monday night, and demanded $250,000. Mrs. Sage met him, told him to leave, and catching him by the throat pushed him out of the door. Mr Sage has received about 1200 letters from as many cranks, since the attempt on his life.

Fifty two times the shuttle has flown, in each flight weaving a week with a golden border of Sabbath. Three hundred and sixty five times the clock has struck twelve for the noon, and only one less time twelve for the night. In that time, how many marriage garlands have been twisted, how many graves dug, how many sorrows suffered, how many fortunes won, how many souls lost, how many mortals saved!—Talmage

After West Virginia.

Republicans Figuring to Capture Our Six Electorial Votes.

West Virginia might become the pivotal State in the next Presidential contest. There are several combinations that lead to this conclusion. A table of "sure Republican States" lies before us at the present writing. It includes Indiana, Massachusetts, Iowa, New Hampshire, New York, Wisconsin, and all the States, but gives West Virginia to the Democrats. It is but fair to remark that this table was made up before the late November elections, and that it claims the full fourteen votes of Michigan. It foots up 269 votes for the Republicans to 175 votes for the Democrats, but it will do as well as any other table for a basis to start from. This is the table refered to:

REPUBLICANS.		DEMOCRATIC.	
California	9	Alabama	11
Colorado	4	Arkansas	8
Illinois	24	Connecticut	6
Indiana	15	Delaware	3
Iowa	13	Florida	4
Kansas	10	Georgia	13
Maine	6	Kentucky	13
Massachusetts	15	Louisiana	8
Michigan	14	Maryland	8
Minnesota	9	Mississippi	9
Nebraska	8	Missouri	17
Nevada	3	New Jersey	10
New Hampshire	4	North Carolina	11
New York	36	South Carolina	9
Ohio	23	Tennessee	12
Oregon	4	Texas	15
Pennsylvania	32	Virginia	12
Rhode Island	4	West Virginia	6
Vermont	4		
Wisconsin	12		
Idaho	3		
Montana	3		
North Dakota	3		
South Dakota	4		
Washington	4		
Wyoming	3		
Total	269	Total	175

Now, suppose that the Democrats carry Iowa, with her 13 votes, Massachusetts with 15, Indiana with 15, and 6 votes from Michigan—49 in all—then their total vote would be 224 to 220 for the Republicans. The vote necessary to choice is 223. Transfer West Virginia to the Republican column and the Democrats lose.

Again, suppose the Republicans lose New York, New Hampshire, the six Michigan votes, and either one of the four new States having three votes each their claim of 269 would fall to 220 What a fine thing it would be to have the six votes of West Virginia in this emergency.

Still again, suppose the Republicans lose New York and Iowa, 49 votes, and carry all of Michigan; they would have but 230 in the aggregate. How handy would West Virginia come in there!

Suppose still further that the Republicans, claiming 230 votes, lose New York, 36, Iowa, 13, and only 3 votes in Michigan. They would then have 217, and need exactly the West Virginia vote to help them out.

Or should it so happen in the turmoil of Louisiana politics that the Republicans should carry the State, losing New York, Iowa, New Hampshire and 6 votes in Michigan, they would have but 218 votes left, in which event half a dozen from West Virginia, raising these figures to 224, would be of victorious service.

And so on. Evidently the administration thinks West Virginia worth looking for.—Washington Post.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON D. C., Jan. 1st—A prominent democatic member of the House committee on Appropriations, talked very interestingly of the situation to your correspondent. He said: "I am afraid that there is a disposition on the part of democrats to expect too much from the present House. Reforms under our form of government must necessarily be slow, even where both branches of Congress and the Executive are in accord. We have to contend against a hostile Senate and Executive, but we hope to come about some reforms in the tariff and in the expenditure of the government. There may be a slight difference of opinion in the party about whether it would be best for the House to prepare and pass an entire tariff bill, according to democratic ideas of what such a measure should be, or to pass a number of bills cerrecting the inequalities of the present tariff law; but there can be none as to which of these plans are the most likely to bring practical results. The first could, of course, be passed by the House, but it could not possibly get through the Senate, while there is reason for believing that several of the latter can be gotten through the Senate, thus throwing the responsibility for their defeat upon Mr. Harrison.

"Now as to appropriations. I do not know what will be the result of the effort to have all of the appropriation bills restored to the Appropriation committee, but personally I agree with Mr. Holman in believing that its accomplishment would materially aid in cutting down the total of appropriations. I cannot say just where we shall make reductions, but I will say that every democratic member of the House who has carefully studied the subject is of my opinion—that we can make a very large reduction in the total amount appropriated without interfering in the slightest with the workings of any useful branch of the Government service, and that is the task which we have set for ourselves, and it is by no means a light one, as we shall have to do battle with the republican Senate over the many extravagant amendments certain to be added to the appropriation bills by that body, which constantly grows more extravagant in its ideas."

Speaker Crisp has so far recovered from his attack of the grip as to be able to do a little talking on the new rules of the House with his democratic colleagues of the committee on Rules, Messrs. McMillin and Catchings; but it is not thought that that the new rules will be reported to the House for a couple of weeks, but that will not retard business much, as the House will work under the rules of the Fiftieth Congress until the new ones are ready.

Mr. Mills has almost entirely regained his health, and is daily seen on the streets, building himself up by taking long walkes.

There are no new developements in the Chilian situation. The administration having sufficiently stirred up the country is now waiting to make up its mind what to do next.

The republicans cannot hide the anxiety about Mr. Blaine's intentions; they want to know just what he intends doing, in order that they may trim their sails accordingly, and all sorts of devices have been resorted to in the hope of getting the wily Secretary of State to declare himself. At a dinner party this week, attended by a score of Senators and Representatives belonging to the republican party, it was decided to send an embassy to Mr. Blaine, in the person of Col. W. W. Dudley, who ever since his falling out with Mr. Harrison, has been an ardent Blaine man, with a request for a positive yes or no as to his becoming his party's candidate. Dudly called on Mr. Blaine and devoted almost an hour to the most persuasive arguments he knew how to make, and left as wise as when he came. Mr. Blaine declined to commit himself.

Representative Springer says he has received many letters from all sections of the country, commending his plan of attacking the McKinley tariff bill in sections, by means of separate bills providing for the amendment, or outright repeal of the worst sections of that law. Mr. Springer thinks that the committee on Ways and Means will report a number of these separate tariff bills early in the session, and that they will be put through the House without any unnecessary delay.

The republicans shouted too soon about wheat being put upon the free list by the reciprocity treaty with the British West India Islands. The official schedule of the treaty has been made public, and the best that wheat, corn, oats, salt or pickled pork and beef gets, is a reduction of 25 per cent in the existing duties.

DEATH OF SENATOR P. B. PLUMB.

On Dec. 20th, Hon. Preston B. Plumb, U. S. Senator from Kansas, died suddenly at his residence in Washington, aged 54 years. He had been complaining of pains in his head, at intervals, for some time, and went to Philadelphia to consult Dr. Pepper. The result was that he was positively commanded to cease mental work—that his complaint grew out of overwork, and that to continue to labor, as had been his habit, meant death. The Senator did not consider his case as serious as the Doctor pronounced it. Saturday evening he attended a dinner given by Gen. Mahone, at Chamberlain's. He did not return to his room until about 1 o'clock Sunday morning. Shortly afterward, he awoke the propriator of the house where he was stopping—said that his head was hurting very much—requesting the proprietor to set up with him. A Doctor was summoned, stimulents were administered, and the Senator rested for a short time. He all at once sprang from his bed, about 10 o'clock in the morning, exclaiming, "My God, my head, my head." He sank back and in a short time was dead.

PECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have made arrangements with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," which will enable all subscribers to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURGH FALLS, VT. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

HOME NEWS.

—Several cases of grip in town.

—Rice Moore, Esq., can tell you how the grippe serves a person.

—Mr. Amos Barlow is ill at this time.

—H. A. Yeager, of Marlinton was in town Tuesday.

—Several lumbermen are boarding at the hotels, in Huntersville.

—Several deaths in the county within the past week.

—B. F. McElwee, of Dunmore was in town Tuesday.

—We hope 1892 will be a happy and prosperous year to all our readers.

—Mr. Levi Gay, of Marlinton, was in town a day or two the first of the week.

—Messrs. Henry White and D. B. McElwee were in Huntersville Tuesday.

—Messrs. Wise, Mildred, and H. F. Herold, of Frost, were in town Tuesday.

—Mrs. J. C. Loury, has been suffering with grippe for several weeks.

—If you want a fine organ for less than half price, call at THE TIMES office.

—Mr. John J. Beard, of this place has the contract for carrying the Dunmore mail.

—Master Kirke Snyder is home from Clifton Forge, Va., where he has been working on the Virginian for the past five months.

—Attorney H. S. Rucker has just gotten over the grippe and says it handled him worse than anything ever handled him before.

—Joe McNeel, Esq., and wife of Academy, spent a couple of days during Christmas at Mrs. McNeel's parents, Mr. Wm. Curry's at this place.

—County Court convened Tuesday and is still in session. Commissioners Messrs. S. B. Hannah, of Green Bank, and G. M. Kee, of Marlinton are present.

—Clerk Circuit Court, Mr. J. H. Patterson, is in Huntersville again. He has for the past two weeks had quite a serious case of the grippe and is feeling very badly yet.

—We are sorry to note the illness of Dr. S. P. Patterson, at this time as his services are so badly needed, almost by every family in the vicinity.

—There is more sickness in this County now than has been in a good many years. The grippe and measles seem to have gotten a hold of every body.

—The Pocahontas county Farmers Alliance will meet in the Court House at this place Friday, January 8th. A full attendance is requested.

—Attorney C. F. Moore, who has been spending the Christmas with his family at this place has returned to Clifton Forge. He was accompanied by H. P. McGlaughlin, Esq.

—Since our last issue license to marry were issued to J. M. Crookshanks and Mary Wamsley; D. O. Morrison and Willis A. McClure, all of Droop Mountain; L. J. R. Dysard and Ella L. McGlaughlin, of Driftwood.

—The Christmas tree at the Beaver creek school house, a couple of miles below town, gotten up by Miss Alice McGlaughlin who just closed a term of school at that place, for the amusement and benefit of the children of her school, was a grand success.

—Week before last we failed to get out a paper, owing to the Ed. being down with the grippe, and last week—Christmas, as is our custom we did not get out a paper. But we'll promise to be on time hereafter, if the grippe does not get us down again.

—Geo. W. Siple, Esq., and Maj. Arbogast and son Early, of Green Bank, were in the city the first of the week.

—Christmas passed off very pleasantly in Huntersville. There was a Christmas tree in the Methodist church for the Sunday school which was enjoyed by all present—the children especially. There were also family trees at the residences of Messrs. C. F. Moore and H. S. Rucker, at which occasions the friends of the little ones were invited, all receiving presents and enjoying themselves immensely.

Hillsboro Male and Female Academy.

[The following should have appeared last week but as we did not get out a paper consequently it did not.—Ed.]

The second term of this school will begin the first Monday in January, and continue six months.

Those desiring to attend are requested to enter at the *beginning*, especially, not later than the beginning of the last five months, at which time the school will be re-organized and new classes commenced in the latest branches introduced into the Free School course.

Pupils wishing to compete for the scholarship medal must enter before or at the beginning of the last five months.

The present session has been one of the most successful in the history of the school.

Happy Nuptials.

A very interesting society event occurred in West Pocahontas the 31st of December. It was the auspicious marriage of Mr. Lawrence J. R. Dysard and Miss Ella Lee McGlaughlin at the residence of her brother Mr. Joseph McGlaughlin; Wm. T. Price, the officiating minister.

The Bridesmaids were Misses Claudia Dysard, Mary Brown, Emma Barner and Bessie Dysard, attended by Messrs. Robert Brown, Peter Arbogast, Samuel Sheets, and Charles Barner.

The appearance of the bridal party on the floor, and the display of the numerous gifts presented, elicited much admiration.

Seventy or more persons partook of the dinner, one of the best and abundant of its kind, as all will readily believe who are acquainted with Mrs. John Warwick of Green Bank and Mrs. Uriah Hevener, under whose direction it was served. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Asbury Dysard gave a reception at their home, which was largely attended, and all passed off, in a charming manner.

W. T. P.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of the transfers of real estate for the months of November and December:

Jno. Cassel and wife to James Galford for land on Back Alleghany.

J. B. Lockridge and wife to Earnest N. Moore for land on Knapp's creek.

Karen Farrell and wife to H. A. Holt and H. M. Lockridge for land on Alleghany mountain.

W. B. Rodgers and wife and others to Mathew Wallace for land on Swago creek.

Marshall & McGraw to J. C. Belsher for land on Beaver Lick Creek.

DECEMBER.

Henry Wilfong and wife to A. F. Philips for land on Alleghany mountain.

W. E. Hudson and wife to Wm. M. Hudson and others for land on Sitlington's creek.

Jno. McN. Wilfong and wife to Madora A. Spencer for land on Alleghany mountain.

Wm A. Parsons and wife to A. Combs for land near Edray.

Philip Kramer and wife to H. L. Kesler for land lying on Greenbrier river.

N. S. Alderman and wife to L. J. Pyles for land on Beaver creek.

Wm. L. Gum of Tucker Co., to F. O. Moore for his right, title and interest in land of his mother's estate on Back Creek.

Jno. Hannah and wife to J. W. Marshal and Jno. T. McGraw for land on Marlin's mountain.

Jno. Hannah and wife to Marshall and McGraw for land on Red Lick mountain.

Wm. A. McClure and wife to Emily C. Pritt for land on Droop mountain.

J. E. Auldridge and wife and mother to Joseph Pennell for land on Swago creek.

Rachel Sharp to Board of Education for land near Frost.

H. E. Moore to T. C. Malcomb for land on Laurel Run.

H. M. Lockridge and wife to Andrew Herold for land on Alleghany mountain.

Edward Webb and wife to Daniel Messer for land on Buckley mountain.

Uriah Hevener, trustee to Charles R. Durbin for Skiles property at Marlinton.

Robert Webster and wife to David P. Barnes for land near Buckeye.

LANDS SOLD FOR TAXES.

List of real estate sold in the County of Pocahontas, in the month of December, 1891, for the non-payment of the taxes charged thereon for the years 1889, and 1890, and purchased by individuals:

NAME OF PERSON CHARGED WITH TAXES.	LOCAL DESCRIPTION OF LANDS.	Quantity of land charged.	Quantity of land sold.	NAME OF PURCHASER.	Whole amount paid by the purchaser.
GREEN BANK DISTRICT.					
Campbell Sam'l B.	Greenbrier r.	271	271	L. M. McClintic	[illegible] 28
Hutton Alfred	¼ of 596 Greenbrier r.	299	299	J C Armentrout	4 49
EDRAY DISTRICT.					
Cameron Geo. H.	Dry Branch	297	297	Wm. McClintic	4 62
Jackson Wm.	Slaty Fork	100	100	Silas Sharp	3 54
McDowell Martin & J. col	Adj John Gay	121	121	L. M. McClintic	2 27
HUNTERSVILLE DISTRICT.					
Cobb Amanda	Buckley Mtn	100	100	A. Barlow	1 69
King Chas	Hills	99 15p	99 15p	Marg. C Grimes	5 08
Shafer R. P G	Buckley Mtn	15	15	Wm. McClintic	83
LITTLE LEVELS.					
Rodgers Geo. W.	Laurel creek	155	155	L. M. McClintic	1 30
Sidenstricker Mrgt. Est	Hillsboro	1-25p	1-25p	Jno Sidenstricker	1 07

The owner of any real estate above described and sold, his heirs or assigns, or any person having a right to charge such real estate for a debt, may redeem the same by paying to the purchaser, his heirs or assigns, within one year from the sale thereof, the amount specified in the last column of the above table, and such additional taxes thereon as may have been paid by the purchaser, his heirs or assigns, with interest on said purchase money and taxes at the rate of twelve per centum per annum, from the time the same may have been so paid.

Given under my hand this 15th day of December, 1891.

J. C. ARBOGAST, Sheriff.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

January 7, 1892.

MILLIONAIRES IN SOCIETY.

Admitted to be the most astonishing feature of modern society in New York, I do not say modern noon, and only one less ... modern for the night. In that time, how many marriage garlands have been twisted, how many graves dug, how many sorrows suffered, how many fortunes won, how many souls lost, how many mortals saved!—Talmage.

After West Virginia.

Republicans Figuring to Capture Our Six Electorial Votes.

West Virginia might become the pivotal State in the next Presidential contest. There are several combinations that lead to this conclusion. A table of "sure Republican States" lies before us at the present writing. It includes Indiana, Massachusetts, Iowa, New Hampshire, New York, Wisconsin, and all the States, but gives West Virginia to the Democrats. It is but fair to remark that this table was made up before the late November elections, and that it claims the full fourteen votes of Michigan. It foots up 269 votes for the Republicans to 175 votes for the Democrats, but it will do as well as any other table for a basis to start from. This is the table referred to:

REPUBLICANS.		DEMOCRATIC.	
California	9	Alabama	11
Colorado	4	Arkansas	8
Illinois	24	Connecticut	6
Indiana	15	Delaware	3
Iowa	13	Florida	4
Kansas	10	Georgia	13
Maine	6	Kentucky	13
Massachusetts	15	Louisiana	8
Michigan	14	Maryland	8
Minnesota	9	Mississippi	9
Nebraska	8	Missouri	17
Nevada	3	New Jersey	10
New Hampshire	4	North Carolina	11
New York	36	South Carolina	9
Ohio	23	Tennessee	12
Oregon	4	Texas	15
Pennsylvania	32	Virginia	12
Rhode Island	4	West Virginia	6
Vermont	4		
Wisconsin	12		
Idaho	3		
Montana	3		
North Dakota	3		
South Dakota	4		
Washington	4		
Wyoming	3		
Total	269	Total	175

Now, suppose that the Democrats carry Iowa, with her 13 votes, Massachusetts with 15, Indiana with 15, and 6 votes from Michigan—49 in all—then their total vote would be 224 to 220 for the Republicans. The vote necessary to choice is 223. Transfer West Virginia to the Republican column and the Democrats lose.

Again, suppose the Republicans lose New York, New Hampshire, the six Michigan votes, and either one of the four new States having three votes each their claim of 269 would fall to 229. What a fine thing it would be to have the six votes of West Virginia in this emergency.

Still again, suppose the Republicans lose New York and Iowa, 49 votes, and carry all of Michigan; they would have but 230 in the aggregate. How handy would West Virginia come in there!

Suppose still further that the Re-

for business. Since the gun was empty, flight was the sportsman's only recourse, and an instant later a wild-eyed man was seen tearing away, with a furious brute closely following.

Hunter number two, meanwhile, was watching the scene from a hill top too far off to be of the slightest assistance to his companion.

A tragic termination of the chase seemed inevitable, for the fleeing gentleman was a heavy weight, and already the space between pursuer and pursued began to diminish. Suddenly the fugitive was seen to strike off at an angle, and the breathless watcher heaved a sigh of relief when his friend's objective point was found to be a cave but a few rods away.

At the very entrance to this seeming place of safety, however, the fleeing man turned aside and dashed with such frantic speed across the plain that a marked gain was made upon his pursuer.

But this could not last long, and finally, the fugitive's strength utterly failing him, he fell completely ex-

of democrats to expect much from the present House reforms under our form of government must necessarily be slow, even where both branches of Congress and the Executive are in accord. We have to contend against a hostile Senate and Executive, but hope to come about some reform in the tariff and in the expenditures of the government. There may be a slight difference of opinion in the party about whether it would be best for the House to prepare and pass an entire tariff bill, according to democratic ideas of what such measure should be, or to pass a number of bills correcting the inequalities of the present tariff law, but there can be none as to which of these plans are the most likely to bring practical results. The bills would, of course, be passed by the House, but it could not possibly get through the Senate, while there is reason for believing that several of the latter can be gotten through the Senate, thus throwing the responsibility for their defeat upon Mr. Harrison.

"Now as to appropriations, I do not know what will be the result of the effort to have all of the appropriation bills restored to the Appropriation committee, but personally I agree with Mr. Holman in believing that its accomplishment would materially aid in cutting down the total of appropriations. I cannot say just where we shall make reductions, but I will say that every democratic member of the House who has carefully studied the subject is of my opinion—that we can make a very large reduction in the total amount appropriated without interfering in the slightest with the workings of any useful branch of the Government service, and that is the task which we have set for ourselves, and it is by no means a light one, as we shall have to do battle with the republican Senate over the many extravagant amendments certain to be added to the appropriation bills by that body, which constantly grows more extravagant in its ideas."

Speaker Crisp has so far recovered from his attack of the grip as to be able to do a little talking on the new rules of the House with his democratic colleagues of the committee on Rules, Messrs. McMillin and Catchings; but it is not thought that that the new rules will be reported to the House for a couple of weeks, but that will not retard business much, as the House will work under the rules of the Fiftieth Congress until the new ones are ready.

Mr. Mills has almost entirely regained his health, and is daily seen on the streets, building himself up by taking long walkes.

There are no new developements in the Chilian situation. The administration having sufficiently

whom her daughter had been staying he was a propper acquaintance. Only the awkwardness of the question kept them from inquiring his name.

Affairs ripened rapidly, as they always do under such circumstances, and Miss B—— was not surprised when the incognito told her that he loved her dearly and fain would make her his wife. "Call me George, dear," he said, after she had confessed that his feelings were reciprocated, and even then she had not the courage to ask him, "George what?"

"Mamm, it is too absurd," she said hysterically afterward in her mother's room. "You will have to find out; and, oh, if I should have to be Mrs.—something dreadful! I feel that is Brown or Jones"—and oddly enough it proved to be "Brown."

Plumb, U. S. Senator ... died suddenly at his residence ... Washington, aged 54 years. ... had been complaining of pain ... his head, at intervals, for some ... and went to Philadelphia ... consult Dr. Pepper. The ... was that he was positively ... manded to cease mental work ... his complaint grew out of ... work, and that to continue ... as had been his habit, meant ... The Senator did not consider ... case as serious as the Doctor ... nounced it. Saturday evening ... attended a dinner given by ... Mahone, at Chamberlain's ... did not return to his room ... about 1 o'clock Sunday morning. Shortly afterward, he awoke ... proprietor of the house where ... was stopping—said that his ... was hurting very much—r... ing the proprietor to set up ... him. A Doctor was summoned ... stimulents were administered ... the Senator rested for a short ... He all at once sprang from his ... about 10 o'clock in the morning ... claiming, "My God, my head ... head." He sank back and ... short time was dead.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

We have made arrangements with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases" which will enable all subscribers to obtain a copy of that valuable work by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

—If you want Letter and Note heads, neatly printed and put up in tablet form, cheaper than you can get them anywhere else, call at THE TIMES office. We also do all kinds of nice job printing, and have on hands a nice line of Stationary, business cards, &c. &c.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

THE PITY OF IT.

While wandering up and down Front street one chilly November evening, visiting every haunt of the gang where he hoped to meet some of the pals who could lend him a few cents for a night's lodging, Bill Wyler ran across the little Front Street Mission. It was mainly to escape the chilly, drizzling rain and to warm himself beside the bright fire that glowed in the stove within that caused him to saunter into such an unfamilar place.

A gray-haired man with a weak voice led the singing, and a pleasant faced young woman, whom he afterward learned was Miss Mary McVay, played the accompaniment to the hymns on the organ. She, seeing that he was a stranger, handed him a hymn book and gave him the number of the next hymn. She did everything to make him feel at home, and presently he joined in the singing with a lusty voice.

After the services were over Miss McVay came over and took a seat beside him. She began talking to him about God. She exhorted and pleaded with him so fervently, so earnestly and so sweetly to be a Christain that he promised her that he would then and there.

Bill Wyler had not been a criminal from choice. Unfortunate circumstances and environments had made him one, and the barrier that separated him from the other walks of life seemed so strong and powerful that he never gave a thought to breaking it down. Miss McVay broke it for him and showed him the way by which he might rise to the level of other men and wash the black stigma of crime from his heart.

She was delighted beyond expression by her success in bringing him on the right road. Mr. Almer, who lead the singing at the mission, was old and weak, and after a few months Bill Wyler had made such progress that he was fully able to relieve him and take his place.

In the meantime, through the influence of the church people who had charge of the mission, he secured a good position as porter in a down town store and everything went well.

A year passed in this way, and a strong friendship sprang up between Bill Wyler and Miss McVay, which eventually ripened into love. It was simply the mutual sequence of the juxtaposition of two natures with the same sympathies, hopes and aspirations in their work. Both being orphans, their desire for a home was uppermost, and not many weeks passed before they were living as man and wife in modest little rooms on Gold street, not far from their field of mission work.

Soon after their marriage an old aunt, the only relative that Mary had, died, and being desirous of giving her decent burial, the young couple used all their spare funds. Soon after Bill Wyler lost his position in the store through dissolution of the firm, and he his wife were left in a sorry plight, and but for the church people they would have been unable to retain their apartments one month.

Misfortune never shows mercy. Not content with that, it struck Mary down with illness, and Bill nearly went mad in thinking how he could raise the money to pay the doctor's bills. He tried ever possible means to get some work, and though all the friends of his wife assisted him he met with no success.

On his way home from the mission late one night, Bill was accosted by Jim Colon, Mike Linn and George Banter, three of his old pals. "Say, Bill, yer hard up now ain't yer?" said Jim, gently tapping him on the shoulder.

"Well, what's that to you?" replied Bill, coldly. "A good deal, old boy," said George Banter, sympathetically. "We never forget our friends, and when they're in hard luck we never go back on them.

"And how can you help me?" said Bill, in a more friendly tone. "Easy, me boy," retorted Jim. "If you'll only let us talk to yer a few minutes we'll fix yer up straight."

"Yes, Bill come with us to Brett's on the corner, and we'll show yer," said Mike. "No, no," said bill. "I tell you *I* am done with saloons and all that."

"Oh, come, Bill, don't be foolish," said Mike. "A drink of something will do you good, and we can go in the back way and nobody will see yer. We mean well for yer.

Bill felt weak and worn out there was no one denying that, and he felt that a little drink of some kind would do much to reinvigorate his shattered nerves. Besides, the hour was late and no one would recognize him in that dark, little rear room behind the saloon. Several times he was on the point of turning back, and when they reached the old haunt in Water street the three men had to fairly drag Bill in.

The tough looking waiter brought whiskey for them, and the smell of it aroused Bill's old thirst. He gulped it down in one breath. Its effect was so soothing that he was tempted to take another, and his pals were only too glad to have him do so. Then after a few more drinks, Jim thought it time to tell Bill how they had determined to help him. 'We got a job on to night and we want yer help,' he said. "There's plenty of 'rocks' in it for yer."

The whiskey had already shown its effect in Bill's eyes and manner, but when he heard Jim's words he straightened up, as if with an effort, and stared at him. "Hold on now, Bill," cried George, "don't get excited. This thing is straight. If you don't care to help us all right; we're satisfied. If you want to let a $1,000 slip we kin find some other feller to take the chance."

It was a large amount of money, and Bill's ears tingled when he heard it. "See here," said Mike, "It's the safest job yer ever heard. We've got all things fixed, and all yer got to do is ter pry open the door, and yer the best one we ever knew for that."

"Well, boys, hang it all," he cried, "I'm with you for the last time. Let's have another drink and get to work."

About two o'clock that night four men might have been seen leaving the saloon and going in different directions. They were Bill and his pals. The place was soon reached, the three men took their positions and Bill went to work at the door with his old jimmy and saw. He experienced very little difficulty in prying it open, and after a few minutes he gave the signal.

Suddenly two men pounced upon him from behind and two more came running toward him from the other side of the street. He was too amazed to make any resistance, and before he could utter a word handcuffs were on his wrists. He had been caught in the act and when he came to realize his position he fell senseless in to the detective's arms.

Mary was much alarmed at Bill's non appearance that night, and when morning came she was nigh hysterical. She dressed herself in spite of the remonstrance of her kind neighbors and went down to the little Front Street Mission to see if he might be there. But that was closed. People in the neighborhood said that he had sung and preached there as usual the night before. Some one had seen him lock the doors, but subsequent to that time no one could say anything about him.

A week passed in this way with no tidings from him. One morning the postman handed Mary a note. She recognized the handwriting and tore it open nervously and read as follows:

"MY DEAR MARY—Don't be alarmed. I was suddenly called away and will be back in a few months. For God's sake keep your courage in the meantime; all will be well. Will explain all. BILL."

The note reassured her somewhat. She began to see it all now. He had become desperate at their poverty stricken condition and left for some other city where he was more sure of a position.

Nearly eight months after this there came one morning to the house in Gold street, where Mary lived, a tall broad shouldered man dressed in ragged clothes. His face was pale and thin, and his manner nervous and excited. He rushed into the rooms of Mrs. Arthur, the old housekeeper, without any ceremony.

"Where's my wife? Where is Mary?" he cried, throwing his arms wildly about. "Is she not here?"

"And what do you want with Mary? Who are you, any way?" said she, recovering her equanimity.

"Why, don't you know me, Mrs. Almer?" he cried. "Doesn't anybody know me any more?" "My God," cries she, "it's Mr. Wyler."

"Yes, I am Bill Wyler. But I want Mary. Where is she?" "Don't you know?" said Mrs. Almer sadly. "You went away and left her to die."

"To die," he cried desperately. "You don't mean that?"

"It is only too true. She and her child died in the hospital nearly a month ago, and they're buried now in Greenwood. Your name was the last she spoke." He rushed from the room and out of the house like a madman. People in the street stopped to look at the strange man rushing by and wondering at him. The next morning Bill Wyler was found dead on Mary's grave.—N. Y. Herald.

NATIONAL GREETINGS.

"How can you?" That's Swedish.

"How do you stand?" That's Italian.

"How do you fare?" That's Dutch.

"Go with God, senor." That's Spanish.

"How do you live on?" That's Russian.

"How do you perspire?" That's Egyptian.

"How do you have yourself?" That's Polish.

"How do you find yourself?" That's German.

"Thank God, how are you?" That's Arabian.

"May thy shadow never grow less." That's Persian.

"How do you carry yourself?" That's French.

"How do you feel?" That's English and American.

"Be under the guard of God."—That's the Ottoman's.

"How is your stomach? Have you eaten your rice?" That's Chinese.

HE WASN'T KICKING.

It was on an Erie train coming East the other day. A young man of about twenty four, who was evidently a farmer and had a seat in the smoking car, turned to the man behind him, who happened to be from Jersy City, and, holding out a silver dollar in his hand, he asked:

"Mister, is that dollar all right?"

"No, sir," replied the other, after a brief test, "this is a bogus dollar."

"And how's this?" continued the young man as he passed over a second.

"Bogus too."

"And this?"

"Off the same piece."

"Waal, here's two more."

"Those are all right, sir. You evidently changed a five dollar bill for some one?"

"Yes."

"Stranger, probably?"

"Never saw him before."

"And all you got out of it was two good dollars?"

"'Pears that way."

"Well, it's a shame to beat a man that way!" indignantly exclaimed the Jerseyite as he returned the coins.

"Oh, I ain't doin' no kickin'," serenely replied the young man.—"I'd been carryin' that old counterfeit over nine years lookin for a sucker, and I'm jest two good dollars ahead of the game!"

OLD DIGBY YIELDED.

Young Toddleby was a true-hearted and promising youth. He had graduated with honor at Yale, and was studying law with Mr. Lofter. It so happened that Toddleby became acquainted with a beautiful young lady, daughter of old Digby. He loved the fair maiden, and when he had reason to believe that his love was returned he asked Mr. Lofter to recommend him to the father Lofter being on terms of close intimacy with the family. The lawyer agreed and performed his mission, but old Digby, who loved money, asked what property the young man had. Lofter said he did not know, but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young student he asked him if he had any property at all, continues the New York Ledger.

"Only health, strength and a determination to work," replied the youth.

"Well said the lawyer, who sincerely believed the student was in every way worthy, "let us see. What will you take for your right leg? I will give you $20,000 for it."

Of course Toddleby refused.

The next time the lawyer saw the young lady's father he said:

"I have enquired about this young man's circumstances. He has no money in bank; but he owns a piece of property for which to my certain knowledge, he has been offered and has refused $20,000."

This led old Digby to consent to the marriage, which shortly afterward took place. In the end he had reason to be proud of his son-in law, though he was once heard to remark, touching that rare piece of property, upon the strength of which he had consented to the match:

"If it could not take wings, it was liable at any time to walk off!"

The bank at Waynesboro, one at Basic city, one at Gordonsville one at New Market and one at Warrenton, all in Va., and all private establishments have closed their doors and made assignments. It is thought that depositors will eventually be paid in full, and that business will not not be seriously effected.

Pocahontas Times.
JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Huntersville, W. Va.
January 14, 1892.

The great treasury vault at Washington covers more than a quarter of an acre and is twelve feet deep. Recently there was $90,00,000 in silver stored there, an amount that weighed 4,000 tons and would load 175 freight cars.

Four different mountain peaks in Idaho are from 13 to 23 feet lower, by actual measurement, than they were 15 years ago, and it is believed that this settling is going on with many others. The idea is that quick sands have undermined them.

While workman was repairing an outbuilding in Winchester, Ind., a few days ago, he found under one of the sills an old tin can containing about $1,600 in gold coin, mostly in $2 50 and five dollar pieces. No one knows to whom the treasure belonged.

A courier from the Cheyenne Arapahoe reservation states that the Messiah craze has broken out among the Indians. Left Hand, head chief of the Arapahoes, and Old Crow and Whirlwind, chiefs of Cheyennes, have gathered a thousand Indians about them among the interior hills, and for many days and nights have kept the dance up continually, delaring they will not stop until the Saviour arrives.

An interesting little war story has Governer Jones, of Alabama for its hero. At the time Gordon was resisting Sherman's advance, Jones, then a staff captain, was delivering a message from his chief when he saw a little child, clad only in night clothes, hiding in terror behind a frame house in the direct range of the bullets from each army. Jones rode forward, took the child on his horse and galloped back with her to the Confederate line. When the Union forces saw the act they ceased firing, and there was an impromptu cessation of hostilities until the child had been carried to a point of safety.—Charleston News and Courier.

In a freight train which passed through Hannibal on the St. Louis, Keokuk and Northwestern line from Burlington to St. Louis were the celebrated Walker twin steers. These cattle were registered at the Chicago exchange as the largest in the world. They were raised in Jasper county, Mo., by Mr. Walker. Mr. Walker values them very highly, and will not ship them over a railroad unless the railroad insures them. The railroad company had them insured for $10,000. They are 6 years of age, 12 feet 6 inches long, 14 feet around the chest or heart, 3 feet 2 inches across the hips. Their aggregate weight is 8,040 pounds.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Old Memories Recalled.

After the adjournment of the United States court at Danville, Va., recently, there was a little scene which was not on the docket. A one armed old Confederate had been found guilty of illegal distilling and was sentenced to one months imprisonment and a fine of $100. Judge John Paul, who was also an old Confederate ordered the marshall to bring Garrett Morrison, the one armed veteran, into the courtroom. Presently the judge and prisoner stood face to face. As he touched the empty sleeve tears came into the eyes of the judge, who said: "Come back here tomorrow and I will consider your case. We old boys are getting scarce, and you must not go to jail.—Cor. Richmond Times.

NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

LATE MATTERS OF INTEREST PARTAINING TO OUR GOVERNMENT.

[Reported for The Times by our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—Speaker pro tempore McMillin, who was elected without opposition to preside over the House until Speaker Crisp who is still confined to his room by the grip, shall be able to resume his duties, presides like a veteran, and is complimented on all sides for the ease with which he has taken up the honerous duties of presiding over the House.

Notwithstanding the unprecedented appropriations of the billion dollar Congress, the cry for deficiency appropriations has already begun. The list is headed by Porter, of the census bureau, who, through the Treasury department has asked for a deficiency appropriation of $1,000,000, to complete the work of that bureau, and there are those who doubt whether that amount will be sufficient, if Porter is to be allowed to do it in his own way. He may get the money, but it is not certain; and in any event he will probably be asked some puzzling questions as to how he has spent some of the $6,400,000 previously appropriated for the Census.

The attacks on the McKinley tariff law in the House resemble the firing of sharp-shooters. Bills have been introduced placing the following articles on the free list: Jute, jute bagging, iron ties, binding twine, lumber, tin plate, salt, agricultural implements, wool, coal and iron ore; and bills have been introduced to repeal the sugar bounty clause of the law, and so of the reciprocity clause as gives the President authority to restore the duty upon certain products of countries which fail to make reciprocity treaties with the United States. These bills will all go to the ways and means committee, which will decide which of them shall be pressed

Representative Mills, who has gone to Texas, has been granted an indefinite leave of absence by the House. The principal object of Mr Mills in going home at this time is to regain his health, but it is probable that while there he may do some talking about the Texas Senatorship.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Association of Democratic Clubs has been called for Jan. 20, by Representa W. L. Wilson, of West Virginia, who is chairman of the commitee, and it is desired that every member shall be present or represented by proxy, as important matters will be considered.

The democratic vacancy on the Interstate Commerce Commission has been given to Judge W. M. Lindsey, of Kentucky, a gentleman of whom nothing but good is known and the republican vacancy to J. W. McDill, of Iowa, who has been Congressman, Senator, Judge and several other things with official salaries. Col. W R. Morrison, whose commission expired Dec. 31 has been re appointed.

The silver question has already shown a ready disposition to bob up serenely in Congress at any and all times. Several bills have been introduced in the Senate providing for free coinage, and although there has been only one "bill" day in the House, four bills of the same sort were introduced, besides several others having a more or less direct bearing on silver. One of them provides for the repeal of the purchasing clause of the present silver law. Senator Stewart maintains that there is a law already in existence authorizing the free coinage of silver, enacted in 1837 and never repealed, and he offered a resolution instructing the Judiciary committee to inquire into the matter and report whether he is right or wrong. Senator Morrill delivered a very able and conservative speech this week against the unlimited free coinage of silver, in answer to Senator Stewart's recent speech.

The Harrison men are shouting "I told you so," because of a slight attack of nausea that Mr. Blaine had this week, and the present indications are that a concerted attempt is to be made to drive Mr. Blaine from the Presidential field, using his health as the principal weapon. It may succeed too, as Mr. Blaine is a monomaniac on that subject, and has been ever since that notorious sunstroke, a way back in the seventies.

Andrew Jackson's birthday is being fitly celebrated to day by the local democrats.

A joint resolution authorizes the Secretary of the Navy to charter a vessel to carry the grain which has been contributed for the famine stricken Russians to that country, was adopted by the Senate, but defeated by the House. The constitutionality of the resolution was doubted by some of the ablest democrats in Congress.

Senator Morgan spoke yesterday in favor of his resolution directing the Committee on Foreign Affairs to procure additional information concerning the Nicaragua canal. He strongly favors the guarantee of bonds asked for by the company, but unless there is a change of sentiment there is no probability of the bill passing the House. As one prominent member of that body puts it: "I favor the building of the canal by this Goverment if necessary, but am opposed to any guarantee of bonds issued by a private corporation."

THE RICHEST MAN IN W. VA.

HOW EX-SENATOR CAMDEN OF WEST VIRGINIA BECAME RICH.

The richest man in the State of West Virginia, and one of the richest in the United States, is ex Senator Johnson N. Camden. His wealth is estimated at between $8,000,000 and $10,000,000.

It was in the year 1860 when oil was first discovered in West Virginia. Mr. Camden had a few acres of land in the Burning Springs district, about thirty miles north of Parkersburg. In this land Mr. Camden bored two wells. They were the second and third wells bored for oil, only one having been sunk a few weeks previous to them, and that one was only partially successful, so far as striking oil was concerned, and wholly so as regards profit, for its owner did not know what in the world to do with it. He was very much like the fellow with an elephant on his hands.

The question of saving the oil and storing it, instead of letting it ooze out and run off into the rivulets and streams, became one of grave concern. However, necessity was the mother of invention then as now, and Senator Camden determined that the product of his wells should not go to waste. His exchequer was mighty slim at the time, but, with the assistance of some good friends, he bought a big, old flat boat and moored it to a tree on the river bank. From his two wells he troughed the oil into the boat.

In the meantime Mr. Camden had made a contract with General Sam Carnes of Boston, who was the pioneer oil refiner, to deliver 2,000 barrels at Parkersburg in bulk at the rate of 25 cents a gallon. The capacity of Mr. Camden's flatboat was just about that amount, and the prospect of $20,000—all his own—was to him something prodigious.

When his boat was full he set out for Parkersburg, thirty miles away, with his precious cargo. He drifted with the stream, and, after many hardships, reached his destination. General Carnes was there with his empty barrels. They transferred the oil from the flatboat to the barrels with cups and pails and when the work was finished Mr. Camden received $20,000 in cold cash. Thus was laid the foundation of a colossal fortune of nearly $10,000,000. He continued in the oil business solely for many years, and was interested, either wholly or partly, in all the subsequent oil developments in West Virginia.—Baltimore American.

HOME NEWS

—This is the dulest of the year.

—A little ice has been gotten in town.

—Mrs. C. F. Moore has the measles.

—R. K. Burns, Esq., of Academy, called to see us Monday.

—Charleston had a $50,000 fire on the 8th inst.

—N. C. McNeel Esq., has returned after a two weeks absence.

—Mr. G. R. Curry and daughter Miss Mattie, of Academy were in our city last Friday.

—Our correspondents when writing will please write the news and the news only.

—Our thanks are due Walter A. Yeager of Cheyenne, Wyo., for late newspapers from that place.

—Mayor Woods, of Charlottesville, Va., was in our city over night last Friday.

—The Pocahontas County Farmers Alliance met at this place last Friday.

—Dr. Patterson of this city and wife who have the grip are convalescent.

—Present your claims against his estate to N. C. McNeil, adm'r of Wm. Auldridge Sr., dec'd.

—Rev. J. F. A. Lautenschlager will preach at Sunset, Sunday, at 10:30 o'clock.

—In the past two or three weeks 12 or 15 new subscribers have been added to THE TIMES list.

—S. L. Brown, Esq., has been down with the grip for several days but is improving.

—C. B. Swecker Esq., has received at his shop a load of large picture frames, rocking chairs &c.

—Knapp's creek is past fording to day, Wednesday and the mail from the east failed to get in.

—We are pained to announce the death of the little six month old son of Mr. D. B. McElwee on the morning of the 7th inst., of grip.

—We printed for Attorney F. S. Rucker, Christmas week a brief in the case of R. S. Turk vs. Jannie B. Skiles, and have one to print this week for same, in the case of Wm. Skeen &c. vs. Levi Gay & others.

—The Edray Farmer's Alliance and I. U. will meet at Edray school house Saturday, Feb. 6th. All members are earnestly requested to be present, as there is a great deal of business to be transacted. Those who have not paid up their dues will be dropped from the roll. By order of the Alliance.

BEVERLY WAUGH, Sec.

—Died—Mrs. Underwood wife of Mr. M. M. Underwood, and their son Jesse, within five minutes of each other in the same room, at their home about 8 miles from this place on Monday evening of grip. Mrs. Underwood was a very old lady and the son was about 45 years of age.

—Mess. Overholt & Payne's store at Frankford was destroyed by fire one night last week, with two other stores and one dwelling house. Mess. Overholt and Payne were insured in the Peabody Co., of Wheeling for $5,000, and their loss we understand will probably reach $10,000.

—The Academy correspondent of the Greenbrier Independent says: "We are pained to learn of the death of Mrs. Nancy Hill, wife of Mr. Geo. Hill, which occurred at her home at Falling Spring, Greenbrier county, on Thursday, the 31st ult. Mrs. Hill was well known to all of us, having been born and reared here. She was a most estimable lady, of unquestionable christian character and beloved by all who knew her. She leaves a large circle of sorrowing relatives and friends to mourn her death."

—The Huntersville Farmers Alliance will meet in the Court House at this place Saturday the 16th inst. at 2 o'clock. It is desired that all members be present.

—Mr. Wm. R. Lynch died of grip, at his home near Alvon, on Anthony's creek, in this county, on the 4th inst., aged 51 years. When we last saw him, a short time ago he was the picture of robust health. His death is a forcible reminder of the uncertainty of life.—He was well known in the county and delighted in attending all kinds of public gatherings where generally he made himself heard. He was twice a candidate for the Legislature but was unsuccessful. Bill had his faults.—Who of us hasn't? Let them be forgotten or remembered only to be avoided. He leaves a wife and several little children.—*Independent*. [Mr. Lynch was very well known in this county, and his many friends will regret to learn of his death.]

GREEN BANK NEWSLETS.

Deaths.—Warrenton McElwee, on the 2nd inst., age about 10 years; Mrs. Cassel, relict of Sam'l Cassel of Back Alleghany, of dropsy also on the 2nd inst, and Mr. J. W. Rock, of near this place of grip and pneumonia on the 9th inst. The funeral services of Mr. Rock was held in the Presbyterian church, by Revs. Ballengee and Hannah, after which a large concourse of relatives and friends followed the remains to the last resting place, near Mr. Adam Nottingham's. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the entire neighborhood.

There is hardly a family in this neighborhood, but one or more is down with measles or grip.

Blan Nottingham returned from a visit to Davis last week and reports a good deal of sickness in that vicinity.

C. H.

DUNMORE BRIEFS.

Three deaths in this district in the past two weeks, and still a good deal of sickness yet.

This is fine weather on our lumber jobbers. They are getting pretty near done.

Miss Claudie Dysard has commenced the Dunmore school.

Miss Jennie Bucher's select school at Sugar Grove is flourishing.

Mr. Gamon, the shoemaker is on the sick list.

The surprise party at Swecker's new shop headed by C. E. Steinmeyer was quite a success.

C. A. Yeager, Esq., has moved his family to the new town—Marlinton.

Capt. C. B. Swecker will commence an auction sale of about 1,800 yards of factory goods, about the 27th inst. Watch for the ad.

Geo. W. Callison dept. Sheriff was in our town Saturday.

Rev. J. F. A. Lautenschlager will preach at Dunmore next Sunday night.

TOM SAWYER.

To a statement that "Stonewall" Jackson would never travel or fight on Sunday, the Oxford, Maine, Advertiser replies: "We think the surviving members of the old Tenth Maine regiment can recall to memory Sunday, the 25th day of May, 1862, almost three decades, when old Stonewall traveled and fought on Sunday and had our fearless and stalwart band on the run from Winchester to Williamsport. How that Rebel battery got the drop on us when a few miles from Winchester, and what a terrifying sound those scorching shells gave us as they came whizzing through the air so near, and what a shower of knapsacks followed about that time, and with what sad hearts we parted with photographs, letters and clothing from home as we flung them away and pressed on! That forced march was a trying ordeal to the men and some of them carry the effects to this day."

PECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have made arrangements with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases;" which will enable all subscribers to obtain a copy of that valuable work *free* by sending their address (enclosing a two cent stamp for mailing same) to DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURGH FALLS, VT. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia,

Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the 1st Monday in January, 1892:

W. C. Stuart, Pl'ff

vs.

Hugh Adams & als. Def'ts.

The object of this suit is to subject to the payment of $716.67 with interest thereon from the 25th day of September, 1890, due to the plaintiff, W. C. Stuart, from the defendants Hugh Adams and H. M. Lockridge, the real estate belonging to said defendants severally, lying in Pocahontas County in the State of West Virginia, which has been levied on under order of attachments issued in this suit, and it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendants Hugh Adams, H. M. Lockridge, Ellen M. Cameron and Thomas B. Hickman are non-residents of the State of West Virginia: It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 4th day of January, 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p. q.

Jan 7-4t. Printer's fee $9.85.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia,

Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, on the first Monday in January, 1892:

W. C. Stuart, Pl'ff

vs.

C. C. Hansel & others, Def'ts.

The object of this suit is to subject to the payment of $576.73 with interest thereon from August 14th 1891, due to the plaintiff W. C. Stuart, from the defendants C. C. Hansel, H. M. Lockridge and Hugh Adams, the real estate belonging to said H. M. Lockridge and Hugh Adams severally, lying in Pocahontas County, in the State of West Virginia, which has been levied on under order of attachment issued in this suit, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that the defendants, C. C. Hansel, H. M. Lockridge, Hugh Adams, Ellen M. Cameron and Thomas B. Hickman are non-residents of the State of West Virginia: It is ordered, that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 4th day of January, 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p. q.

Jan. 7, 4t. Printer's fee $9.85.

LANDS SOLD FOR TA[XES]

List of real estate sold in the County of Pocahontas, [illegible] December, 1891, for the non payment of the taxes charg[ed] [illegible] the years 1889, and 1890, and purchased by individuals [illegible]

NAME OF PERSON CHARGED WITH TAXES.	LOCAL DESCRIPTION OF LANDS.	Quantity of land charged.	Quantity of land sold.	NAME OF PURCHASER.	Whole amount paid by the purchaser.
GREEN BANK DISTRICT.					
Campbell Sam'l B.	Greenbrier rv.	571	571	L. M. McClintic	$59 23
Hutton Alfred	½ of 596 Greenbr rv.	298	298	J. C. Armstrong	4 89
EDRAY DISTRICT.					
Cameron Geo. H.	Dry Branch	297	297	With. McClintic	4 42
Jackson Wm.	Slaty Fork	100	100	Silas Sharp	[illegible] 54
McDowell Martin& J.ed	Adj John Gay	121	121	L. M. McClintic	2 77
HUNTERSVILLE DISTRICT.					
Cobb Amanda	Buckley Mtn	100	100	A. Barlow	1 09
King Chas	Hills	29 13p	29 13p	Marg. C Grimes	8 08
Shafer R. P. G	Buckley Mtn	15	15	with. McClintic	82
LITTLE LEVELS.					
Rodgers Geo. W.	Laurel creek	125	125	L. M. McClintic	1 56
Sidenstricker Mrgr' Est	Hillsboro	1 23p	1 23p	JnoSidenstrick'r	1 07

The owner of any real estate above described and sold, his heirs or assigns, or any person having a right to charge such real estate for a debt, may redeem the same by paying to the purchaser, his heirs or assigns, within one year from the sale thereof, the amount specified in the last column of the above table, and such additional taxes thereon as may have been paid by the purchaser, his heirs or assigns, with interest on said purchase money and taxes at the rate of twelve per centum per annum, from the time the same may have been so paid.

Given under my hand this 15th day of December, 1891.

J. C. ARBOGAST, Sheriff.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia,

Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At Rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in January, 1892.

Mathew Wallace, Pl'ff

vs.

Charles Stewart & al., Def'ts.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to recover for the plaintiff, Mathew Wallace, from the defendant, Charles Stewart, the sum of $164.92 with interest thereon from 14th Oct. 1891 being judgment on bond of said Stewart to said Wallace dated and due 21st Aug. 1891, and to subject to payment thereof a tract of land lying in Pocahontas County in the State of West Virginia which said Charles Stewart and wife pretend to have conveyed to one Andrew Chanel by deed recorded in the Clerk's Office of the County Court of said Pocahontas County in Deed Book No. 22, page 214, being about 275 acres lying on the Waters of Stamping Creek in said Pocahontas County, the boundaries of which land are given in said pretended deed:

And it appearing by affidavit filed that Charles Stewart above named is not a resident of the State of West Virginia: It is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 4th day of January 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p. q.

Printers fee $11.4[illegible] Jan. 7, 4 w.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

January 14, 1892.

GREAT YOUNG MEN.

THEY ROSE TO PROMINENCE IN THE HEYDAY OF YOUTH.

Charles James Fox was in Parliament at 19 [illegible]

of these, he is still master of a good trade—something that no one can take from him, no matter what exigencies may arise. The man who is master of a good trade is as independent as a millionaire. He need never want; he can find work in any corner of the world. I do not say one word against a profitable career. But I do say emphatically that the man who has a trade and a profession as well, need have no fear of the future. The boy who wants to can master a trade between the years of sixteen and twenty, and if he dislikes it, he still has time to study medicine, the law, or any other of the learned professions. But if he waits until he is twenty, or over, he may not have an opportunity or feel inclined to learn either.

"There is only one fault I can find with your city," said a traveler to a resident of a western city.

"And what is that?"

"It is dead."

"But it has one redeeming feature."

"And what is that?"

"It is well laid out."

"Think so?"

"Yes. It is better laid out than ——ville."

"No doubt."

"Yes; it has been dead longer."

He—Are you sure I am the only man you ever really and truly loved?

She—Perfectly sure. I went over the whole list only yesterday.

A SERIOUS CASE.

Customer—My watch won't go.

Jeweler (examining it)—My! my! Have you been in a railroad collision?

Customer (surprised)—Why, no.

Jeweler (solemnly)—When you undress you should not throw your vest on the floor when your watch is in your pocket.

Customer (thoughtfully)—I never do. I have been exceedingly careful with that watch. Don't know how it got hurt. How long will it take to fix it?

Jeweler (after another examination)—You'd better leave it here at least a week, but if you can get along without it, I would advise two weeks.

Customer—Very well. Do it up right. Good day.

Jeweler (to assistant)—Hans, [illegible]

The readers of THE TIMES are refered to the following persons who have the ALLEGER ORGANS:

Annie Mollohan, Replete, W. Va.

S. W. Ott, Charlestown, W. Va.

Jacob Lively, Roseville, W. Va,

W. H. Swiger, Malta, W. Va.

J. W. Heavener, Petersburg, W. Va,

Tinta Craig, Glen Elk, W. Va.

—If you want Letter and Note heads, neatly printed and put up in tablet form, cheaper than you can get them anywhere else, call at THE TIMES office. We also do all kinds of nice job printing, and have on hands a nice line of Stationary, business cards, &c. &c.

CONSUMPTION [illegible]

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court,	A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney,	L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,	J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,	Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court,	S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court,	J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,	C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct.	C E. Beard. B. B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor,	Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

PONETIX.

This intercepted letter from our little "Devil" to his "girl" Katharine Jay, in Utica, N. Y., is too good to be lost. We reproduce it verbatim et literatim, and challenge its [illegible].

AnSA now I mean 2 write
 2 you sweet KT J
The girl without a [illegible]
 The bL of UTK.

I [illegible] if U got that 1
 I wrote 2 U B4
I sailed in the RKDA
 And sent by Ln Moore.

My MT head will scarce contain
 A calm ID A bright
But AT miles from you I must
 M— this chance 2 write.

And 1st should NE NV U
 B EZE, mind it 0
Should NE friendship show B true
 They should 0 B forgot.

From virtU nevR DV8
 Her influence [illegible]
Alike induces [illegible]
 Or 40tude Dvine.

And if you cannot cut a—
 Or shout an !
I hope U'll put no .
 21 ?

R U 4 anXStion ?
 My cousN ? Healt & [illegible]
He offR's in a [illegible]
 A 1/2 of land.

He says he loves U 2 XS
 U R virtuous and YYY
In XLNC U XL
 All others in his III.

This SA until U I C
 I pray U 2 XQs
And do not burn in FIG
 My young and wayward mUU

Now fare U well dear KT J
 I trust that U R true
when this U C then U can sA
 AnSA I O U.
 The "Devil,"—he did.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE

Gives "his son" some Interesting Advice on Prophesying.

Some years ago I discovered that, like Saul, I was becoming mixed up somewhat with the prophets. Now, I have the profoundest respect for prophets who are to the manner born, and had I received my call to the inspired life at my birth or earlier I would be exalted above measure by the honor thus laid upon me and I would prophesy and cry aloud, and spare not, whenever there was anything to predict. But, young as I was, even at that time, when I was not old enough to be very young, I observed that the home made and, worse still, the hand made article of prophet was a snare at many times, a delusion the rest of the time, and in other instances a fraud.

I cured myself of the habit of predicting things by a very simple method. I procured a good strong box, not too large, and labelled it "The Tomb of the Prophets."

Thereafter whenever I felt a strong desire to predict something, instead of rushing into print with it I wrote it down in plain, fair script, dated it and put it into this box. Then some long, rainy day I would overhaul the "Tomb of the Prophets," and read my [illegible] of [illegible] in the light of events. [illegible] the parallel columns wo[illegible] funny—with hopelessly [illegible] humor—for anything. [illegible] they would make wh[illegible] Greely used to call "m[illegible] eating reading."

By degrees I got [illegible] other unregenerate pr[illegible] had not learned the se[illegible] ing the prophetic a[illegible] themselves in the cons[illegible] of my private cemeter[illegible] creased the scope of [illegible] reading, and while it [illegible] instructive it never fai[illegible] tertaining.

Among other thing[illegible] from this "Tomb of P[illegible] other day was the [illegible] in the most positive [illegible] ation that the Englis[illegible] be compelled to [illegible] be pretty positive w[illegible]

[illegible] back up—the Rev. Mr. Baxter, of England, issuing his final and revised bulletin of the everlasting smashup. He turns the Book of Daniel inside out, inside down, ether end to, adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides, extracts the square roof, counts the letters and misses every fifth one, works in a few acrostics after the manner of the prophet who finds the name of the Deity in the Book of Esther, and finally sets everything up straight and clean, all the same font, makes it justify, and fixes the exact date for the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company and the Gould system, which is about all there is left of the world, for the 11th of April, 1891. Now there is a great prophesy for you. And I suppose it was all brought to naught by the greedy, selfish carelessness of people. I suppose we forgot all about it and went right along buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage—which are all the same things—on the 11th of April until the day was past and we were on our way home from an hour's improvement under the elevating teaching of the stage in "Brass Mondey," "Hole in the Ground" or "The Clemenceau Case" before we remembered that we should have wound things up that very afternoon. It must be encouraging to a prophet to prophesy until his lower jaw cleaves to the roof of his mouth and his back fairly aches and then have people go away and forget what it was all about.

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But you don't prophesy necessarily for the approbation of the public, my son. Never mind what people say. If you have something to prophesy lift up your voice and cry aloud. They'll listen to you by and by. That is if you prophesy concerning things that concern them. People don't care to hear about the end of the world.

That dont concern then very much; they all know when that is coming.

The end of the world will come to you and to every man who hears your voice sometime within the next hundred years. That much we all know. No man now living will see the year 1993, except a few old liars who are not yet yet born, but we intend by the assistance of the local editors of their town papers, to live to the old age of 118 years. So if you have anything to say it is time for you to begin. The longer you put it off the more trouble you will have catching the speaker's eye.

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Taking in the situation at a glance, the actor replied kindly, "Why, yes, at the —— hotel tomorrow morning at twelve o'clock."

Punctually at that hour the would-be actress was shown in. She was evidently a simply bred girl, fascinated with the glamour of the footlights. With entire ignorance of what was expected of her she announced her desire finishing naively,

"And I thought I'd come and ask you what I must do first."

"You are familiar with some plays I presume?" questioned Mr. Florence.

"Oh, yes," eagerly. "I go to the theater all I can. I've seen you every time you've been in Boston."

"But I mean you have studied some dramatic roles?" pursued the actor.

"I—think not," was the hesitating reply.

"You can read something, at least, to let me see what you can do?" he tried next.

"I can read poetry," answered the girl.

"Don't you know some poetry that you can recite?" urged Mr. Florence.

Yes, she knew Longfellow's "The Bridge," and she proceeded to give it in a way that it has probably never been given before nor since.

There was a moment's silence after she had finished, broken at length by Mr. Florence.

"You have a home?" he asked.

"Oh, yes."

"A mother and father?"

"No father, but a mother."

"And a lover, may be?" watching the girl's face keenly.

She blushed, and admitted that there was a lover.

"Well, now, my dear," said Mr. Florence, dismissing her, "I can spare you no more time this morning. Leave me your name and address, and you shall hear from me very soon."

The girl complied, before her footsteps had died away in the hall the actor was seated at a table writing. The next day, with a handsomely-framed picture of Mr. Florence, there was delivered to the aspirant for histrionic effort this note:

DEAR MISS:——Stay with your mother, marry your lover, and play leading lady on the home stage, where you are fitted to shine in all womanliness. Be assured, my dear young friend, on the other stage to which you aspire you would be as out of place as a mouse in a ballroom. Sincerely yours

WILLIAM J. FLORENCE.

CURIOSITIES ABOUT GOLD.

Gold is so very tenacious that a piece of it drawn into wire one-twentieth of an inch in diameter will sustain a weight of 500 pounds without breaking.

Its malleability is so great that a single grain may be divided into 2,000,000 parts and a cubic inch into 9,523,809,523 parts, each of which may be distinctly seen by the naked eye.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 9. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, January 21, 1892. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 25

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Clk Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Clk Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

FONETIX.

This intercepted letter from our little "Devil" to his "girl" Katharine Jay, in Utica, N. Y., is too good to be lost. We reproduce it *verbatim et literatim*, and challenge its ‖.

An S A now I mean 2 write
2 you sweet KT J
The girl without a ‖
The bL of UTK.

I der if U got that 1
I wrote 2 U B4
I sailed in the RKDA
And sent by LN Moore.

My MT head will scarce contain
A calm ID A bright
But AT miles from you I must
M— this chance 2 write.

And 1st should NE NV U
B EZE, mind it 0
Should NE friendship show B true
They should 0 B forgot.

From virtU nevR DV8
Her influence B9
Alike induces 10derns
Or 40tude Dvine.

And if you cannot cut a—
Or shout an !
I hope U'll put no .
21 ?

R U 4 an XStion ?
My cousN ? Healt & [illegible]
He offR's in a ¶
A ¼ 2 of land.

He says he loves U 2 XS
U R virtuous and YYY
In XLNC U XL
All others in his III.

This SA until U I C
I pray U 2 XQ's
And do not burn in FIG
My young and wayward mUU

Now fare U well dear KT J
I trust that U R true
when this U C then U can sA
An SA I O U.
The "Devil,"—he did.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE

Gives "his son" some interesting Advice on Prophesying.

Some years ago I discovered that, like Saul, I was becoming mixed up somewhat with the prophets. Now, I have the profoundest respect for prophets who are to the manner born, and had I received my call to the inspired life at my birth or earlier I would be exalted above measure by the honor thus laid upon me and I would prophesy and cry aloud, and spare not, whenever there was anything to predict. But, young as I was, even at that time, when I was not old enough to be very young, I observed that the home made and, worse still, the hand made article of prophet was a snare at many times, a delusion the rest of the time, and in other instances a fraud.

I cured myself of the habit of predicting things by a very simple method. I procured a good strong box, not too large, and labelled it "The Tomb of the Prophets."

Thereafter whenever I felt a strong desire to predict something, instead of rushing into print with it I wrote it down in plain, fair script, dated it and put it into this box. Then some long, rainy day I would overhaul the "Tomb of the Prophets," and read my [illegible] in the light of events. [illegible] the parallel columns [illegible] funny—with hopelessly [illegible] humor—for anything. [illegible] they would make [illegible] Greely used to call "[illegible] eating reading."

By degrees I got [illegible] other unregenerate pr[illegible] had not learned the se[illegible] ing the prophetic [illegible] themselves in the conse[illegible] of my private cemeter[illegible] creased the scope of [illegible] reading, and while it i[illegible] instructive it never fai[illegible] tertaining.

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One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
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Huntersville, W. Va.

January 21, 1892.

1892.

Time like a railroad train cannot be rushed, but time unlike a railroad train has never been known to fail to make connection. The aged figure grasping in his bony fingers his glass and rusty scythe, had scarce caused the exit of 91, till 92 with his smiling countenance appeared in the tracks of his predecessor. We hail with gladness the new year from which we expect so much, and at the beginning of which, we made such solemn promises to be better. The abundant developments of '91 have made ample room for the entrance of '92. We hope that soon the rapidly developed form of the new may fill the place of the old year, and that thus there will be left a good space of time for 92's development's beyond any thing reached in any of the past years. Confining ourselves to our own mountain county, we can see that the first bright rays of the day of our prosperity are falling upon us. In the North, East, South and West, capital has turned its lynx eyes this way. The steel tape, the forerunner of J. C. Calhoun's "great civilizer" has during the old year, measured the length of many of our fertile valleys; let us prophesy that when the new shall have become old, the iron horse shall be waking from their long sleep their echoes with his piercing neigh. A new city has been laid off in the heart of our County. Men of money are visiting us from all quarters and are going to the great financial centers of our country and are telling their friends of our iron, our coal and our timber. Let us lay aside our petty prejudices and the lethargy of our long isolation, look at the dawning sun of permanent development, now, for the first time in all our history shedding his fructifying rays upon us, and "get a hustle on us." With the right kind of work performed in the proper spirit, we can make our loved county of Pocahontas equal to any in our state. There must no longer be "wars and strivings among us,"—no more battling of sections, but strenuous and persevering efforts to promote the common good. Let us heed the advice of the Father of His Country, the soundness of which time has so conclusively proven, and pull together under all circumstances; remembering that communities are prosperous just so far as there is co-operation and harmony and no farther. Let us waste none of the golden days of '92, for soon he will be walking with tottering footsteps, his sun will be low in the west and "Death with frosty hand and cold will pluck the old man by the beard, surely, surely." Let us begin to hasten our prosperity now.

Much as we expect from '92, and large and permanent as we prophesy his developements will be, we hope that the boots which cover his wrinkled extremities in December will make tracks abundantly large for the free entrance of '93.

[illegible] WASHINGTON.

LATE [illegible] INTERESTING [illegible] PERTAINING TO OUR GOVERNMENT.

[Reported for The Times by our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15th.—Mr. Harrison has, if high republican authority may be believed, relieved Mr. Blaine of the Chilian business and taken it entirely in his own hands. The same authority says that an ultimatum has been sent to Chili and that all of the correspondence and the President's accompanying proclamation which were ready ten days ago but were held back because of the Chilian minister having succeeded in bamboozling Mr. Blaine as to his country's intentions, will go to Congress just as soon as the evidence of all the sailors of the Baltimore has been taken. This evidence, as far as it has been telegraphed to the eastern papers, has created a very warlike feeling in Congress, and if Mr. Harrison does not hurry up and send the correspondence in, he will find it demanded by resolution.

The House has adopted a resolution offered by Representative Holman that has spread consternation among the promoters of schemes requiring "a little appropriation." It declares it to be the judgment of the House that the granting of subsidies or bounties by Congress in money, public credit, to promote special private industries or enterprises, independent of the constitutional power of Congress, is unjust and impolic and in manifest conflict with the spirit of republican institutions. And further resolves that in view of the present condition of the treasury, and because efficient and honest government can only be assured by the frugal expenditure of the public money, while unnecessary and lavish expenditure under any and all conditions leads inevitably to venal and corrupt methods in public affairs, no money ought to be appropriated by Congress, except such as is necessary to carry on the departments, frugally, efficiently and honestly administered.

The republican party has, by its national legislation, given protection to certain classes, always at the expense of the masses; but it has persistently denied protection to one class, to which it might have been given without expense or injury to any honest man. The class referred to is the inventors, to whom the country owes so much, who have vainly implored Congress to amend the patent laws by making it a criminal offense to knowingly infringe a patent. Representative Tillman, chairman of the House committee on Patents, is determined that the democratic House shall have the honor of passing a bill complying with the inventors wishes and breaking up the practice, now so common, of intentional infringement of successful patents by parties without financial responsibility.

The Senate Committee on Election this week heard the contested cases of Claggett vs Dubois, of Idaho, and Davidson vs Call, of Florida. The hearings in both cases were mere formalities, it having been certain beforehand that the committee, almost unanimously, favored the sitting members, Dubois and Call.

Owing to the fact that the articles which will be affected by the separate tariff bills likely to be reported by the House Ways and Means Committee are few in number, and that they have been so thoroughly discussed in the press, the committee has decided that it will be unnecessary to grant hearings to those interested in them, as it is not probable that a single new fact could be brought out.

Representative Harter, of Ohio, has introduced a bill to consolidate and reduce the number of Customs Collection districts in the country, which he thinks will improve the service and save $1[illegible] annually.

The democrats of the House have already reached the why and wherefore stage of the session. They want to know why Secretary Foster has withheld the payment of some $80,000,000 appropriated for the fiscal year ending June 30 last; also why some $35,000,000 less than should have been paid out of the appropriations for the current fiscal year, during its first half, ending Jan. 1, has been paid. These questions and others concerning Government finances, may give the Secretary more trouble than the grip, from which he has just recovered, did.

The democrats also wish to know just what effect the McKinley tariff law is having upon the country, and it is proposed, in order to obtain that information quickly that the House committee on Manufactures investigate its effect upon the general manufacturing interests, the Committees on Agriculture, Labor and Commerce to do the same for those several interests. A Senate Committee spent a part of last summer in making an investigation of this subject, but the House proposal would be much more thorough, consequently more satisfactory.

Speaker Crisp is expected to be well enough to preside over the House by next week.

Senator Faulkner is making strenuous efforts to obtain the $153,978 due W. Va. from the national government under the direct tax refunding act. When Congress first assembled one of the first measures offered was his joint resolution directing the Secretary of the Treasury to pay this money to the Governor of the State. When the resolution was submitted it was referred to the Committee on Claims who unanimously directed the Senator to report it favorably to the Senate. This is almost equivalent to its passage as this committee is one of the strongest in the Senate and when unanimous its conclusions are generally acquiescent in by the Senate.

Two attempts at Burglary were made in Hinton on the 14th inst., one on the store house of Mr. Hinton, the other one J. H. Millers law office, both of which were unsuccessful. We hope the officers will be diligent in investigating this matter and that they will speedily succeed in bringing the offenders to justice as nothing but decision measures and a prompt administration of Justice will deter such men from their lawless doings.

NOTICE! NOTICE!

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me by open account or note will please come forward and settle at once. I cannot indulge these accounts and notes any longer. They must be settled by the 1st of Mar. '92 or they will be put out for collection.

Resp't.
R. L. Nottingham.

Jan. 21-2-w.

HOME NEWS

—Dr. C. L. Austin was in town Tuesday.

—Mrs. Cass A. Cochran wife of Frank Cochran, of near Mill Point died Jan. 17th of "grippe"

—Messrs. S. P. Patterson and S. L. Brown are still confined to their rooms with La Grippe.

—Present your claims against his estate to N. C. McNeil, adm'r of Wm. Auldridge Sr., dec'd.

—Mr. John E. Campbell is off to Charlottesville on business and the editorial quill is now being wielded by N. C. McNeil.

—We see from the Athenaeum that Mr. Andrew Price who has been attending the State University has returned to his home at Marlinton.

—Atty. L. M. McClintic was down at [illegible] Saturday and Sunday visiting his father who is dangerously ill with La Grippe. Later Mr. McClintic is worse.

—Andrew Kertner of Droop Mountain was lodged in jail at this place on Monday the 18th inst., by Constable Burns for an assault committed upon Samuel Kellison.

—Mess. W. & L. Makowicz of the firm of Hodes, Whiting & Co., of Ronceverte W. Va. were in town Tuesday taking orders for their merchant tailoring department.

—The celebrated Dr. Keeley, of Dwight, Ill., says that asafoetida taken in four grain pills one pill four times a day will cure La Grippe. It is a simple remedy and certainly harmless. Try it.

—Mess. Andrew, L. W. and Millard Herold of Knapp's Creek, R. K. Burns of Academy, Q. W. Pouge of Edray, were in the city Monday and Ex Senator John W. Arbuckle of Lewisburg arrived Monday night.

—Several excellent specimens of that broad shouldered, calk booted and whole souled class of our citizens popularly denominated "log rollers" are boarding in the city waiting for "the drive" and their annual supply of rheumatism.

—The extensive lumbering enterprise, carried on since last fall, by Capt. E. A. Smith on Cummings Creek 2 miles above this place has closed for the season and now there are lying on the bank of Knapp's Creek just below town 3,000,000 ft. of white pine logs the result of "Little Jim's" four months work.

—The road leading from M. D. McGlaughlin's around the hill which cost the county $1,050.00 and which was made for the accommodation of such persons as might desire to come to Huntersville when Knapp's Creek is too high to cross should be kept in such a condition as that teams may be safely taken over it at such times.

GREEN BANK NEWSLETS.

Miss Leila Hull is teaching the Green Bank School.

Kenie Sutton returned from the West last week.

Rev. W. H. Ballengee and wife are off to Mill Point on a visit.

Died, on the 15th inst. of pneumonia, Jacob Sheets, Sr. on Back Allegheny.

J. L. Hudson is very bad with pneumonia at this writing also Mrs. J. R. Warwick.

Miss Jennie Clark had to close school a few days with an attack of Grippe but is convalescent.

Mrs G. W. Siple is down with inflammatory rheumatism but is some better.

One case before Justice Siple last Saturday.

Rev. W. H. Ballengee will hold a Sacramental meeting at Stony Bottom on the 31st ult.

The last quarterly meeting for the Green Bank Circuit will convene on the 6th and 7th of Feb.

C. H.

—Mr. Charles Sillington, an estimable citizen of Bath county, died at his home near Millboro Springs of the grip, aged 71 years.

CHILEAN SITUATION.

Congress Anxiously Awaits the Correspondence

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 19.—There can be little doubt that the developments of the last few days in the cause of the investigation now being conducted at San Francisco by Judge Advocate General Remy into the attack upon the Baltimore's crew; that the publication of the testimony in the Shields case and the ugly demonstration at Valparaiso against the Yorktown's gig have had the effect to create a very uneasy feeling at the Capitol.

Senators and Representatives who have long since derided the idea of any serious result following the Chilean correspondence and have had the greatest confidence that Chila would soon tender an apology and make reparation for the misdeeds of her citizens are now willing to admit privately that the situation is full of the gravest difficulties.

One ominous sign is the great inactivity of Congress in the matter. Heretofore it has been customary whenever a matter of the smallest public interest is the subject of diplomatic correspondence for one of the two Houses of Congress to call upon the President for all the information in the possession of the State Department in relation to the matter.

But no Senator or member has yet been venturesome enough to introduce a resolution calling for the Chilean correspondence, although it has been apparent to all of them that the relations of the United States with Chile have been strained nearly to the point of rupture within the last few weeks.

The very gravity of the situation appears to have had a repressible effect upon Congress. The Republicans are indisposed to embarrass the President by calling for the correspondence, having in view his significant promise to transmit it to Congress at an early day. The Democrats are fearful of interfering with the negotiations, and thereby precipitating trouble that may be chargeable to their action.

Of course the President might decline to accede to a request for the correspondence as he has done in other cases in the ground that it would not be expedient or against the public interest to publish it, but he would find it hard to do so after the strong expressions upon the subject contained in his annual message.

So the situation in Congress is one of anxious waiting in the hope that the President will soon relieve the general desire for information, by voluntarily, or by means of a prompted request, supply the correspondence

Secretary Morgan, who is the leading Democratic member of the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations is particularly indignant at the revalations in the case of Patrick Sheilds, the fireman of the American steamer Keweenaw, who was cruelly treated in a Chilean prison. He declared that Shields is undoubtedly entitled to the protection of the American Government, as he was serving on American vessel.

He predicts that the Chilean Government would never raise the question of Shields' citizenship as had been suggested, in view of the fact that he is an Irishman and has not been naturalized, as a plea for refusing reparation. In the House, the members of the Foreign Affairs Committee have discouraged all who spoke to them in favor of calling for the correspondence, but there has been no consultation among the members of the committee as a whole on the subject.

Drunkenness, or the Liquor Habit positively Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific

It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never Fails. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed.

48 page book of particulars free. Address

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9 4

PECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have made arrangements with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases;" which will enable all subscribers to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURGH FALLS, VT. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

BUILDERS & CONTRACTORS.

The undersigned will contract to build houses at Marlinton upon SHORT NOTICE and in workmanlike manner.

We employ first class Workmen, and when desired will furnish all Material. We will also furnish houses for rent, upon reasonable notice.

Respectfully,
C. A. YEAGER & CO.,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia.
Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the 1st Monday in Janubry, 1892:

W. C. Stuart, Pl'ff
vs.
Hugh Adams & als. Def'ts.

The object of this suit is to subject to the payment of $716.67 with interest thereon from the 25th day of September, 1890, due to the plaintiff, W. C. Stuart, from the defendants Hugh Adams and H. M. Lockridge, the real estate belonging to said defendants severally, lying in Pocahontas County in the State of West Virginia, which has been levied on under order of attachments issued in this suit, and it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendants Hugh Adams, H. M. Lockridge, Ellen M. Cameron and Thomas B. Hickman are non-residents of the State of West Virginia: It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 4th day of January, 1892

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p. q.
Jan 7-4t. Printer's fee $9.85.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia.
Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in January, 1892:

W. C. Stuart, Pl'ff
vs.
C. C. Hansel & others, Def'ts.

The object of this suit is to subject to the payment of $576.72 with interest thereon from August 14th 1891, due to the plaintiff W. C. Stuart, from the defendants C. C. Hansel, H. M. Lockridge and Hugh Adams, the real estate belonging to said H. M. Lockridge and Hugh Adams severally, lying in Pocahontas County, in the State of West Virginia, which has been levied on under order of attachment issued in this suit, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that the defendants, C. C. Hansel, H. M. Lockridge, Hugh Adams, Ellen M. Cameron and Thomas B. Hickman are non-residents of the State of West Virginia: It is ordered, that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 4th day of January, 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p. q.
Jan. 7-4t. Printer's fee $9.85.

LANDS SOLD FOR TAXES.

List of real estate sold in the County of Pocahontas, in the month of December, 1891, for the non-payment of the taxes charged thereon for the years 1889, and 1890, and purchased by individuals:

NAME OF PERSON CHARGED WITH TAXES.	LOCAL DESCRIPTION OF LANDS.	Quantity of land charged.	Quantity of land sold.	NAME OF PURCHASER.	Whole amount paid by the purchaser.
GREEN BANK DISTRICT.					
Campbell Sam'l B.	Greenbrier rv.	271	271	L. M. McClintic	238 28
Hutton Alfred	½ of 596 Greenbr rv.	298	298	J. C. Armontrout	4 89
EDRAY DISTRICT.					
Cameron Geo. H.	Dry Branch	297	297	With. McClintic	4 63
Jackson Wm.	Sixty Fork	100	100	Silas Sharp	5 84
McDowell, Martin & Leo	Adj John Gay	121	121	L. M. McClintic	2 77
HUNTERSVILLE DISTRICT.					
Cobb Amanda	Buckley Mtn	100	100	A. Barlow	1 09
King Chas	Hills	[illegible] 29	5¼	Marg. C. Grimes	5 08
Shafer R. P. G	Buckley Mtn	1	15	with. McClintic	88
LITTLE LEVELS.					
Rodgers Geo. W.	Laurel creek	125	125	L. M. McClintic	7 50
Sidenstricker Mrgr. Est	Hillsboro	1-25p	1-25p	Jno Sidenstricker	1 07

The owner of any real estate above described and sold, his heirs or assigns, or any person having a right to charge such real estate for a debt, may redeem the same by paying to the purchaser, his heirs or assigns, within one year from the sale thereof, the amount specified in the last column of the above table, and such additional taxes thereon as may have been paid by the purchaser, his heirs or assigns, with interest on said purchase money and taxes at the rate of twelve per centum per annum, from the time the same may have been so paid.

Given under my hand this 15th day of December, 1891.

J. C. ARBOGAST, Sheriff.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia.
Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At Rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in January, 1892.

Mathew Wallace, Pl'ff
vs.
Charles Stewart & al., Def'ts.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to recover for the plaintiff, Mathew Wallace, from the defendant, Charles Stewart, the sum of $164.92 with interest thereon from 14th Oct. 1891 being judgment on bond of said Stewart to said Wallace dated and due 21st Aug. 1891, and to subject to payment thereof a tract of land lying in Pocahontas County in the State of West Virginia which said Charles Stewart and wife pretend to have conveyed to one Andrew Chanel by deed recorded in the Clerk's Office of the County Court of said Pocahontas County in Deed Book No. 22, page 214, being about 275 acres lying on the waters of Stamping Creek in said Pocahontas County, the boundaries of which land are given in said pretended deed:

And it appearing by affidavit filed that Charles Stewart above named is not a resident of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 4th day of January 1892

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p. q.
Printers fee $11.4[illegible] Jan. 7, 4 w.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia.
Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county on the first Monday in January, 1892.

Guggenheimer & Co., Pl'ffs.
vs
H. M. Lockridge, J. B. Lockridge, Ernest N. Moore, Mary J. Seebert, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert and Martha S. Seebert, Def'ts.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree against J. B. Lockridge and H. M. Lockridge, for $1196.32 the amount of three Negotiable Notes with the accumulated interest thereon, and $7.32 costs of protest together with the costs attending this suit and to set aside a conveyance executed by H. M. Lockridge to J. B. Lockridge on the 19th day of September 1891, for 324 acres of land lying on Douthards Creek in said county of Pocahontas, West Virginia being same lands conveyed to said H. M. Lockridge by Mary R. Seebert and others, also to set aside a deed executed by J. B. Lockridge and wife to Ernest N. Moore dated 21st November 1891, for the land upon which said J. B. Lockridge resides on Knapp's Creek in said county of Pocahontas, west Virginia being about one third in quantity of 1434 acres, and to subject both of said tracts of land to sale to pay the demands of plaintiffs, with interest and costs aforesaid, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that the defendants, H. M. Lockridge, Mary J. Seebert, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert and Martha S. Seebert are non residents of the State of west Virginia. It is ordered, that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said court, this 4th day of January 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

H. S. Rucker, p. q.
Jan. 7-4t. Printers fee $14.85

Order of Publication.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County to wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas on the first Monday in January 1892.

Weitz, Beidler & Co. Pl'ffs
vs.
H. M Lockridge, J. B. Lockridge, Ernest N. Moore, Mary J. Seebert, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert and Martha S. Seebert, Def'ts.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree against H. M. Lockridge and J. B. Lockridge for $871.26 the amount of two negotiable notes with the accumulated interest thereon and $4.61 costs of protest, together with the costs attending this suit, and to set aside a conveyance executed by H. M. Lockridge to J. B. Lockridge on the 19th day of September 1891 for 324 acres of land lying on Douthard's Creek in said county of Pocahontas West Virginia, being the same lands conveyed to said H. M. Lockridge by Mary R. Seebert and others, also to set aside a deed executed by J. B. Lockridge and wife to Ernest N. Moore dated 21st November 1891, for the land upon which said J. B. Lockridge resides on Knapp's Creek in said County of Pocahontas, West Virginia, being about one third in quantity of 1434 acres, and to subject both of said tracts of land to sale to pay the demands of plaintiffs with interest and costs aforesaid, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that the defendants H. M. Lockridge, Mary J. Seebert, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert and Martha S. Seebert are non residents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered, that that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 4th day of January 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

H. S. Rucker, p. q.
Jan. 7 4t. Printer's fee $15.38.

Commissioner's Notice.

Wm. D. Moore adm'r.
vs.
Wm. D. Moore Widow & H'rs.

IN CHANCERY.

Notice is hereby given all parties interested, that pursuant to decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered in the above styled cause on the 23rd day of October 1891, I shall as one of the Commissioners of said Court proceed at my office in the town of Huntersville West Virginia, on Saturday the 6th day of February 1892 to take, state and report the following accounts to wit:

1st A settlement of the administration accounts of Levi Gay as administrator of Wm. D. Moore dec'd.

2nd A settlement of the account of John A. McNeel, respecting the money's handled by him which he received in this cause as General Receiver of this Court.

3rd Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or which any party in interested may require him to state.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

Jan. 7 4t. Printer's fee 1.70

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

January 21, 1892.

The Boston Transcript prints an anecdote of a gentleman who was given to making friends with children wherever he met them, and who one day tried to scrape acquaintance with a little fellow passenger in a street car.

The child wore a crimson plush cloak and had long yellow curls, so the gentlemen began, with much confidence:

"How do you do, little girl?"

"I'm not a little girl," was the shy response.

"Oh! Aren't you? Well, then, how do you do, little boy?"

"I'm not a little boy," was the unexpected answer.

"Indeed! Who are you, then?"

"I'm my papa's little man," said the youngster, with perfect dignity.

A monster three legged steer was recently discovered on the head waters of the Cheyenne river, in Wyoming. It is 7 years old, and weighs close on 2,000 pounds, and has horns that will measure six feet from tip to tip. The hind legs are perfect, but in front there is only one leg, located in the center of the body on the part of the body between where the front limbs are on an ordinary steer and is about the size of two ordinary legs. The steer is wild and when discovered took the lead of a small herd of mavericks and skipped out for a hiding place.—Omaha Bee.

Deaths and Accidents.

RICHMOND, Ind., Jan. 13.—The sickness because of the grip is unprecedented. Deaths are numerous. There were twelve corpses awaiting burial here at one time this week. In addition the sleet has made the streets like glass, and numerous casualties are reported. With the lesser accidents two people have fallen and broken their limbs.

Converted Cowboy—Say, deacon, I hear that the Gory Ranch boys is comin' over here to clean us out tonight.

Deacon Goode (great revivalist) —What! Attack our revival meeting? "Jesso. I think we'd better light out fer some other field o' labor."

"Retreat before the legions o' Satan? Never! You forget we have the Lord on our side."

"Y-a-a-s, but they've got Fan the Hammer Jim an' Hair-Trigger Ike on their side."

Friend—How's your son getting on, Jenks? I hope he is growing up a credit to the family. J.—Yes, he has, the young rascal! He gets credit everywhere.

"What a lovely morning!" he said. "It is a perfect morning," she replied. "True," he said. "I haven't seen anything this morning that isn't perfect," and he looked her straight in the face. Then she blushed.

"This is a regular sugar 'loaf,'" said the candy-store clerk when business was dull.

Bank Director—I am surprised, sir, to learn that you drop into our bank and whisper tips to our cashier. Don't you know the information must be a great temptation to him to use the bank funds to speculate with?

Wealthy Broker—Yes.

"And yet you are a heavy stockholder in our bank."

"Just so."

"Then, in the name of common sense, what is your motive?"

"Well, the fact is, I dont know whether your cashier is honest or not; but if he isn't honest, and if he does use the bank funds to speculate with, I want him to keep on the right side of the market. See?

"I see that a young wife has been arrested in Woburn for putting Paris green into a pie which she had made for her husband."

"Yes, I noticed it. It was very foolish of a young wife to use Paris green if she wanted to get rid of her husband."

"Why?"

"The pie itself ought to have been sufficient."

Cholly—Did you heah about poor deah Cecil? The pooh boy is at the point of dweth.

Reginald—Why, no. Whateveh is the mattah?

Cholly—His beastly cad of a furnisher actually twied to sell him a weady-made tie.

"I wish I hadn't rejected him."

"Why?" "Because he didn't seem the least bit put out when I said no."

A promoter is pungently defined as a man who sells something he hasn't got to a man who doesn't know what he is getting.

Foreman—They say old Jones is dying by degrees. Editor—Just like him. He never will hustle when he strikes a good thing.

Striped goods are still fashionable in criminal circles.

Any man would much rather be a fool than look like one.

A man with an elastic step should be able to walk for a long stretch.

The next industry of the rain producer will be to make the rain dear.

Women are not inventive as a rule. They have no eagerness for new wrinkles.

If there is one thing more than another that a man is up to his neck in, it is his shirt.

Talking of the thieves of the present day, the greatest pirate of old was a mere Kidd to them.

Jack—Well, Jim, I proposed to Miss Summer last night. Jim—Did she give you her heart? No—but I got a piece of her mind.

When the young girl's father comes into the parlor and rudely turns off the gas, we suppose the young man can safely regard it as time to light out.

L—— had been trotting her little feet off waiting upon the elder members of the family, as little children can. At last, weary from slipping down from her chair so often, and out of patience at the demands made upon her, she exclaimed, "Well, I guess I get tired as anybody, if 'tis only a small tired!"

The readers of THE TIMES are refered to the following persons who have the ALLEGER ORGANS:

Annie Mollohan, Replete, W. Va.
S. W. Ott, Charlestown, W. Va.
Jacob Lively, Roseville, W. Va,
W. H. Swiger, Malta, W. Va.
J. W. Heavener, Petersburg, W. Va,
Tinta Craig, Glen Elk, W. Va.

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CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 9. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, January 28 1892. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE No. 28

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. (C E. Beard, B B. Hannah, G. M Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

THE RUN OF 67.

It was in Colorado, one of the wildest and roughest railroads I know of.

At the bottom the roadbed was forced in against the opposite mountain by a noisy little river that ran some thirty feet below. There were three tracks on the mountain side, and standing on one of the three the other could be seen.

The road was stocked with Baldwin engines, and to facilitate the climbing of the heavy grades they had small driving wheels.

I was fireman on 67, which was used in the passenger service. She had the largest drivers on the road, and they only measured forty eight inches in diameter.

Matt Irwin was the engineer.

Sixty seven had just been housed after a run. I was filling the oil cans, and Matt was hauling off his overalls, when Mr. Fox, the superintendent, climed into the cab.

After a few commonplace remarks he asked abrubtly:

"Matt, how soon can 67 go out?"

"Just as soon as I can pull on my overal s," was the reply. "Her steam hasn't been blown out yet, and her fire hasn't been drawn."

The superintendent looked at both of us very hard, as though he was sizing us up, and then he said, awful solemn:

"Matt, you've been with as a long time. You've been tried and not found wanting. Tonight we call upon you to perform the most dangerous piece of work yet. Will you do it?"

Matt's eyes looked as large as saucers in the dim light of the cab, I confess I was trembling myself.

"What is it?" he asked.

"There's been a big mistake made in the higher offices—but that is not for us to criticise—and there is but one way to rectify it."

Here the superintendent's voice dropped to a whisper. "One hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gold has got to be in B—— before midnight, to connect with the eastern express, and you're the man selected to take it through."

Old Matt showed his astonishment with his eyes, but never opened his mouth.

The superintendent merely glanced at me, and turning to Matt continued:

"A lone engine might create suspicion, so we'll make up a wild freight. The'll all be empties. Back down to the offices before you couple on, and we'll put the safe under the coal in the tender."

That was all. He jumped off and disappeared.

For some time Matt and I sat staring at each other, then he slid off his seat and said:

"This won't do! Supper, Harry—supper! We haven't much time to loose. It only lacks a few minutes of 6. Be back before the quarter."

The wind was whistling among the cars, whisking the dust and papers about, while in the south a big black cloud was coming up, resplendent with chain lightning. Altogether the night promised to be unusually bad.

I was back on time, but Matt was there before me. He had lighted the shaded steam gauge lamp and stood scanning a small piece of pasteboard.

"What do you make of this, Harry?" he asked, as I climbed up beside him. "I found it pined to my cushion."

On it was scrawled, with a lead pencil, the words:

Danger! Don't pull the wild freight to night if you value your lives.

A TRUE FRIEND.

"I make it that some one beside the superintendent and us knows of it," I replied, the cold shivers beginning to chase each other up my spinal column. "There's danger ahead!"

"Ah, there is danger ahead, my boy," and old Matt spoke softer than I had ever heard him before. "If you want to"——

"I'll go where you lead," I replied quickly knowing what he was going to say.

"Then we'll go through if it takes the wheels out from under! Ring up the wipers!"

And without waiting for the hostler to run the engine out, old Matt backed her on the turn table, where the wipers swung her around, and then we backed down to the offices, where four trusty men soon had the square safe under the coal.

A few minutes later we were coupled onto a half dozen empty freight cars and a caboose.

"There's your orders!" cried Jimmy O'Connor, the conductor, shoving up the yellow sheets of tissue paper.

Old Matt looked them over, and we began to move out of town,

"We've got a clear track," he said, looking across at me, and then he drew up the corners of his mouth, and I looked for a quick run.

Before we reached the outskirts of the town the rain began to come down in a perfect deluge.

Great drops mixed with hail, and in such quantity that the dry drains were soon transformed into raging creeks.

The wind howled and shrieked above the rumbling of the train and threatened to lift 67 off the rails. When the telegraph poles began to snap off Matt's face began to lengthen.

"Good night for washovers," he said, "and washovers are as bad as wasiouts!"

It was all down grade, and all the steam used was to run the air pump. I had only to keep the fire alive.

Eight miles down we ran past a small station where a freight train was side tracked. It had perhaps a dozen cars.

Just before we reached it I saw a man dart in between two of the cars to escape the headlight.

I thought her either a trainman or a tramp, but have since changed my mind.

We were half way down the Haversack grade, with a strait stretch of track and a long curve before us, when Matt looked across and said:

"I'm afraid the little pasteboard was only a scare. If"——

There was a flash of light behind, the rattle of coal, and Bob Duncan, the forward brakeman, stood in the cab.

His face was as white as a sheet.

Shut her down—shut her down, for heaven's sake!" he shouted. "A freight's broke loose, and is coming down the road two miles a minute!"

Before you could snap your fingers my face was as pale as Bob's.

Matt Irwin never lost his head, and with a coolness that comes to few men in time of danger, he asked, "How do you know?"

Seen her by a flash of lightning. O'Conner and Billy have jumped!

And then he swung out on the step and disappeared.

"Jump if you want to, Harry," called old Matt. "I'm going to stick to her."

I gave one look out at the Egyptian darkness and concluded that I would stay with old Matt.

"Keep your eye peeled for her," he cried and commenced to let 67 out.

"There she is!" I shouted.

And there it was, sure enough. It had just come out of a cut. One of the boxes was on fire, the flame streaming back half a car length, and cutting through the air like a meteor.

"She's four miles behind," said old Matt, "and coming four feet to our one. If we can get around the curve there's a show of her jumping."

And then began that terrible ride.

He hooked 67 up to the first notch and then opened the throttle.

With seven cars behind us we shot down the grade of 175 feet to the mile.

Sixty seven set low in her frame, but every low joint rung her bell for an eighth of a mile. She jumped and swayed and threatened to leave the rails. The wind shrieked around us like a thousand demons and the rain poured against the windows in a perfect stream.

"There's danger ahead and death behind," shouted the old engineer. "If the rain loosens a bowlder and drops it on the track"——

I shuddered. There was the blasted pine that marked the curve. The next second we reached it. For a moment I thought it was all over. Then 67 righted. There was a sharp jerk. We forged ahead faster, and our seven cars cleared the road bed and went down the bluff with a crash that was heard high above the storm, leaving a clean track for the runaway behind that was coming as swift and sure as death.

If the runaway got around the curve, the probabilities were that we would be knocked from the track into the river.

We were very near to the bottom now, where the roadbed followed the river, and the engineers were cautioned not to run over fifteen miles per hour.

But orders were not respected that night. We were making thirty miles per hour when a flash of lightning showed me that dark string of cars coming around the curve. The blazing box was on the opposite side and invisible.

Old Matt gave 67 the steam so suddenly she seemed to jump from under us, but the runaway was not more than half a mile behind and coming with the speed of a tornado.

There was no getting out of the way. In a moment it would be on us. I imagined I could see the black mass coming down on us in the darkness, when a heavy rumble was heard, followed by a tremendous crash.

The rain had loosened the rock and dirt overhanging the track, and it only needed the jar of 67 to set it in motion.

Something like 1,000 tons of debris rolled onto the track directly behind us, and into this those runaway cars plunged.

But we did not find this out till afterward. Matt kept 67 up to what was a tremendous speed on that track. She plunged and rolled and rang her bell continually. A dozen times I thought we were going into the river.

We pulled through all right, but that was my last trip. When I got off the engine my hair was streaked with gray, and now it is white as snow.

For some time it was thought that the runaway cars had broke loose but the company became suspicious and had the case looked into, with the result of running down some tough characters, who finally confessed to cutting them loose with the intention of ditching us between Haversack grade and the bottom, and securing the treasure.

Old Matt has retired from the road, but I do not think that either he or I shall ever forget the run of 67.—W. F. Bruns in Express Gazette.

MARRIED IN JAIL.

On Tuesday evening January the 5th, a remarkable marriage took place in our county jail, one of the contracting parties being [illegible] Roadcap, who at the last September court was convicted of shooting Lee Dorman and sentenced to serve a term of three years in the penitentiary. The other party was Miss Lucinda Lough, who, with the characteristic fidelity of her sex, was willing to marry the man she loved, even though he had been sentenced to a felon's doom. The Rev. L. B. Johnston, of the Presbyterian Church performed the ceremony.

Roadcap has taken an appeal to our State Supreme Court, and is now awaiting its determination, and in the meantime he and his fiancee determined to while away the tedium by indulging in matrimonial pleasures.

He and his fair bride are not expected to take a wedding trip. Whether he will take a trip to Moundsville without his bride will be determined by our Court of Appeals. The jailor inform me that the parties had their infair before the wedding.—Spirit of the Valley.

Teacher.—If your mother had 25 yards of stuff, and made a dress requiring but 18 yards, how much would she have left?

Little Girl.—Mamma can't make her own dresses. She has tried often, and they are always either too [illegible]

Teacher.—Suppose she sent it to a dressmaker, how much would the dressmaker send back.

Little Girl—It depends on which dressmaker she sent it to. Some wouldn't send any.

Teacher (impatiently)—Suppose she sent it to an honest one?

Little Girl.—Some of the honest ones cut things to waste so that there is never anything left, no matter how much you send 'em.

That truth is safe and mighty as well as beautiful is illustrated by the following incident of a boy twelve years old who, with only truth as a weapon, conquered a smart and shrewd lawyer who was fighting for a bad cause.

Walter was the important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross questioning him severely, said:

"Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," said the boy modestly, "father told me that the lawyers would try to tangle me in my testimony, but if I would just be careful and tell the truth I could tell the same thing every time."

The Broker—Why is it that the stock market is so fearfully dull?

De Cutsh—Um—I believe most of the bank officials, city treasurers and confidential clerks who have been speculating in stocks are locked up.

Pocahontas Times.
JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Huntersville, W. Va.
January 28, 1892.

DEATH OF MR. WM. H. McCLINTIC.

The many friends of Mr. Wm. H. McClintic were shocked to learn of his death last Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, at his home near Buckeye of grip and heart failure.

He had been complaining only about a week when the sad end came. He had been in good health previous to his last sickness, and his death was therefore a shock and surprise to the community.

He was about 67 years of age. His wife, who is now very ill, and five sons survive him. His sons are Geo. W., a young and prominent lawyer of Charleston; L. M., is prosecuting attorney of this County and the other three, two of whom Mess, Withrow and Hunter are prominent farmers and stock dealers of Buckye and Ed. is in some business in Seatle, Wash.

Mr. McClintic was born and reared in Bath Co., Va., and moved to this County with his family a number of years ago. He was a successful farmer, and had by honest upright dealings with his fellow man accumulated quite a handsome little fortune.

He will be greatly missed by the poor people of the community in which he lived as he was very generous to this class.

He was laid to rest in the burying ground near Mill Point last Friday evening.

May he rest in peace.

Death of Wm. Hevener, Esq.

Squire William Hevener died on Wednesday night at 11 o'clock in the 71st year of his age. Mr. Hevener has been a sufferer for many years from a complication of diseases but has only been confined to his bed for a few weeks. Last week his condition was somewhat improved and hopes were entertained that he might recover, but on Saturday he began to sink and good medical attention and nursing were of no avail.

Squire Hevener was a man of sterling qualities and one of the most successful cattle dealers in Highland county. Some time in the 60's he served a term in the Virginia Legislature and then returned to his old home in Crabbottom where he has since acquired a large fortune. He was a member of Highland Lodge of Masons and his interment will be attended with Masonic honors. His body was laid to rest to-day at 11 o'clock in the cemetery at Lower town, in Crabbottom Valley. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved family.—Highland Recorder.

Mr. Hevener had many warm friends in this county, who will be pained to learn of his timely death. He was a brother of Uriah Hevener, Esq., of Green Bank.

A Big Fire.

As we go to press we learn that the fine new residence belonging to Capt. Jack Apperson, near Marlinton was entirely consumed by fire this morning between 8 and 9 o'clock with the entire contents. Capt. Apperson's loss will reach several thousand dollars, which will fall heavily upon him.

We did not learn the particulars other than the fire caught in one of the rooms.

This was as fine a residence as there is in the county. We suppose there was no insurance.

Potts Valley Railroad.

In the State Senate on the 15th, Hon. J. W. Marshall, State Senator from Craig and Roanoke, introduced a bill to incorporate the Potts Valley Railroad and Iron Company. The company is empowered to construct and maintain a railroad from a point on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad at or near the town of Covington, and through the intervening counties to the State line. The road can connect with the Norfolk & Western at or near Big Stony Creek in Giles. The company is given the authority to construct and operate blast furnaces, smelt iron ore, etc. The capital stock is to be not less than a million and may be increased five millions.

This is one of the most important enterprises that has ever been inaugurated for this section of country. It will open up one of the richest iron ore districts in the world, and expose enough of hematite ore to supply all the furnaces in Virginia. It will cut through the western part of the property of the Rich Patch Iron Company, which is the most valuable of it, and enable that company to open mines and ship ores from both ends of their 9,000 acre tract. The mines now being worked are located on the eastern side, and furnished with a complete mining plant.

The Potts Valley Railroad will, according to the terms of the bill, open up the Flat Top coal-fields to this section, and give us the advantage of both the New River and Flat Top coal-fields. With the Warm Springs Railroad completed to Marlinton, Pocahontas county, W. Va., there to unite with the Camden system, the Pittsburg market would be accessible for the ores of this section, and thus additional outlet provided for the abundant minerals of that region.

We have been informed that the money has already been provided for the construction of the Potts Valley Railroad, and, that with the charter secured, operations will commence in the early spring for building it. A corps of engineers is now in Potts Valley and have been for a week or ten days.—Virginian.

NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

LATE MATTERS OF INTEREST PARTAINING TO OUR GOVERNMENT.

[Reported for THE TIMES by our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22nd.—The National Democratic Committee has, after mature deliberation and consideration of all the circumstances involved, decided upon the place for holding the democratic National convention. The decision does not meet with the approval of everybody, nor was it expected that it would, but the members of the committee have by virtue of the authority temporarily confided to them, done what they considered best for the interests of the party, and that fact is so fully recognized by the members of the disappointed delegations that all of them will return home fully determined to forget their personal disappointment in working for the election of the ticket which shall be nominated by that convention. Let all good democrats go and do likewise, and the result will be victory.

The meeting of the Executive committee of the National Association of Democratic Clubs held at the National headquarters here this week, was presided over by Representative Wilson, of West Virginia. All of the members were present in person or by proxy, and they were all enthusiastic over the condition of the association, which will this year make itself an important factor in the Presidential campaign. According to the report of the Secretary there are now between five and six thousand clubs in the assotion, representing every State and Territory. The committee decided that the full committee, which will decide upon the time and place for holding the National convention of the association to ratify the nominations for President and Vice President, should meet at the same time and place as the nominating convention. The club convention will be held sometime in August, and several cities are already in the field for the honor of entertaining it.

Senator Gorman's re-election has from the first been a certainty, but that did not prevent his colleagues from overwhelming him with congratulations as soon as it was an accomplished fact.

The drummers have secured a favorable report on their bill amending the Interstate Commerce law so as to allow the railroads to give them better terms than they get now from the Commerce committee of the House.

Those republicans who were so certain that Mr. Mills would take no part in the present session, are not saying much just now, as that gentleman has returned much improved in health and with usual grim has jumped right into hard work. He has declined the chairmanship of the Commerce committee.

Hon. Edward J. Phelps of Vermont, who was our minister to England during the Cleveland administration, will probably be one of the representatives of this country in the arbitration of the Behring Sea matter. Mr. Phelps was a guest at a state dinner at the White House this week.

Thoughtless people are predicting a short session of Congress, but men like Mr. Holman, who know that protracted controversies are certain to arise between the House and Senate over the appropriation bills, do not look for an adjournment earlier than August, and will not be surprised if it does not take place earlier than October.

Speaker Crisp has not yet ventured out of doors, but he assisted his democratic colleagues of the committee on Rules in the preparation of the code of rules which are to govern this House during this Congress. The new rules, now completed, are largely made up from those under which the House of the Fiftieth Congress worked, with several important additions to prevent filibustering beyond a reasonable time, and instead of giving the Speaker authority to cut off debate, as the Reed rules did, they give the majority of the House that authority.

Whether the rumored row between Secretary Blaine and Mr. Harrison, or some bit of shrewdness on the part of the Chilian minister is the cause of the delay in sending the Chilian correspondence and the Presidential message to Congress, is a question about which there is a wide difference of opinion; but it is certain that something has "hung up" the matter. The sensational newspaper men are making the most of the situation. Stories of promises made by the German and English ministers, and of abrupt demands by the same parties are being worked up into every form that can be suggested by lively imaginations. When the correspondence goes to Congress, if there is no change in the situation, it is probable that it will be considered by a democratic caucus, in order that the party may act upon it with unanimity.

Order of Publication.

State of West Virginia, }
County of Pocahontas, } ss.

To B. F. Armstrong, Benjamin Arbogast, Mrs. Jannie B. Skiles, May Bruffey, Thomas Hubbard and James Bidwell, the unknown heirs of Samuel Hogsett, John Files, the unknown heirs of Daniel McGlaughlin, the unknown heirs of John Sharp, Sr., Henry I. Smith, Michael Wilfong, the unknown heirs of Thomas Gammon and Geo. E. Craig, Jr.

You are hereby commanded in the name of the State of West Virginia to appear before C. F. Moore, a commissioner in chancery of the Circuit Court of the aforesaid county, at his office in the town of Huntersville in said county on the 20th day of February 1892, to whom the matters arising on a petition filed in the said court by John G. Warwick, the Commissioner of School Lands for the aforesaid county, have been referred by a decree of the said court entered on the petition at the April Term 1891, which petition prays a sale of the lands mentioned therein for the benefit of the School Fund, and show cause, if any they can, why the said land shall not be sold for the benefit of the School Fund.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of said Court, this 18th day of January 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

Jan. 21-4t. Printer's fee $5.14.

HOME NEWS

—Ronceverte and Alderson have again gone wet.

—Yeed, returned from a very pleasant trip in Va., last Friday.

—We noticed Attorney Wm. McAllister, of Warm Springs in our city today.

—Brown Yeager, county surveyor of Pocahontas Co., was in Beverly the 18th.—Enterprise.

—The most disagreeable night of the winter was Tuesday night. It was very cold and windy.

—We are pleased to see Dr. S.P. Patterson and S. L. Brown, Esq., of this city out again after a severe attact of the grip.

—J. R. Doyle, Esq., and Attorney N. C. McNeil, of this place were visiting friends and relatives at Academy the first of the week.

—We learn that the heavy winds Thursday, considerably racked Mr. E. I. Holt's new store house at Marlinton.

—Martin Dever, who was brought here last week, has been adjudged insane and will soon be taken to the W. L. Asylum, at Staunton.—Recorder.

—An unsuccessful attempt at burglary was made by three unknown persons at Hinton on last Wednesday night. This gang of thieves are working towns along the line of the C. & O. R. R.

—Married, on the 20th inst., at the residence of the bride's parents Jno. Osborne, Esq., to Miss Frederick Lewis, daughter of the late Col. Lewis of the Sweet Springs. All of Monroe County.

—The Surgical Institute burned in Indianapolis on the 21st inst. and 22 helpless crippled children inmates of the institution lost their lives and 20 other persons were injured, some of them badly but most of them slightly.

—Miss Belle Beverage, formerly of Pocahontas county, died at the residence of A. D. Barlow in this place on the 18th of grippe. She was about twenty years old. Her father Levi Beverage of Clover Lick, Pocahontas county, came Tuesday to attend the burial.—Enterprise.

—Harry M. Smoots a young man about 23 years old, shot and instantly killed Miss Susie Ferrells, a prominent society young lady, on the corner of one of the public squares in Shephardstown, ten miles north of Charleston on the 21st inst, because she would not marry him.

—S. G. Dodrill, of Webster county, lately cut a popular tree, from which he got seven 12 foot logs, the top end of the last log measuring 44 inches. S. B. Hanwick, in the same county, cut a poplar containing 7,848 feet of lumber, and L. A. Harris got six 12 foot and one 16 foot log from one tree.

—A bright clean and newsy sheet is the *Twelve Pole Monitor*, published at Wayne C. H., by Messrs. J. M. Ferguson & Son, the first issue of which we have just received. It is Democratic, and if it is kept up to its present standard its success is assured. We are pleased to place it on our exchange list.

—The Boe correspondent of the Greenbrier Independent says: "We had considerable excitement at our place the other evening. The Nimrod of our section, Solomon Perry, got two bear into a tree, and with two companions, E. C. Ramsey and B. M. Parkins, proceeded to cut the tree in order to dispatch the animals. When the bears came out of their retreat Perry's gun failed to fire, Ramsey fired but missed the mark, leaving Parkins, armed with a Winchester rifle, to do all the killing which he did in good style, firing five shots—four of which took effect, killing both bears, an old one and a yearling. He ended the [illegible]

—Robt. Burns, Esq., of Academy, was in town Tuesday night.

—A terrific explosion occurred in the powder mills at Central City, about half way between Huntington and Catlettsburg, on Monday morning, killing five or six persons and injuring quite a number. This is the third explosion in the mill. A dispatch says that the explosion was terrific and could be heard twenty five miles away.

—The Academy correspondent of the Grenbrier Independent says: "On last Saturday Mr. Henry Gum died at his home near here, of grippe, in the 81st year of his age. In the death of Mr. Gum the community has lost a good man. He lived a useful life, and his death has elicted man expressions of grief from everybody who knew him.

—There is a sneakthief in or near this city who has been annoying some of our people lately by petty thieving. One night last week S. L. Brown Esq., lost some pork, and Messrs. Loury & Doyle some butter besides others we have heard of have been complaining of having things stolen. There is no occasion for any one to steal in this county, as there is always work and at fair wages. The person or persons who are too lazy to earn an honest living, and are stealing it from those who do, will be surprised some of these nights to get the contents of a shot gun into their worthless anatomy, or caught and made to earn a living inside the walls of our penitentiary.

—One of the most cold-blooded assassinations ever known in McDowell county happened at the home of Mrs. E. Cook, who resides near Welch, last week. It appears that Mrs. C. T. McLare was spending the evening with Mrs. Cook, and while engaged at the supper table in conversation, two unknown parties, one with a shotgun and the other with a Winchester rifle went to one of the windows of the residence and fired the contents of both guns into the body of Mrs. Cook, killing her instantly. Mrs. McLare made her escape through the back door and saved her life by hiding in the woods. Great excitement prevails.

—One night during the recent snow a certain young lady, who shall be nameless, was out sleighing seated between two gentlemen. She had her hands comfortably encased in a warm muff, and by a subtle coincidence both gentleman slipped a hand in on each side at the same time, while the young lady gently withdrew hers, and there her admirers sat squeezing each others hand, with the girl so full of laughter that she could hardly contain herself. After awhile she quietly remarked: "Now, if you gentlemen are done squeezing each others hand, I would like to have my muff." It was too good a joke to keep and a little bird told us all about it.—Kingwood Argus.

GREEN BANK BREVITIES.

J. B. Bradshaw, of McDowell, Highland County, Va., was in our village last week.

Mrs. W. Hull is down with the grip.

Jas. Curry has recovered his speech again, but has taken a relapse of grip.

Born to Otho Ruckman and wife—a fine large boy.

People generally who have been on the sick list are some better.

C. H.

NOTICE! NOTICE!

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me by open account or note will please come forward and settle at once. I cannot indulge these accounts and notes any longer. They must be settled by the 1st of Mar. '92 or they will be put out for collection.

Resp'd.
B. L. Nottingham.

Jan 21-2 w.

DUNMORE DOINGS.

Dunmore is on a boom.

We are glad to see Capt. J. C. Lakin and wife, S. C. Pritchard and H. M. McGlaughlin out again after their sickness.

We believe all the sick are improving.

Capt. C. B. Swecker has a patent saw gummer in his shop with which he can gum a saw in 30 minutes.

E. H. Jackson, who has been on an extended visit to friends in Va., has returned.

The Baxter Sunday school is in a flourishing condition.

Dogs played havoc with Joe Siple's sheep last week. T. S.

POCAHONTAS DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.

Mr. Brown M. Yeager has been appointed general agent for the Pocahontas Developement Co., at Marlinton to make sale of lots, and for the transaction of the business of the company at that point.

There are several odd lots, not included in those reserved for the drawing, which the company will sell on reasonable terms to such parties as will obligate themselves to immediately begin the construction of houses.

For further information and particulars, call on or address,

BROWN M. YEAGER,
Marlinton W. Va.

BUILDERS & CONTRACTORS.

The undersigned will contract to build houses at Marlinton upon SHORT NOTICE and in workmanlike manner.

We employ first class Workmen, and when desired will furnish all Material. We will also furnish houses for rent, upon reasonable notice.

Respectfully,
C. A. YEAGER & CO.,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia.
Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the 1st Monday in January, 1892:

W. C. Stuart, Pl'ff
vs.
Hugh Adams & als. Def'ts.

The object of this suit is to subject to the payment of $716.67 with interest thereon from the 25th day of September, 1890, due to the plaintiff, W. C. Stuart, from the defendants Hugh Adams and H. M. Lockridge, the real estate belonging to said defendants severally, lying in Pocahontas County in the State of West Virginia, which has been levied on under order of attachments issued in this suit, and it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendants Hugh Adams, H. M. Lockridge, Ellen M. Cameron and Thomas B. Hickman are non-residents of the State of West Virginia: It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 4th day of January, 1892

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p. q.
Jan 7-4t. Printer's fee $9.85.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, on the first Monday in January, 1892:

W. C. Stuart, Pl'ff
vs.
C. C. Hansel & others, Def'ts.

The object of this suit is to subject to the payment of $576.72 with interest thereon from August 10th 1891, due to the plaintiff W. C. Stuart, from the defendants C. C. Hansel, H. M. Lockridge and Hugh Adams, the real estate belonging to said H. M. Lockridge and Hugh Adams severally, lying in Pocahontas County, in the State of West Virginia, which has been levied on under order of attachment issued in this suit, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that the defendants, C. C. Hansel, H. M. Lockridge, Hugh Adams, Ellen M. Cameron and Thomas B. Hickman are non-residents of the State of West Virginia: It is ordered, that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 4th day of January, 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p. q.
Jan. 7-4t. Printer's fee $9.65.

LANDS SOLD FOR TAXES.

List of real estate sold in the County of Pocahontas, in the month of December, 1891, for the non-payment of the taxes charged thereon for the years 1889, and 1890, and purchased by individuals:

NAME OF PERSON CHARGED WITH TAXES.	LOCAL DESCRIPTION OF LANDS.	Quantity of land charged.	Quantity of land sold.	NAME OF PURCHASER.	Whole amount paid by the purchaser.
GREEN BANK DISTRICT.					
Campbell Sam'l B.	Greenbrier rv.	271	271	L. M. McClintic	[illegible]
Hutton Alfred	½ of 596 Greenbr rv.	298	298	J. C. Armontrout	4 [illegible]
EDRAY DISTRICT.					
Cameron Geo. H.	Dry Branch	297	297	With. McClintic	4 [illegible]
Jackson Wm.	Slaty Fork	100	100	Sillas Sharp	5 [illegible]
McDowell, Martin & J. col	Adj John Gay	121	121	L. M. McClintic	3 [illegible]
HUNTERSVILLE DISTRICT.					
Cobb Amanda	Buckley Mt	100	100	A. Barlow	1 09
King Chas	Hills	29 15p	29 15p	Marg. C. Grimes	5 [illegible]
Shafer R. P G	Buckley Mtn	15	15	With. McClintic	[illegible]
LITTLE LEVELS.					
Rodgers Geo. W.	Laurel creek	125	125	L. M. McClintic	1 [illegible]
Sidenstricker Mrgr't. Est	Hillsboro	1-25p	1-25p	JnoSidenstricker	1 97

The owner of any real estate above described and sold, his heirs or assigns, or any person having a right to charge such real estate for a debt, may redeem the same by paying to the purchaser, his heirs or assigns, within one year from the sale thereof, the amount specified in the last column of the above table, and such additional taxes thereon as may have been paid by the purchaser, his heirs or assigns, with interest on said purchase money and taxes at the rate of twelve per centum per annum, from the time the same may have been so paid.

Given under my hand this 15th day of December, 1891.

J. C. ARBOGAST, Sheriff.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia.
Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At Rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in January, 1892.

Mathew Wallace, Pl'ff
vs.
Charles Stewart & al., Def'ts.
IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to recover for the plaintiff, Mathew Wallace, from the defendant, Charles Stewart, the sum of $164.92 with interest thereon from 14th Oct. 1891 being judgment on bond of said Stewart to said Wallace dated and due 21st Aug. 1891, and to subject to payment thereof a tract of land lying in Pocahontas County in the State of West Virginia which said Charles Stewart and wife pretend to have conveyed to one Andrew Chanel by deed recorded in the Clerk's Office of the County Court of said Pocahontas County in Deed Book No. 22, page 214, being about 275 acres lying on the waters of Stamping Creek in said Pocahontas County, the boundaries of which land are given in said pretended deed:

And it appearing by affidavit filed that Charles Stewart above named is not a resident of the State of West Virginia: It is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 4th day of January 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p. q.
Printers fee $11.49 Jan. 7, 4 w.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county on the first Monday in January, 1892.

Guggenheimer & Co., Pl'ffs.
vs
H. M. Lockridge, J. B. Lockridge, Ernest N. Moore, Mary J. Seebert, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert and Martha S. Seebert, Def'ts.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree against J. B. Lockridge and H. M. Lockridge, for $1196.32 the amount of three Negotiable Notes with the accumulated interest thereon, and $7.32 costs of protest together with the costs attending this suit and to set aside a conveyance executed by H. M. Lockridge to J. B. Lockridge on the 19th day of September 1891, for 324 acres of land lying on Douthards Creek in said county of Pocahontas, West Virginia being same lands conveyed to said H. M. Lockridge by Mary R. Seebert and others, also to set aside a deed executed by J. B. Lockridge and wife to Ernest N. Moore dated 21st November 1891, for the land upon which said J. B. Lockridge resides on Knapp's Creek in said county of Pocahontas, west Virginia being about one third in quantity of 1434 acres, and to subject both of said tracts of land to sale to pay the demands of plaintiffs, with interest and costs aforesaid, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that the defendants, H. M. Lockridge, Mary J. Seebert, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert and Martha S. Seebert are non residents of the State of west Virginia. It is ordered, that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit:

witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said court, this 4th day of January 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

H. S. Rucker, p. q.
Jan. 7-4t. Printers fee $14.95

Order of Publication.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County to wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas on the first Monday in January 1892.

Weitz, Beidler & Co. Pl'ffs
vs.
H. M Lockridge, J. B. Lockridge, Ernest N. Moore, Mary J. Seebert, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert and Martha S. Seebert, Def'ts.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree against H. M. Lockridge and J. B. Lockridge for $871.26 the amount of two negotiable notes with the accumulated interest thereon and $4.61 costs of protest, together with the costs attending this suit, and to set aside a conveyance executed by H. M. Lockridge to J. B. Lockridge on the 19th day of September 1891 for 324 acres of land lying on Douthard's Creek in said county of Pocahontas West Virginia, being the same lands conveyed to said H. M. Lockridge by Mary R. Seebert and others, also to set aside a deed executed by J. B. Lockridge and wife to Ernest N. Moore dated 21st November 1891, for the land upon which said J. B. Lockridge resides on Knapp's Creek in said County of Pocahontas, West Virginia, being about one third in quantity of 1434 acres, and to subject both of said tracts of land to sale to pay the demands of plaintiffs with interest and costs aforesaid, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that the defendants H. M. Lockridge, Mary J. Seebert, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert and Martha S. Seebert are non-residents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered, that that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 4th day of January 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

H. S. Rucker, p. q.
Jan. 7 4t. Printer's fee $15.98.

Commissioner's Notice.

Wm. D. Moore adm'r.
vs.
Wm. D. Moore Widow & H'rs.
IN CHANCERY.

Notice is hereby given all parties interested, that pursuant to decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered in the above styled cause on the 23rd day of October 1891, I shall as one of the Commissioners of said Court proceed at my office in the town of Huntersville West Virginia, on Saturday the 6th day of February 1892 to take, state and report the following accounts to wit:

1st A settlement of the administration accounts of Levi Gay as administrator of Wm. D. Moore dec'd.

2nd A settlement of the account of John A. McNeel, respecting the money's handled by him which he received in this cause as General Receiver of this Court.

3rd Any other matter deemed pertinent by the Commissioner or which any party in interested may require him to state.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

Jan. 7-4t. Printer's fee [illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

January 28, 1892.

A WIFE'S DEVOTION,
or
OUT OF BONDAGE.

I had often observed in idling through the public gardens a very beautiful girl seated on one of the benches reading. She was invariably accompained by an old servant, who watched over her mistress with tender solicitude. But the young lady never smiled and her face never lost for a moment its melancholy.

In time I made the acquaintance of the old servant maid, and she consented to tell me one day the story of her little mistress.

"You may have heard," she began, "of the Count de La Valette, who was such a devoted adherent of Napoleon. This young lady was his daughter. After the Emperor was sent to the Island of Elba the Count was imprisoned by Louis XVIII., and condemned to death.

"His wife formed a plan of rescuing him from prison. She was to wear on her next visit two dresses, and he could put one on in his cell, and, as they were of much the same heighth, the plan seemed feasible. As she explained—

"'He will, moreover, shorten himself by leaning on your shoulder. Thus, with the large bonnet, no one will suspect who he is. For me, I shal cover myself up in bed and hide there as long as I can. The sedan chair will be met by a cabriolet, and the good Englishman, Sir Robert Wilson, will escort him out of France.

"'Some day we shall be re united, and together, even in exile and poverty, shall be happy. Meanwhile, dear and faithful friend, care for my daughter, return her to the convent, and let the good nuns know when I shall send you word to join us.'

"So my mistress spoke to me, and having also instructed Mademoiselle, she got into the sedan chair, which we followed on foot, and at 5 o'clock we stood at the gates of the prison of the Conciergerie Prison.

"They admitted us. The pockets of our dresses were examined, as usual. My lady was even already overwhelmed with grief and apparently very ill. And the doors of the cell opened and closed on us.

"There was pity in the face of the man who admitted us, and he permitted the husband and wife a few more moments than usual for their farewells and lamentations.

"We made good use of those moments. We dressed my master in his wife's costume, and, indeed, he resembled her closely when they were assumed.

"She protested to him that friends had promised to protect her, and that she was in no danger. If he died she protested she would kill herself. Therefore refusal was equivalent to her murder. In a moment more she threw herself on the bed, and covered herself with the clothes.

"'Adieu,' said my master, in his deep voice.

We all sobbed together.

"'Ready?' asked the jailor, turning his head aside.

"We proceeded on our way. I led my master through the halls of the Palais de Justice, past the posts of the gendarmerie. At the gate, a delay occured. The porters were away. I trembled with terror.

"'Madame will die here,' I said, in explanation of my unusual excitement.

Then we placed our fainting figure in the sedan chair. Its bearers walked away. We lingered a little. We feared to hear an alarm from within. There came none. I led Mademoiselle to her convent. There she sits, pale, in her black dress by the window. Occasionally I think a tear threatens to drop upon her embroidery. She is here with her father in a foreign land. He will not die. His head is safe. But he has lost more than life.

"Oh, my poor lady! it is for you your child weeps, and well may she do so.

"When they discovered my dear lady in her husband's prison they were furious. They threatened her, and her friends were of little avail. They kept her long in prison, and refused to permit me to see her for some time, alone, among those who felt themselves wronged by her brave deed, what did they not do to terrify her! Among other things one lied to her and declared that the Count de La Valette had been captured and beheaded; and hearing this falsehood, she sank to the floor of her cell insensible. So she remained for a long while, and then they let me go to her.

"Alas! it was too late; her reason had flown. She did not know me. She thought her husband dead, and other wild fancies filled her brain, too terrible to be recounted. So she still lives, nor will she ever be aught else than mad until heaven mercifully takes her to itself.

"As for Mademoiselle, the nuns dared not keep her in their school, for so cruel were those who hated the friends of Bonaparte that they refused to allow their children to attend the same school with this poor child.

"One day I took her to her father. It is a tragedy which I have watched with these poor old eyes of mine. Its end is not yet, but nothing can ever restore the happiness of my poor master and mistress and the poor child who weeps yonder."

Jeweler—This clock will go twelve months without winding.

Oldboy—Well, how long would it go if it were wound?

"Maria," said Mr. Jones, looking tenderly at his wife, "there is a mous"——

"Oh, mercy goodness, where? Oh, save me, Jeptha, save me—save your Maria!" and the frightened woman jumped on the sofa and screamed hysterically.

"Good heavens, Maria, what is the matter? I don't see anything! Where is it?"

"You said there was a mouse!"

"I didn't say anything of the kind. I said, or tried to say, there was a mousselin delaine dress in Brown's window which was exactly like one you had when we were married. I wish you wouldn't interrupt me like that."

Some chickens are so fretful that even after death they will get into a stew.

A Blacksmith near Laurel pasted the following on his shop: "Notis.—The co-partnership heretofore resisting betwixt me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Them what owes the firm will settle with me, and them what the firm owes will settle with Mose."

William Innes died and was buried at Corunna, Ind., in 1888. At the time of his death Mr. Innes weighed 180 pounds. In May, 1891, when the remains were disinterred, they were found to be petrified, to look like marble and to weigh exactly 695 pounds.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County

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Prosecuting Attorney,	L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,	J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,	Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court,	S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court,	J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,	C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct.	C E. Beard. S B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor,	Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. Moore. *N. C. McNeil.*

Moore & McNeil,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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L. M. McCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,

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Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL.

DENTIST,

Monterey, Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County, at least, twice a year.

The exact date of his visits will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

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A PREACHER PARALIZED AND PETRIFIED IN THE PULPIT.

NEKOMA, KANSAS, December 21 —This villiage was thrown into a state of excitement yesterday by an occurence which has not parallel in point of mystification and sensation. Yesterday morning's service in the Methodist church was largely attended and the pulpit was occupied by the Rev. John Ward who is a great admirer of the Rev. Sam Jones, the evangelist. During the course of his sermon Rev Ward took occasion to extol Mr. Jones in such terms as to cause alarm to his members as he wrought himself into a frenzy of excitement. He declared that it would give him the profoundest pleasure to see those who had ridiculed the methods of Sam Jones consigned to a literal hell, where their bodies would sizzle and burn throughout eternity and that he would rather believe that God is a lie than to believe that Sam Jones had not accomplished even more for the good of mankind than Jesus Christ. He carried on in this blasphemous manner for some time when he brought the the thing to a sudden climax by standing on his tiptoes, stretching his right hand toward heaven, with index finger pointing into space and with a demonical laugh said vehemently:

"I declare from this pulpit to this people and to all the world that Rev. Sam Jones stands preeminent when compared to Jesus Christ and in evidence of this belief I call upon God to paralyze me here and now if it is not so."

Scarcely had the words died on his lips when he became perfectly rigid and a gastly palor overspread his countenance, his hand remaining pointed to the ceiling. Strong men tremblingly approached him and when they laid hold on him they found it impossible to move him.

He has been standing in the same posture since 11 o'clock yesterday (Sunday) morning until the present writing, 2:30 this (Monday) afternoon. The villagers are in great fear and prayermeetings are being held in the churches and residences and those who were never known to have been on the inside of a church are to-day upon their knees in earnest supplication that God will withdraw his avenging hand and restore the unfortuneate creature to his former condition.

Several ladies are prostrate from the awful shock to their nervous system and the children are wondering what has so suddenly changed the people. It is considered as a terrible warning to those who trifle with Jehovah's name and no man can be found in town hardy enough to take God's name derisive on his lips.—Argue.

A STUDENT OF HUMAN NATURE.

Mrs. Slimpurse—Why in the world did you tell Mrs. De Fashion we had summered in Europe?

Mr. Slimpurse—You don't suppose I'd confess to her that we'd been economizing in Frogtown, do you? Not much.

Mrs. Slimpurse—But, dear me, she'll tell others, and before long all sorts of people will be asking about Europe, and we haven't either of us ever been east of Sandy Hook.

Mr. Slimpurse—Don't you fear. Tell people you've just got back from Europe and they'll change the subject quicker than a wink, for fear you'll start to talking about it.

Leap Year Proposal.—Odd Origin of a Curious Courtship Custom.

Colin Shackleford said, "Some one asked me the other day what was the origin of women proposing marriage during a leap year. I looked it up, and, while it may not be new to all, I daresay it will interest many. In the year 1288 a statute was published by the Scotch Parliment, of which the following is a copy, and is to my mind, the origin of the custom or idea. I do not know that it is a custom, or ever was:

"'It is ordaint that during the reign of Her Maist Blessit Majestie Margaret, like maiden, ladee of baith hige and low estate, shall hae liberty to speak to the man she likes. Gif he refuses to take her to be his wyf, she shall be mult in the sum of one hundredity poundis or less, as his estait may bee, except and always gif he can make it appear that he is betrotht to another woman, then he shall be free.'

"After dear old Margaret had passed away the women became clamerous for their privileges and to appease them another act of Parliment allowed them the priviledge every fourth year."

HOW THE PRESIDENTS DIED.

George Washington—His death was the result of a severe cold contracted while riding around his farm in a rain and sleet storm on Decem 10th 1799. The cold increased and was followed by a chill, which brought on acute laryngitis. His death occurred on December 14th, 1799. He was sixty-eight years of age.

John Adams—He died from old age, having reached his ninety-first milestone. Though active mentally he was nearly blind and unable to hold a pen steadily enough to write. He passed away without pain on July 4th, 1826.

Thomas Jefferson—He died at the age of eighty three, a few hours before Adams on July 4th, 1826. His disease was chronic diarrhœa, superinduced by old age and, his physician said, the too free use of the waters of the White Sulphur Springs.

James Madison—He, too, died of old age, and peacfully, on June 28th, 1836. His faculties were undimmed to the last. He was eighty five.

James Monroe—At the time of his death, which occurred in the seventy third year of his age, on July 4th 1831, it was assigned to no other cause than enfeebled health.

John Quincy Adams—He was stricken with paralysis on Febuary 21st, 1848, while addressing the the Speaker of the House of Representatives, being at the time a member of Congress. He died in the rotunda of the Capitol. He was eighty-one years of age.

Andrew Jackson—He died on June 8th, 1854, aged seventy eight years. He suffered from consumption, and finally dropsy, which made its appearance about six month's before his death.

Martin Van Buren—He died on July 4th, 1862, from a violent attack of asthma, followed by catarrhal effections of the throat and lungs. He was eighty years of age.

William Henry Harrison—The cause of his death was pleurisy, the result of a cold which he caught on the day of his inauguration. This was accompanied with severe diarrhœa, which would not yield to medical treatment. His death occured on April 4th, 1841, a month after his inauguration. He was sixty-eight years of age.

John Tyler.—He died on January 17, 1862, age of seventy-two. I have been unable to ascertain the cause of his death.

James K. Polk—In the Spring of 1849 he was stricken with a sligt attack of cholera while on a boat going up the Mississippi river. Though temporarily relieved, he had a relapse on his return home, and died on June 15th, 1849, aged fifty-four years.

Zachary Taylor—He was the second president to die in office. He is said to have partaken immoderately of ice water and iced milk, and then later of a large quantity of cherries. The result was an attack of cholera morbus. Another authority attributes his death to a severe cold. The former seems more likely. He was sixty-six years old.

Millard Fillmore—He died from a stroke of paralysis on March 8th, 1874, in his seventy-fourth year.

Franklin Pierce—His death was due to abdominal dropsy, and occurred on October 8th, 1869, in the sixty fifth year of his life.

James Buchanan—His death occurred on June 1st, 1868, and was caused by rheumatic gout. He was seventy-seven years of age.

Abraham Lincoln—He was shot by J. Wilkes Booth at Ford's Theater, Washington, on April 14th, 1865, and died the following day aged fifty six.

Andrew Johnson—He died from a stroke of paralysis, July 31st, 1875, aged sixty-seven.

The deaths of Grant, Garfield and Arthur are recent enough to be remembered by all.—American Notes and Queries.

A WOULD BE SWINDLER BEATEN.

He Was Only Trying to Learn the Shell Trick but his Scholar Knew it.

After awhile the young man with the white hat and red necktie observed that a friend of his had posted him on a new trick, and he took from his pocket the shell of an English walnut which had been cut in two to make two small cups. He also took from his vest pocket a common field pea and explained:

"I don't say that I can do the trick successfully, but after a little more practice I hope to catch on."

Half a dozen of us exchanged winks and spotted him at once for a sharper, but there was a middle aged man from Indianapolis who appeared innocently interested. He was not a green looking man by any means, but he had a confiding, childish look which would have authorized any stranger to ask him for a match or the time of day.

"What is the trick?" he asked as he laid aside his paper.

"Why, it's to manipulate this pea in this way—so and so—and this way, until you can't tell which cup it's under," explained the other.

"That's a new idea."

"Yes, perfectly new."

"Say!" I'd like to learn that myself," continued the Hoosier. "The boys down our way are full of tricks, and I'd like to astonish 'em. It all depends on the twist of the wrist, does it?"

"Partly that, and partly optical illusion. As I told you before I can't work it yet, because I haven't practiced sufficiently, but do you think you could tell which cup the pea is under now?"

"I think I could," replied the Hoosier.

"And could you now?" asked the young man after further manipulations.

"I'm sure of it."

"How sure?"

"Well, as I want to learn the trick, and as I am always willing to back my own eyes, I'll bet ten dollars I can."

We winked and shook our heads at him, but his smile only grew more childlike.

"Don't want to make it twenty dollars do you?" asked the sharper.

"I'd just as soon say thirty dollars."

"Thirty it is. Just hold the cups firmly down on my knees while I get out my sugar."

It took his last dollar, and when it was up he asked:

"Which cup is it under?"

"This one."

The cup was raised, and there, sure enough, was the pea, it having failed to stick to the substance inside and be lifted with the shell. The look which came into that young man's face was something queer to see, and he kept swallowing as if he had tacks in his throat. He gave up the stakes without a word, but sat for a long time like one in a dream. I thought he needed smypathy, and after awhile I found opportunity to inquire:

"How did it happen that way?"

"That's what I want to find out," he absently replied. "S-y, you childlike Hoosier, take these things and let's see what you can do with 'em.

"Certainly, to oblige."

He took the cups and the pea, and the manner in which he performed was enough to show every body in ten seconds that he was an old professional.

"Anybody wish to bet?" he smilingly asked, as the pea went hopping about.

Nobody did—not even the young man. He sat and stared, and watched and watched, and when the outfit was returned to him all he could say was:

"Well, by gum!"

Saloon Keepers Responsible for Acts of Drunkards.

A wholesome law bearing upon the liquor traffic, which makes saloon keepers liable for damages when intoxicated persons to whom they have sold liquor become injured while drunk, has been upheld by supreme court decision. Robert Davies died of pneumonia contracted by exposure while drunk and his widow sued a barkeeper who had supplied him with liquor for damages for loss of her husband. A jury gave a verdict in her favor, which the supreme court upholds. The jury determined the matter of fact as to the cause of the man's death, and the court affirms the responsibility of the barkeeper under the act. In response to the plea that the man was guilty of contributory negligence in voluntarily taking the liquor, the court says: "Every drunkard not only takes liquor voluntarily, but whenever he can get it, and because of his weakness law makes the saloon keeper responsible for selling to such persons. He has not the will power to resist the temptation, and for this reason the sale to him is forbidden."—Philadelphia Ledger, January 6.

Hardly a week passes but we are constantly surrounded by paris seen and kerosene.

A lawyer generally feels himself competent to break any will except his wife's.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Huntersville. W. Va.

February 4, 1892.

NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

LATE MATTERS OF INTEREST PARTAINING TO OUR GOVERNMENT.

[Reported for THE TIMES by our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29th.—Chili apology has deprived Mr. Harrison of the glory he had anticipated from the conducting of a victorious foreign war, glory which would in his his mind, at any rate, have resulted in his certain nomination and in adding largely to his chances of re election, and it is said, precipitated a domestic war between him and Secretary Blaine that they destroy all of his fondest hopes. The story as it is told here says that Mr. Harrison knew that Mr. Blaine had received verbal assurances from the Chilian minister that the apology would in due time be forth coming from his government, before he sent the ultimatum, but he feared that the credit of obtaining the apology through the ordinary diplomatic channels would all go to Mr. Blaine, so he sent the ultimatum to Chili and the correspondence and his message to Congress, in order that he might claim the credit for having frightened Chili into apologizing. Mr. Blaine resents this stealing of his thunder, and is credited with having said that it would cost Mr. H. the Presidential nomination of his party.

Whether this story be true or not, it is highly creditable to the democrats in Congress that they accepted the President's message in perfect good faith and were prepared to support the demands of the administration, even to the extent of a declaration of war, when the situation was cleared by Chili's apology. They recognized the demands of this Government as just, and that was enough for them as good citizens and patriotic Americans.

Senator Quay has returned from his "vindication" hunt, but he does not seem proud of what he accomplished. He told one gentleman that he hoped never to hear of another libel suit.

The House Committe on Appropriations has favorably reported the resolution directing that committee to enquire and report to the House whether the appropriations already made for the World's *Fair* have been judiciously expended. This resolution will certainly be adopted by the House, and it is not probable that the bill appropriating $5,000,000 for the World's *Fair* will be acted upon until the committee makes its report.

The action of the sub committee of the House Judiciary Committee, in deciding to conduct an investigation to ascertain whether articles of impeachment should be presented against Judge Boarman, of Louisiana, for misconduct in office, reopens that case, upon which considerable evidence was taken by the same committee of the last House.

Senator George's resolution for the appointment of a committee of five to inquire into the cause of the existing agricultural depression in the cotton growing States, is being considered by the Committee on Agriculture to which it was referred.

Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah are all knocking at the doors of Congress for admission to the Union and as far as the democrats are concerned they might all be admitted at this session of Congress, but the republican Senators believe that the majority of votes in all of them are democratic, and for that reason they have determined to let none of them in.

Representative Mills made his first speech of the session in defense of the new rules. When he arose he was greeted with applause from the democrats and from the galleries. He is not bothering his head about the silly reports connecting his name with the leadership of a democratic revolt in the House.

The Senate adopted a resolution introduced by Senator, Morgan, calling on the President for copies of all the correspondence with China concerning the refusal of that country to receive ex Senator Blair as U. S. Minister. It is believed that if there is anyway to get at the true inwardness of this matter a big scandal will be uncovered with which the saintly bloody shirt New York editor, Col. Elliot F. Shepard, will be found mixed up. *It* relates to the Chinese concessions to certain Americans to conduct banks, build railroads, etc., which occupied considerable space in American newspapers several years ago.

The Senate unanimously adopted the report of the Election committee confirming Senator Chilcot's right to his seat. The question was raised when he presented his credentials of there being some irregularity in his appointment by the Governor of Texas to serve out the unexpired term of Senator Reagan, who resigned.

Speaker Crisp has been presiding over the House this week, although he is still somewhat weak from his recent illness, The weakness isn't in his head, however.

Miss Stella Hoyle, of Troy, N. Y. promptly arose in a crowded street car recently and gave her seat to a crippled old gentleman who had entered. He asked her name and address, and she has just received from the greteful recipient of her kindness a diamond necklace.

Chili's population is 3,115,000 or less than that of Ohio. The combined population of its two cities, Santiago and Valparaiso, is not much larger than that of Pittsburg. Lots of glory in licking a country like that.—Post.

—George A. Lyon, a Baltimore and Ohio brakeman, turned a card party into a prayer meeting at Newburg a few evenings since. Lyons, who was recovering from his injuries received in a wreck, happened to call at the residence of one of the prominent citizens during a party. During the evening he was invited to play cards. He declined, saying he would read awhile, taking out a Bible at the time. Some one jocularly proposed that Lyons lead in prayer, and, taking them at the word, he did so, praying strong and fervently and bringing tears to the eyes of most of the company. It is said that Lyons' courage has had the effect of inducing several of the parties present to join the church.

List of Deeds.

A deed from A. Combs and wife to Jno. T. McGraw for land on Stony creek and Laurel run.

T. H. Childers and wife to Jno. T. McGraw, for land on Big Laurel creek, a branch of Wm's river.

I. B. Moore to Wm. Curry for land on Knapp's creek.

Enos Tallman and wife to E. O. Moore for land in Green Bank district.

J. B. Hannah and wife deed of September 1887 to Rev. Geo. Spencer for ¼ acre in the town of *Frost*.

L. W. Herold and wife to Jno. W. Baxter for land on Knapp's creek.

E. N. Moore and wife to J. B. Lockridge for land on Knapp's creek.

Andrew Herold to M. F. and J. L. Herold for land on Knapp's creek.

H. S. Rucker, com'r to E. A. Smith for land in Green Bank district.

B. McClung and wife to Q. W. Pouge for land in Green Bank district.

W. T. Via and wife to Andrew C. Wooddell for land on Stony creek.

Andrew C. Wooddell and wife to Samuel B. Moore for land on Stony creek.

Samuel M. Curry to Adda M. Reid for land on Michael's mountain.

Jno. L. Carpenter and wife to C. O. W. Sharp for land between Thorney and Knapp's creek.

Sam'l B. Woods and wife to H. H. Craig E. M. Upton for land on head Greenbrier river.

Wm. A. Rucker and wife to same for land on head Greenbrier river.

Wm. B. Rucker to same for land on head Greenbrier river.

Sam'l B. Woods trustee and E. A. to A. B. Watson to same for land on head Greenbrier river.

PECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have made arrangements with Dr. B J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treatise on the *Horse* and his Diseases;" which will enable all subscribers to obtain a copy of that valuable work *free* by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURGH FALLS, VT. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

Order of Publication.

State of West Virginia, County of Pocahontas, ss.

To B. F. Armstrong, Benjamin Arbogast, Mrs. Jannie B. Skiles, May Bruffey, Thomas Hubbard and James Bidwell, the unknown heirs of Samuel Hogsett, John Piles, the unknown heirs of Daniel McGlaughlin, the unknown heirs of John Sharp, Sr., Henry E. Smith, Michael Wilfong, the unknown heirs of Thomas Gammon and Geo. E. Craig, Jr.

You are hereby commanded in the name of the State of West Virginia to appear before C. F. Moore, a commissioner in Chancery of the Circuit Court of the aforesaid county, at his office in the town of Huntersville in said county on the 29th day of February 1892, to whom the matters arising on a petition filed in the said court by John W. Warwick, the Commissioner of School Lands for the aforesaid county, have been referred by a decree of the said court entered on the petition at its April Term 1891, which petition prays a sale of the lands mentioned therein for the benefit of the School Fund, and show cause, if any they can, why the said land shall not be sold for the benefit of the School Fund.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of said Court, this 19th day of January 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

Jan. 21-4t Printer's fee $8.14.

HOME NEWS

—Several persons in town have measles.

—The trouble with Chili is at last settled.

—Charley Mitchell has challenged Jno. L. Sullivan to a finished fight for $5,000 a side.

—Lookout for six weeks more of hard winter weather, all on account of the sun shining last Tuesday.

—W. L. Wilson, of Rockbridge County, Va. was in town the first of the week.

—There are 15 or 20 lumbermen stopping at the hotels in this place waiting for the drive.

—We were down at Marlinton last Thursday, and are very glad to see that there is a good deal of building going on there now, notwithstanding, the winter.

—Auditor P. F. Duffy's father died a few days ago, at his home in Webster county, at an advanced age. He was one of the oldest and most respected citizens of his county.

—A Point Pleasant girl, who was repeating the Lord's Prayer at her bedside, was annoyed by her three year old brother's teasings. When she got as far as "give us this day our daily bread," the boy made an extra bad break, and the girl said: "Pardon me a moment, Lord, till I spank my brother," and arising from her knees, she gave the boy a sound thrashing. Then, kneeling, "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

—James Brown who lives near Belington, Barbour county, W. Va., has probably the largest beard in this country. He is six feet in heighth, and has neither shaved nor trimmed his beard or mustach for thirty years. The ends of his mustache extends beyond his finger's ends when his arms are outstretched. He carries his beard and mustache braided and tucked inside of his shirt, but does not hesitate to show it to any one who may desire to see it.—Chicago Ledger.

—The principal part of Beverly, in our sister county of Randolph was burned on January 24th. Loss from $10,000 to $15,000. The Court House as was reported in dispatches to the daily papers as burned, was saved. The principal losses are Mrs. M. E. Buckey, hotel, $4,000; J. M. Ball, $1,500; Lammie Crawford, $2,500; Greynolds & Co., $200; L. D. Greynolds, $2,500; C. J. Fitzwater, $1,000; L. W. Talbott, drugs, &c., $500; G. W. Leonard, $100; K. B. Crawford & Co., $100; Mrs. A. F. Butcher, house and millinery stock, $250; Sam Stewart, groceries, $100. Besides there are several minor losses which cannot be estimated. There was scarcely no insurance.

—The Tyler Democrat says: "Mr. Willoughby, who purchased the old Eagle hotel, has torn the whole inside of the building down. He purchased it for $460, and was said to have paid a good round price for it. But in tearing the inside away, in one corner of the building, away in behind the ceiling, an old essence of coffee tin box was found, and on opening, it was found to be jammed full of paper money, which, when straightened out, was counted and amounted to the snug sum of fourteen hundred and seventy dollars. This was a pretty rich find, sure. Now the question is how and when and by whom was it hid there in the old tin box? Some think it was Abe Cox that did it, when he lived there many years ago, but this is only a surmise. However the money was in good order and condition, and is quite a nice pile to find. We might add, however, in this connection, that the bills were all old Confederate money, which does not make the find near so interesting as it was at first."

—Mr. S. E. Weir, chief Engineer of the C. & O. R. R. and H. C. Vaughan, Esq., of Covington, Va. were guests at Huntersville Hotel over Sunday.

—A corpse of C. & O. engineers were in town over night Tuesday. We did not learn their business, but suppose they are going to complete some unfinished survey or something of the kind, somewhere between here and William's river.

—It looks as though we were going to get a railroad, to see engineers and railroad men around at this time of year, and this kind of weather, certainly it is not the grip that they are after for nothing.

—The Fourth Quarterly *Meeting* for Huntersville Circuit will be held at Huntersville Feb. 13, 14. Preaching on the 13th at 11 a. m., followed by Quarterly Conference. Preaching on Sunday morning at 11 a. m.

S. O. FERGUSON, P. E.

—Mr. Parsons, Deputy Sheriff of Randolph Co., arrested in Davis, Tucker Co., last Saturday and lodged in jail at this place Monday, one Dick Rankin who was indicted at the Oct. Court for the murder of Wm. Underwood at Buckeye the 25 of last September, a full account of which appeared in THE TIMES at that time. There was a reward of $200 offered by the County Court for his arrest.

—We received last week copy of the Evening Telegram, published at Portland Oregon, by Geo. H. Moffet, Esq., who a few years ago was a resident of our city and is a brother in-law of our very worthy townsman Mess. Rice and C. F. Moore. It is newsy, well edited and a better allround daily a person would not wish to see.

—We were mistaken last week when we said that Mr. John Osborne and Miss Frederick Lewis of Monroe Co., were married last week—not mistaken in the marriage, however, but mistaken in the name of the bride, which was Miss L. P. F. Frederick, instead of Miss Frederick Lewis. The way we got the name mixed was that she is a descendant of the Lewis family of Virginia. The *Watchman* speaks of the bride of Mr. Osborne as a lovely and accomplished lady, with a high literary talent.

POCAHONTAS DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.

Mr. Brown M. Yeager has been appointed general agent for the Pocahontas Developement Co., at Marlinton to make sale of lots, and for the transaction of the business of the company at that point.

There are several odd lots, not included in those reserved for the drawing, which the company will sell on reasonable terms to such parties as will obligate themselves to immediately begin the construction of houses.

For further information and particulars, call on or address,

BROWN M. YEAGER,
Marlinton W. Va

—If you want Letter and Note heads, neatly printed and put up in tablet form, cheaper than you can get them anywhere else, call at THE TIMES office. We also do all kinds of nice job printing, and have on hands a nice line of Stationary, business cards, &c. &c.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and ...

THE POLICE GAZETTE

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 9. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, February 11, 1892. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 30

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

TIM'S STRATEGY.

Mapes was chivalrous by nature; he believed in seeking the bubble reputation, ever in the cannon's mouth." Tims, on the contrary, believed there was policy in war, and that the end justified the means, particularly if the end was attained. Companions from infancy had been spent in competition for scholastic and such other honors as the locality afforded, without even a momentary break in their friendship. But now, in early manhood, they struggled for a prize of incalculable value, with an ardor that threatened a complete rupture of friendly relations.

The heart and hand of Eliza Reed, the neighborhood belle, were to be won, and to these none others might aspire, in the face of such formidable competition as that of Mapes and Timms.

Coquetry is delicious to a woman, and Eliza would not have been feminine had she been in haste to have made an election. Nevertheless, she did not intend to miss her opportunity. She knew well the war could not always last, and feared that when one of the aspirants for her favor withdrew from the contest, the love of the other, wanting the stimulus of competition, would grow cold; hence she had made her mind up that upon the most favorable opportunity she would signify to Mapes that his suit so often pressed was at last accepted. The opportunity, it seemed, was not to be long wanting, for invitations were given out for an apple bee in the neighborhood, and Eliza found means to convey an intimation to Mapes that she expected to meet him there, and counted on his escort home at the conclusion of the frolic.

The appointed evening looked for with such nervous anticipation by Mapes came at length. He felt that it was the most important of his life and arrayed himself as only a rustic can. His way lay a meadow, through which ran—or rather loitered—a deep, but narrow stream spanned by a single log. It was so dark when he reached this primitive bridge that he was compelled to feel his way slowly across. As he progressed it began to swing lightly—something very unusual—until he reached the center, when to his utter confusion, it gave way, and [illegible] was launched into the water. [illegible] scrambled out, and was forced [illegible] bid adieu for the night to all hope of plighting his troth to the lov[illegible] Eliza.

In the rural districts down east [illegible] early times the good people h[illegible] such habits of industry and rig[illegible] economy that they seldom gave [illegible] attended parties, unless such w[illegible] cloaked under the name of raisin[illegible] huskings or apple bees; thus, [illegible] apple bee fraught with moment[illegible] consequences to Mapes and Tim[illegible] was but a social party in disgui[illegible] a few apples being pared, qu[illegible] tered, cored and strung in the ea[illegible] evening for appearance sake.

As usual, Eliza Reed was [illegible] belle of the occasion. Good loo[illegible] entire self possessed, and a ke[illegible] satirical wit always assured her th[illegible] position; and this night she sho[illegible] with unusual brilliancy, until as [illegible] hours wore away and Mapes ca[illegible] not, she began to lose herself in pondering why, and at length asked Timms:

"Is your friend Mapes ailing?"

"I guess not," replied Timms, "saw him today. He was not complaining."

"He denies himself much pleas-ure," said Eliza, "in not coming here to-night, for this is the place where we always have a good time. Aunt Judy knows how to give an apple bee."

"You let Mapes alone," answered Timms; "he knows what he's about."

"What do you mean?" asked Eliza.

"Oh, I mean," replied Timms, "that Mapes is the prince of good fellows and gets invitations where the rest of us don't."

"Where is Mapes to-night?" asked Eliza now fully aroused.

"I don't know for sure," answered Timms. He told me to-day there were special reasons for his coming here, but that he had an invitation to the rich and aristocratic 'Squire Humeston's, who is celebrating his daughters birthday, and that he didn' know which way he would go." And Timms turned away to talk to the next prettiest girl in the room.

Petted young women are seldom logical or patient. When the party broke up Eliza accepted Timms escort to her home and before they arrived there she had consented to become, with the least possible delay, Mrs. Timms. The next day the engagement was announced, and preparations for the wedding commenced. Timms was exultant—happy Timms.

For a few days Timms was not much seen in public—perhaps for want of courage to wear his blushing honors openly; perhaps for want of courage to meet some other contingencies—who knows? But a man can not make arrangements for his own wedding from a fixed stand point, and he was compelled to venture out. In a quiet and secluded byway he met Mapes. The meeting to him was a surprise; he smiled feebly and extended his hand. But Mapes, intent on business, strode up to Timms and planted a vigorous blow on one of his eyes which caused that gentleman to measure his length in the dust. Timms sprung to his feet and showed fight, but another blow on the other eye sent again to grass, where he continued to lie.

"Get up," said Mapes.

"You'll knock me down again," said Timms.

"Yes," returned Mapes, "I will."

"Then I won't get up," said [illegible]

[illegible] the defendant George O. Stevens, is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia: It is ordered that he do appear here within One month after the first publication of this Order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 1st day of February, 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p. q.
Feb. 4-4t. Printer's fee $13 75

Order of Publication.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County, to wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's Office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in February, 1892.

Witz, Beidler & Co. Pl'ffs
vs. } On amended and Supplemental Bill.
H. M. Lockridge, J. B. Lockridge, Ernest N. Moore, Mary J. Seebert, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert, Martha S. Seebert, Amos Barlow, Henry Barlow, Levi Gay, O. P. Sydenstricker, Emma N. Warwick, First National Bank of Buena Vista, The Bank of Ronceverte, J. C. Loury, Sr., J. C. Loury, Jr., and James H. Doyle, partners, doing

"Now repeat after me: "I, Silas Timms, solemnly swear that I will never bring to knowledge of any human being that I sawed the log whereby Daniel Mapes fell into the creek and lost a wife; and, further, that I will, she consenting, marry Eliza Reed, and always treat her kindly, so help me God."

Timms repeated the oath verbatim.

"Now get up and go home," said Mapes. I don't think you'll be married until your eyes get out of mourning, and by that time I will be far enough away. But don't think I'll lose sight of you, and if you don't keep your oath you'll see me."

Timms arose from the ground, shook off the dust, and walked away; when he had reached a safe distance he shouted back exultingly:

"Mapes, she's an angel."

* * * * *

In 25 years Daniel Mapes had learned many things, and among them this: Life is very much as we make it.

The effect of this lesson was to make it appear that the lines to him had fallen in pleasant places. His rotund form and firm muscle bespoke a good digestion, while a cheerful countenance told of mental peace. A fair woman named him husband and children called him father. A beautiful home in the Santa Clara valley was theirs; besides which Mapes had many broad acres of land, as well as many head of stock running nearly wild in the counties of Monterey and San Luis Obispo.

Once in each year the cattle that graze on California's thousand hills are gathered in bands at convenient places, to be claimed and branded by the owner—such assemblages being called rodeos. Mapes had been down across the Salinas plains in attendance upon a rodeo, and being on his return, jogging slowly on his mustang, he saw far in the distance, but nearing him, an equally lone traveler.

Slowly the distance between them decreased; and as they approached, Mapes—with California prudence—slipped his revolver upon the belt which sustained it from his back round to his left side, bringing the hilt under the shadow of his bridle arm, and within easy reach of his right hand. A near look assured Mapes that he had no occasion for weapons; the coming man was of middle age, but his look was worn, weary, dejected and hopeless—in local phrase, his manners was that of one who "has lost his grip;" and those who have met that terrible misfortune are never highway robbers, "grip" being the very quality wanted to that hazardous pursuit.

The travelers met with a long, inquiring gaze, when from their lips simultaneously burst the words, "Mapes"—"Timms." After a moment of surprise Mapes, spurring his mustang, drew near Timms.

"So—we meet at last. I have been waiting to see you this many a year."

The movement seemed ominous to Timms, and he cried out:

"Don't—don't shoot. I have no weapons. Besides, I have kept my oath—at least as well as I could. I never told the reason why you did not attend the apple bee, nor ever breathed a syllable about the sawed log to a living soul—upon my solemn oath."

"I wasn't thinking of the ducking," remarked Mapes.

"Don't come any nearer," returned Timms. "I have always tried to use that woman well; but she would not be used well. I have done my best to treat her kindly, but she won't be treated kindly."

"It is no use to go over the grounds to me, Timms."

"But," replied Timms, "you have no idea what that woman is; you wouldn't blame me if you only knew. She's brow beat me till I ain't half a man."

"So I see," said Mapes.

"No, you don't see," replied Timms. "You don't see half. Look at this scar"—taking off his hat and showing a long seam on his scalp—"that was done with a skillet."

"Suffered!" returned Timms. "You ought to have sworn her, too. If you only knew how I have thought of you, and of my oath to you, and how I have borne blows and been quiet—how I have been called a brute and a fool, and kept silent—how I have endured taunts and sneer, hunger and discomforts, without ever a word of reproach—you would forgive me; you wouldn't harbor thoughts of revenge."

"Thoughts of revenge," replied Mapes. "Let us dismount and have a settlement, for I see my chance has come at last."

"Mapes, would you take the life of an unarmed man?"

"Timms, you're crazy. Let me explain. I have no wrongs to avenge. It is not for vengeance that I have wanted to see you. I have heard about you often—know all your life and experiences, and I have only wanted to see you to offer you a home and friendship, employment, and opportunities for prosperity here in California. I owe you no debt but one of gratitude for the inestimable service you did me by that little job of carpenter work and that I mean to pay. Come with me."

He took Timm's horse by the bridle, turned him about without remonstrance and they traveled on in silence.

After awhile Timms raised his eyes timidly from the ground and said:

"Mapes, she's a demon."

"He is a very little man isn't he?"

"There is good reason for it."

"How?"

"His wife cuts him short every time he attempts to say anything.

Conductor.—We have missed the connection, and you will have to wait at this station six hours.

Old Lady—(who is a little nervous on the railroad)—Well I'm safe for six hours anyway.

Not long ago in London a preacher indulged in a little bit of sarcasm over a small collection and he did it very neatly. "When I look at the congregation," said he, I ask: Where are the poor? and when I look at the collection I ask: Where are the rich?"

Mrs Suburb—Oh, my dear, that magnificent watchdog you brought home yesterday is gone.

Mr. Suburb—Eh! Did he break the chain?

"No, but an ugly looking tramp came around and acted so terribly that I let the dog loose; but instead of tearing the tramp to pieces he went off with him."

"Great snakes! It must have been the same tramp I bought him of."

How dear to the heart is the yellow backed pumpkin, when orchards are barren of stuffin' for pies; when peaches and apples have both been a failure, and berries of no kind have greeted the eyes. How kindly we turn to the fruit that our children are taught to despise—the old yellow pumpkin, the dear old [illegible] pumpkin, the big bellied pumpkin that makes such good pies.

In the past year more than 2,000,000 barrels of beer were brewed in Milwaukee.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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Half col'n.	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50.

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

February 11, 1892.

BLAINE WILL NOT RUN.

He Sends Chairman Clarkson a Very Positive Declination.

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 6, 1892.

"*Hon. J. S. Clarkson, Chairman of the Republican National Committee.*

"MY DEAR SIR:

"I am not a candidate for the presidency and my name will not go before the Republican National Convention for the nomination. I make this announcement in due season.

"To those who have tendered me their support I owe sincere thanks, and am most grateful for their confidence. They will, I am sure, make earnest effort in the approaching contest, which is rendered especially important by reason of the industrial and financial policies of the government being at stake. The popular decision on these issues is of great moment and will be of far reaching consequence.

"Very sincerely yours,

"JAMES G. BLAINE."

It is estimated that 700,000 immigrants will be landed in this country during 1892. How many of them will become safe and self-supporting citizens of the Great Republic! If Uncle Sam does not have a severe indigestion in trying to assimilate such a large mass of foreign stuff it will be strange.

NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

LATE MATTERS OF INTEREST PERTAINING TO OUR GOVERNMENT.

[Reported for THE TIMES by our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, *Feb. 5th.*—Secretary Blaine and Mr. Harrison have, according to current gossip, patched up their recent very serious differences and renewed the compact concerning the republican nomination, i. e., that the name of only one one them should be presented to the Minneapolis convention. Mr. Harrison took the first step towards making friends when he learned from a mutual friend that Mr. Blaine had said that whatever his personal preferences might be, he was perfectly satisfied that it would kill him to go through another campaign as a Presidential candidate; he knew that believing this Mr. Blaine would not be a candidate, and he wished to make friends, even if it was necessary to swallow a little of his dignity to do so, before the wily man from Maine should take up some other candidate.

The manly denial of Senator Voorhees, corroborated by the republican Senators from Pennsylvania, was not needed to convince anyone of the untruthfulness of the silly statement alleging that a bargain had been made between the Indiana and Pennsylvania Senators to exchange votes against the confirmation of Judge Dallas of Pennsylvania, for votes against the confirmation of Judge Woods of Indiana. The Indiana Senators opposed the confirmation of Woods because the believed him unfit for a judicial position, and not because he was a republican, and all of them favored the confirmation of Judge Dallas, not because he is a democrat, but because of his fitness for the position.

Ex President Cleveland passed through Washington this week, en route to New York. His train only stopped for a few minutes, and he did not leave his car.

In answer to a resolution of the House asking for information Mr. Wanamaker has submitted his estimate of the probable deficit in the postal revenues for the fiscal year beginning the first of next July, should letter postage be reduced to one cent and postal cards to one half cent each. He says the deficit would be $25,000,000; but admits that the probable increase in the number of letters would reduce that amount considerably. Not a few of the longest-headed democrats in the House are of the opinion that it would be good politics as well as an act of justice to grant the people this boon, which was promised by the last republican National convention, but refused by the republican Congress, which spent all of its time legislating for the favored classes.

Representative McCreary, of Kentucky, is entitled to the thanks of the people for introducing the amendment to the House rules, which was promptly adopted by the House, which compels the several committees having them in charge to report all of the general appropriation bills to the House within eighty days after the committees are announced at the long session, and forty days after the beginning of the short session. This makes it certain that the appropriation bills will all be reported by the middle of March, which will give the House plenty of time to carefully consider each and every item in every one of them.

The House Committe on Ways and Means, in pursuance of its adopted policy of reporting a number of separate tariff bills, referred the subjects of binding twine, cotton ties, salt lumber, wool and tin plate to sub-committees, with instructions to prepare and report to the full committee bills dealing with each of the articles mentioned at as early a date as possible. As soon as the bills are approved by the democrats of the full committee, they will be, one at a time, reported to the House.

Representative Enloe's bill to r[illegible] peal the ocean mail subsidy act [illegible] the last Congress, will be favora[illegible] reported to the House in a f[illegible] days, the democratic members [illegible] the Postoffice Committee havi[illegible] a unanimous vote so decided.

The House Judiciary committ[illegible] has decided to favorably report [illegible] very important bill, that provid[illegible] that a corporation shall be held [illegible] be a citizen for all judicial purpos[illegible] of the State in which it may car[illegible] on its business. The big corpor[illegible]tions will oppose this measure.

Now that the House has adopte[illegible] its rules some of those who ha[illegible] had so much to say about its doi[illegible] entirely too much. As a matter [illegible] fact, the members of the Hou[illegible] have done a great deal of ha[illegible] work, necessarily of a prelimina[illegible] nature, studying up the various a[illegible]propriation bills, etc. No actu[illegible] legislation of importance could ta[illegible] place until the rules were adopted.

The democratic caucus called for to-night to consider the silver question will not be held, it being deemed best not to hold it at present.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in February, 1892.

The Bank of Ronceverte .... Pl'ff
vs.
I. B. Moore, William Curry, J. B. Lockridge and H. M. Lockridge...... Def'ts.

The object of this suit is to recover of the defendants H. M. Lockridge, J. B. Lockridge and I. B. Moore in favor of the plaintiff the amount of the sum of $627.13 due on Negotiable note made by said H. M. Lockridge and endorsed by said J. B. Lockridge and I. B. Moore and of the sum of $1.16 costs of protest of said note, with interest on said amount from 19th day of November, 1891, together with costs of this suit; and to subject to payment thereof certain lands lying in Pocahontas County in the State of West Virginia, conveyed by said I. B. Moore to the defendant William Curry, by deed dated 9th day of January, 1892 and recorded on said day in the Clerk's office of the County Court of said Pocahontas County, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that H. M. Lockridge is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 1st day of February, 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

J. W. Harris, ;
L. M. McClintic, ; sols.
J. W. Arbuckle ;
Feb. 4-4t. Printer's fee $11.94

HOME NEWS

—Messrs. Wise and M. F. Herold, of Frost were in town Tuesday.

—About 8 inches of snow last Saturday.

—The grip abateth, but measles are still coming out.

—We learn from the Charleston Gazette that the C. & O. R. R. is surveying a road up Gauley river.

—M. D. McGlaughlin Esq., of near this city was on a business trip to Greenbrier county last week.

—G. W. Wagner, Esq., shot at a man breaking into his stable Tuesday night.

—The lumbermen who are waiting for the drive at this place amuse themselves with the boxing gloves.

—The Brown's creek school, being taught by Miss Dosia Sharp closes Saturday.

—Messrs. M. J. and Isaac McNeel, of Mill Point, were in town Monday.

—Justice Grose was over at Buena Vista, Va., last week, attending a meeting of the Greenbrier and Pocahontas Development Company.

—Mr. Jas. B. Canfield's Gordonsville, Va. *Gazette* is for sale, at a great bargain, as he wishes to change his location and business.

—On last Tuesday morning a fire in Charlottesville, Va., consumed the stables, four cars, and six mules of the Charlottesville street rail way.

—Miss Lillie Davis, daughter of Hon. John J. Davis, of Clarksburg, was married on the 4th inst. to Mr. John A. Preston, Prosecuting Attorney of Greenbrier Co.

—Capt. A. F. Mathews, of Lewisburg, W. Va., and N. J. Brown, Esq., of Pocahontas, W. Va., are in town, attending a meeting of Greenbrier Investment Company. —Buena Vista Advocate.

—Mrs. H. M. Lockridge has purchased from her husband the dry goods and notion store on Magnolia Avenue, where she will be pleased to see her friends.—Buena Vista Advocate.

—A Hindoo baby is named when it is twelve days old, and usually by the mother. The names the father calls it then, especially nights wouldn't usually look well on a visiting card.

—Oliver Ervine, who was sent to the penitentiary from this county about two years ago has served his sentence and is on the outside again, as we learn from a note from his father.

—Died, Mr. Wm. J. Moore, of Augusta Co., formerly a few months ago of Mingo Flats, Randolph Co., died at the latter place last week. We did not learn the cause of his death, but suppose it was la grippe. Mr. Moore while a resident of Randolph Co., was a highly respected and influential stock dealer, and was very well known in this county as a gentleman in every sense of the word.

—Died, Mrs. Margaret Dilley, wife of J. W. Dilley, Esq., a few miles from this place last Friday morning, aged, we suppose, about 60 years. She had been an invalid for several years, though we did not learn the immediate cause of her death. She leaves a husband and several children to mourn her loss. "Say not 'Good night,' but in some brighter clime bid me good morning."

—The National Religious Liberty Association, Battle Creek, Mich., will accept our grateful thanks for a 368 page book, beautifully bound in cloth, entitled "American State Papers," bearing on Sunday Legislation, compiled and annotated by William Addison Blakely, counsel or at law. This is a very valuable and interesting book, and should be read by every one.

—Quarterly meeting commences here next Saturday.

—A terrible mine explosion is reported from Peach Run. Six bodies, mutilated and blackened have been recovered. The explosion was not in the mine, but at a point where the men were at work making a double track to the mine. Three settlings of dynamite had been placed. One failed to explode, and the men all returned to the blast, when it exploded.

—A correspondent to the *Register* writes as follows from Marlinton: "The boom at this place is still coming on. Several new buildings nearing completion, two stores, printing office, drug store, dwellings and a livery stable. The stable is owned by two Yorkshire Englishmen, and one of them is a son of a rector, and their passion is for horses. They own several of their own, and they also care for a number of blooded horses, the property of Col. McGraw, one of the chief promoters of the new city. On pleasant evenings one may see a six thousand dollar racer going through the regulation paces—getting ready for his work next spring near New York and elsewhere."

—Mr. Spurgeon, the great London preacher, died at Mentone, Italy, Jan. 31st, at 11 o'clock P. M. aged fifty eight years. He suffered for many years from gout, which finally went to his head. He had been unconscious since that morning. He did not recognize his wife and daughter. He refused all food, and milk that was forced down his throat was not retained. A host of telegrams of sympathy were received by members of the dying pastor's family. In his illness, which began seven months ago and passed through many vicissitudes, he has had world-wide sympathy, and his devoted congregation in London have been untiring in their petitions to the Lord for his recovery.

GREEN BANK BREVITIES.

There was a very small attendance at the quarterly meeting at this place, owing to the rain. Rev. S. G. Ferguson preached some very interesting sermons.

We had a 10 inch snow last week, and the thermometer registered 10 degrees below zero last Friday night.

The grip is disappearing from our vicinity. All are improving and no new cases.

Green Bank has a good show for a railroad.

There is talk of a tannery starting up in Green Bank in the near future.

H. A. Yeager, Esq., of Marlinton passed through our village last Sunday.

Joseph Kerr and Miss Lula Rock, are off to Greenbrier Co., to see Mrs. Scruggs, who is dangerously ill.

C. H.

Engaged to her Victim.

Alice Mitchell who cut the throat of her girl friend, Freda Ward, at Memphis, Tenn., is now in jail in that city. All efforts to interview Miss Mitchell have failed, but a reporter learned from good authority what passed between her and her counsel. On other subjects she seemed to be perfectly rational, but she did not realize the enormity of the deed.

"I killed Freda," said she, "because I loved her and she refused to marry me. I asked her to marry me three times, and at last she consented. We were going to marry here and go to St. Louis."

"What did you intend to do in St. Louis?" asked one of her attorneys.

"Oh, I do not know, but when Freda promised to marry me I was so happy. I sent her an engagement ring, and she wore it for a time, but it was returned to me, and I was miserable. I could not bear to be separated from her, and I resolved to kill her. I would rather she were dead than away from me."

The girl then asked one of the lawyers where Freda was. She was told that the body was at Steinly and Hintons.

"Oh, Mamma," she said: "If I could only see her. Please let me go and see her. If I could only lie down by her side I would be so happy."

The letters that she wrote to Freda are full of most endearing terms, and go to show that the girl eagerly looked forward to the time when she could make Freda her wife. Strange to say from what can be learned, Freda herself seemed to be infatuated with Alice, and willingly assented to the proposed marriage. The time had been arranged and the affair was to have been in the nature of an elopement.

POCAHONTAS DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.

Mr. Brown M. Yeager has been appointed general agent for the Pocahontas Developement Co., at Marlinton to make sale of lots, and for the transaction of the business of the company at that point.

There are several odd lots, not included in those reserved for the drawing, which the company will sell on reasonable terms to such parties as will obligate themselves to immediately begin the construction of houses.

For further information and particulars, call on or address,

BROWN M. YEAGER,
Marlinton W. Va

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West virginia,
Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in February, 1892.

Samuel s Hannah .... Pl'ff
vs
Thomas D. vanata, William N Morrow, George O Stephens and Uriah Hevener, ... Def'ts.

The object of this suit is to recover of the defendant Thomas D Vanata, the amount of three promissary notes made by him for the sum of $384 50 each, with interest on each sum from December, 6th, 1887, payable to the defendant Uriah Hevener, who has assigned said notes to the plaintiff Samuel s. Hannah; and to subject to sale, for payment of said amount and costs of this suit, a tract of land containing 904 acres, more or less, lying on Rich Mountain in Pocahontas County, State of West Virginia, conveyed by said Uriah Hevener to said Thomas D. Vanata by deed dated the 12th day of December, 1887, retaining a vendor's lein on said land to secure payment of the amount of said several sums, which is part the purchase money agreed to be paid by said Vanata to said Hevener for said land: the said tract of land having been afterwards conveyed by said Vanata to the defendant Wm N. Morrow, and by said Morrow conveyed yet later to the defendant George O. Stevens—and it appearing by affidavit filed, that the defendant George O. Stevens, is a non-resident of the State of west virginia: It is ordered that he do appear here within One month after the first publication of this Order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 1st day of February, 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p. q.
Feb. 4-4t. Printer's fee $13 75

Order of Publication.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County, to wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's Office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in February, 1892.

Witz, Beidler & Co. .... Pl'ffs
vs. On amended and Supplemental Bill.

H. M. Lockridge, J. B. Lockridge, Ernest N. Moore, Mary J. Seebert, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert, Martha S. Seebert, Amos Barlow, Henry Barlow, Levi Gay, O. P. Sydenstricker, Emma N. Warwick, First National Bank of Buena Vista, The Bank of Ronceverte, J. C. Loury, Sr., J. C. Loury, Jr., and James H. Doyle, partners, doing business under firm name of Loury & Doyle, Wm. Gibson, John Wurtz, James Price, J. P. Hawkins, John Andrew Cleek, Bank of Lewisburg, Hugh Dever, J. M. Hardy and —— Hardy, partners, trading under firm name of J. M. Hardy and Son, First National Bank of Buena Vista Virginia, John Adam McNeil and Hugh Adams, Def'ts.

Object of Amended or Supplemental bill is to convene all the judgment lienors of J. B. and H. M. Lockridge, to subject the land of said J. B. and H. M. Lockridge to sale to pay the liens thereon, after first paying the claim of plaintiffs for $871 26 with accumulated interest thereon and $4.61 cost of protest and cost of this suit, to have a decree declaring the preference shown by the defendant J. B. Lockridge, to all creditors in confessed judgments, illegal to have all creditors of said J. B. Lockridge (except the plaintiffs) paid pro rata on their debts, the amount realized from a sale of said H. M and J. B. Lockridge's land, after first paying the debts due the plaintiffs in full, and the debts of other creditors of said J. B. and H. M. Lockridge who came in and attacked the fraudulent conveyances of said J. B. and H. M. Lockridge, to have the priority of the debts due the attacking creditors, declared to exist from the date of the filing of their bills, to have a certain judgment which was confessed before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on the 16th day of January 1892, in favor of The First National Bank of Buena Vista, vs J. B. Lockridge for $1502.40 with interest from the 16th day of January 1892, declared void to require each defendant named to answer fully the plaintiffs Bill, to set aside a deed from E. N. Moore to J. B. Lockridge, dated the 3rd day of December 1891 as fraudulent and for general relief, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that H. M. Lockridge, Mary J. Seebert, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert, Martha S. Seebert, The First National Bank of Buena Vista, J. P. Hawkins, J. M. Hardy and —— Hardy composing the firm of J. M. Hardy and Son, First National Bank of Buena Vista Virginia, John A. McNeil and Hugh Adams are non residents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said court, this 1st day of February, 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

H. S. Rucker, p. q
Feb. 4-4w printer's fee $20.46

Notice to take Depositions.

To H. M. Lockridge, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert, Martha S. Seebert, Mary J. Seebert, The First National Bank of Buena Vista, J. P. Hawkins, J. M. Hardy and —— Hardy, composing the firm of J. M. Hardy & Son, First National Bank of Buena Vista Virginia, John A. McNeil and Hugh Adams:

Take notice, that on the 27th day of February, 1892, between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m. at the law office of Dr. Wm. P. Rucker in the town of Lewisburg Greenbrier county, West Virginia, we will proceed to take the depositions of Andrew M. McGlaughlin and others, and on the 4 day of March 1892, between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m. at the office of D. H. Rucker & Co., First National Bank building, in the town of Buena Vista, county of Rockbridge, State of Virgina we will proceed to take the depositions of George H. Rucker and others, and on the 12th day of March, 1892 between the hours of 6 o'clock a m. and 6 o'clock p. m., at the office of W. H. H. Raleigh, Corner Hopkins Place German and Liberty Streets, in the city of Baltimore, State of Maryland we will proceed to take the depositions of I Witz and others and on the 21st day of March 1892, between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m. at the law office of H. S. Rucker in the town of Huntersville, County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia we will proceed to take the depositions of H. S. Rucker and others, all of which said depositions when taken will be offered as evidence in our behalf, in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, State of West Virginia, in which we are plaintiffs and you and others are defendants.

If from any cause the taking of said Depositions or any of them shall not be commenced or completed on the day or days aforesaid, the same will be continued from day to day or from time to time, at the same places and between the same hours herein specified respectively until the same shall be begun and completed.

WITZ, BIEDLER & CO.,
By counsel.

H. S. Rucker, Sol.
Feb. 4-4 t. Printers fee $12.00.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County, to-wit:

Guggenheimer & Co., ... Plaintiffs,
vs. On amended and Supplemented Bill.

H. M. Lockridge, J. B. Lockridge, Ernest N. Moore Mary J Seebert, Mary R Seebert, C. T. Seebert, Martha S. Seebert, Amos Barlow, Henry Barlow, Levi Gay, O. P. Sydenstricker, Emma N. Warwick, First National Bank of Buena Vista, The Bank of Ronceverte, J. C. Loury, sr., J. C. Loury, jr., and James H. Doyle partners, doing business under firm name of Loury & Doyle, Wm. Gibson, John Wurtz, James Price, J. P. Hawkins, John Andrew Cleek, Bank of Lewisburg, Hugh Dever, J. M. Hardy and —— Hardy, partners trading under firm name of J. M. Hardy & son, First National Bank of Buena Vista Virginia, John Adam McNeil and Hugh Adams .... Defendants.

Object of amended or Supplemental bill is to convene all the judgment lienors of J. B. and H. M. Lockridge, to subject the land of said J. B. and H. M. Lockridge to sale to pay the leins thereon after first paying the claim of plaintiffs for $1196.52 with accumulated interest thereon and $7 32 costs of protest and cost of this suit—to have a decree declaring the preference shown by the defendant J. B. Lockridge, to all creditors in confessed judgments illegal; to have all creditors of said J. B. Lockridge (except the plaintiffs) paid pro rata on their debts, the amount realized from a sale of said H. M. and J. B. Lockridge's land, after first paying the debts due the plaintiffs in full and the debts of other creditors of said J. B. and H. M. Lockridge who came in and attacked the fraudulent conveyances of said J. B. and H. M. Lockridge to have the priority of the debts due the attacking creditors, declared to exist from the date of the filing of their bills, to have a certain judgment which was confessed before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the 16th day of January, 1892, in favor of The First National Bank of Buena Vista vs. J. B. Lockridge for $1502.40 with interest from the 16th day of January, 1892, declared void; to require each defendant named to answer fully the plaintiffs bill, to set aside a deed from E. N. Moore to J. B. Lockridge, dated the 3rd day of December 1891 as fraudulent and for general relief and it appearing by affidavit filed, that H. M. Lockridge, Mary J. Sebert, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert, Martha S. Seebert, The First National Bank of Buena Vista, J. P. Hawkins, J. M. Hardy and —— Hardy composing the firm of J. M. Hardy & son, First National Bank of Buena Virginia, John A. McNeil and Hugh Adams are non-residents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered they do appear here within One month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 1st day of February, 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

H. S. Rucker p. q.
Feb. 11, 4t. Printer's fee $20.46

NOTICE TO TAKE DEPOSITIONS.

To H. M. Lockridge, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert, Martha S. Seebert, Mary J. Seebert, The First National Bank of Buena Vista, J. P. Hawkins, J. M. Hardy and —— Hardy composing the firm of J. M. Hardy and son First National Bank of Buena Vista Virginia, John A. McNeil and Hugh Adams:

Take notice that on the 27th day of February, 1892, between the hours of 6 o clock a. m. and 6 o clock p. m. at the law office of Dr. Wm. P. Rucker in the town of Lewisburg, Greenbrier County, West Virginia we will proceed to take the depositions of Andrew M. McGlaughlin and others, and on the 4th day of March, 1892, between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 6 o clock p. m. at the office of D. H. Rucker & Co., First National Bank building, in the town of Buena Vista, County of Rockbridge, State of Virginia we will proceed to take the depositions of George H. Rucker and others, and on the 21st day of March, 1892, between the hours of 6 o clock a. m. and 6 o clock p. m., at the law office of H. S. Rucker in the town Huntersville, County of Pocahontas, State of West virginia, we will proceed to take the depositions of H. S. Rucker and others, all of which said depositions when taken will be offered as evidence in our behalf, in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, State of West Virginia, in which we are plaintiffs and you and others are defendants.

If from any cause the taking of said Depositions or any of them shall not be commenced or completed on the day or days aforesaid, the same will be continued from day to day or from time to time, at the same places and between the same hours herein specified respectively until the same shall be begun and completed.

GUGGENHEIMER & CO.,
By counsel.

H. S. Rucker, sol.
Feb. 4 4t. Printer's fee $13.00

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	2 00	8 00	10 00	12 00
Half col'n	5 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	70 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

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One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

February 11, 1892.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

Opium smoking is absolutly prohibited in Japan.

Last year 40,000,000 artificial teeth were made in this country.

Coal is mined in thirty one out of the forty four States in the Union.

The Bellamy colony in Evaston has proved to be a complete failure.

Physicians head the list of suicides in this country for the past ten years.

Ash Wednesday this year falls on March 2 and Easter Sunday on April 17.

During the last war the Government had 800 ships of war, such as they were.

A judge in Maine has ruled that Hebrew children can play baseball on Sunday.

Some vandal has painted whiskers on the face of a marble angel in the cemetary at Albion.

To extinguish an oil fire, bran of any kind or mill feed, thrown upon it will be found to be effective.

The dolphin is the fastest swimmer in the sea, and can make more than twenty two miles an hour.

The time to try on shoes is in the latter part of the day, when the feet are at their maximum size.

A newspaper in Kansas has shown how a man "can be a gentleman" in that State on $16 a month.

There are 1,100 men employed in the Bank of England and their united salaries amount to about $1,500,000 a year.

A labor union in Haverhill Mass., has made the very unpleasant discovery that its most trusted leader is a detective.

Many persons will be surprised to learn that the United States has since its existence formally declared war but once.

Colors passing through a prism can be made to produce a sound, as might be anticipated red and green make the loudest noises.

There are said to be 18,000 newspaper women in London, who have among them twenty two press clubs and authors societies.

A bill has been introduced in the Legislator of Maryland to release Archer's sureties from the obligation they incurred by going on his bond.

A Congressman from California has introduced a bill to prohibit Chinese from entering the United States under any circumstance whatever.

During the last year 1,713 persons applied for civil service examination in Massachusetts, and of whole number only twenty-nine had ever been to college.

Perfect mutton will be firm and juicy, a darker red in color, and with a good deal of hard, clear white fat, much more in proportion to the lean than in beef.

In a recent libel suit in Detroit there was a diversity of opinion as to the verdict, ranging from six cents to $50,000.—A compromise was finally reached on $11,000.

The Indianapolis Sentinel says that the surgical institute which was burned there the other day was known to be a death trap by those who had taken pains to examine it.

Some idea of the severity of the recent drought in Maine may be obtained when it is related that a farmer in Machias was obliged to give his cattle cider to drink.

A Swiss savant is said to have made a discovery by which he reduces milk to a dry powder in such a manner that by the addition of water it at once assumes all of its natural properties.

There are now twenty-one law firms in the United States composed of husbands and wives, and there are about two hundred American women who practice law or control legal publications.

The secetary of the National Divorce Reform League reports that six States, containing more than one-fourth the population of the country, have created commissions to promote uniform legislation upon marriage and divorce.

Before and After Marriage

He settled back in his easy chair, put his feet on a foot rest, lit a cigar, and for five minutes let the smoke curl up around his head. He was a picture of comfort.

Then his wife interupted his meditations.

"George, you're getting lazy," she said.

He shook his head.

"But when we were engaged," she persisted," you were as active as any man I ever saw. Why, you were always getting up excursions, and you were the life of every party."

He puffed a little whirl of smoke and nodded his acquiesence.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

He took another puff at his cigar, and then said:

"Ever see a man try to catch a train?"

"Why, yes," she replied in surprise.

"Ever see one rush on to the station platform just as the train seemed almost gone?"

"Certainly, I have."

"Got a pretty lively move on him, didn't he?"

"Why, yes: he ran the entire length of the platform as fast as he could! But George——"

"Caught the train, did he?" asked George——"

"Yes, he just barely caught it. He——"

"But he caught it?"

"Of course, he did! But, George, you're straying——"

"Did he keep right on running?" interupted George.

"Certainly not. He settled down in a seat and made himself as comfortable as possible; got a palm leaf fan, and five minutes later seemed perfectly contented and happy."

"Well?"

"Well, what of it?"

"Do you expect me to keep on running?"

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have made arrangements with Dr. B J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," which will enable all subscribers to obtain a copy of that valuable work *free* by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to the B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURGH FALLS, VT. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

The readers of THE TIMES are referred to the following persons who have the ALLEGER ORGANS:

Annie Mollohan, Replete, W. Va.

S. W. Ott, Charlestown, W. Va.

Jacob Lively, Roseville, W. Va,

W. H. Swiger, Malta, W. Va.

J. W. Heavener, Petersburg, W. Va,

Tinta Craig, Glen Elk, W. Va.

—If you want Letter and Note heads, neatly printed and put up in tablet form, cheaper than you can get them anywhere else, call at THE TIMES office. We also do all kinds of nice job printing, and have on hands a nice line of Stationary, business cards, &c. &c.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 9. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, February 18, 1892. Terms of Subscription, $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. No. 31

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court,	A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney,	L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,	J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,	Geo. W. Callison.
Clk Co. Court,	S. L. Brown.
Clk Cir. Court,	J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,	C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct.	C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor,	Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

The exchange editor of the New York World has extracted a number of very interesting paragraphs from a late issue of the Arizona Kicker, and of these we give the following:

WE MEAN BUSINESS.—Our contemporary came out last week week and laid claim to a bona fide circulation of 3,6000 copies. We are willing that he shall do a reasonable amount of lying, but such stupendous falsifying must cease.

"We'll bet $100 to $50 he hasn't got 1,000 circulation.

We'll bet $100 to $25 that he hasn't got 500.

We'll bet $100 to a cent that his actual circulation, counting in all deadheads, is not over 350.

Further, we'll give him our check for $100 if he dares to take advantage of any of the above opportunities to make more money than he has seen for twenty years before.

OF COURSE.—A Massachusetts subscriber to the Kicker writes to ask if there are any churches in this locality. Does he imagine us to belong to the Cannibal Islands? Of course there are! That is, there is one around somewhere, and we've heard talk of another. If the writer had read his copy of the Kicker as closely as he ought he would have remembered the case where Shorty Pete sat on the church steps and put a bullet through Hank Jackson's nose thirty yards away. Churches! We should smile! Services have not been held very regularly since the old man Davis got drunk and spent one whole night breaking out the windows, but the boys are liable to catch a preacher most any day and put him at work.

A CANARD.—The story afloat on the streets yesterdap to the effect that we had finally killed Mr. Wanamaker's postmaster in this town must have been started to affect prices on the mule market. There was not the least bit of truth in it. There isn't the slightest excuse for his living, but we suppose he will continue to do so in order to spite the 60,000,000 inhabitants of the United States. We can't see any other object.

While on this subject it may be well for us to remark that we shall visit the postmaster to-morrow to inquire why in Texas it takes four days for a copy of the Kicker to get down the road twelve miles. He'll fly mad, as usual, and will quite likely attempt to draw his gun on us. If he does we shall very likely decide to kill him and have done with it. Everybody says we have delayed the matter altogether too long for the good of the Postoffice Department.

NO STOP.—We understand that Col. Smiley who has been down on the Kicker ever since we showed that the capital and assets of "The Great Arizona Land Company" consisted solely of two acres of sand and a pair of long-legged boots, spent more than two hours the other day trying to get Jim Taylor to stop his subscription to this paper. The object was to make us feel bad, but it didn't work. Jim not only dotes on the Kicker, but can't hardly wait for publication day to come around. Besides, he tried it on us last summer, and how did he come out? It took us half a day to find him, but after he was found it didn't take him two minutes to subscribe again. We don't compel a man to subscribe, but after he's become a subscriber he has got to have mighty good reasons for throwing up his hand. Indeed, he's got to own a mule which can out run ours.

RETRACTION.—The policy of the Kicker since the first issue has been to state things fairly and truthfully, and whenever we have discovered that a published item has done any one injustice we have not been slow to follow it with an explanation perfectly satisfactory to the party aggrieved. Last week we had a local item to the effect that some miserable wretch had robbed Maj. Smith's clothes line of four shirts, and we indulged in the hope that he would speedily be caught and given a dance on the head of a barrel.

It seems that we were mistaken, and the Major feels that he has been placed in a false position to the public. The fact is as he wishes us to state, he does not own four shirts, but only two, and neither of these is a white one. They are old blue flannel shirts, much the worse for wear. What was really stolen wos a Navajo blanket, and we are glad to make this retraction and set the Major right before this community.

OUR CHRISTMAS ISSUE.—No newspaper published within 300 miles of this town has ever attempted the feat of getting out a special Christmas issue. The Kicker has produced something worthy of its large and respectable clientage. It was a sixteen-page paper profusely illustrated, and among the good things it contained we may enumerate.

A sketch giving particulars of the last twelve murders in Arizona. Very blooded article.

An article describing how Indians scalp their victims. It will make your hair stand on end to read it.

A two-column sketch entitled "Men I Have Shot." Gives names of a score of men and relates full particulars of the death of each. The reader will instinctively reach around for his gun as he purses this truthful sketch.

A very racy and entertaining sketch, entitled, "Fourteen Cases of Lynch Law." This is by a man who always furnished the barrels for the victim to stand on, and he knows whereof he writes. You can feel the barrel wobble as you read.

Another special feature was an illustrated sketch entitled, "The Stages I Have Held Up." This by a genuine road agent, who experienced religion, quit the buisness and is now sticking type in this office. We hadn't read the article half through when we handed the author our watch and wallet and held up our hands.

"What!" exclaimed a Texas justice to a colored culprit, "have you the audacity to say you do not recognize this pocketbook?"

"Yes, sah."

"But it was found in your possession."

"In my what did yer say, jedge?"

"In your posession. This pocketbook was found in your pocket, sir."

"Jedge, you has done tole two stories about dat ar'. Fust, yer said hit was foun' in my posession, and den yer 'lowed hit was foun' in my pocket. Bofe dem yarns can't be true. Ef de jedges on de bench can't tell de troof' hit's no wonder dat a poor miserable niggah like me am led astay."

The justice drew a long breath, and once more producing the pocketbook said:

"You denied just now that you had ever seen this pocketbook. I now ask you again if you ever seen this pocketbook before?"

"Why, of course. Hit am de same one you showed me a minute ago. Yer must be losin' yer mind, jedge."

Remanded to jail without bail!

MARRYING AN OLDER WOMAN

Whenever a young man marries a woman older than himself all the gossips in the community begin to cackle. Worshipers crane their necks when he comes into church, and he is stared out of countenance in the theater. His friends congratulate him in the usual way, but look at him as though he were a freak. Were it not for such ordeals as these the thing would happen oftener than it does.

A Morgantown young man wants to know what the chief objections are to a man marrying a woman older than himself.

Aside from the notoriety it gives a man there are some rather forcible objections. A woman matures earlier than a man reaches the prime of life earlier and becomes old earlier. The difference is from five to ten years although some fix it at from three to seven. However it depends very largely on the individual.

There would be no sense of fitness in a man of twenty marrying a woman of twenty five nor would it be proper for a man of twenty to marry a girl of fifteen. The average marrying age of men is from twenty five to thirty and of women from twenty to twenty five. These are generally regarded as about the best ages at which to take such an important step.

Some men are to all intents and purposes, older at thirty than others are at forty. Such men may therefore marry women of their own age or even older without being outclassed. Prematurety old or apparently old men may marry really old women, and young looking or young blooded men may marry really young women with comparative safety. It is better however, to allow the woman a few years margin, because she will probably age faster than the man.

A CHANGE TO GADS.

The old man had gone out to feed my mule, and as I sat talking to the wife two or three of the children came hanging around her. The youngest, a boy of three was trying to climb up on her lap when she reached out for a book on the stand and used it to give him a resounding box on the ear. He ran away bowling, and she began telling how troublesome children were I replied:

"Haven't you ever heard, ma'am that boxing on the eats may cause deafness?"

"La! no! she replied. "Does, any one really say so?"

"All surgeons say so, and there is no doubt of it."

"Is it possible! Excuse me a minute."

She went to the back door and called "Henry—oh, Henry!" to her husband, and ween he came in she said:

"I've found out all about it from the stranger.

"What?"

"Why, the reason that every one of our seven young 'uns are gittin deaf as adders."

"What's the cause?"

"It's our beatin 'em on the ears with that pesky hymn book so often! We've got to quit it, and do you go over in the lot the first thing and cut me a big bundle of gads to use on 'em the rest of the week!"

MR CLEVELAND TO THE RESCUE.

A lawyer in this city relates a pleasant incident, in which the most conspicuous figure is the eminent gentleman whom President Harrison succeeded. The lawyer was the attorney for a well known periodical, which counted among its subscribers a little New Jersey girl who allowed her subscription to remain so long unpaid that the legal gentleman was compelled to send her a "reminder."

With an assurance worthy of a person five times her age, the child sat down and wrote a pleading letter to Mr. Cleveland. She commenced by saying that she was in such great trouble that she needed the President's assistance. She had heard, she continued, that the President was very kind and very rich. Would he be so good as to help a poor little girl who wanted his help very much? As an explanation of her misfortune, she enclosed the statement of her account that had been sent to her.

The lawyer was greatly surprised not very many days after, to find awaiting him in his office a letter postmarked "Washington," and bearing the stamp of the White House. It was written in Mr. Cleveland's own hand, and contained a check more than sufficient to relieve the necessity of the "trembling little debtor," as the distinguished writer characterized her. The balance Mr. Cleveland suggested, might be applied to her future subscription or be given directly to her.—Boston Herald.

DIDN'T KNOW KITTY WAS MARRIED.

Ethel is seven years of age, and lives in an aristocratic Boston suburb. Betty is the family cat, and when she becomes the proud mother of four or five little puff balls, they usually first see the light in the stable.

The last litter appeared not long ago and Betty found a very comfortable place for them in the family sleigh. They made such a pretty sight that Ethel was taken out by her aunt to look at them.

"Oh, the pretty kittens," she cried. "Whose are they?"

"Why," remarked Aunt Emma, "those are Betty's new babies."

"Oh, auntie, that can't be," said the seven-year-old, with wondering surprise in her bright blue eyes. "Don't you know that Betty isn't married?"—Boston Herald.

Little Nell—*I* caught sister Maud engaging herself to another young man last night, an' she hasn't sent the first one off yet.

Little Kittie—Ain't that nice! Did you tell on her?

"No; she buyed me off."

"What did she do?"

"She said if I'd keep quiet she'd give me one of 'em as soon as *I* got a little bigger.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 50	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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Huntersville, W. Va.

February 18, 1892.

NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

LATE MATTERS OF INTEREST PERTAINING TO OUR GOVERNMENT.

[Reported for THE TIMES by our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, *Feb.* 12th.—Mr. Harrison is far from being as happy as he expected to be after Mr. Blaine's letter was published, if those who profess to be his friends know the state of his mind. He expected that Mr. Blaine would take occasion in that letter to advocate the nomination of Benj. H., or at least to say a good word for him in some way, and he has got it into his head that Mr. Blaine by ignoring him intended to slight him—he is very touchy about the dignity he appears to think surrounds his person like a halo. Another thing that he doesn't like is the freedom with which Senators, Representatives, and other prominent men of his party have announced their preference for some other candidate than himself. He fears that Mr. Blaine intends to throw his influence to that mysterious "some other candidate," and he is mighty sorry that there was no truth in the rumor prevalent a day or two ago that Mr. Blaine intended resigning and going to Bermuda to remain until after the meeting of the republican convention. Nothing would suit him better just now than for Mr. Blaine to leave the country for a few months but he does not dare to ask for his resignation.

The democrats of the House have taken the first step toward turning the light on in the dark places by the adoption of resolutions authorizing investigations of the World's Fair, the crooked National bank failures at Philadelphia, and most important of all, the Pension office. The resolution under which the last investigation is to be made was reported by the Committee on Rules as a substitute for those offered by Representatives Enloe and Cooper. It provides for the appointment of a select committee of five to investigate the methods of business, whether use has been made by the Commissioner of his official position to promote his private affairs or for partisan political purposes, whether there has been discrimination made between applicants for pensions or practicing attorneys, whether any of the clerks have taken advantage of their positions to make profits, and whether the civil service law has been violated by the Commissioner. On motion of Mr. Enloe the resolution was amended to include the methods of the board of pension appeals. This is a big job, but many are wondering why the resolution did not include the charges which have been repeatedly made by responsible parties of fraudulent pensioners whose names are carried upon the rolls. Perhaps, however, the committee may be able to reach that under the "methods of business" authorization.

Vice President Morton appears to be learning the ropes. A nephew of his, W. M. Grinnell, has been nominated for the vacant Third Assistant Secretaryship of State.

The House Committee on Rivers and Harbors having given a number of hearings to interested parties, has now buckled down to hard work of preparing a river and harbor appropriation bill that shall be just without being extravagant. The bill will not probably appropriate more than half, if so much, as the one passed at the last Congress, but it is the aim of the committee to provide all the money for necessary improvements that can be advantageously expended during the next fiscal year.

The House committee on Immigration does not agree with the Senate committee on Foreign Affairs, that a continuation of the present anti-Chinese laws, which expire by limitation this Spring, for another period of ten years, is the best thing to be done, so it has favorably reported a bill to the House which absolutely prohibit Chinese immigration.

The much talked of free coinage bill has been favorably reported to the House from the Coinage committee. Opinion differs as to whether it will be acted upon at this session. There is no doubt a very large majority of the House being in favor of the free coinage of silver, but there are many prominent democrats, like Mr. Mills, who do not think it expedient to pass it when nothing can be gained as is certain, even if it could get through the Senate, the finance committee of which has this week reported adversely on a free coinage bill, that it would be vetoed. There are other democrats, like *Mr.* Bland, who think it the duty of the House to pass the bill.

There are lots of rumors of a rumpus between Mr. Harrison and Secretary Tracy over the enormous financial obligations incurred by the latter in preparing for the war "that never came". Wanamaker is also said to be in hot water although he denies it.

The Canadian Commissioners are going through the farce of holding conferences at the State department, knowing that there is no reciprocity for them.

This Gong for Business.

In the office of the captain of the watch at the Treasury Department is a large gong connected with a series of wires.

That bell has never been rung save when it is tested to see if it in working order, and the offials trust that it never will be sounded.

When it does, business of the most serious kind is meant.

At some time or other some crank or cranks might get into the cash room or banking office of the treasury and by the bold use of arms attempt to make a raid.

The gong is connected with the cash-room by a number of wires, and the presure of a botton at convenient places will sound the alarm.

The watchmen have orders when that rings to drop all other work and come to to the cash room thoroughly armed and ready to deal with whatever may present itself. —[Washington Post.

Fiduciary Notice.

The accounts of the following fiduciaries are before the undersigned Commissioner of accounts for settlement, viz:

D. J. Cochran, executor of Elizabeth James, deceased.

Geo. Hill, adm'r with the will annexed of Martha Jordan dec'd.

W. H. Cackley, adm'r of L. L. Slaven dec'd.

Dr. John Ligon, executor of R. D. McCutcheon, dec'd.

M. J. McNeel, adm'r of Susan Burr, deceased.

M. J. McNeel, adm'r with the will annexed of Sarah Gum, deceased.

Given under my hand this 15th day of February 1892

J. H. PATTERSON, Com'r acc'ts.

FOR SALE.

I have for sale six full blooded Scotch Shepherd pups $2.50 and $5.00 each.

J. B. LOCKRIDGE,
Driscol, W. Va.

Fiduciary Notices.

The following fiduciary accounts are before me for settlement;

Levi Gay, ex'or of John Gay, dec'd

Levi Gay Ex'or of Margaret M. Gay.

William & Sherman Gibson, adm'rs of Samuel L. Gibson, dec'd.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r acc'ts.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in February, 1892.

The Bank of Ronceverte .... Pl'ff

vs.

I. B. Moore, William Curry, J. B. Lockridge and H. M. Lockridge......Def.ts.

The object of this suit is to recover of the defendants H. M. Lockridge, J. B. Lockridge and I. B. Moore in favor of the plaintiff the amount of the sum of $687.18 due on Negotiable note made by said H. M. Lockridge and endorsed by said J. B. Lockridge and I. B. Moore and of the sum of $1.16 costs of protest of said note, with interest on said amount from 19th day of November, 1891, together with costs of this suit: and to subject to payment thereof certain lands lying in Pocahontas County in the State of West Virginia, conveyed by said I. B. Moore to the defendant William Curry, by deed dated 9th day of January, 1892 and recorded on said day in the Clerk's office of the County Court of said Pocahontas County, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that H. M. Lockridge is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 1st day of February, 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

J. W. Harris,
L. M. McClintic, } sols.
J. W. Arbuckle.

Feb. 4-4t. Printer's fee $11.94

Order of Publication.

State of West Virginia, } ss.
County of Pocahontas. }

To B. F. Armstrong, Benjamin Arbogast, Mrs. Jannie B. Skiles, May Bruffey, Thomas Hubbard and James Bidwell, the unknown heirs of Samuel Hogsett, John Piles, the unknown heirs of Daniel McGlaughlin, the unknown heirs of John Sharp Sr., Henry F. Smith, Michael Wilfong, the unknown heirs of Thomas Gammon and Geo. E. Craig, Jr.

You are hereby commanded in the name of the State of West Virginia to appear before C. F. Moore, a commissioner in chancery of the Circuit Court of the aforesaid county, at his office in the town of Huntersville in said county on the 20th day of Febuary 1892, to whom the matters arising on a petition filed in the said court by John W. Warwick, the Commissioner of School Lands for the aforesaid county, have been refered by a decree of the said court entered on the petition at its April Term 1891, which petition prays a sale of the lands mentioned therein for the benefit of the School Fund, and show cause, if any they can, why the said land shall not be sold for the benefit of the School Fund,

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of said Court, this 18th, day of January 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON' Clerk.

Jan. 21-4t Printer's fee $8. 14.

HOME NEWS

—Mr. Uriah Hevener, of Green Bank, was in town Tuesday.

—Mr. Thos. J. Harmon, of Staunton, Va. is in our city.

—Capt. E. A. Smith, of Dunmore, was in town Monday.

—Geo. Overholt, Esq., of Buckeye, was in our city last Saturday.

—Mr. Wilson Watts, postmaster at Union, died on the 7th inst.

—A. B. McComb, and Olgar and Herbert Fisher have the measles.

—Mr. Zane Moore, of Frost, was in town one day last week.

—Attorney C. F. Moore, of Clifton Forge, Va., is visiting his family at this place.

—The C. & O. engineers are now working between this place and Marlinton.

—The Independent says that Mr. R. M. Beard, of Locust, Pocahontas county, called to see us Tuesday.

—Harry Moore, Esq. and wife, of Dunmore, are visiting relatives in this city.

—The lumbermen are getting tired waiting for a rise in the streams, and several of them are leaving.

—Messrs. A. W. Arbogast, and Harry Johnson, of Monterey, Va., are putting tin roofs on several houses at Marlinton.

—The Louisiana State Lottery has given up the fight, and will retire from the field of cheatery when its present charter expires which is in 1894.

—B. M. Yeager, Esq., of Traveler's Repose, who has been at Marlinton for several days past, was in the city Tuesday, as was also Mr. H. A. Yeager, of Marlinton.

—Hon. Joseph S. Duckwall, Judge of the Circuit Court for the Thirteenth Circuit of West Virginia, residing at Berkley Springs, Morgan county, died suddenly on the 13th inst. at the Coster House, in Charles Town.

—We are reliably informed that Mr. B. M. Yeager, agent for the Pocahontas Development Co., has sold in the last two weeks forty one hundred dollars worth of lots at Marlinton.

—The quarterly meeting at this place last Saturday and Sunday conducted by the Presiding Elder Rev. Ferguson was a success, not withstanding the very bad weather. He preached some very excellent sermons.

—Aurore Borealis—a gorgeous illumination of the northern heavens appeared shortly after sunset on the 13th inst. It was the most wonderful exhibition of Aurora, or northern lights possibly ever seen from the American soil. It stretched over a great scope of territory, from Iowa to the Atlantic coast. It was a magnificent spectacle.

—Died—Mr. Jas. T. McNeel, son of Jonathan McNeel, Esq., at his home at Buckeye, last Wednesday, evening, and Friday following his little 2 year old daughter died, both of measles. Mr. McNeel was a young man of good standing and the picture of robust health. He leaves a wife and several small children to mourn his untimely end.

—Rochester (N. Y.) capitalists have purchased 3,000 acres of timber land in Pocahontas county, W. Va., for $34,[illegible]. The land is well timbered with cherry, birch, ash, oak, hemlock and spruce.—Staunton Spectator.

The above large body of land was bought by Mr. Sam'l B. Woods, of Charlottesville, Va., last June, at something like $5.00 per acre. Though Mr. Woods informed us himself not long since that he had sold only 2,000 acres of it, and that at $28,000 instead of $34,000 for the whole of it. They have an offer of $10,000 for the other 1,000 acres.

—Mr. Wm. A. Stuart, proprietor of the White Sulphur Springs died in Philadelphia on the 6th inst.

—The contract for the West Virginia World's fair buildings was let to Thos. J. Miller, of Parkersburg, on the 13th inst. His bid was $20,000.

—Miss Alice Mitchell, the slayor of Freda Ward, had a "gentleman correspondent" in Pittsburg, whom she had obtained by answering an advertisement for a correspondent in a matrimonial paper. She had corresponded with this unknown gentleman over Fredaa Ward's name, and had invited him to visit her. She may have deemed it important to get rid of Freda before the arrival of the Pittsburg correspondent in order to avoid a comedy of errors.

—Mr. William Lockridge, more familiary known as "Uncle Billy" Lockridge, died at his residence on the Cowpasture river, in Highland county, on the 27th of January, in the 81st year of his age. Mr. Lockridge was an estimable citizen, and was particularly noted for his great hospitality; and his death will be regretted by every one who ever enjoyed the welcome which was always tendered to those who found lodgment with him, whether friend or stranger. He was the embodiment of the sentiment expressed by the familiar phrase, "Old Virginia Hospitality," and a truer exponent of it could not be found in years of travel.

GREEN BANK BREVITIES.

W. W. Galford is dangerously ill with pneumonia.

F. K. Moore of Back Alleghany received a very bad cut on the check by E. O. Moore with an ax, last Thursday.

We are sorry to learn that C. P. Kerr had the misfortune to get his leg broken by falling off a log truck, in Davis city, some days ago.

W. A. Gladwell and E. F. Arbogast made a flying trip to McDowel, Va., last week.

Attorney F. J. Snyder was in our city last Saturday attending court before Justice Siple.

C. H.

DIED—MR. FRANCIS DEVER.

The remains of Mr. F. Dever, who died in the Insane Asylum at Weston, last Thursday, were brought to his home on Knapp's creek last Sunday, accompanied by his son, of Duluth, Min., and the last sad rites performed Monday evening.

Sometime last summer Mr. Dever showed serious symtims of insanity and was taken to the Aylum for treatment. He had almost recovered his mental faculties when not long since he was taken down with grip with the above result.

He was before he became insane a, very prominent farmer, known and highly esteemed by nearly or quite all of the people of our county.

He leaves several grown children who are handsomely provided for in a financial way, to mourn his death.

TO AID RUSSIANS.

Governor Fleming Issued a Proclamation on That Subject.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., Feb. 10.—Governor Fleming to-day issued the following proclamation to the people of the State of West Virginia.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA,
"EXEC. CHAMBER, CHARLESTON.

"The Russian Famine Relief Committee of the United States has brought to the attention of the Executive of this State the destitute condition of more than twenty millions of the peasants of Russia, with the information that multitudes must perish for want of food unless speedily relieved.

"The people of this State have been signally blessed with abundant harvests and general prosperity, and I recommend that they promptly respond to this appeal for aid with generous contributions.

"I further recommend that relief committees be organized in each city, and as for as possible, in every county in the State, and that such committees communicate with the Russia Famine Relief Committee of the United Staes, at No. 732 Fourteenth street, Washington, D. C.

"Done at the Capitol, in the City of Charleston, this 10th day of February, [SEAL] in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety two.

A. B. FLEMING.

"By the Governor,
"WM. A. OHLEY,
"Secretary of State."

POCAHONTAS DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.

Mr. Brown M. Yeager has been appointed general agent for the Pocahontas Developement Co., at Marlinton to make sale of lots, and for the transaction of the business of the company at that point.

There are several odd lots, not included in those reserved for the drawing, which the company will sell on reasonable terms to such parties as will obligate themselves to immediately begin the construction of houses.

For further information and particulars, call on or address,

BROWN M. YEAGER,
Marlinton W. Va

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West virginia.
Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in February, 1892.

Samuel B Hannah .... Pl'ff
vs
Thomas D. Vanata, William N. Morrow, George O Stephens and Uriah Hevener, ... Def'ts.

The object of this suit is to recover of the defendant Thomas D Vanata, the amount of three promissary notes made by him for the sum of $384 50 each, with interest on each sum from December, 8th, 1887, payable to the defendant Uriah Heverer, who has assigned said notes to the plaintiff Samuel B. Hannah; and to subject to sale, for payment of said amount and costs of this suit, a tract of land containing 904 acres, more or less, lying on Rich Mountain in Pocahontas County, State of West Virginia, conveyed by said Uriah Hevener to said Thomas D. Vanata by deed dated the 12th day of December, 1887, retaining a vendor's lein on said land to secure payment of the amount of said several sums, which is part the purchase money agreed to be paid by said Vanata to said Hevener for said land: the said tract of land having been afterwards conveyed by said Vanata to the defendant Wm N. Morrow, and by said Morrow conveyed yet later to the defendant George O. Stevens—and it appearing by affidavit filed, that the defendant George O. Stevens, is a non-resident of the State of west Virginia; It is ordered that he do appear here within One month after the first publication of this Order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 1st day of February, 1892

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p. q.
Feb. 4-4t. Printer's fee $18 75

Order of Publication.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's Office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in February, 1892.

Witz, Beibler & Co. Pl'ffs
vs. { On amended and Supplemental Bill.

H. M. Lockridge, J. B. Lockridge, Ernest N. Moore, Mary J. Seebert, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert, Martha S. Seebert, Amos Barlow, Henry Barlow, Levi Gay, O. P. Sydenstriker, Emma N. Warwick, First National Bank of Buena Vista, The Bank of Ronceverte, J. C. Loury, Sr., J. C. Loury, Jr., and James H. Doyle, partners, doing business under firm name of Loury & Doyle, Wm. Gibson, John Wurts, James Price, J. P. Hawkins, John Andrew Cleek, Bank of Lewisburg, Hugh Dever, J. M. Hardy and — Hardy, partners, trading under firm name of J. M. Hardy and Son, First National Bank of Buena Vista Virginia, John Adam McNeil and Hugh Adams, Def'ts.

Object of Amended or Supplemental bill is to convene all the judgment leinors of J. B. and H. M. Lockridge, to subject the land of said J. B. and H. M. Lockridge to sale to pay the leins thereon, after first paying the claim of plaintiffs for $871 26 with accumulated interest thereon and $4.61 cost of protest and cost of this suit, to have a decree declaring the preference shown by the defendant J. B. Lockridge, to all creditors in confessed judgments, illegal to have all creditors of said J. B. Lockridge (except the plaintiffs) paid pro rata on their debts, the amount realized from a sale of said H. M and J. B. Lockridge's land, after first paying the debts due the plaintiffs in full, and the debts of other creditors of said J. B. and H. M. Lockridge who came in and attacked the fraudulent conveyances of said J. B. and H. M. Lockridge, to have the priority of the debts due the attacking creditors, declared to exist from the date of the filing of their bills, to have a certain judgment which was confessed before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on the 16th day of January 1892, in favor of The First National Bank of Buena Vista, vs J. B. Lockridge for $1502.40 with interest from the 16th day of January 1892, declared void to require each defendant named to answer fully the plaintiffs Bill, to set aside a deed from E. N. Moore to J. B. Lockridge, dated the 3rd day of December 1891 as fraudulent and for general relief, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that H. M. Lockridge, Mary J. Seebert, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert, Martha S. Seebert, The First National Bank of Buena Vista, J. P. Hawkins, J. M. Hardy and — Hardy composing the firm of J. M. Hardy and Son, First National Bank of Buena Vista Virginia, John A. McNeil and Hugh Adams are non-residents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said court, this 1st day of February, 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

H. S. Rucker, p. q
Feb. 4-4 w printers fee $20.46

Notice to take Depositions.

To H. M. Lockridge, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert, Martha S. Seebert, Mary J. Seebert, The First National Bank of Buena Vista, J. P. Hawkins, J. M. Hardy and — Hardy, composing the firm of J. M. Hardy & Son, First National Bank of Buena Vista Virginia, John A. McNeil and Hugh Adams:

Take notice, that on the 27th day of February, 1892, between the hours of [illegible] m. and 6 o'clock p. m. at the [illegible] of Dr. Wm. P. Rucker, in [illegible] of Lewisburg Greenbrier county, West Virginia, we will proceed to take the depositions of Andrew M. McGlaughlin and others, and on the 4 day of March 1892, between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m. at the office of D. H. Rucker & Co., First National Bank building, in the town of Buena Vista, county of Rockbridge, State of Virginia we will proceed to take the depositions of George H. Rucker and others, and on the 12th day of March, 1892 between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m., at the office of W. H. H. Raleigh, Corner Hopkins Place German and Liberty Streets, in the city of Baltimore, State of Maryland we will proceed to take the depositions of I Witz and others and on the 21st day of March 1892, between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m. at the law office of H. S. Rucker in the town of Huntersville, County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia we will proceed to take the depositions of H. S. Rucker and others, all of which said depositions when taken will be offered as evidence in our behalf, in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, State of West Virginia, in which we are plaintiffs and you and others are defendants.

If from any cause the taking of said Depositions or any of them shall not be commenced or completed on the day or days aforesaid, the same will be continued from day to day or from time to time, at the same places and between the same hours herein specified respectively until the same shall be begun and completed.

WITZ, BIEBLER & CO.
By counsel.

H. S. Rucker, Sol.
Feb. 4-4 t. Printers fee $12.40.

PATENTS.

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

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ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County, to-wit:

Guggenheimer & Co., ... Plaintiffs,
vs. { On amended and Supplemented Bill.

H. M. Lockridge, J. B. Lockridge, Ernest N. Moore, Mary J Seebert, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert, Martha S. Seebert, Amos Barlow, Henry Barlow, Levi Gay, O. P. Sydenstricker, Emma N. Warwick, First National Bank of Buena Vista, The Bank of Ronceverte, J. C. Loury, sr., J. C. Loury, jr., and James H. Doyle partners, doing business under firm name of Loury & Doyle, Wm. Gibson, John Wurts, James Price J. P. Hawkins, John Andrew Cleek, Bank of Lewisburg, Hugh Dever, J. M. Hardy and — Hardy, partners trading under firm name of J. M. Hardy & son, First National Bank of Buena Vista Virginia, John Adam McNeil and Hugh Adams .... Defendants,

Object of amended or Supplemental bill is to convene all the judgment lienors of J. B. and H. M. Lockridge, to subject the land of said J. B. and H. M. Lockridge to sale to pay the leins thereon after first paying the claim of plaintiffs for $1196.32 with accumulated interest thereon and $7 32 costs of protest and cost of this suit—to have a decree declaring the preference shown by the defendant J. B. Lockridge, to all creditors in confessed judgments illegal; to have all creditors of said J. B. Lockridge (except the plaintiff s) paid pro rata on their debts, the amount realized from a sale of said H. M. and J. B. Lockridge's land, after first paying the debts due the plaintiff s in full and the debts of other creditors of said J. B. and H. M. Lockridge who came in and attacked the fraudulent conveyances of said J. B. and H. M. Lockridge to have the priority of the debts due the attacking creditors, declared to exist from the date of the filing of their bills, to have a certain judgment which was confessed before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the 16th day of January, 1892, in favor of The First National bank of Buena Vista vs. J. B. Lockridge for $1502.40 with interest from the 10th day of January, 1892, declared void; to require each defendant named to answer fully the plaintiffs bill, to set aside a deed from E. N. Moore to J. B. Lockridge, dated the 3rd day of December 1891 as fraudulent and for general relief and it appearing by affidavit filed, that H. M. Lockridge, Mary J. Sebert, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert, Martha S. Seebert, The First National bank of Buena Vista, J. P. Hawkins, J. M. Hardy and — Hardy composing the firm of J. M. Hardy & son, First National bank of Buena Virginia, John A. McNeil and Hugh Adams are nonresidents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered they do appear here within One month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 1st day of February, 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

H. S. Rucker p. q.
Feb. 11, 4t. Printer's fee $20.46

NOTICE TO TAKE DEPOSITIONS.

To H. M Lockridge, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert, Martha S. Seebert, Mary J. Seebert, The First National Bank of Buena Vista, J. P. Hawkins, J. M. Hardy and — Hardy composing the firm of J. M. Hardy and son First National Bank of Buena Vista Virginia, John A. McNeil and Hugh Adams:

Take notice that on the 27th day of February, 1892, between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m. at the law office of Dr. Wm. P. Rucker in the town of Lewisburg, Greenbrier County, West Virginia we will proceed to take the depositions of Andrew M. McGlaughlin and others, and on the [illegible] day of March, 1892, between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m. at the office of D. H. Rucker & Co., First National Bank building, in the town of Buena Vista, County of Rockbridge, State of Virginia we will proceed to take the depositions of George H. Rucker and others, and on the 21st day of March, 1892, between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m., at the law office of H. S. Rucker in the town Huntersville, County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, we will proceed to take the depositions of H. S. Rucker and others, all of which said depositions when taken will be offered as evidence in our behalf, in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, State of West Virginia, in which we are plaintiffs and you and others are defendants.

If from any cause the taking [illegible] Depositions or any of them [illegible] commenced or complet[illegible] days aforesaid, the [illegible] from day [illegible] time, at the [illegible] [illegible] complete[illegible]

H. S. Ruc[illegible]
Feb. 4 4t

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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Huntersville, W. Va.

February 18, 1892.

DIDN'T KNOW THE "IDIOMS."

After an hour's talk the editor said that he would board me and give me $5 in cash for the week, and if I suited and seemed to fill the place we would make some arrangement for the future. The first thing I brought in and wrote up was an article headed: "A Close Call—Attempt to Shoot the Postmaster." I handed the copy to the editor, and he read about half a page and threw it into the waste-basket.

"I was afraid of that," he observed, as he turned to me. "You see, a stranger cannot know the idioms of a town."

"I fail to see any idiom about that," *I* replied. "It's a clear case of attempted murder."

"Great mistake my boy, great mistake. The man who did the shooting is my brother-in-law, who owns half this office. Considerable idiom about that, I should say! Besides, any citizen is liable to shoot at the postmaster any day. It's a sort of privilege we enjoy."

I went out and skirmished around again, and had the good luck to drop into a saloon just as a row started. One man was stabbed and two more had their heads broken. I made about a quarter of a column of this affair and handed in my copy.

"Um! Row down at the Bald Eagle saloon, eh?" muttered the editor. "Sam Andrews stabs a man?"

"Yes, sir."

"And Tom Keni and Joe Sharp are badly hurt?"

"Yes, sir."

"It's no good," he said, as he tossed the copy aside. "I owe Sam $100 borrowed money, and Tom and Joe are regular subscribers. Besides that, haven't we got a half column ad of the Bald Eagle on the second page? That's another idiom, my boy. I was afraid you would make a failure of it."

I was down at the heel, and I wanted that place bad. I went out and wandered around again, and was on the hotel steps when the stage came in bringing the dead body of a man named Pete Burbank. He had tried to hold up the outfit and had been shot by one of the passengers. I was writing this up under three display heads when the editor came in and asked:

"Well, what have you got hold of now?"

"Big thing. Road agent tries to hold up the Roseville stage and is shot dead. Body just been brought in."

"Get his name?"

"Yes: it's Pete Burbank."

"Can't touch that item," he said, as he shook his head in a solemn manner. "Pete's a brother of our Mayor, and the Mayor has a mortgage on this office. He'd foreclose on me quicker'n wink. As *I* told you before, every town has its own individual idioms, and a stranger is quite apt to walk on somebody's feelings. How are you on politics?"

"Pretty fair."

"Well, you might write me something on the Mexican question."

That evening I handed him in half a column on "the situation." There was just then a bitter feeling along the border, owing to the raids of Mexican cattle thieves, and I flattered myself that I had touched things up in good style.

"Sorry, my boy—very sorry," said the old man, as he looked over the copy. "You say here that these raids must cease or Texas will rise in arms?"

"Yes."

"And war may ensue?"

"Yes."

"And you advise Texans to demand satisfaction at the point of the bayonet?"

"Of course."

"It won't do," he said, as he dropped the copy into the waste-basket. "The only bank we have in town is owned by a Mexican, and I've got to borrow $10 of him to get the next bundle of paper. If I printed this article he'd shut down on me and bust the concern. You see every town has its idioms."

"Is there anything in the town which hasn't an idiom attached?"

"Well, yes; but being a stranger you probably couldn't find it. Sorry for you, and I'd like to give you a 'sit' for a week or two, but you see how it is. I expect Col. Joe King in to-morrow with his mule train, and if you'd like me to speak a good word for you——"

"But I'd probably find another idiom in that," I interrupted.

"That's so, you might. Come to think of it, Col. Joe King has killed five men, and he lives with four squaw wives; and you'd probably be just durned idiot enough to ask him why he didn't git religion and change his ways.—Chicago Journal.

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his appetite?

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have made arrangements with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," which will enable all subscribers to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

The readers of THE TIMES are refered to the following persons who have the ALLEGER ORGANS:

Annie Mollohan, Replete, W. Va.

S. W. Ott, Charlestown, W. Va.

Jacob Lively, Roseville, W. Va.

W. H. Swiger, Malta, W. Va.

J. W. Heavener, Petersburg, W. Va.

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CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 9. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, February 25, 1892. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 32

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court,	A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney,	L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,	J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff,	Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court,	S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court,	J. H. Patterson.
Assessor,	C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct.	C. E. Beard. S. B. Hannah. G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor,	Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

Her Test of Love.

[Translated from French.]

The salon was lighted by a single lamp which shed a soft radiance throughout the room. It was simply furnished, but was adorned with a profusion of flowers and plants. Three persons were in the salon—Mme. de Balny, Gisele, her daughter and the latter's betrothed, Robert de Gillis, who was soon to be her husband.

Gisele, who was in her eighteenth year, was very beautiful. She was a natural blonde. Her smile had the double advantage of showing pretty teeth and two charming little dimples in her rosy cheeks. Her eyes were very handsome, but their glance was somewhat imperious. She was dressed in a robe of soft, white, clinging material, that set off to advantage her girlish beauty.

Gisele was an only daughter. She had been reared by an indulgent mother, her father having died during her infancy. Although Mme. de Balny's income was barely sufficient to support herself and her daughter, she managed to gratify Gisele's every whim, and her whims were many, for she was a child of caprice.

Many admirers paid suit to Gisele, but she smiled on none until Robert de Gillis threw himself and his fortune at her feet.

In Robert, Gisele found her supreme triumph, for his unselfish devotion he gave her the greatest satisfaction a woman can have—to be loved for her beauty, which was Gisele's only dower. Robert had every qualification to be desired in a lover. He was twenty-five years old, handsome, manly and very wealthy.

While Mme. de Balny was working at her embroidery and Robert and Gisele were holding a tender conversation, the door of the salon was opened and George Langle was announced.

"Good evening, my dear madame," said the new comer, as he entered, bowing to the mistress of the house.

"Ah, good evening, my dear Langle," said Mmme. de Balny, welcoming the guest. "This is, indeed, an agreeable surprise."

When the others had welcomed him, turning to Robert, Langle said:

"I knew that I would find you here, and that is why I called so late, wishing to have you present to second a proposition which I desire to make to these ladies."

"Ah! tell us. What is it?" exclaimed Gisele.

"My mother's cottage at St. Cloud has just been put in order for the summer," replied Langle. "We are going to drive there to morrow morning, and she desires that you will accompany us. We shall leave Paris in good season so as to avoid the heat of the day. Breakfast will await us on our arrival. We will spend the warm part of the day swinging in our hammocks and gossipping under the elms.

"We will dine at Fresco, and then, if Mlle. Gisele approves of the plan, we will attend the fete of St. Cloud, at which, among other attractions, will be the great lion tamer, the illustrious Bidel, with his menagerie. That is the proposition I have to offer."

"Bravo!" cried Gisele. "Your plan is charming, charming! Is it not Robert?" she added, turning to her lover.

Robert agreed with Gisele that their friend's plan was faultless, and it was adopted with enthusiasm.

Accordingly, the following day found Mme. de Balny, her daughter, and Robert at St. Cloud, as the guests of M. Langle and his mother. The day was spent in those delightful ways which people escaping from the city in the early summer finds for passing the time in the country.

Gisele, however, was all anticipation in regard to the approaching of fete, and especially in regard to the lion-tamer, Bidel, whose exploits she had heard a deal. Immediately after dinner, therefore, Gisele, Robert and Langle went to the fete, the elder ladies preferring to remain at the cottage.

They first attended Bidel's performance with his lions, which Gisele watched with the liveliest interest. As the performance grew to a close Gisele became so enthusiastic in regard to Bidel's bravery that Langle said, jokingly, that she ought to marry a liontamer.

"Such is my intention," replied Gisele, "for I am sure that Robert will will not deny the first request I have ever made of him. Will you, Robert?" she added, turning to him.

"What?" exclaimed Robert. "Do you wish me to enter the lion's cage?"

"Yes. Does that surprise you?"

"A little, I confess."

"You ought to have as much courage as a vulgar tamer of animals," said Gisele, who seemed to be put out by her lover's backwardness in bearding the lines to please her whim.

"But to do what you ask me to do would by no means be proof of courage," answered Robert. "It would be exposing myself for no purpose."

"You speak lightly of the prospect of being devoured," said Langle laughing.

Langle wished to laugh Gisele out of her caprice. Gisele, did not really, wish her lover to enter the lion's cage, but she wanted him to seem ready to do even that for her.

"Then you refuse?" she asked Robert, with an air of disdain.

Langle without giving Robert an opportunity to reply, said:

"Certainly he refuses, for the conditions, are not [illegible] for him as for Bidel, who has been long accustomed to being among wild animals and has made a careful study of their character."

"You seem to take great interest in a matter which does not concern you," said Gisele, who was vexed by Langle's opposition.

"But," replied Langle gravely, "what you ask Robert to do is very dangerous. Besides, you forget that his mother adores him and that she will never forgive you if you make him expose himself in this perilous manner."

But Gisele insisted.

"Very well," said Robert, coldly. "I will enter the cage, if Bidel will allow me to do so, as soon as the spectators have departed. I do not wish to give a public exhibition of my courage," he added, with a tinge of sarcasm in his tone.

"Ah! I knew you would consent!" exclaimed Gisele with apparent delight.

"I will arrange the matter at once," said Robert.

He went to Bidel, with whom he held a short conversation, then returned, saying:

"The lions will be fed in a few minutes, I will enter the cage then with Bidel."

By this time the spectators had departed. Robert, Langle and Gisele approached the cage. Presently the lion-tamer joined them. He told Robert that he was ready to feed the lions, and invited him into the cage.

"No, Robert, do not go," said Gisele. "I do not wish you to enter the cage, I asked you to do so only because I wanted you to seem ready to expose yourself to any danger for my sake."

"Pardon me, Gisele, for not acceding to this new caprice of yours. As to the first," replied Robert, "I have resolved to enter the cage, and I shall do so."

Robert turned away from Gisele, and a moment afterward he and the liontamer entered the cage. The lions, eight in number, moved hither and thither, obedient to the command of their master, but their large golden eyes showed their astonishment at the presence of this intruder who accompanied him.

Gisele and Langle looked on in silence and in agony. Gisele, who was very pale, was only prevented from giving voice to her anguish by the fear of aggravating her lover's peril. Her eyes, which were big with fright, were fixed on Robert. He, on the other hand was quite calm, at least, in appearance. Like Bidel, he was armed with a bar of iron and a raw-hide. He was thus doubly prepared to repel the lions if they came too near him.

Robert was in the cage about five minutes. Then he left it and regained Gisele, who, radiant with joy, her hands extended, exclaimed:

"Oh, Robert, how I admire you! how I"——

Robert took one of Gisele's hands in his, and interrupting her, said, in a calm voice:

"Do not praise my exploit so much, for the act which you applaud was performed for my own sake rather than yours. If I am brave, as now you evidently think me, I confess that I am not without fear that I shall not always be able to accede to your desires, and as it would pain me to cross so charming a woman, I renounce the honor of being your husband."

As soon as they returned to the cottage the party started for Paris. When they reached Gisele's home Robert bade her good-by with a [illegible] bow. On entering the house Gisele found the superb bouquet which she was accustomed to receive each day from Robert; it was the last. Gisele has never married.

STARVED SOULS.

Starved souls! What a long array of earth's children this thought brings up.

How many lives are never lived, but dragged out, or endured.

Some from lack of early advantages; some because heavy, deauties common drugeries, demand their time, while every fibre in their beings is strung for finer things.

Some seem to feel the fires of genius burning within.

At times these slumbering embers glow with a heat that is almost mind consuming; and still the earthen body holds the yearning soul so tight that the flames may not break through.

Some have been touched by poetic genius, some with that of music, but the poet soul cannot express itself except in tame prose, and the musical spirit must lie dormant.

What shall we say of those who have talent and could use it, if the grosser things of life did not claim their minds and strength! What an agony of soul some of these endure! The plodding one, who has never had a thought or wish for anything beyond this work, can never realize what agony!

What sorrow, uninterrupted hard working, struggling for a bare existence, brings to the man or woman, who has an artist's soul! Whose love for everything of beauty is deep, whose every heart chord vibrates to the sound of fine music; to the burning of sunset's fire to every hue, and every trembling light and shade, that they perceive in nature's fairest scenes; to the leaping of ocean waves, to everything that speaks to the artistic sense!

And sorrowful again is the one who yearns for music and its cathedral tones, who must wait for heaven and its raptures of sound to gratify the yearning! When they would delight in cultivating the art of music; when they long, with a deep longing, for a concord of sweet sounds, and must listen to the clanking of life's coarsest machinery; when they must ever let ear and voice go untrained, must be denied the exquisite bound of the heart, the deep soul-thrilling, as the well trained fingers press the yielding keys of the sympathetic piano, or the grand, swelling deep-toned organ, and bring forth sweet sounds that seem to come from and draw one near to heaven.

And still to be pitied, are those who long for knowledge; those to whom books are more than all the treasures of earth, almost more than those of the other world.

How starved is the soul that so longs to delve into books; to glean from the musty tome the secrets of past ages; to search for traces of ancient kingdoms, races and arts; to explore the wily paths of scientific research; to walk all ways that the field of books point out! And yet they must forego it all; must live on, leaving all they pine for, and devote their lives to other work.

It seems unfair; it is sad, but the stern fact remains that we must do what is at hand. Duty first always.

Is there no compensation? Not here.

But let us hope that, in the future existence, there may come to them what they have missed here.—Imogene E. Johnson in Woman's Work.

Pocahontas Times.
JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Huntersville. W. Va.
February 25, 1892.

At Charleston, W. Va., Friday evening, while the family of Mont Barton were at Supper, an infant child choked to death by having food lodged in its throat. The mother became wild with grief and ran to the river, where she jumped in, but, fortunately, she was rescued by a man who had followed her.

A terrible accident occurred at Cameron in which two beautiful young girls, daughters of William Criswell, a wealthy citizen, lost their lives, one of them while heroically trying to save the other. Essie and Georgia Criswell, aged respectively 14 and 16, were walking along the Baltimore & Ohio railroad tracks, and while attempting to cross in front of a westbound train, Essie fell when the engine was almost upon her. Georgia, seeing her sister's danger, rushed to her rescue, and was struck by the locomotive and killed. Essie was cut in two by the wheels.

The following is from yesterday's Cincinnati Commercial *Gazette*: "Major Joe Gaul yesterday forwarded to Charleston W. Va., a remarkable little fellow named Charles Cannon.

The boy was found on the streets Wednesday night and had not a cent of money. He gave his age as thirteen, and told the following story: Five years ago he lived happily with his father, mother and brother in New Orleans, but his mother died and his father grew restless and moved to Arazona with his little family, and there he died about a year ago. The two brothers managed to subsist for some months, but not long ago the elder died, leaving Charles to make his own way through the world. Now in Charleston lives an aunt of the boy, and he knew if once there he would have a good home, so there he proposed to go. About two months past he started on foot to make the entire distance, but when in Missouri he fell sick and was compelled to live for several weeks with some farmers. These sent him to St. Louis, where he secured transportation to this city.—Charleston Gazette.

NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

LATE MATTERS OF INTEREST PERTAINING TO OUR GOVERNMENT.

[Reported for THE TIMES by our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, *Feb. 19th.*—Representative Springer, chairman of the Ways and Means committee, and Representative Bland, chairman of the Coinage committee, both assured your correspondent that there was not the slightest foundation for the stories that have been recently told about these committees antagonizing each other on the floor of the House. Mr. Bland says that himself and all the rest of the free coinage democrats are just as anxious to see the bills passed putting wool, cotton ties and binding twine on the free list, which have been prepared by the Ways and Means committee, as they are to pass the free coinage bill, and that they have never had any intention of antagonizing any of them. They only ask that a time be set for the consideration of the free coinage bill, and they will at ber as complaint if the Committee on Rules decide that their bill be taken up after tariff bills are passed.

The story that Mr. Mills intended offering an entire tariff bill as a substitute for the first one of the tariff bills taken up by the House, had just as little foundation. Mr. Mills has no idea of doing anything of the kind. He favors each of the bills prepared by the Ways and Means Committee, the only difference of opinion between himself and the majority of the committee being that he would like to see the entire tariff reformed at one time, instead of going at it by piecemeals. He will heartily support each of the bills, as steps in the right direction.

Congress, or as many of its members as can spare the time from important committee work, will leave here for Chicago tonight, as guests of the World's Fair committee of that city, returning next Wednesday morning.

Representative Rayner, of Maryland, this week delivered one of the strongest speeches against trusts ever heard on the floor of the House. He reminded the republicans that neither the Interstate Commerce law nor the Sherman act passed at the last session of Congress, had prevented the continued formation of the trusts and combinations which it was their alleged purpose to eradicate; that trusts still blossomed and flourished as they accumulate in every commercial centre; that they still defied the law and the jurisdiction and mandates of the courts, and that they still, with arrogant front and bold pretensions, executed their purposes without the slightest fear of inflicted punishment or the slightest concern about any encroachment upon their prerogative. They are so powerful and influential that the legislatures of the States seem to tremble at their presence, and the Congress of the United States had stood by with folded hands and permitted them, with an iron heel, to trample upon the rights of the people.

The committee to investigate the Pension Office has had a room assigned it in the capitol building, and it will hold daily sittings of several hours until its work is completed. Representative Cooper, of *Indianna*, and Enloe, of Tennessee, will assume the positions of prosecutors, they being thoroughly familiar with most of the charges brought against the bureau. Chairman Wheeler, of the investigation committee, says he enters upon the investigation without prejudice, and that he will be governed entirely by the evidence presented to the committee.

The House committee on Manufactures has designated Messrs. J. D. Warner, *M. D.* Egan, Sherman Hoar and *Ezra B.* Taylor a sub committee to conduct the investigation of the "sweating system" authorized by resolution of the House. Mr. Sherman Hoar will act as secretary to the sub-committee, and he will be glad to hear from any persons desiring to aid in finding out about this business. It is expected that the first hearing before the committee will take place the latter part of next week.

The House adopted a resolution calling upon the Post Master General for information relating to contracts made under the ocean mail subsidy act. Representative Enloe is the author of the resolution, and he wishes to use the information asked for in preparing an argument in favor of his bill for the repeal of the subsidy act, which he is confident will be passed by the House.

Democratic absentees are giving the leaders of the House a great deal of trouble, and now that the serious business of the session is getting before the House the continuation of this practice will prove very embarrassing, as it enables the republicans to tie the House up at any time by refusing to vote, thus breaking up a quorum, as was done several times this week.

The Indian appropriation bill, which is $10,415,850 less than the one passed last year, which carried $9,614,850 to pay for lands purchased from various tribes, is now being considered by the House. No time has been set to close debate upon it.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West virginia,
Pocahontas County, to-wit:
At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in February, 1892.

Samuel B Hannah .... Pl'ff
vs
Thomas D. Vanata, William N Morrow, George O Stephens and Uriah Hevener, ... Def'ts.

The object of this suit is to recover of the defendant Thomas D Vanata, the amount of three promissary notes made by him for the sum of $384 50 each, with interest on each sum from December, 8th, 1887, payable to the defendant Uriah Hevener, who has assigned said notes to the plaintiff Samuel B. Hannah; and to subject to sale, for payment of said amount and costs of this suit, a tract of land containing 904 acres, more or less, lying on Rich Mountain in Pocahontas County, State of West virginia, conveyed by said Uriah Hevener to said Thomas D. Vanata by deed dated the 12th day of December, 1887, retaining a vendor's lein on said land to secure payment of the amount of said several sums, which is part the purchase money agreed to be paid by said Vanata to said Hevener for said land: the said tract of land having been afterwards conveyed by said Vanata to the defendant Wm. N. Morrow, and by said Morrow conveyed yet later to the defendant George O. Stevens—and it appearing by affidavit filed, that the defendant George O. Stevens, is a non-resident of the State of West virginia: It is ordered that he do appear here within One month after the first publication of this Order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 1st day of February, 1892

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. McClintic, p. q
Feb. 4-4t. Printer's fee $13

Fiduciary Notices.

The accounts of the following fiduciaries are before the undersigned Commissioner of accounts for settlement, viz:

D. J. Cochran, executor of Elizabeth James, deceased.

Geo. Hill, adm'r with the will annexed of Martha Jordan dec'd.

W. H. Cackley, adm'r of L. E. Slaven dec'd.

Dr. John Ligon, executor of R. D McCutchron, dec'd.

M J. McNeel, adm'r of Susan Bugr, deceased.

M J McNeel, adm'r with the will annexed of Sarah Gum, deceased.

Given under my hand this 15th day of February 1892

J H PATTERSON, Com'r acc'ts

Fiduciary Notices.

The following fiduciary accounts are before me for settlement;

Levi Gay, ex'or of John Gay, dec'd

Levi Gay Ex'or of Margaret B. Gay.

William & Sherman Gibson, adm'rs of Samuel L. Gibson; dec'd.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r acc'ts.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County, to-wit:
At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in February, 1892.

The Bank of Ronceverte .... Pl'ff
vs.
I. B. Moore, William Curry, J. B. Lockridge and H. M. Lockridge ...... Def'ts.

The object of this suit is to recover of the defendants H. M. Lockridge, J. B. Lockridge and I. B Moore in favor of the plaintiff the amount of the sum of $627.12 due on Negotiable note made by said H. M Lockridge and endorsed by said J. B. Lockridge and I. B. Moore and of the sum of $1.18 costs of protest of said note, with interest on said amount from 18th day of November, 1891, together with costs of this suit; and to subject to payment thereof certain lands lying in Pocahontas County in the State of West Virginia, conveyed by said I. B. Moore to the defendant William Curry, by deed dated 9th day of January, 1892 and recorded on said day in the Clerk's office of the County Court of said Pocahontas County, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that H. M. Lockridge is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 1st day of February, 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

J. W. Harris,
L. M. McClintic, } sols.
J. W. Arbuckle,
Feb. 4-4t. Printer's fee $11.86

HOME NEWS

—Bring us a cake of sugar.

—Mr. J. C. Price, of Clover Lick, was in to see us Monday.

—County Court convenes next Tuesday.

—Measles are fast disappearing in this place.

—J. H. Patterson, Esq., Cl'k Co. Ct. is visiting at his home at Green Bank a few days.

—Sheldon Moore, Esq., who has been on the sick list for some time is able to be out again.

—Attorney H. S. Rucker and family have gone to Lewisburg on a visit.

—Thos. Kirkpatrick, Esq., of Lewisburg, was in town over night Tuesday.

—Mr. C. L. Burner, of Green Bank was in our city the first of the week.

—J. T. Hogsett, Esq. and son Wm., of Mill Point were in town over night last Thursday.

—Mr. Joe Gay, and a young [illegible] Courtney, of near Edray, came to see us last Thursday, while on their way to Va., on business.

—Mr. M. W. Beard has located in Iowa Park, Texas, and likes the country very much, as he says in a letter of recent date we received from him.

—The Literary Societies of Hillsboro Male & Female Academy will give an Entertainment on *Friday* evening, the 26th inst., beginning at 7:30 o'clock, p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to the Public. Admittance Fee 15c.

—We have just received a large supply of all kinds of stationary, such as letter, bill and note heads, envelopes, [illegible] shipping tags, business and visiting cards, and a lot of fine stationary, suitable for billetdoux.

—Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., has been granted absolute divorce from her husband, with the custody of her child and $1,000 to pay expenses of suit, and $100 a month as permanent alimony. Jim will have to get a hustle on, more so than he has ever shown himself capable of doing in the past.

—We understand that M. D. McGlaughlin, Esq., of near this city who sold his farm last year to Mess. McGraw & Marshall contemplates purchasing a farm near Lewisburg, Greenbrier County. Mr. McGlaughlin is a good citizen, and should he decide to leave our county he will be greatly missed.

—Revs. W. H. Ballengee of Green Bank and J. A. Taylor of Dunmore, preached very interesting sermons in the Methodist church at this place Sunday, Monday and Tuesday nights. They were also calling on friends before leaving for conference, which convenes in Harrisonburg, Va., March 23rd. Rev. Mr. Ballengee has been on the Green Bank circuit for four years, and we understand that he is very much liked both as a preacher and christian gentleman. Mr Taylor is a young man having only been in the ministry about one year. He is the assistant of Mr. Ballengee.

—H. P. McGlaughlin, Esq., was riding around the hillside road below town last Thursday, when his horse fell and in attempting to get up the bank gave way, throwing him over. Fortunately he lodged against a tree, from where he was let down with ropes, a distance of about 140 feet. If he hadn't lodged against the tree he would undoubtedly have been killed. Mr. Mc. jumped off when the horse fell or it is likely that he would have been seriously hurt. The horse came out all right, with the exception of a few scratches. This has been a dangerous piece of road ever since it was made. The banks giving away and falling in make it now impassable with a wagon.

—We have been having beautiful weather the past few days.

DUNMORE DOINGS.

Tap your sugar trees and see them run.

Miss Minnie McElwee, of Driscol, who was visiting friends and relatives here for several days returned home Tuesday, accompanied by Miss Otie Cackley and Ed. Jackson, Esq.

Mr. Geo. Baxter, of Edray is surveying near here this week.

Mr. Lamon, the [illegible] maker left this week for the valley of Va.

Swecker's auction sale last week at Clover Creek was largely attended.

Solomon Herald, of Split Rock has been delivering [illegible] books in this vicinity.

Rev. John A. Taylor, preached a very fine sermon here last Saturday.

Rev. Lautenschlager will preach at Dunmore next Sunday night.

Died, Henry Friel at his home on Greenbrier river Friday night the 12th inst.

BY THE WAY.

HILLSBORO HAPPENINGS.

Plenty of measles and mud.

Miss Ada Doyle is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. J. Stulting.

Messrs Robt. and John Shrader, of Dilley's Mill, were in town Monday.

Miss Alice Clark left last Thursday to fill the position of governess in the family of Mr. Peter Cleek near Huntersville W. Va.

Miss Margaret Moore has enrolled as a pupil of the H. T. School and Miss Sola Burner of the *M. & F.* Academy.

Mrs. J. C. Thrasher, of Ingleside, Md. arrived here on Sunday last to see her father Capt. W. L. McNeel who has been quite ill. He is better at this writing.

Oak Grove school (Jacox, W. Va.) taught by Miss Bella Clark closed Thursday the 18th inst. This is one of the best school in the Hillsboro district, 30 pupils enrolled, average percentage of attendance for the whole term 98.

The following officers were elected for the next quarter of Sons of Temperance:

Worthy Patriarch, G. R. Curry; Worthy Associate Miss G. M. Shearer; Recording Scribe Gus Eskridge; Assistant R. S. Miss Grace Harper; Financial Scribe, R. K. Burnes; Conductor, Walter Clark; Assistant Conductor, Miss Maud Taylor; Treasurer, W. R. Wylie; Chapelain Rev. C. Sydenstricker; Past Worthy Patriarch, A. R. Smith; Inside Sentinel, Miss Carrie Burgess; Outside Sentinel, M. C. Corbin.

VIXEN.

The car stables of the Norfolk City Railroad were burned, with ninety horses. Loss about $40,000; partly insured.

A Fiend's Work.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA., February 20—Jeff Watkins, who resides near Kanawha Station was brought here this morning and jailed. Last night Watkins attempted to kill a little 4 year-old boy, a child of Watkins' second wife and her first husband.

When the neighbors found the child one eye was knocked out, the front teeth broken and its face terribly cut and bruised.

The little one's toenails had been burned off, and its toes and feet were also terribly burned. Its condition is reported [illegible].

Timber, Mineral and Coal Lands Wanted.

Messrs. Harman & Harman, of Staunton, Va., representing syndicates, desire to purchase timber, mineral and coal lands in Pocahontas [illegible] counties. [illegible] having any property of this kind for sale will call on or address them at Huntersville, W. Va., where they will remain for a short time.

Assignment of the Rarig Works at Buena Vista.

On Wednesday last the Rarig Boiler Works Co., of Buena Vista, perhaps the largest plant of its kind in the South made an assignment for the benefit of its creditors, and acknowledges the company's insolvency and its inability to longer continue business or raise money to pay its debts. The property is a very valuable one, its works occupying four block in the city of Buena Vista. Mr. J. E. Mullen, the secretary of the company, is made the assignee, and at a period not more than six months distant is to advertise and sell all the property for cash. The debts amount to $82,581.44, principally owed to parties outside of Rockbridge county. The concern went into operation about a year ago with a capitol stock of $300,000, of which the Buena Vista Company subscribed $50,000. It has had large orders, and at one time worked 160 men, but has always been in need of working capital, and to this want its present assignment is to be traced, in part and partly to the depression of business, and the failure of many of the subscribers to its stock to pay up their assessments, either of which would be sufficient to cause an assignment.

FOR SALE.

I have for sale six full blooded Scotch Shepherd pups $2.50 and $5.00 each.

J. B. LOCKRIDGE,
Driscol, W. Va.

POCAHONTAS DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.

Mr. Brown M. Yeager has been appointed general agent for the Pocahontas Developement Co., at Marlinton to make sale of lots, and for the transaction of the business of the company at that point.

There are several odd [illegible] not included in those reserved [illegible] the drawing, which the company [illegible] sell on reasonable terms to such parties as will obligate them[illegible] to immediately begin the [illegible] tion of houses. [illegible]

For further information [illegible] ticulars, call [illegible]

BRO[illegible]
Marlinton, W. Va

Order [illegible] Publication.

State of West Virginia,
Pocahontas County, to wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County on the first Monday in February, 1892.

Witz, Beidler & Co. Pl'ffs
vs. } On amended and Supplemental Bill.

H. M. Lockridge, J. B. Lockridge, Ernest N. Moore, Mary J. Seebert, *Mary R.* Seebert, C. T. Seebert, Martha S. Seebert. Amos Barlow, Henry Barlow, Levi Gay. O. P. Sydenstricker, Emma N. Warwick, First National Bank of Buena Vista, The Bank of Ronceverte. J. C. Loury, Sr., J. C. Loury, Jr., and James H. Doyle, partners, doing business under firm name of Loury & Doyle, Wm. Gibson, John Wurts, James Erics, J. P. Hawkins, John Andrew Cleek, Bank of Lewisburg, Hugh Dever, J. M. Hardy and — Hardy, partners, trading under firm name of J. M. Hardy and Son, First National Bank of Buena Vista Virginia, John Adam McNeil and Hugh Adams, Def'ts.

Object of Amended or Supplemental bill is to convene all the judgment leinors of J. B. and H. M. Lockridge, to subject the land of said J. B. and H. M. Lockridge to sale to pay the leins thereon, after first paying the claim of plaintiffs for $871 26 with accumulated interest thereon and $4.61 cost of protest and cost of this suit, to have a decree declaring the preference shown by the defendant J. B. Lockridge, to all creditors in confessed judgments, illegal to have all creditors of said J. B. Lockridge (except the plaintiffs) paid pro rata on their debts, the amount realized from a sale of said H. M and J. B. Lockridge's land, after first paying the debts due the plaintiffs in full, and the debts of other creditors of said J. B. and H. M. Lockridge who came in and attacked the fraudulent conveyances of said J. B. and H. M. Lockridge, to have the priority of the debts due the attacking creditors, declared to exist from the date of the filing of their bills, to have a certain judgment which was confessed before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on the 16th day of January 1892, in favor of The First National Bank of Buena Vista, vs J. B. Lockridge for $1502.40 with interest from the 16th day of January 1892, declared void to require each defendant named to answer fully the plaintiffs Bill, to set aside a deed from E. N. Moore to J. B. Lockridge, dated the 3rd day of December 1891 as fraudulent and for general relief, and it appearing by affidavit filed, that H. M. Lockridge, Mary J. Seebert, *Mary R.* Seebert, C. T. Seebert, Martha S. Seebert, The First National Bank of Buena Vista, J. P. Hawkins, J. M. Hardy and — Hardy composing the firm of J. M. Hardy and Son, First National Bank of Buena Vista Virginia, John A. McNeil and Hugh Adams are non-residents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said court, this 1st day of February, 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

H. S. Rucker, p. q
Feb. 4-4 w printers fee $20.46

Notice to take Depositions.

To H. M. Lockridge, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert, Martha S. Seebert, Mary J. Seebert, The First National Bank of Buena Vista, J. P. Hawkins, J. M. Hardy and — Hardy, composing the firm of J. M. Hardy & Son, First National Bank of Buena Vista Virginia, John A. McNeil and Hugh Adams:

Take notice, that on the 27th day of February, 1892, between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m. at the law office of Dr. Wm. P. Rucker in the town of Lewisburg Greenbrier County, West Virginia, we will proceed to take the deposition of [illegible] M. McGlaughlin [illegible] and on the 4 day of [illegible] 1892, between the hours of [illegible] a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m. at the office of D. H. Rucker & Co., First National Bank building, in the town of Buena Vista, county of Rockbridge, State of Virgina we will proceed to take the depositions of George H. Rucker and others, and on the 12th day of March, 1892 between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m., at the office of W. [illegible] H. Bal[illegible], Corner Hopkins Place [illegible] and Liberty Streets, in the [illegible] Baltimore, State of Maryland [illegible] will proceed to take the depositions of I. Witz and others [illegible] the 21st day of March 1892, between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m. at the law office of H. S. Rucker in the town of Huntersville, County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia we will proceed to take the depositions of H. S. Rucker and others, all of which said depositions when taken will be offered as evidence in our behalf, in a certain suit in chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, State of West Virginia, in which we are plaintiffs and you and others are defendants.

If from any cause the taking of said Depositions or any of them shall not be commenced or completed on the day or days aforesaid, the same will be continued from day to day or from time to time, at the same places and between the same hours herein specified respectively until the same shall be begun and completed.

WITZ, BIEDLER & CO.
By counsel.

H. S. Rucker, Sol.
Feb. 4-4 t Printers fee $12.00.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia.
Pocahontas County, to-wit:

Guggenheimer & Co., ... Plaintiffs,
vs. } On amended and Supplemental Bill.

H. M. Lockridge, J. B. Lockridge, Ernest N. Moore Mary J. Seebert, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert, Martha S. Seebert, Amos Barlow, Henry Barlow, Levi Gay, O. P. Sydenstricker, Emma N. Warwick, First National Bank of Buena Vista, The Bank of Ronceverte, J. C. Loury, sr., J. C. Loury, jr., and James H. Doyle partners, doing business under firm name of Loury & Doyle, Wm. Gibson, John Wurts, James Price J. P. Hawkins, John Andrew Cleek, Bank of Lewisburg, Hugh Dever, J. M. Hardy and —— Hardy, partners trading under firm name of J. M. Hardy & son, First National Bank of Buena Vista Virginia. John Adam McNeil and Hugh Adams................Defendants.

Object of amended or Supplemental bill is to convene all the judgment lienors of J. B. and H. M. Lockridge, to subject the land of said J. B. and H. M. Lockridge to sale to pay the leins thereon after first paying the claim of plaintiffs for $1196.52 with accumulated interest thereon and $7 32 costs of protest and cost of this suit—to have a decree declaring the preference shown by the defendant J. B. Lockridge, to all creditors in confessed judgments illegal; to have all creditors of said J. B. Lockridge (except the plaintiff's) paid pro rata on their debts, the amount realized from a sale of said H. M. and J. B. Lockridge's land, after first paying the debts due the plaintiff's in full and the debts of other creditors of said J. B. and H. M. Lockridge who came in and attacked the fraudulent conveyances of said J. B. and H. M. Lockridge to have the priority of the debts due the attacking creditors, declared to exist from the date of the filing of their bills, to have a certain judgment which was confessed before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the 16th day of January, 1892, in favor of The First National bank of Buena Vista vs. J. B. Lockridge for $1502.40 with interest from the 16th day of January, 1892, declared void; to require each defendant named to answer fully the plaintiffs bill, to set aside a deed from E. N. Moore to J. B. Lockridge, dated the 3rd day of December 1891 as fraudulent and for general relief and it appearing by affidavit filed, that H. M. Lockridge, Mary J. Sebert, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert, Martha S. Seebert, The First National bank of Buena Vista, J. P. Hawkins, J. M. Hardy and —— Hardy composing the firm of J. M. Hardy & son, First National bank of Buena Virginia, John A. McNeil and Hugh Adams are nonresidents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered they do appear here within One month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 1st day of February, 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

H. S. Rucker p. q.
Feb. 11, 4t. Printer's fee $20.40

NOTICE TO TAKE DEPOSITIONS.

To H. M. Lockridge, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert, Martha S. Seebert, Mary J. Seebert, The First National Bank of Buena Vista, J. P. Hawkins, J. M. Hardy and —— Hardy composing the firm of J. M. Hardy and son First National bank of Buena Vista Virginia, John A. McNeil and Hugh Adams:

[illegible]

GUGGENHEIMER & CO.
By counsel.

H. S. Rucker, sol.
Feb. 4 4t Printer's fee [illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

February 25, 1892.

BRER GARDNER ON WOMAN.

"Dis ar' letter," said Brother Gardner, as the regular meeting of the Cotton Blossom Club opened in due form, and he held out a corn colored envelope in his hand, "dis ar' letter am from de Sorosis-Society of Chicago, an' it axes dis Club to report its observashuns on de infloocence of de female sex on liberty, pollyticks, art, progress an' bizness.

Brudder Beebe, I will ax you fur your opinion as to de infloocence of de sex on de matter of liberty."

Brother Beebe had just slipped off both shoes to scratch his chill blains, but he stood up in his stockings and replied that he had of late years observed a disposition on the part of the female sex to act as they pleased, go where they pleased and carry a bundle of liberty under each arm day and night. One hundred years ago no one but a statesman weighing 180 pounds dared mention the name of "Liberty" except in a low, sweet voice. To day even the homeliest woman in the community spoke of the goddess with as much indifference as she would refer to ginger or salaratus. It was his opinion, based somewhat on the conduct of his own wife, that woman was running the liberty business into the ground, and that special laws must soon be enacted for the protection of the male sex in their inalienable rights.

"Brudder Trustee Pullback, what do you know of de infloocence of de female sex on pollyticks?" asked the president.

Broteer Pullback replied that he knew of at least a dozen wives who bossed their husband's votes, and a good many more who wanted to, and an aunt of his down in Tennessee had stabbed a tin pedler with a butcher knife because they differed on how to spell Blaine's name. Women went into politics with an excuse that they were after a few small privileges, but had almost succeeded in grabbing everything in the basket. Should he live ten years longer he would expect to see about every male office holder in this country turned out in the cold.

Brudder Penstock, has you noticed any particular infloocence of de female sex on de matter of art?" querried Brudder Gardner.

Rev. Penstock had. Such a thing as making an old brown four-gallon jug a thing of beauty and a parlor ornament would never have been thought of but for the gentler sex. A man would pass an old tomato can in the back yard a dozen times a day without a second glance. A woman would seize upon it fourthwith and transform it into a Grecian vase of exquisite beauty at a cost of only ten cents. Art had become a part of our everyday lives, and woman was responsible for it and entitled to our thanks. A decade ago a landscape painted on the headboard of a bedstead was considered something wonderful, but the influence of woman on art had been so strong that he himself, poor as he was, landscaped in seven different places, besides having the legs painted a beautiful red.

He also fully realized that art had made woman more beautiful unto derself. Give a woman homly enough to stop a clock $25 in cash and she could blossom out inside of a week something fit for the Queen's drawing-room. The Reverend closed his remarks with a peroration which drew tears to the eyes of Samuel Shin, and doubled Elder Toots' right leg back under him untill he was upset off the bench.

"Brudder Judge Chewso, has you observed any pertickler infloocence of woman on de matter of progress?" asked the President, as order was restored.

The Judge had just borrowed Colonel Kyann Johnson's plug tobacco and bitten off seven cents worth, and therefore hesitated to respond. He finally passed the quid from his mouth to his vest pocket and said he thought he had observed considerable influence. He understood on good authorrty that women had discoverd all the comets worth discovering, planned all the great bridges and tunnels, and wrested the greatest secrets from science. Her influence had been felt everywhere and in everything, from introducing the buzz saw into the mills of Maine to the cutting off the legs of farmers with the mowing machine in California. If it hadn't been for the progressive ideas of women, we should be riding on the Erie Canal when we wanted to go to Buffalo, and mutton tallow would still be in the lead as a hair oil and restorer.

In his own case, he continued after a halt to feel if the quid had worked out of his pocket, he would have been perfectly satisfied to sit around all day and pl n how to become a millionaire, but his progressive wife had driven him out to work all day long and then made him weave corn husk mats in the evening. He closed without any peroration and with his fingers in his vest pocket.

Judge Cadaver was then asked what influence woman seemed to exercise on business. [illegible] Judge is rather slow [illegible] h s [illegible] movements and speech and it took [illegible] just two minutes to clear his voice and plant his feet and get ready to say that he lay awake at least four nights out of a week considering this very question. If it wasn't for the fema[illegible] t[illegible] business of the world w[illegible] one half. One dry goods [illegible] city could supply all [illegible] but it took twenty or th[illegible] the women. Women not only [illegible] ported old establishments, [illegible] forced new ones to enter th[illegible] For instance, the decora[illegible] hosiery gave employment [illegible] persons the year round. It [illegible] out of sight and utterly useless, [illegible] it circulated million[illegible] dollars. Pads, bust[illegible] cor[illegible] cosmetics, false hair [illegible] in that line were de[illegible] and [illegible] t be furnished, circu[illegible] millions more. One hundred y[illegible] woman made one bonnet [illegible] twenty two years, and it was [illegible] top to bottom for her sister. One millinery store was then sufficient to supply the whole State of New Jersey. Now-a-days no woman who pretended to put on any style would wear a bonnet over three years at the longest, and he counted five millinery stores in Jersey city alone when over there the other day buying up bottles. Woman not only influenced business, but was business herself. In the cabin next to his was a man earning $12 per week and his wife had saved enough out of his wages for a year past to buy herself a pair of bracelets costing $100. The Judge closed with a graceful tribute to women and her influence, but in so doing he ripped [illegible] up the back and then sat down on Deacon Spooner's hat and ruined it [illegible].

"It seems to be de opinyun of dis Club," said Brother Gardner, as he slowly rose and put on his spectacles to enable him to see that Samuel Shin had half his body out of one the alley window and to motion to Give[illegible] Jones to plant a kick where it would do the most good, "I repeat dat it seem to be de opinyun of dis Club dat woman am a good thing, and dat it was lucky for us dat she was thought of soon arter de creashun. She's got infloocence, of co'se and in nearly ebery thing its infloocence kin be publicly seen an' in odders it am only felt in de home circle; as whar' de husband cums home to find no fish in de stove an' no supper ready, bekase he forgot to split any wood in de mawhin'. If it wasn't fur woman's infloocence dis would be a world in which not one man a thousand would change his shirt, comb his hear, grease [illegible] boots or keer two cents wheddah his pants bagged at de knees or not. De Secretary will reply to de Sorosis Society dat dis Club am perfeckly satisfied wid woman as fur as she has panned out an' dat de [illegible] her look full of de biggest kind o' sweet potaters an' de fattest sort o' possum. We will new disembark de meetin' an' go home.

[illegible] of THE TIMES are refered to the following persons who have the ALLEGER ORGANS:

[illegible]nie Mollohan, Re[illegible], W. Va.

[illegible] Ott, Charleston, W. Va.

Jacob [illegible]ely, Roseville, W. Va.

W. H. Swiger, Malta, [illegible] Va.

[illegible] Heavener, Pe[illegible], W. Va.

Tinta Craig, [illegible] Elk, W. Va.

—If you w[illegible] Letter and Note heads, neatly printed and put up in tablet form, cheaper than y[illegible] can get them anywhere else, call at THE TIMES office. We also do all kinds of nice job printing and have on hands a nice line of stationary business cards, &c. &c.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. 9. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, March 3, 1892. Terms of Subscription. $1.00 per year. In advance. No. 33

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Cl'k Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Cl'k Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, S. B. Hannah, G. M. Kee.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

A CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

TRAGEDIES IN EVERY DAY LIFE THAT ARE SELDOM SEEN.

As I sprang on the rear platform of my regular evening car a few evenings ago and took my station against the tail board, for all possibility of getting a seat was out of the question, the conductor greeted me with a cheery 'good evening, sir.'

'Good evening,' I replied, for he was a good fellow whom I had met so often only on my daily trips that we always indulge in a little friendly conversation. After collecting the fares he took up his position beside me.

'Missed you for a few evenings, hope you haven't been sick,' he said, with kindly interest.

"No," *I* replied, laughing, 'nothing so serious as that, only a new baby.'

'*Is* that so, sir? Well I'm glad to hear it. I was afraid it might be the grip. Terrible thing that grip. Boy, sir?"

'Yes, a little boy. I now have a gentleman's wish, a boy and girl.'

Here we reached the railroad crossing and he jumpt down to pilot us sofely across. When he again returned he rather startled me by saying abruptly:

'A man never appreciates a home until he loses it.'

'That's so,' I replied, rather astonished at his earnestness.

'You'll excuse me, won't you, if I first tell you about what came under my notice and makes me feel as if I must preach it right out as a warning like. Us conductors see a sight of human life in one way or another, and if it ain't the passengers, why then it is the peeps we get into people's homes when the shades is up and them new fangled lamps show off everything in the room. I've been on this route going on two years, and I could tell you many a thing that's happened to the families living along my line, but life's too short, and *I'm* just going to tell you one, and that beats the whole lot. It broke me up for a week, it did for a fact. You see, I was a married man once myself, and I had as good a woman as ever lived for my wife. Yes, she is dead,' as he noted the question in my eyes.

'Be careful, madam; that step is very slippery. Yes, B— street is one square west, and he turns from his duties to pick up the thread of his story, which as the car gradually thinned out, he could tell without so many interruptions.

'My girl's name was Jane, and she was one of those rosy cheeked, sleek-haired girls that know just how to twine themselves all around a man's heart strings. We were only sparking three months when I brought her home, and if she and me didn't just kneel right down and thank God for our happiness. I warn't much of a prayin' man, but when she looked up at me with her dear face all a shining with joy I just knelt right by her and my heart echoed every word she said.

'We hadn't much money, but she made every burden light with her cheering ways and when the baby came we wouldn't have exchanged places with the present of the road.

'You remember sir, that terrible [illegible] summer five years ago. Little Joe was teethin' and worryin' like from the heat, we thought, but one night when I thought I'd take Jane and him out to the Park for an airin' I found him stretched out cold in death in his mother's arms. She never said a word when I come in, but looked so still and white for a minute I thought she had gone too.

'That was a terrible time, sir, and after the funeral I noticed Jane looked so thin and pale. You see we both had been so taken up with baby that we'd never thought of ourselves. I felt pretty peaked myself, but I could see that pining for Joey and that the heat was killing my girl. We went back to her father's for a spel'; but she did nothing but sit in the churchyard and cry, and finally she just gave out entirely and I burried her alongside the baby.

'If I'd ever been unkind to her I could never look a man in the face, but, thank God, she and me and little Joey will meet some day, and she will look right into my heart with her smiling eyes and she won't find no deception there. You see, once haveing a baby of my own, it kinder made me take an interest in 'em all for his sake, and one day about a year ago, I noticedthat on this trip there would always be a young woman and a baby in the parlor window of that house over there. We are just coming to it now. Every day there they'd be, the woman very girlish looking, and somehow reminding me of Jane about the eyes.

'The baby was a chubby little chap and he used to clap his hands when he'd hear the bells, and jump almost out out of his mother's arms when the horses came in sight. After a while I kinder thought he grew to know me, and his mother would give me a nice little smile when I waved to the baby. They were waiting for the baby's father, and somehow without knowing him I took a dislike to him and when I saw him I felt like cowhiding him.

'He was one of them handsome fellows, the kind woman spoil with waitin' on and makin' 'em think they're the lords of creation. Sometimes he'd come up on this trip, but not the little as on the last one. How glad so often woman would be when he came at 5 o'clock, but I noticed the baby sorter acted as if he were a stranger like, and kept right on looking at the horses, and I thought of little Joe how he'd squeal and jump with delight when I come home and I didn't envy that young fellow his patent leather shoes or his diamond stud or nothin' he had except his wife's love.

'Many times I've helped him out of this car so full he couldn't see, and I never looked up at the parlor window, for I knew even though it were midnight she was waiting. She never seemed to have no company, and my heart used to ache when I'd see that lonely figger, and he down town carousing.

'Well, the climax come last month. We were coming up along here on our last trip, and it was awful still and quiet like. The stars looked very cold and far away, and I was thinkin' of how different it used to be, coming home to the neat, pretty room and my lovin' wife to what it was now when I turned in all alone, the things all covered with dust and and my clothes lying just where I'd left 'em. Kinder as if I couldn't help it, I just looked up at the baby's house expecting it to be all dark.

'You can imagine how I was took by surprise when I saw a great sheet of flame burst out of the second story window and a moment later a woman's cry for help rang out on the quiet street. Well, sir, *I* just bundled off that car, and before you could say Jack Robinson I was up there pulling down lace curtains and the catchy things hanging on the mantel. The poor little creature was half dead with fright, and between her sobs and thanks she told me how her husband had been on a spree for a week and when she remonstrated with him he had locked her out of the room and said he'd do as he pleased in his own house.

'He must have done that to the Queen's taste, for there were empty bottles, broken glass and cigar stumps enough in that room to start a first-class saloon. Probably he tried to smoke in bed; but was too drunk to care what became of his lighted cigar, for that was the cause of all the mischief. It would have been a blessed good thing if he had burnt himself up instead of frightening his poor wife nearly to death. That man sir, is as much a murderer as if he'd stuck a knife into her heart. She died from fright. The next day the doctors carriage was there when I went down and it was there still when I come up.

'For a week the baby watched the doctor's horse from a stranger's arms, and then one day there was another wagon before the door, and later the crape fluttered from the knob, the shades were drawn down and the baby boy was motherless. My heart used to ache for him, sir, when I'd see the way the nurse would slap him and pull him about, and I can't say I'm sorry when a little white streamer told of another soul gone home.

'I miss his little face, but sometimes I like to fancy that he and Joey are playing together. The widower didn't stay long in the house after the baby died, and there's a new family there now, and no baby watches for the car by the parlor window; but I often wonder if that man doesn't feel guilty every he hears a baby's cry or sees a time womans face. Is this your street, sir? How time does fly when one gets to talking. Good night.'

And as I stepped out into the gathering darkness I wandered more and more at the tragedies in every day life.

SURE PROFITS FOR THE BANKER.

"You ought to come up into our part of the state," said a tall countryman over the bank counter the other day to the cashier.

"Where's that?" inquired the cashier.

"Up in the upper peninsula of Michigan."

"What have you got that's interesting?"

"Got people that'll make more money in ten minutes doing banking their way than you'll make your way in ten years."

"How do they do it?"

"Discountin'."

"We make something in that line ourselves."

"Yes, I s'pose so, but not like them. By criminy," he went on, emphatically. "I had a note for $150 the other day I wanted discounted and I took it to one of them shavers and after he had figgered about ten minutes I owed him $1.37."

"How did he make that out?" inquired the puzzled cashier.

"That's what I said to him and he told me that according to his way of calculating the discount on a note like that, the whole thing amounted to $151.37 and he was willing to take the note if I'd pay the balance in cash. You ain't got any bankin' like that here, have you?" and the cashier hastened to assure him that city bankers didn't do business that way."

A man was on trial in a southwestern State for a very grave offence. The jury were slow in coming to an agreement and many people were waiting about to know the verdict. At this state of affairs a colored bailiff come out of the jury room and hastened down one of the corridors.

"Hold on! hold on!" called out a man who was waiting. "Have the jury agreed?"

"Yis, dey done 'greed," said the bailiff grinning.

"What's the verdict?"

"Well, boss," said the bailiff, "ye see 'twas dis erway: Dey was some on 'em wanted sandwiches an' some on 'em wanted pie: an' bum by dey done 'greed dey'd hab some crackers 'n' cheese, an' dey sen' me out fer to fotch 'em!"

"Will you please hold this baby a moment while I go and buy a ticket to Albany?" asked a sharp featured woman with a parrot nose, of a spare little man at the Central depot last night. "I'd like to accommodate you, ma'am," he replied, "but once in St. Louis a woman gave me a baby to hold while she went for a drink, and I've got that baby yet. It keeps me in poverty to pay that kid's fines nowadays. Your child may have a bright moral future before him, but I wouldn't hold him if you were to post forfeiture bonds for his good behavior."

Young Mother (in ecstacy)—Yes, my little niece, this is your teeny weeny ittie baby cousin. Isn't he a darling? Bless his itty tootsy wootsies! He can talk too. Sit up, baby and talk to your ittie cousin.

Baby—Goo, goo, goo, woo, mawow, wow, wow, goo, goo.

Little Niece (in disgust)—I've dot a new doll at home 'at talks better zan either of you.

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
Three in.	2 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
Qr. column	3 00	6 00	10 00	17 00
Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., $1.00 in advance; after 6 months, $1.25; after 12 months, $1.50

These terms will be strictly complied with.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

March 3, 1892.

It would be well for the Democratic local committes in every county in the state to get to work at once and leave nothing undone for the approaching political campaign. This campaign promises to be the liveliest that has been in a long time. The Republicans are already at work, and will strain every nerve, honestly and by a long shot otherwise to carry our state this fall.

Hon. J. M. Sydenstricker, of our sister county Greenbrier who is a candidate for the nomination for Govenor of West Virginia, declares imphatically that he is not in favor of a third party, or proper Farmers' Alliance party, and submits his claims to the Democratic Convention, and will abide by the result. Undoubtedly Mr. Sydenstricker is right, as a larger majority of the membership of the Farmers' Alliance are opposed to a third party, and it would be as useless as absurd to fight in that line.

While we are not personally acquainted with Mr. Sydenstricker we can safely predict, from complimentary notices we see of him, a good show for the nomination.

NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

LATE MATTERS OF INTEREST PERTAINING TO OUR GOVERNMENT.

[Reported for THE TIMES by our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26th.—The good sense of the democrats of the House has about put an end to all danger of a clash in the party over the free coinage bill. A caucus was held last night, not for the purpose of binding anyone against his will, but to allow a free exchange of opinion as to what ought to be done, and the prediction is made by those high in the party councils that a special rule will be reported from the committee on Rules fixing a date for the consideration of the free coinage bill. The free binding twine bill is to be called up next week and a final vote will be taken on it, if the present programme is adhered to, on the first Monday in April. It is expected that the date for the concideration of the free coinage bill will be set for the same week in which the binding twine bill is passed, and that it will be disposed of before the other two bills, which have the right of way at all times, are called up.

Senator Sherman has had no love for Mr. Blaine since the national republican convention of 1888, as he has always believed that Mr. Blaine knocked him out of being nominated for Presidency, by that convention, and his resolution which was adopted calling upon the President to inform the Senate of the proceedings recently had with the representatives of the Dominion of Canada and of the British government as to arrangements for reciprocal trade with Canada, [illegible] from Maine. It is believed that Senator Sherman, who is credited with having said that Mr. Blaine was still in the field for the republican nomination, thinks that the publication of the proceedings of the recent conference will bring out some of the facts not altogether creditable to the Secretary of State.

Mr. Harrison and his family have gone to Virginia Beach for a week's holiday. His extraordinary exertions in getting that letter from Mr. Blaine tired him out.

Senator Bate made a short but strong speech agaunt the Paddock pure food bill, this week, which he said was a measure that would turn the Agricultural department into a huge partisan political machine, as under it there would be commissioned a multitude of employes, who might be stationed along the railroads of the country and of course, at places convenint to voting precincts, where they could help carry out the political orders received from headquarters. Another reason why Mr. Bate opposes the bill is that he thinks it a matter belonging exclusively to the several States, with which the general government has nothing to do. Senator Coke is also opposed to the bill, which he says attempts an utterly impracticable thing in trying to regulate and take care of the food, drink and medicine of 65,000,000,000 people, which never has been done and never can be done. If it becomes a law, he thinks the country would be overrun with spies and informers, without accomplishing anything, because the people would never accept the dictum of a bureau at Washington on what they should eat, or drink, or what medicine they should take.

A bill amending the naturalization laws has been favorable reported to the House from the Judiciary committee. It provides that no alien who has ever been convicted of a felony or other infamous crime or misdemeanor involving moral torpitude, or who is an anarchist or polygamist, or who immigrated to this in violation of any of its laws, or who cannot read the constitution of the United States, shall be naturalized. It requires five years continuous residence in the United States and one year in the State in which application is made to become a citizen.

The big monopolists received $1,711,071 in drawbacks on tin cans manufactured to carry their products abroad, from Oct. 1, 1890, when the McKinley tariff went into effect, up to Dec.31, 1891, according to a report sent to the House by the treasury department, in answer to a resolution calling for information on the subject; but in realty that large amount was paid between July 1, 1891 and Dec. 31 of the same year,—just six months—for the tin schedule of the McKinley law did not go into effect until the first of last July.

Congress is just beginning to pull itself together after its Chicago picnic.

Mr. Harrison this week sent a special World's Fair message to Congress, in which he treats the question of a $5,000,000 appropriation in a very diplomatic manner, throwing the responsibility of determining the matter upon the Congressional committee, and adding some taffy for the exposition.

Representative Hatch says his anti-option bill will not interfere with legitimate transactions, but is aimed at the fictitious speculations, which he thinks are on a par with any other form of gambling. He is confident that it will be supported by at least two-thirds of the House. The hearings have been completed, but the committee will take time to thoroughly digest them before reporting the bill.

There must be a particularly hot spot in the earth under Wheeling, W. Va. It is hoped to sink the well now being driven there at least a mile. The well is a little less than five inches in diameter. Its peculiarity is that no vein of water has been tapped, and being perfectly dry, scientific men have had an unexampled opportunity to conduct their investigations. The temperature is being taken [illegible] depths. At a depth of 1,350 feet the temperature is 68 degrees; at 2,375 feet, 79 degrees; at 3,375 feet, 92 degrees; at 4,375 feet, 108 degrees; at 4,462 feet, 111 degrees. Thus the temperature is increasing faster and faster the deeper the boring. For instance, the increase in the 1,000 feet from 2,375 to 3,375 is about 13 degrees, while the increase in the next 1,000 feet is more than 16 degrees. If the heat goes on increasing in similar progression, a depth will be reached before long where every solid substance will be melted. That, however, will be no indication that the same state of things exists everywhere under the earth's crust, for wells driven in other parts of the world have shown very different rates in the increase of heat.

HOME NEWS

—An 8 inch snow fell here Sunday night.

—County Court convened here Tuesday.

—Prominent gentlemen, too numerous to mention attended Court at this place Tuesday.

—Attorney L. M. McClintic returned Monday night from a business trip to Grafton.

—Messrs. Isaac McNeel, of Mill Point and Wm. Gibson, of Elk, jury commissioners, drew the jury for April Court, Tuesday.

—Mr. Jno. Cleek's youngest child of Mill Point, a little boy about 2 years old died last Sunday night of diptheria.

—Messrs. Dewing & Son's large barn at their Cheat Bridge lumber camp, was burned last Thursday with 16 head of fine horses, harness, hay, &c. Loss about $4,500. Supposed to be of incindiary origin.

—Mr. M. E. Barrett, architect and building contractor is here this week submitting to the County Court plans and specifications for the new court house.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McComb of this place had the sad misfortune last Sunday morning to have a child born dead. Mrs. McComb is getting along as well as could be expected.

—Mr. George I. Garrison, of Wheeling, who shot and killed Dr. George Baird in that city about a year ago, has been granted a new trial.

—ONE WHO KNOWS, or at least, he says he does, writing to the Greenbrier Independent says that Hon. Jno. W. Arbuckle, of Lewisburg is a candidate for the re-election to the State Senate.

—A chimney burning out in the Wagner hotel Tuesday night about 10 o'clock, caused a right smart excitement, as every body that seen it thought the hotel was afire and hollowed, fire! fire! fire!

—Died—Mrs. Darias Alderman, at her home on Douthard's creek this morning. Child birth was the cause of her death, though three doctors were with her. She had been in delicate health for some time. She leaves a husband and several small children to mourn her loss.

—Dick Rankin, alias two or three other names, who is confined in jail at this place and who stands indicted for the murder of Wm. Underwood, col, at Buckeye last September, is very much afraid he will have to stretch hemp. He is as badly scared as a pup with a tin can tied to his tail, and is making preparations almost day and night to meet the Great Creator, who, he is afraid, will be also somewhat rough on his miserable soul. His cell mate, is very much annoyed, as he says, at his persistent praying, and consequently loses some very valuable snoozes, that would otherwise help to while away the time.

GREEN BANK BREVITIES.

We are sorry to say that grip is raging again in our vicinity also pheumonia and chicken pox.

W. W. Galford and T. S. Patterson of Glade Hill, we are glad to say are getting better.

Mrs. W. H. Hull is improving very slow.

James Curry has had another severe attack of the grip and is but little improved.

G. C. Cooper and family are down with grip.

We are sorry to learn of Robt. Brown getting killed by a tree falling on him near Davis city some time ago.

C. P. Kerr, who got his leg broke some time ago has an attack of Pneumonia at this writing.

Some of our wide-awake farmers are making sugar while the trees run.

The snow is a foot deep and still snowing.

Rev. J. A. Taylor preached a very good sermon here last Sunday, we will be sorry to see him leave.

Rev. W. H. Ballenger will preach his last sermon for the year in the Green Bank Church on the 13th of March two weeks from yesterday. We are sorry it is the last.

There has been more sickness in this this vicinity this winter than has been for many years, with grip in the lead.

Reports from Alexander Lumber Camp say that Sherman Darnell was killed near that place from a knife wound some time ago. We hope is not so.

C. H.

DIED—MRS. D. A. FISHER.

Mrs. Fisher wife of D. A. Fisher, Esq., died this morning (Wednesday) about 9 o'clock at her home at this place, of a complication of diseases, aged about 45 years. She leaves a husband, three grown children, two sisters and a host of friends to mourn her loss. Mrs. Fisher has for several years been in delicate health. She was a kind christian lady, and her end was as peaceful as if she was going to sleep. The sorrowing relatives have the sympathy of the entire community.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following is a list of deeds for February:

A. deed from H. A. Yeager and wife to E. A. Smith for land near Green Bank.

Mathias L. Moore and wife to L. M. McClintic for land on Marlin's Mountain.

H. M. Lockridge and wife to Andrew Herold for land on Alleghany mountain.

Hugh Adams and wife to H. P. and B. B. Earnshaw, for land on Elk.

J. T. Beale and wife to G. C. C. Beale for land on Dry Branch.

Harmon H. Seebert and wife to B. M. Yeager for land on East prong Greenbrier and Little rivers.

Catherine Seybert to B. M. Yeager for land on east prong of Greenbrier and Little rivers.

Andrew C. and Benjamin Seybert and Joseph Ellington and wife to B. M. Yeager for all of their rights title and interests in land on east prong of Greenbrier and Little rivers.

H. H. Slaven and wife to B. M. Yeager for land on the waters of Greenbrier river.

Harris C. Fleisher and wife to B. M. Yeager for land on little river.

Jno. W. Hull to B. M. Yeager for land on little river.

Elizabeth Hiner and Samuel Hiner to B. M. Yeager for land on Greenbrier river.

W. G. Gilkeson and wife to B. M. Yeager for land on south east fork of Greenbrier river.

Henry Seebert to B. M. Yeager for land on Little river

O. P. Chew and wife and others to B. M. Yeager for land on east branch of Greenbrier river.

H. C. Queen and wife and others, to W. H. Collins for land on left hand fork of the West Fork in Upshur county.

M. W. Underwood and wife to M. M. Underwood for thier interests as heirs in the estate of Elizabeth Underwood.

H. M. Lockridge and wife to H. A. Holt and A. F. Mathews for land on Dry Branch.

G. C. C. Beale to J. G. Hamrick, trustee for Nannie Hamrick, for land on Dry Branch of Elk river.

Timber, Mineral and Coal Lands Want.

Messrs. Harmon & Harmon, of Staunton, Va., representing syndicates, desire to purchase timber, mineral and coal lands in Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

Persons having any property of this kind for sale will call on or address them at Huntersville, W. Va., where they will remain for a short time.

ROBBERY.

Mr. N. J. Brown, of Mill Point Robbed of Over $545.00 and Almost Killed.

Probable the coolest and most daring robbery ever committed in the County took place at Mill Point last Friday night about eight o'clock.

As *Mr.* N. J. Brown was sitting in his store enjoying a cigar, some friends and customers having just left, two men with faces blacked entered and demanded his money at the point of a pistol. Mr. Brown thinking it was some friends trying to scare him, reached the stub of his cigar to them, when one of them whacked him over the head with a club that they also carried. Mr. Brown was still sitting in his chair when the villian struck him, and in a second after when he recovered from the shock he raised and grappeled with the assailant, when the other one struck him on the wrist and repeatedly over the head with a short club until Mr. Brown was too weak to further defend himself, and not having anything th defend himself with, had to sit down. The robbers then demanded of him to unlock the safe, and the safe being unlocked, not having been yet locked for the night Mr. Brown told them so. They then took all the money in it, rifled the cash drawer of the store and his pockets, getting in all $545.00—about $345.00 of which was Mr. Brown's and the remainder belonged to some one else, who had left it there for safe keeping.

One of them rifled the tills while the other guarded Mr. Brown, and attended his necessary wants, such as giving him water several times, &c., and enquiring of him how much money his pal was getting from each till, probably thinking it would be valuable information to him when he called for a devide of the spoils.

After advising Mr. Brown that if he left the store within 50 minutes he would be a dead man, and telling him that they did not suppose he would need any more money they left.

Mr. Brown then being very weak from the loss of blood, after a short time he made his way up to Mr. Isaac McNeel's, a short distance from the store, and informed him of what had taken place. Mr. Brown then with the assistance of Mr. McNeel went to Dr. Wallace's also only a short distance away and had him dress his wounds, which were several severe cuts and bruises on the head and a fractured wrist. He was then taken to his room.

It being very dark nothing could be done toward tracking or hunting for the robbers, and the next morning it was found that they had stolen two horses from Mr. Thomas Smith who lives about a mile and a half below Academy. Mr. Smith finding his horses gone followed their tracts, and found them near Lewisburg, where the robbers abandoned them and left them in the road.

It is supposed that they took the train at Ronceverte.

The day of the robbery and the day before, two suspecious characters were seen lurking in the brush in that vicinity, allowing no one to get close to them, except when one of them called at Mr. James Jordan's house and asked for a "hand out" for four men. Mr. Jordan insisted on him to have his friends come to the house and have their dinners, when he told him that the other fellows were drunk and would not come. Mr. Jordan then gave him the dinner asked for, and sent a man along to bring the bucket back, and when they went to where he said they were waiting, instead of three, there was only one, and he would not let the man who had gone to bring the bucket back see him. *It* is supposed that these fellows are the robbers, and that they were wanting to get enough to eat for for two meals.

AUCTION SALE

PERSONAL PROPERTY AND REAL ESTATE.

I will sell at public auction at my residence on Back Alleghany.

TUESDAY, MARCH THE 29TH, 1892, the following personal property:

3 horses, 8 cows, 2 yoake of oxen, 30 sheep, 6 hogs, one wagon, and farming implements and household and kitchen furniture.

TERMS OF SALE: All sums under five dollars cash in hand and all over that amount a credit of 6 months will be given with bond and approved personal security bearing interest from day of sale.

I will also sell the farm on which I now reside, containing 280 acres, 125 of which is improved and under good fence, and 30 acres of meadow, all well watered.

TERMS OF SALE: A credit of 1, 2, and 3 years will be allowed, purchaser to execute bonds with approved personal security, with interest from day of sale, a lien to be retained until all the purchase money is paid.

DAVID HEVENER.

AUCTION.

I will sell at Public Auction on Saturday the 5th day of March 1892, at Edray, W. Va., a large stock of Factory Woolen Goods, such as Casimers, Flannels, Blankets, &c. of Greenbrier Valley Woolen Mills Co. These goods will be sold. Come and secure bargains. This is a grand opportunity for Merchrnts.

Respct.,

C. B. Swecker.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

The undersigned special commissioner pursuant to decrees rendered by the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, W. Va. on the 20 day of October, 1891, in the chancery cause of Geo. W. Trimble vs. W. G. Gilkeson, and Wm Thompson Exr. vs same, which said suits were consolidated, will by virtue of said decrees, proceed in front of the court house door of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the 5th day of April 1892 to sell publicly to the highest bidder, the following real estate belonging the defendant W. G. Gilkeson, lying in the said county, to-wit: 40 acres and 84 acres lying on Buffalo Mountain, and 181 acres and 14 acres lying on Alleghany Mountain. These lands lie about nine miles north of Green Bank not far from the point where the public road leading from Green Bank to the church on top of Alleghany mountain intersects the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike. Some of the land is finely improved, and the residue is well timbered.

TERMS:

A credit of six, twelve, and eighteen months will be given except as to so much as will pay cost of suit and sale, the purchaser to execute bonds with approved personal security for the deferred payments bearing interest from date, a lien to be retained until all the purchase money is paid.

R. S. TURK, Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, clerk of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, do certify that bond has been given by the above named special commissioner, as required by law. Given under my hand this 1st day of March, 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

March 3rd 4t. Printer's fee $12 45.

MILBURN SADDLE.

Any one wishing to purchase one of these excellent saddles can do no better than buy it from L. W. Beard, Lewisburg, W. Va. March 3-6m

[illegible]

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

The undersigned Special Commissioner pursuant to decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the 20th day of October, 1891 in the chancery cause of John Dilley's adm'r and others vs. Wm Dilley and others will proceed in front of the Court house door of Pocahontas County W. Va., on the

5TH DAY OF APRIL, 1892.

to sell publicly to the highest bidder the following tract of land belonging to the defendant William Dilley situate in Pocahontas county, W. Va., on Greenbrier river about five miles above Marlinton, and contains 100 acres. Part of this land is improved and the residue is timber land.

TERMS OF SALE:

Enough cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and sale, on the residue a credit of 6, 12 and 18 months will be given, the purchaser to execute bonds with approved personal security for the deferred payments, bearing interest from date, a lien to be retained until all the purchase money is paid.

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Special Com'r.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the above named Special Commissioner has given bond as required by law. Given under my hand this 1st day of March, 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

March 3rd 4t Printer's fee $10.60

VALUABLE LANDS FOR RENT.

I shall offer for rent for the term of one year, at the front door of the Court House of Pocahontas County,

ON THE 5TH DAY OF APRIL, 1892.

the lands belonging to Allie McGlaughlin, recently assigned her out of her father's estate, situate on Elk, about 5 miles from Edray. This is a valuable tract of grazing and meadow land. The renter, however shall be required to keep no sheep on said land while in his possession.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned, or to W. D. McGlaughlin at Huntersville.

Terms made known on day of renting.

SUSAN MCGLAUGHLIN,

Guardian of ALLIE MCGLAUGHLIN.

March 3rd 4t.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia,

Pocahontas County, to-wit:

Guggenheimer & Co., ... Plaintiffs,

vs. On amended and Supplemented bill.

H. M. Lockridge, J. B. Lockridge, Ernest N. Moore Mary J Seebert, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert, Martha S. Seebert, Amos Barlow, Henry Barlow, Levi Gay, O. P. Sydenstricker, Emma N. Warwick, First National Bank of Buena Vista, The Bank of Ronceverte, J. C. Loury, sr., J. C. Loury, jr., and James H. Doyle partners, doing business under firm name of Loury & Doyle, Wm. Gibson, John Wurts, James Price J. P. Hawkins, John Andrew Cleek, Bank of Lewisburg, Hugh Dever, J. M. Hardy and —— Hardy, partners trading under firm name of J. M. Hardy & son, First National Bank of Buena Vista Virginia, John Adam McNeil and Hugh Adams..............Defendants.

Object of amended or Supplemental bill is to convene all the judgment lienors of J. B. and H. M. Lockridge, to subject the land of said J. B. and H. M. Lockridge to sale to pay the liens thereon after first paying the claim of plaintiffs for $1196.32 with accumulated interest thereon and $7.32 costs of protest and cost of this suit—to have a decree declaring the preference shown by the defendant J. B. Lockridge, to all creditors in confessed judgments illegal; to have all creditors of said J. B. Lockridge (except the plaintiff's) paid pro rata on their debts, the amount realized from a sale of said H. M. and J. B. Lockridge's land, after first paying the debts due the plaintiffs in full and the debts of other creditors of said J. B. and H. M. Lockridge who came in and attacked the fraudulent conveyances of said J. B. and H. M. Lockridge to have the priority of the debts due the attacking creditors, declared to exist from the date of the filing of their bills, to have a certain judgment which was confessed before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the 18th day of January, 1892, in favor of The First National bank of Buena Vista vs. J. B. Lockridge for $1502.43 with interest from the 19th day of January, 1892, declared void; to require each defendant named to answer fully the plaintiffs bill, to set aside a deed from E. N. Moore to J. B. Lockridge, dated the 3rd day of December 1891 as fraudulent and for general relief; and it appearing by affidavit filed, that H. M. Lockridge, Mary J. Sebert, Mary R. Seebert, C. T. Seebert, Martha S. Seebert, The First National bank of Buena Vista, J. P. Hawkins, J. M. Hardy and —— Hardy composing the firm of J. M. Hardy & son, First National bank of Buena Virginia, John A. McNeil and Hugh Adams are non-residents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered they do appear here within One month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court this 1st day of February, 1892.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

R. S. Rucker p. q.

Feb. 11, 4t. Printer's fee $10.[illegible]

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	$ 1 00	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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Half col'n	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
One col'n	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00

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These terms will be strictly complied with.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

Huntersville, W. Va.

March 3, 1892.

HER UNOPENED LETTER.

"I'll never see him again as long as I live, the despicable fellow!"

It was with these vehement words that pretty Rose Williamson crushed and tore into bits a letter she had just received at the hands of one of those nineteenth century leaden footed Mercuries known as A. D. T. messenger boys. To emphasize her anger *Miss* Rose stamped on the unoffending bits of paper as if each one were the object of her wrath.

For Rose Williamson was angry—there could be no doubt of that. In truth, she was so out of temper that the hot, angry tears coursed down her fair cheeks like the brooklets down the mountain sides that the poets like to write about.

Not that she really meant the terrible things she said about her affianced—though undoubtedly she thought she did. Miss Rose was one of those impulsive, hasty creatures, who make many utterances for which they are soon afterward very sorry. But just at that moment it would have been very hard to convince the young lady that her love for Mr. Henry Winterheath was not crushed, and crushed for ever, by this missive she had just received.

And really it was very exasperating. She had been planning for it, this two days' yaching cruise around Lake Minnetonka. The Langleys had invited her and her affianced to become members of the party to celebrate the launching of their new yacht and the subsequent trip around the lake that was to occupy forty-eight happy hours.

Rose had never enjoyed anything like this before and it was only after the most urgent, apparently unanswerable arguments that she was able to convince her parents that it was safe for her to make the excursion. But they had finally given their assent and Rose had made every preparation for the great event, even to the ordering of a new yachting costume, which had arrived only a few moments before the letter which had been so ignominiously treated.

So piece together the fragments scattered upon the floor and read their contents:

DEAR ROSE—I know you will be bitterly disappointed by what I have to say, but the truth is, I have just received a telegram to come up to Winnipeg on a matter connected with that Rawson lawsuit I told you of last night. It was a very sudden but urgent call and I do not see how I can neglect it, because, as I explained to you I think, if I win this suit it will be the turning point in my career as a lawyer. The case comes up tomorrow and I shall leave at once, having barely time to catch my train. I know you will forgive me for the disappointment I have caused you. In haste, but affectionately, HARRY.

But Miss Rose did not forgive so easily, although in her calmer moments she would readily have seen the justice of Harry's course. [illegible] at this particular instant she was too completely out of temper to reason or to be reasoned with.

"I'll go anyway," thought this exasperated young woman. "I'll show Harry Winterheath that I am not dependent upon him for my entertainment, and that he cannot, by a few words scribbled on white paper, break an engagement he made a month ago."

Rose Williamson was not fully convinced, as before intimated, that there dwelt at that moment in her soul a consuming, withering hate, which had destroyed the last vestige of her affection for Harry Winterheath. So strong was this feeling that this hasty, impulsive maiden sat down and wrote a letter to her lover in which she formally announced that "all was over" between them.

The trival circumstance that she had no postage stamps at hand stayed the blighted course of the letter, and it was tossed upon her escritoire to await mailing on her return, and then Rose hastened over to the Langleys and with them went to the beach.

* * * *

"Where is Harry, Rose?" asked Florence Bently, one of the party, after the new yacht had been fairly launched and was dancing its way across the beautiful green waves.

"Mr. Winterheath was suddenly called to Winnipeg on important law business and could not come, said Rose, with dignity. She was very calm, but within a storm was raging. She marked the tone of half spite in Miss Bently's voice and the malicious twinkle in that young lady's eyes as the query was put, and she grew angrier than ever at the poor young lawyer.

She became more determined to make him suffer for having so cruelly disappointed her. Then she took to a desperate flirtation with young Mather who had been one of her most devoted admirers before she had accepted his rival, Winterheath, but who since that event had mournfully contemplated the happiness of the allianced pair at a respectful distance.

Mr. Mather was not a gentleman of acute perception, and it puzzled him, did this sudden bestowal of flattering attention upon him. He came to the conclusion that Miss Williamson had discovered in him some new charms and fascinations which she had before overlooked. And Mather was immensley pleased. *It* never occurred to him to connect with this sudden accession of attention the fact of Mr. Winterheath's absence. Not at all.

* * * * *

Every one—at least every fashionable frequenter of *Minnetonka* resorts—remember the terrible storm that swept the lake on that ever-memorable afternoon of August 7, 188—, when the placid water under the influence of a tempest of cyclone force and fury was lashed into billows almost mountain high, and when so many pleasure crafts were swamped before they could reach the shore. It came up almost in an instant. No one had noticed the gathering of the black clouds that now all but covered the sky.

The breeze too had shifted into a hard northwester before any one anticipated the change. Then the tempest set in; the yachting party, gay and light-hearted a few moments before, became panic stricken. Snap! The mast was torn from its socket and the same cyclone force wrenched and disabled the rudder. The yacht pitched and tossed as helpless as a cockle shell.

A moment later it capsized. Rose remembered little after her plunge in the angry, seething waves. She was faintly conscious that Mather—poor, young fellow—was trying to hold her up. But presently she succumbed to the sensation of exhaustion, gave up the struggle and felt that she was dying.

* * * * *

It was a bright, sunny afternoon when Rose opened her eyes. It seemed to her that she had been through some terrible dream. As she saw the anxious faces of her father and mother bending over her she remembered.

"How did I come here? Who saved me?" she asked.

And then her gaze fell upon a stalwart form, which up to this had modestly kept in the dim back ground.

"You, Harry?" she murmured, guessing the truth. "Tell me."

"Not now, dear," he replied. "Some other time; you are not strong enough now. But here I find on your escritoire a letter addressed to me. May I open it?"

"Not now, my dear," Rose replied, in roguish mockery. "Some other time."

When she grew better, of course, Rose learned the whole story—how Harry, receiving a telegram notifying him that the legal battle in which he was to parcipitate had been postponed, had hurried out to the beach just as the storm broke out. The Langley yacht was within 500 yards of the shore, and with the aid of a spy glass its peril was easily discernible.

To press into service a steam launch, to man it with a few brave spirits who were within call, and to ride through the tossing waters to the sinking craft—all this was the work of a very short time. "It was a rather close call," said Harry in closing his modest narrative, "but we saved you all. And perhaps it was just as well that I broke that engagement," he added, rather mischievously. "And now for your forgiveness and your permission to open that letter was never delivered."

"I'll grant the first but not the last," Rose replied, with a blush, "though some day I shall probably tell you all about it."

But it was some weeks after the wedding before Mr Harry Winterheath knew what a narrow escape from figuring, for a few hours at least, as a rejected lover had been his.

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CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.